FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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No. 431—VOL. XVII.] NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1864. [PRICE 6 CENTS.

Our $5,000 Prize Tale.

THE GULF BETWEEN THEM.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,

Author of "FASHION AND FAMINE," &c., &c.

OUR readers are well aware of the numerous prizes offered by the proprietor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER for the best novels and tales, with the view of cultivating American talent, and calling forth new aspirants to the honors of Irving, Cooper, Hawthorne and Holmes.

The minor tales to which prizes were awarded have already appeared, illustrated by the most talented artists in the country.

For the great prize of $5,000 more than two hundred novels were submitted. After a close and impartial scrutiny, the prize was awarded to

"The Gulf Between Them,"

which proved to be by the accomplished author of "Fashion and Famine," "The Deserted Wife," &c.

Her novel of "Fashion and Famine" was the most successful work of pure fiction ever written in America. Its circulation was beyond parallel, and exceeded only by that of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Translated into most of the languages of Europe, it gave the great American authoress a worldwide reputation.

"The Gulf Between Them," a work of singular power and beauty, will appeal to every heart, from the fact that the scenes are laid in our own land, with whose life and finest impulses she is so deeply imbued. It is, too, a novel of our day, and by its extraordinary interest will fascinate and absorb every reader by its thrilling incidents, deep human interest and rare discrimination of character.

The awarding of the prize among so many competitors will alone show that it is of a superior order, as the Proprietor wishes his liberality to redound to the pleasure and gratification of his readers.

The manuscript is now ours. The following documents will show its transfer to us:

NEW YORK, Dec. 16, 1863.

DEAR SIR—Your note, announcing that my story has drawn the prize offered in your Illustrated Paper, has, you may well suppose, given me great pleasure.

With many thanks for your prompt action in the premises, and a sincere desire that you may find as much benefit from the story as your munificence and extraordinary spirit of enterprise has conferred on me, I enclose a receipt for the money, and remain,

Your obliged Friend,
ANN S. STEPHENS.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16, 1863.

Received of FRANK LESLIE Five Thousand Dollars, in payment of a prize awarded to my story, entitled "THE GULF BETWEEN THEM," which he is hereby authorized to publish in his Illustrated Paper.
ANN S. STEPHENS.

We bespeak for this tale a warm and hearty American welcome, and are happy to announce that the publication will commence in No. 435 of the paper. It can be ordered of any newsdealer in the United States.

The liberality of the proprietor in thus encouraging American authorship will be another evidence to the public of the enterprise of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER. It is not only the first American Illustrated Journal in date, but in merit far exceeds any competitor that has ever arisen. Its sketches of every kind, of war and peace, incidents of every description, are of acknowledged accuracy, as testimonials from all quarters attest. The paper is thus a living graphic history of the world, and especially of our own country, as time glides by every great event being fixed with photographic accuracy.

But FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER is not merely a pictorial journal, it is in every sense a FAMILY PAPER, containing always in each number several stories by talented writers, beautifully illustrated, a serial novel of some author of worldwide renown, poems, sketches, incidents, and the lighter miscellany that charm the fireside.

With the new attraction of the great novel,

"The Gulf Between Them,"

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,

FRANK LESLIE'S PAPER will surpass itself and cannot fail to meet with the approval of the public.

EXPLOSION OF A SHELL
In the Ladies' Saloon of the Steamer Welcome.

THE dastardly character of the war on the part of the South has evinced itself in a thousand ways. Torpedoes in the rivers, on the roads, in work a they lacked means or courage to hold, have been used on one side only, and history will record, with stern condemnation, on which side.

Barbarism shows itself, too, in the constant attack on passenger boats and unarmed conveyances. The sketch portrayed by our Artist gives recent instances of this spirit. The guerillas have become very troublesome on the Mississippi. The Welcome, Capt. Bryan, from St. Louis to New Orleans, with a cargo of Western produce and cattle, as well as a number of passengers, including several ladies, among others Mrs. Crocker, wife of the General in command at Natchez, was attacked by guerillas about eight o'clock on Sunday, Nov. 29, when passing a place called Waterproof, below Vicksburg. Without warning, and regardless of the lives of women and children these wretches poured volley after into her. In the short time that she was exposed, she received 11 cannon balls and 160 Minie bullets. One shell burst in the social hall or ladies' cabin, tearing away the flooring and two doors and scattering the passengers in dismay. The wheel was struck and the pilot so alarmed that, but for the presence of Gen. Benton, who stood by, and, regardless of a severe wound he received, directed his movements, the steamer would have been taken.

THE STEAMSHIP ETNA IN A GALE.

ONE of the most difficult passages of late years was that of the steamship Etna Capt. McQuigan, of Inman's line. Almost from the time of leaving Queenstown she was exposed to storms, which continued till she made Cape Race. When about 400 miles from Cape Clear, the gale was almost a hurricane. The mainmast gave way, and had to be cut from her side, over which it fell, staving in the bulwark. The engines were stopped and the fires were almost out. She was, however, so staunch and well managed, that she came safely through.



THE GUERILLA WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI—EXPLOSION OF A SHELL IN THE LADIES' SALOON OF THE STEAMER WELCOME, AT WATERPROOF, MISS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHELL.

THE HOME JOURNAL

For 1864.

New Series,

New Features,

New Type.

On the second of January this JOURNAL OF CONVERSATION TOPICS will commence another volume.

A continued success (which has been exceedingly flattering to us during the trying times of war) enables us now to make a still further display of enterprise, and to promise NEW ATTRACTIONS.

The paper for the coming year will appear in an entirely "new dress;" several fonts of type having been ordered for this purpose. It will continue to be printed on the best of white paper, its MECHANICAL EXECUTION is still to be unsurpassed, and its pre-eminence of clearness and legibility (so valuable to the sight and so needful for a family paper) is to be yet more marked.

With the January number will be commenced the publication of an intensely interesting story translated from the French for our columns, entitled,

De Valvrede.

This work is carried to the full proportions of a modern novel, and will occupy about four months in the publication. It will be succeeded by several other

Original and Thrilling Stories

by our own narrative writers; while some of the ablest of contemporary authors are engaged for us in translating from the French and German.

N. P. WILLIS will continue to devote his exclusive industry to the Journal—editorial and literary—resuming (as far as the illness of his partner will permit) those

Sketches of Rural Life

which have proved so acceptable. Residing within reach of the city, he will continue to prepare his own more elaborate description of memorable events; to give extracts from his interesting personal correspondence; and to contribute those portraitures of the people of mark, and of the immediate occurrences of the time, which have become, in a manner, characteristic of his pen.

The Editors will still be assisted by able contributors, foremost among whom will be the scholarly and dainty essayist known to our readers by the signature of "F. C." We take great pleasure in assuring to the HOME JOURNAL readers the continued assistance of a writer always so felicitous!

A particular feature of the coming volume will be the

Foreign News and Correspondence,

by which our readers will be kept informed more especially of the gayer "goings on" of society and fashion in the capitals of Europe. Those popular departments of our paper, known as Foreign Gossip

First Look at New Books,

and the criticisms of

Literature and Art,

are still to be retained. In the first of these departments are included the news and sparkling gossip of English and French newspaper literature. In the second, we make extracts from the new books, duly as they appear: while under the third head ("Literature and Art") are discussed the interesting topics of the Literary and Art World. In short, the HOME JOURNAL for 1864 will contain the Foreign Correspondence of a large number of contributors—the selections from the most interesting periodicals of the day—the racy novels—the stories of real life—the sparkling wit and amusing anecdote—the personal sketches of public characters—the stirring scenes of the world we live in—the prompt record of news for ladies—the fashions—the outlines of news—the wit, humor and pathos of the times—the essays on life, literature, society, and morals, and the usual variety of careful choosings from the wilderness of Foreign periodical and magazine literature, criticism, poetry, etc.

TERMS—For one copy, $2 50; for three copies, $6, or one copy for three years, $6; for a club of six copies, $12, and, at that rate, for a larger club—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

Those who wish to begin with the new volume, will please send their subscriptions at once.

Address,

MORRIS & WILLIS,

and Proprietors, 107 Fulton St., New York.

FURS are so complete a necessity as a part of winter attire that all seek to have them. A choice among the various fashionable dealers will at times embarrass a lady, but at Burke's, 210 Broadway, on the corner of Fulton, they will find a very extensive assortment, well made up, sold at low prices, and will be waited upon with politeness and courtesy.

MRS. Z. R. PLUMB'S Gymnasium, 59 West 14th street, New York, is an institution of a new order, and well deserving the hearty patronage of our best society. The necessity of calisthenics as a part of education is admitted, but there has not been hitherto an institution especially fitted for ladies and gentlemen. This one, directed by Mrs. Plumb and her brother, Mr. Robinson, affords all needed for young or old.

Barnum's American Museum.

MONSIEUR JOSEPH, THE GREAT FRENCH GIANT, 8 feet 4 inches; ANNA SWAN, the GIANT GIRL, 8 feet 1 inch; GIANT BOY, 8 feet; LILLIPUTIAN KING, 14 years old, only 22 inches high; Automaton Musical Troupe, Moving Wax Figures, Enormous Serpent, &c., &c. Tom Taylor's great drama, the TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN, every AFTERNOON AND EVENING. Admission to all, only 25 cents; Children under 10, 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 2, 1864.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 72 Duane Street, between Broadway and Elm, New York.

Dealers supplied and subscriptions received for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, *also* FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861, *by* GEORGE P. BEMIS & CO., *Proprietors of the London American*, 100 *Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sale.*

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER:

One copy one year		$3 50
Two copies, "	to one address	5 00
Four " "	"	9 00
Magazine and Paper one year		5 00

Notice to Advertisers.

The value of our paper as an advertising medium has become so generally known, that we are compelled every week to refuse columns of advertisements. The vast increase of our circulation, penetrating as it does into the most profitable channels, renders our space doubly valuable, and justifies us in the course we have determined upon—that of increasing our rates of advertising in the following ratio:

75 cents a line on the outside or last page.
40 " " on the 14th and 15th pages.

Notice to Contributors.—Superior original Tales will be always received, and if accepted remunerated according to their merit. All not accepted will be promptly returned. They should be plainly written on one side only, and the address of the writer given distinctly.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

A reconnoissance to Sperryville and Little Washington showed the enemy not to be in force along the Blue Ridge. The rebel spasmodic raids in the rear begin again. A body of 700 attempted on the 13th to destroy the bridge over Cedar run, near Catlett's station.

On the 18th a body of rebel cavalry, 800 in number, attacked the guard on the railroad, near Fairfax station, consisting of the 145th New York, and captured the whole of them.

The rebels are greatly annoyed by Averill's operations in Western Virginia, and admit serious loss. He was on the 17th at Stanton, destroying the railroad.

Gen. Butler is not apparently inclined to remain idle. Besides sending Gen. Wild to take Elizabeth, he sent B. G. Wistar up the Peninsula, and that officer moved so rapidly as to surprise and capture the entire rebel garrison at Charles City Court House, consisting of two companies of the 42d Virginia Cavalry, on the 14th. He then destroyed the camp, equipments and provisions.

TENNESSEE.

Gen. Foster has assumed command of the troops lately under Gen. Burnside.

Hardee is at Dalton, temporarily in command of Bragg's army.

Longstreet retreated as far as Rogersville, where he made a stand, and on the 14th engaged the advance of our forces, under Gen. Shackleford, near Bear's station. An attempt to take him in the rear was defeated by Ferrero, and Shackleford, though driven back a half mile, fought all day with little loss, Longstreet receiving rapid accessions from all quarters.

Gen. Granger has, however, got ahead of him, and he will have to fight a desperate battle before he can escape.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Brig.-Gen. Wild's negro brigade started from Portsmouth, Va., on the 5th, and on the 10th occupied Elizabeth city, N. C., taking the rebels by surprise. Artillery, cavalry and steamers have gone up, and further operations will soon be heard of.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

A fire, accompanied by the explosion of a magazine on Fort Sumter on the 11th, killed and wounded 40 of the small rebel garrison.

MISSISSIPPI.

On the 5th the rebels, under Adams, Crosby and Logan, numbering in all 4,000, made an attack on Natchez, but were repulsed by Gen. Gresham, who pursued them and took 800 prisoners.

The rebel attacks on the Mississippi steamers increase. On the 8th the captain and bartender of the Von Phul were killed near Bayou Sara.

TEXAS.

The capture of Fort Esperanza, with Port Caballo, gave Gen. Washburne control of the important points, Saluria, Port Lavaca and Matagorda. Victoria and other towns well stored with cotton are open to occupation by our troops. The rebels deserted Fort Esperanza, losing all hope when a shell penetrated their iron walls and entered the magazine.

Quantrell is in Texas, keeping down, by wholesale murder, all Union manifestation or expression of dissatisfaction with the bloody tyranny under which the people are crushed.

LOUISIANA.

Gen. Franklin is still at New Iberia, with about four divisions. Gen. Weitzel has gone North.

NAVAL.

The schooner Two Sisters, tender to the San Jacinto, captured, on the 27th of Nov., the British schooner Maria Alberta, from Havana, attempting to enter Bayport.

The Chesapeake, so boldly carried off by a piratical plot, was caught in Sambro harbor, near Halifax, on the 17th Dec., by the Ella and Annie. Nearly all the crew escaped to the woods, only three of the original piratical gang being taken. When these were taken to Halifax and transferred to the custody of the British officials, they were immediately rescued by a mob; and attempts to arrest the ringleaders in the woods were resisted.

The case resembles the recent outrage of the Prince of Saruma, and our Government should follow the course of the French and English in that case.

The Planter has been recaptured by the rebels in Lighthouse inlet, having run, during a fog, into the midst of the rebel picket-boats. Smalls is supposed to have been on board as pilot.

On the 1st the blockade-runner Ceres, a fine English vessel, was destroyed, with all her cargo, at New inlet, N. C.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

THE season of German opera has come to an untimely close. It was the intention, we believe, to continue the performances until the return of Maretzek, with his company, on the 1st of February, but it was found impossible to bear up against the ill luck which attended the enterprise, and so the German opera is, for the present at least, silenced. We regret this very much, because its repertoire contains many operas that we love to hear, and because the chorus and orchestra were so truly admirable. The want of success in this instance was the result of injudicious management; first, in charging a dollar admission, without the attraction of new and excellent singers; and secondly, in the bad selection of the operas. If the season had been opened with "Faust," which was a novelty and was growing rapidly into popularity, half a dozen splendid houses would have been obtained, and a fund would thus have been supplied which would have enabled the management to bear up against a few bad houses. But instead of being the first production it was the last, and even then, with all the disadvantage of previous ill-success, the house was crowded from parquette to dome. Mr. Anschutz labored assiduously, and produced an excellence of *ensemble* rarely achieved in our opera-house. He did all that a man could do, and did it well, and we trust that another season will by-and-bye be inaugurated under more flattering auspices and with a better prospect of success. But before this can be done Mr. Anschutz must reorganise his principal vocal strength; unless that can be done, German opera cannot be a money-making enterprise.

Max Maretzek is again at the Academy of Music, and will give us four grand operatic performances and one matinée, next Saturday, Dec. 26th, when Mozart's "Don Giovanni" will be performed. The opera nights will be Wednesday, 23d; Friday, 25th; Monday, 28th; and Wednesday, the 30th inst. After this brilliant operatic raid, the company proceed to Boston, where they will perform during the month of January, returning to New York, to commence the spring season in February. If their success in Boston proves as great as their season in Philadelphia, the treasury will surely be in a state of greenback plethora.

The New York Philharmonic Society gave its second concert of the season at the Academy of Music on Saturday evening, the 19th inst. The programme was very fine. It consisted of the Pastoral Symphony, by Beethoven, which is a great favorite with the subscribers, and was admirably performed; Morçeau Symphonique, for orchestra, and piano obligato, composed and performed by Robert Goldbeck; Scotch Overture, by N. W. Gade; "Ballade" for Piano, by Mason, performed by Robett Goldbeck; and Wagner's Overture, "Rienzi." Signora Virginia Lorini sang the grand aria from "Don Giovanni," "Ah, mio bene," and Artot's concert variations, with violin obligato, by Mr. Noll. Signora Lorini sang with great spirit and effect. She is a thoroughly accomplished vocalist and shines as brilliantly in the concert-room as she does upon the stage. We can speak in terms of unqualified satisfaction with regard to the execution of the instrumental music. It was performed with great precision, power and rare artistic sentiment. We were much pleased with Mr. Goldbeck's Morçeau Symphonique. He aimed to produce a piece in which the piano should retain its character as a solo instrument, and still be not unduly prominent. He achieved a success. His performance of Mr. Mason's very charming "Ballade" was distinguished by grace, fluency and fine artistic discrimination. Mr. Eisfeld conducted the concert with his usual ability.

Theodore Thomas's ninth popular matinée luckily fell upon a fine Saturday, and consequently drew together a brilliant audience. Besides the attraction of an excellent programme, a charming Polka, by Charles Fradel, was presented to every lady present. Theodore Thomas's Christmas week matinée is to be specially brilliant in its selections.

Mason and Thomas's classical quartette soirées, will commence early in January, 1864. They will comprise a varied selection from the finest works of that class of composition. We know no better means of forming a pure taste than these quartette soirées offer. Every good musical amateur should be subscriber.

At Wallack's Theatre "Rosedale" was only played four times last week. On Thursday "The Love Chase" was given, for the purpose of introducing Mrs. Watkins, from London, to a New York audience. She took the character of Widow Green, and a whole-souled, genial, buxom widow she proved. She is a most capital actress, and is likely to prove a valuable acquisition to the excellent company at this house. She will repeat the character on Christmas night.

At Winter Garden the new drama, "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," is meeting with remarkable success. It is so admirably acted by the Florences and others and is of so thrilling and so striking a character, and so full of that deep interest which the sorrows of real life never fail to excite, that it is not strange that crowded audiences are present on each performance. It has already held the stage for several weeks and will, in all probability, run for several weeks to come.

A pleasant bit of fun and humor, called "Easy Shaving," in which Mrs. John Wood makes the most fascinating barber, made quite a hit at the Olympic Theatre last week, and will be performed every night this week. It is not troubled with much of a plot, but it is just such a sparkling trifle as puts one in good humor with everything. The piquant, dashing acting of Mrs. John Wood must be seen to be appreciated. The programme for this week consists of "My Preserver," "Easy Shaving" and "Mischief-Making."

The French Theatre at Niblo's Saloon goes on its quiet way of success, gaining new friends and admirers with every performance. We know of no place of public amusement in the city more thoroughly enjoyable than the French Theatre. Common sense is not outraged by ranting or bombast, nor taste by *outré* dressing, nor comfort by too great an inequality among the actors. Whatever is done is well done, and the enjoyment is consequently perfectly unalloyed. There will be an extra performance on Christmas evening, by special request.

Barnum has secured still another great length of humanity, in the shape of an ex-officer of the French army, who only measures eight feet four inches, and only weighs four hundred pounds! Besides this extraordinary giant, there are the Tall Girl, the Tall Boy and the King of the Dwarfs, forming together one of the most remarkable exhibitions of the age. Tom Taylor's thrilling drama, "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," has created a great sensation at this establishment, and attracts large audiences to the Lecture-Room, both afternoon and evening. There are a vast number of other attractions, especially this week—the merry Christmas week—so that all the children in the city and vicinity should flock to Barnum's Museum, and pay their half-price, like good little boys and girls as they are.

The Menagerie, Van Amburgh's Menagerie, and the Broadway Circus, both hold out special attractions for the young folks and families at this season. We have not time or space to name a tithe of the astonishing and interesting things to be seen there, but that they are both interesting and astonishing every one may believe. We commend them specially to the patronage of the public. The beautiful and dashing rider, Madame Tournaire, will appear at the circus every afternoon and evening this week.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE HALF-SISTERS and other Tales. New York: Frank Leslie, 1864.

LIVING OR DEAD and other Tales. New York: Frank Leslie, 1864.

This charming series of tales, begun so well by Miss Braddon's exciting novels, will meet with a large circulation. These two contain very pleasant and entertaining tales, are well printed and illustrated, and just the size to hold conveniently as you sit by your cosy fire of a stormy winter night.

THRICE DEAD. By MISS BRADDON. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

This is the earliest of Miss Braddon's novels, and at first fell stillborn from the press, having ruined or helped to ruin her provincial publisher. Her subsequent success has enabled the world to see its merit. It has great power, and is marked with all her ability and all her faults.

BATTLEFIELDS OF THE SOUTH, FROM BULL RUN TO FREDERICKSBURG, with Sketches of Confederate Commanders and Gossip of the Camps. By an ENGLISH COMBATANT, Lieutenant of Artillery on the Field Staff. New York: John Bradburn, 1863.

This is undoubtedly the most interesting work on the war yet issued by the South. The author is English by birth, but he is to all intents and purposes a Southerner, and his pages have all the voluble abuse which characterise the Southern school. His narrative is, however, extremely interesting, beginning with the raising of a company at Yazoo, Miss., and carrying through Bull run, Dranesville, Ball's bluff, Belmont, Donelson, Kearnstown, Shiloh, the siege of Richmond, Pope's campaign, Antietam and Fredericksburg. It abounds in incident, anecdote and detail.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The receipts of the Sanitary Fair at Boston during the 15th and 16th inst. are estimated at $60,000. Those the most sanguine of success, in getting up the exhibition had no conception of the immense throngs of people from all parts of New England now being attracted to it.

—— Both wings of the Capitol of Washington are now connected by telegraph, and an office is established in each for the convenience of the President and members of Congress. The American Telegraph Company having just completed the arrangements, messages are now dispatched to all points.

—— The City Controller invites, until two o'clock P. M. on the 26th Dec., proposals for $200,000 of the water-bonds of the city of New York, bearing interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, payable quarterly, and the principal reimbursable on the 1st of Nov., 1879.

—— An effort will be made to pass in the Senate, before the holidays, the bill of Gen. Lane (Kansas), to restrict speculative traffic in gold, silver and exchange. It was not introduced without consultation with other gentlemen occupying high public positions.

—— The usual fortnightly meeting of the Emigration Commissioners took place last week. From the report of Mr. Casserly, the Secretary of the Board, it appears that 4,175 emigrants landed last week, which makes the total number of arrivals since January 1st 151,820, against 71,353 during the corresponding period of 1862. The balance of the commutation fund now in bank is $24,955.

—— 24 of the Arctic fleet of whalers have arrived at Honolulu, averaging each 1,160 barrels of oil and 400,000 pounds of bone. Whales were very abundant during the latter part of the season—the water was perfectly alive with them. Hundreds of vessels could easily have been filled with them without perceptibly diminishing their number.

—— An old law exists (made in 1777) in Maryland imposing a penalty of 500 pounds sterling upon any minister who marries a man under 21 and a girl under 18, without the written consent of their parents and guardians. The law has never been regarded until now, when the Rev. Jas. J. Marks is sued for the penalty by the friends of a girl aged 15, whom he united in September last to Samuel McManus, since arrested on a charge of murder and desertion from the army. A divorce is also applied for.

—— Mr. Bliss, Secretary of the American Bank Note Company, publishes a detailed account of the manner in which he frustrated the attempt to send $750,000 in notes of the Washington County Bank, R. I., to our soldiers South for circulation. Mr. Bannister, the President, had been certified to Mr. Bliss, who printed $60,000 for him. Soon afterward Bannister asked for $750,000 more, and gradually developed his plans for using the notes to Mr. Bliss,

who found that he must either refuse to print or give up the plates, which latter would have only caused the notes to be printed privately elsewhere. He therefore allowed Bannister to imagine that he fell in with his views, and, meanwhile, adopted measures to prevent the fraud, in consequence of which the plates were seized. Mr. Bliss adds, as a proof to many statements to the country, that he did not actually print, nor intend to print, a single note of the desired issue, though preparations were made to do so in order to hoodwink Mr. Bannister.

—The New Jersey Legislature is to be applied to, to allow a railway from Forth Amboy to some point on the Delaware River, in the county of Warren. The vote, to be used chiefly for transporting coal.

—The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church paid, in the year ending Sept. 30, 797 34 to realize $10,695 15 in sterling money, to send to their missions in India.

—Judge Williams decides that railway companies are liable for injuries to passengers while travelling with complimentary tickets.

—The Hon. Gerrit Smith guarantees a town bounty of $100 to recruits from Smithfield, New York, in addition to the State and Government bounties.

—The American Geographical Association, at their annual meeting in the city, recommended raising the wages of steerage crews to $20.

—Three years ago, not a pound of salt was made in Saginaw valley, Michigan. There has been exported from the valley the present year 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 barrels.

—The Sylvan Lake, Hoboken, was formally opened to the public on the evening of the 21st Dec., with considerable ceremony. Although a very cold night, the grounds it is every respect. The space is ample, and the ice is good, and the whole arrangement was remarkable for beauty and respectability. The Pioneer Club also opened its house on the lake, and there the lady-warmed her hands and pedal extremities, vulgarly called toes, in the open air.

—The Board of Aldermen have voted $12,000 to raise a monument to the memory of the Catholic soldiers who have fallen in battle, and the same will be erected in Calvary cemetery.

—Some very clever scenes were sold the gullible public on the evening of the 16th December by issuing an extra of the Herald, containing a fight, which stated to have ended in a victory for Herman after 160 rounds, which involved a night, and a new moon. The hoax was a perfect success. The account was admirably written.

Western.—There are indications (says a Washington dispatch) which point to a change in the command of the Department of the Ohio. Gen. Schofield, now in Washington, may be transferred to Baltimore, and either Gen. Schenck or Gen. Burnside (probably the latter) ordered to the Missouri Department. Western men say the change will be hailed by the whole factory and alloy all strife.

—Ann Reed, acting Governor of Utah, delivered his annual address on the 14th Dec. He congratulates the people on the advancement in the value of property, richness of the mines, and peace with the Indians. He recommends the establishment of a branch mining bank, and immediate preparation for the reception of a large emigration.

—A convention of United States Assessors met on the 16th Dec. at Cleveland, O. The session will be secret. Their objects are to "put a stop to the sale of whiskey and beer in being agitated." Whether by the United Keepers of Cleveland or by the Assessors is not stated.

—Our correspondent at St. Louis, writing on the 15th Dec., says: "We are still waiting for an official declaration of the votes of the State at the late election. The returns received at the Secretary of State's office are complete, with the exception of a few counties along the borders, wherein exists more than likely no questions will arise. The returns include the military vote, and give the Conservatives less than [illegible]. If the case of Gamble vs. Gamble in the Supreme Court is carried before the State Senate, [illegible] to sustain the rejection of the soldiers' votes in several of the North Missouri counties will be overruled."

—Hon. B. F. Stow (Missouri) addressed a large audience at the Union League House in Washington on the 16th Dec., on the "Causes and Consequences of Slave States, and particularly of Missouri, which he considers as originating in the efforts of aristocrats in other Slave States. Mr. Stow showed how, but for the Free Soil Democratic party, the secession element in Missouri would have carried triumphant; now the formation of a Radical party was a necessity, created about by the acts of Gamble and his subordinates, and how that party would not be satisfied with the eradication of the curse of the State, and the source of the rebellion.

—Cairo dispatches of Dec. 16 say that in Memphis the military authorities are seizing all horses and mules and agentily reserving them for the use of the spring trade. There was a large fire in Memphis on the 15th.

—James Hibbs and James Anderson, horse thieves, confined in Nashville, were taken out by two men, who exhibited a pretended order from Gov. Johnson requiring them to be sent to another county, and were found a few hours afterward tied to a tree and dead. They had been shot.

—Three soldiers at Nashville, ill with smallpox, were being taken in a hack to the pesthouse a few days since when the driver refused to take the sick complaint and immediately ran off. One of the soldiers then took the reins, but he also decamped with the fact drove the hack on a embankment into deep water and was thrown out, but succeeded in getting to land the horses.

Southern.—Richmond papers have dispatches from Charleston to 15th Dec. They report the frequent shelling of the city on the previous day. Many buildings are damaged, but "nobody hurt," for the passing reason that the people have left the city. Fort Sumter has been on fire; to no more killing and wounding. (This was during the absence of the monster's shells, but the rebels are silent as to the cause).

—One of our prisoners just escaped from Tyler, Northern Texas, says that large gangs of slaves, frequently numbering 500, are daily passing northwestward to the interior of the State. Many of the Texans were looking forward to the time when the French would reduce Mexico to subjugation and make it a slave country; in which case, the Union was restored, they would have a place of refuge for themselves and their human chattels.

—The reason given in the Richmond papers for the refusal of the rebel Government to exchange more supplies to be sent by our Government to the Union prisoners is, that the rebels are in want of the supplies themselves.

—A Greenback for $10 is worth $100 Confederate money in Richmond, and nothing said about it.

—Gen. Grant's attack on Gen. Polk's line was made him very popular, while his denunciation of Northrop's behaviour to the Union prisoners has made him equally unpopular with certain classes.

Military.—As the day stands, no minor order of sports can be enlisted, such as a spirited cock fight with good authority from the Adjutant General as a musician, and with the written consent of the persons having a legal right to one thing. If a lad represents himself as over eighteen, and on recruiting officer sees evidently that he is under that age, he should be absolutely rejected. But if the officer has a reasonable doubt as to his being 18 years old, he should cause him to swear to the declaration as to his age, which every recruit signs on the back of his enlistment.

—An officers of the regular army complains that while the dead of the volunteers at Gettysburg are interred in plots accorded to the several States, those of the regulars are buried with the "unknown."

—A Newport, R. I., young man, who joined the rebels, and has been taken prisoner, wrote from his prison to his uncle for aid in food, etc., and saying that the North brought the war on and ought to feed him. The uncle sent him a rope, with instructions how to use it in hanging himself.

—On the western margin of the grand lake abreast of the Brunswick side of the line, a settlement has lately sprung up, which goes by the name of "Speckled Trout Ridge," as the dwellers there have fled from their country residences to escape the fate of Lawrence.

—Gen. Butler is raising an army of colored troops in his department. The three black regiments of cavalry recently raised by him in Virginia fill up.

Naval.—A Swiss in New York has offered to sell to Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy, three very fast sidewheel steamers, now lying at Liverpool, England. The Washington correspondent says they have two objections in the Secretary's eyes—they are not very fast, and they were built by the rebels; and he does not consider it honorable to steal a vessel upon an enemy.

—The President has pardoned John Ratzey, one of the Chesapeake pirates, captured last March in San Francisco, in consequence of his being a British subject and a friend of Queen Victoria. Lord Lyons wrote to the President, asking his pardon as a favor. In consideration of Ratzey's previous character, the President at once acceded to his request. Mr. Bright has some strange friends.

—The Chesapeake, whose capture by some 20 pirates we recorded in our last paper, was retaken by the U. S. steamer Wyandotte, after a chase of the vessel of the 17th Dec., in Samoo river, about 30 miles from Batavia. All the pirates, except two, were captured, and have been arrested by the British authorities.

—Rear-Admiral Foote has resigned as the Navy Commitee, has avowed, in his place in Congress, that he received $10,000 to suppress two men charged by the War Department with fraud.

Personal.—The mixed Commission of the United States and Peru, which assembled at Lima on the 1st of November, after adjusting all questions pending between the two Governments, adjourned. Mr. Clay Mackie, one of the American Commissioners, has returned to Washington. Mr. Adams, Secretary of Legation, Squier, remains in Peru for the purpose of exploring the ruins of the ancient capital of the Incas.

—In a letter to a friend in New Jersey, Gen. Meade says: "I am fully aware of the great anxiety in the public mind for the capture of Mr. Jeff. Davis, as in receipt of many letters, some from persons in high positions, urging me to do all in my power to have him destroyed and the country filled up with the bodies of myself and my command. I have only to say that I suffer myself to be influenced by such communications. I am not a bloodthirsty person, and do not like something; but am determined, at every hazard, not to attempt what I do not believe I can perform, as the probability of accomplishing some object commensurate with the sacrifice of life it would involve. I would rather a thousand times be relieved, charged with unfaithfulness or incapacity, and sent to the science bandied with a wanton slaughter, unnecessarily to leave men, or with the imputation of the greatest cause by doing what I thought wrong." The country has a right to expect its generals to be governed by high positions" who wish to have the Union army destroyed.

—Mrs. Wilkins, whose debut at Walleck's we have chronicled, is the granddaughter of Sir Joseph, of the famous Serjeant Wilkins, one of the most eminent barristers of Great Britain.

—Shoddy is now the order: "The tropical eye, when found in conjunction with Caucasian features, is indicative of a mixed race." Our ethnologists say that certain treacherous sensibilities are reposing upon a bust of Hogue. No one can see fit to deny a gentleman once that great Northern statesman without perceiving that the great statesman is the embodiment of the traits of what he was and what he did. That deep, black line, enclosed in a circle of white, marked, more than all, that fervid, torrid glance and gleam, were the exponents of the character of the late Democratic party, while the roughened Sesonism of all the features, the [illegible] and the [illegible] were the unmistakable progeny of that underlay and supported all the rest. Such was the man, and such was the party—one human type in a single personality. It was the whole horrid story of treason and slavery.

Obituary.—Capt. Albert M. Gammell of the 11th Massachusetts regiment, and his wife, were instantly killed by the explosion of a locomotive boiler on the 16th inst., by the Eastern Railroad train coming in collision with their train, near Exeter, New Hampshire, on the 14th, on a brief furlough. He was a gallant and meritorious officer.

—Lepreleto Sweet, a well-known telegraph operator, died on the 8th December, in this city, although quite young, was well known in the profession of the profession.

—Dr. Dykeman, a fireman of the Hoboken Excelsior Fire Company, died on the 11th December at his house in Hoboken, aged 30 years.

—Gen. Rosecrans, the famous cavalry officer, died in Washington on the 16th December—he was a graduate of West Point, in the class of 1842, graduating 2nd in rank in the First United States Dragoons, July 1st, 1842. He resigned from the United States service from Illinois. His commission as Captain in the Regular Army dated from May 14th, 1861, and on the July, 1862, he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He was engaged in many of the most dashing, brave and brilliant cavalry officers in the service. He was severely injured in the early part of cavalry engagements under General Stoneman and Gen. Averell, which resulted in the retirement of General Stoneman almost to the gates of Richmond, and at the battle of Gettysburg he was in the rear of Meade's left, and drove the rebels from the town. His superintendence as another cavalry officer under the General Stoneman to him during his illness, and in his second engagement with the rebels, he was appointed him a Major-General, and the dying hero had the pleasure of receiving the news of his promotion, as his friends raised him up in bed, that he knew he could not see it. His disease was typhoid fever.

—Lieut. Col. Wm. Ludlow, who died at Rome in a declining state of health for a long time past, died at his residence, No. 1 Bond street, on the 16th inst. Mr. Fremont has been member for the Fifteenth Assembly District. The Herald says: "The first National Bank was co-day [illegible] scene of the coolest burglary ever known in these parts. The bank is situated in Broad street, near the canal, in the second story of the building. At noon the community was aroused by a great explosion, which shook the building. The indications are that the burglars had been there all day. The safe was thoroughly rifled. A large safe was broken to a great distance from the building and blown up. The burglars evidently made a calculation as to the amount of powder used. The safe was destroyed and the building terribly shattered. The burglars obtained the large amount of three dollars, the entire contents of the safe. No trace of the rogues has yet been discovered." After this no Jersey bank need fear of a visit, except from the Sheriff.

—On the 15th December, while Mr. Converse, Jr., son of the President of the Malden Bank, Boston Mass., was left in charge, some person or persons entered the premises, murdered him by shooting through the head, and robbed the safe. A reward of $6,000 has been offered for the apprehension of the murderer. Mr. Converse died early in the morning.

—A man named Ferguson stabbed a fellow lodger, Ed. Doherty, early in Jackson street, on the 17th December, so savagely, that he died soon afterwards. Fergus was arrested.

—Col. Bliss, who has been extensively engaged in raising cavalry regiments, has been arrested for recruiting soldiers in a State which has only opposed to the Union, but a decided secessionist.

—Mrs. Lucretia Jones, of Shelby, was arrested on the 18th December, charged with having, in company with a man named Bartlett, murdered and robbed the person of a young woman, Anne Lynch. He was arrested in Ohio, but Mrs. Jones has kept all trace of his accomplices, whose names he divulged.

Foreign.—By the arrival of the British brig Ada Lloyd, Doherty, at Kingston, Jamaica, we have that of the Mexican Republic until Nov. 19. The troops of Maximilian are in Mexico, and by the French, and all supplies cut off. The native Americans were expecting aid from the United States.

—Gen. Barrios, of San Salvador, with his wife and suite, arrived at Liverpool, England, on board the British frigate Sutlej, from La Union. His escape—which closes for the moment the history of the war which has distracted Central America and the hostile officials of Honduras and Nicaragua, was effected under circumstances of the most romantic manner, after he had endured sufferings and privations of the most appalling character. The reigning ex-ruler was taken to a brilliant ball given by Mrs. Livingston, the wife of the British Consul, to say that a vessel of war partly made up of natives and the officers of the United States navy were waiting for him (Barrios) in the Sutlej. Leaving the ballroom he assumed the uniform of a naval officer, and, with his family, and with his gallant allied friends to the landing place, and sprung to the deck of the Sutlej, after bowing to the officers of his mortal enemy in the street. The Sutlej, with her flag of defiance flying, left the dock port he, with his companions, are to sail for New York.

—The correspondence between the British and French Governments relative to Mexican affairs has been published. Earl Russell's dispatch, giving the reasons for England's refusal to join it, is considered a powerful diplomatic shot over fired at Louis Napoleon. It shows in a manner not to be gainsaid that the object of the war was to give the whole force and a suggestion of Lord Palmerston to get his private letter to Napoleon published.

Art, Science and Literature.—A collection of autographs of the Queen is announced. The price did not reach the standard: former numismatic sales, however, have shown that the Queen's autograph was anticipated. A collection of American cents and dimes, with the exception of 1804, was knocked down for $6; another, $4 10: two copies of the same year, with variations, $2 50; another, $2 50; one sold for $20, and another for $8. A Liberty cap cent of 1795, of which there are few now in existence, sold for $39.

—The number of letters in the alphabet of different languages is as follows: Russian, 36; French, 25; German, 26; Spanish, 24; Dutch, 26; Greek, 24; Latin, 25; Slavonic, 41; Italian, 20; Welsh, 29; Swedish, 33; Georgian, 35; Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac and Samaritan, 22; Persian, Coptic, 32; Sanscrit, 50; Bengalee, 52; Burmese, 19.

—A London paper announces that Thackeray is about to marry the second daughter of the famous novelist Margaret Ellen Boddon. It is seldom that literary marriages are happy, but Mr. Thackeray and Miss Bourne ings being the exception to a very dismal and general rule. Charlotte Bronte was also married.

—There have been only four translations of the Bible into the Chinese, while there have been nearly 40 of the first part, which turns upon socialism.

—It is related that Mr. Sothern was very un willing that Lord Dundreary, the character which was of small consequence as at first written, should grow into the favor it soon attained, even through his part in the most absurd and extravagant scenes of the piece. But Mr. Sothern finally was resolved to stop the same style in public, and did so, and the character, from that time, was separated.

Chit-Chat.—The Philadelphia *Inquirer* contains the following: "Mr. Benjamin Cox, Esq., on the 15th Saturday, Benjamin Cox, Esq., on the 15th Inst., was married to Miss Ann Cox, a remarkable change in the same romain in which he had taken it on every succeeding anniversary of his birth, since he reached, by having never since been absent on account of sickness or any other cause."

—It is reported that Madame Schnell, a fortuneteller of Louisville, and her two children, were lost in the burning steamer. She had accumulated $70,000 by the practice of her art, but failed to read her own fate.

—Dr. Adam was cowhided at Chicago lately by Dr. Gardner, because of the former's wife. They decided that the defendant should swallow their cowhide, which he refused to do, and was cowhided, but instructed them that a joke was not a verdict.

—The story goes that, when 12 years old, U. S. Grant was offered a horse by a boy named Ralston. A man named Ralston. "How much do your father want for the horse?" "Not any natural bigger than from the owner of the steed. "Why," said Ulysses, "I'll buy the horse of you myself." Ralston said he'd give you $35, and if you wouldn't take less than $40 he'd throw in a saddle, so many boys thought it was $60.

—It is said that the Prince of Wales is smoking very far too much for his constitution, that he is seldom without a cigar in his mouth, and that the leaders are beginning to talk about the subject, talking about "a breach of standard of manners," etc., is said to be leveled at the Prince. Be that as it may, he just previously had been smoking a cigar as big as a bowsprit round the Mediterranean, and was not at all considered awfully tabooed.

—An anecdote relative to the late Prof Wilson is just now circulating. When the suitor for the hand of the daughter of the late Prof. Wilson's position, he was, of course, referred to "papa." Having obtained the old man's consent, he was directed to desire the young lady to come to her father, and was received with open arms and a kiss. The young man had before him for reverse some book on the fly-leaf of which he wrote, "I love you, Christina, with all my affections." He tore this out, placed it to his daguerreotype case, as usual, and let her to the young lover, and went back to his work.

—Senator Hale has published a very suggestive letter on the subject of the removal of Seward from a court sinn from his position as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Seward is a leading Whig Welcee and his were not "hate fellows well met."

CAYENNE AND COWHIDE.

A Romance of Forkopolis.

We often read thrilling scenes in Miss Braddon's romantic novels, but we think Eleanor's Victory is nothing to Miss Jacob's Victory, and that altogether Mack Barnitz cuts a worse figure than Lancelot Darcell. It appears that the above-named ladies had a wife, who employed a sempstress, named Jacob, with whom Barnitz fell desperately in love, as all lovers do, at first sight, or after taking, or after he took a room, and wanted Miss Jacob to take the key and to meet him there, solitary and all alone, during her absence on a settlement a six days' week $100, besides other fabulous presents. But Miss Jacob was a second Lucretia, and resented the Forkopolis Tarquin, whose love thereupon turned into such furious hate that he went about defaming the conduct of the poor sempstress, declaring and asserting a time when the fair wronged one was out of the city, he brought false charges against her, and in a sudden spite left the house, and published the slander to the proprietor suggesting to her not to whip children with that cowhide." On her way home she purchased a quarter of a pound of cayenne pepper, and when Barnitz came to pay her wages she stood up on Sunday morning, as usual, took her station at the door of the church in the street at the chapel before the services commenced, and when Barnitz approached she made a sudden to the eyes and Mrs. Barnitz. Mr. B. who is the leader of the singing in the choir, was obliged to leave the church opposite him and eyes him closely. His eyes dropped, and his countenance appeared ashy pale, and not singing, the task being assigned to brother Hidden. Miss Jacob then took her seat, and sang with the congregation were on their feet except Mr. Barnitz and Miss Jacob, they two only remained seated. The first one to kneel was Barnitz, covering his face with both hands. As soon as the fire in his excited nose had commenced his prayer, Miss Jacob deliberately pulled out from her pocket the cowhide, carrying the whip, which was under her cloak, drew it out, and walked up to the kneeling Barnitz, and, standing over six busy heaves across his head, face and hands, and then she left the church by the rear part of the house. The minister ceased prayer, the congregation rose to their feet, and Barnitz, rubbing his eyes, raised up, and seizing the cowhide, whipped it. He never had such a cowhide to strike her, but was prevented by a Mr. Canning, who caught hold of it. As soon as he got loose, he clinched the hair of his head with her left hand, and with her right struck her a severe stroke all over his person, exclaiming, 'Mack Barnitz, you are a black-hearted, lying villain, and I will be the death of you.'

"At this instant some person put his hand over her mouth, when she took another handful of pepper, and throwing it over her shoulder at him, the crowd, which were round the door, received their first hasty retreat. A Mr. Kennick caught her round the waist and threw her towards the pulpit, when Mr. Sing seeing Mr. Kennick, recognized in him one of her persecutors, and struck him a severe blow in the face with the pepper. The Rev. Mr. Marley was seated in the pulpit during the whole proceedings, and quite composed, and the services could go on more than half the congregation had left the church."

MARRIAGE.

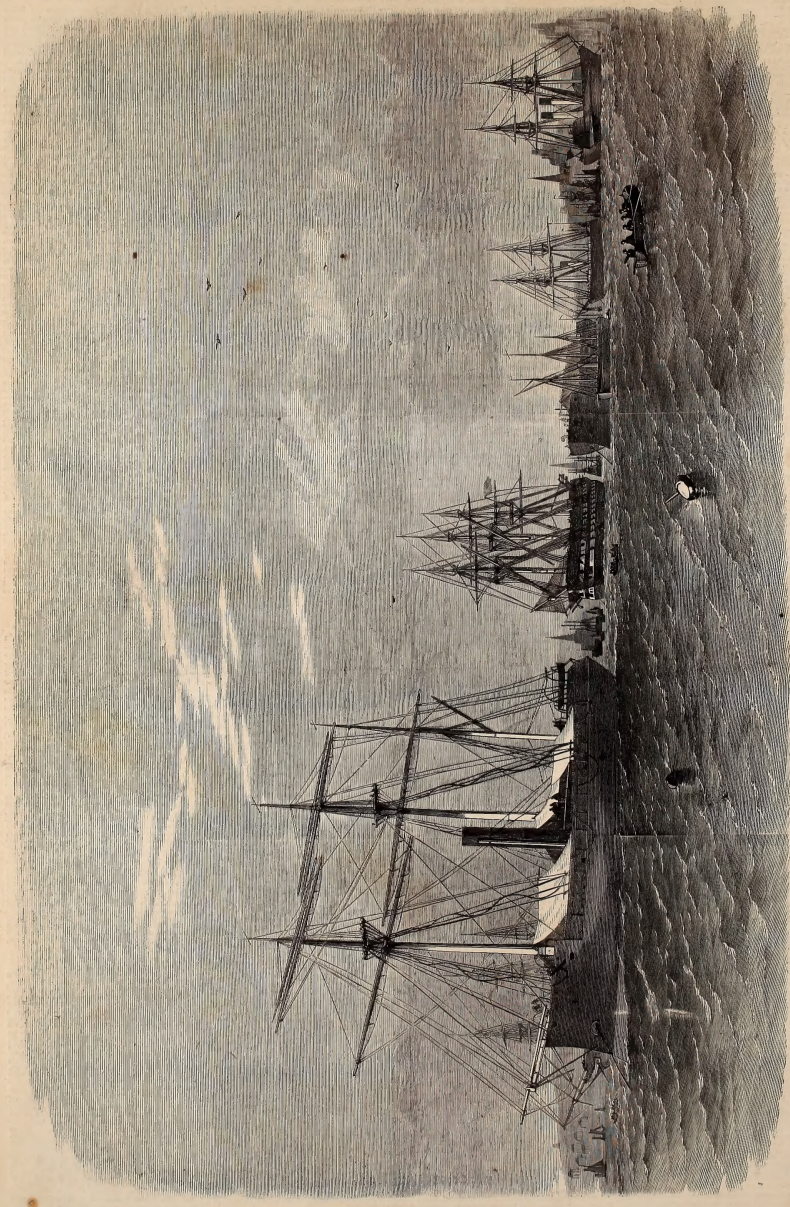
THE customs of marrying and giving in marriage is Sweden, in former years, were of a remarkable barbarous character. The bride was the daughter of a Scandinavian warrior to court a lady's favor by voluntary and unbounded love, but the lover had bestowed her affections on another and was on her way to the marriage ceremony, when, collecting his followers, he fell upon the wedding *cortège*, and the stronger carried off the bride. The lover was in favor of the practices that marriages were always celebrated at night. A pile of knees is still preserved in the Museum of the Royal Antiquarian of Rimsby, in Gothland, into which were fitted torches, and which were carried by the bridesmaids before the double purpose of giving light and protection. It was the privilege of the bridesmaid, when the first were named "best man," to carry these, and the strongest and handsomest of the bridesmaids was selected because for this purpose.

The marriage service is very nearly the same as that used by our forefathers, a few obsolete words only having been changed. The bride was given by the father, for four, for better, for worse," and promised "to be to loosen and obedient to her future husband. The bridegroom put the ring on each of the bride's left hand fingers, and then on the fourth, "in the name of the Father," at the second, "in the name of the Son," and on the fourth "in the name of the Holy Ghost," and at the fourth "Amen." The father presented the bride to her future lord, and the ring remains as a token of the transfer of authority, and the bride was known to Swedish law as owned by a lord, and given with the shoe. The husband was bound by oath to be true to his wife, to love her, to keep her from harm; yet, as a point of honor, he was allowed "to beat her on the back without exciting general reprobation." An old Welsh law tells us that three blows with a broomstick on the back, or one blow across the head, is a fair allowance," and another provides that the wife may never leave the husband's arm, nor thicker than **his middle finger.**

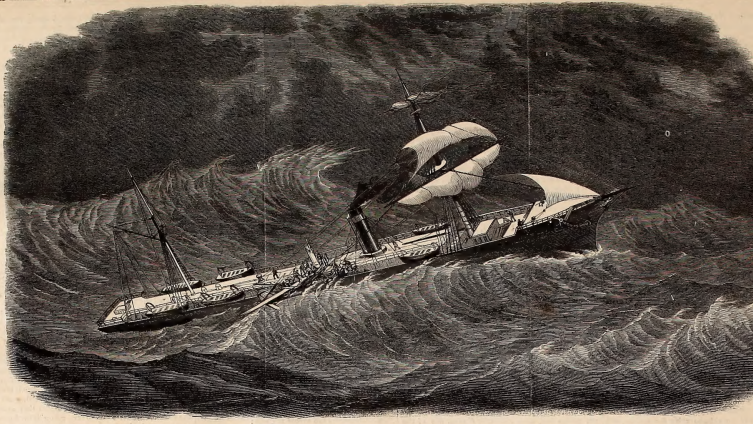
ECONOMY OF SEWING MACHINES.—We need not dwell upon the economy of the sewing machine in its conversion to say that a woman can in a day do ten times as much ordinary sewing as she could do without one. The interest on a fifty-dollar machine is only fifteen cents per week, and the saving in time and labor compared to its advantages, as a matter of economy, is almost nil. Of all the machines, that of Grover & Baker's stands highest; which is a strong proof of the satisfaction they give. They are in daily use in thousands of the best families knowing the same stitch. For every kind of sewing, especially for the manufacture of clothing for the soldier, we prefer the Wheeler & Wilson.—*American Agriculturist.*

REJUVENATION.—The great advantage of having a complexion which is at once beautiful is proved by the fact that Dr. Gouraud's famous preparations are now in universal demand. Ladies who eminently by these discoveries made from day to day in the laboratory of every studious experimentalist. His Medicated Soap is now as near perfection as any preparation can be, and it may be now considered as a permanency in the dressing-room. It not only cleanses but it softens the skin. His Poudre Subtile [illegible] another valuable preparation, as it removed superfluous hair without injuring the skin. Dr. Gouraud's Emporium is 431 Broadway.

An editor out West boasts of having had a fight with a woman and got the last word.



H. B. MAJESTY'S STEAMER MAJESTIC WATCHING THE REBEL RAMS IN THE MERSEY.



THE STEAMER KINA DISMASTED IN A FURIOUS STORM.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. GILLILAND.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

THE IDEA FROM THE GERMAN.

SEE NOW with all his mighty power
Approach the Wintry King:
Our cherished flowers are faded quite,
No warmth the sunbeams bring.



Alas! the cold white-bearded Man
Draws nearer every day—
Ye blest with youth, and health, and strength,
Hasten his march to stay.

Then fasten every window close,
Let him not enter there:
He steals away our summer joys,
And chills the genial air.
See—see—the children 'gainst him rush,
Their faces in a glow,
In vain!—each year he comes alike,
And brings us ice and snow.

He brings the long, long dreary nights,
And shortens daylight hours,
Wild storms of hail, and rain, and mist,
And snow in fleecy showers:
And yet, how many joys he brings,
New tales we read with glee:
And first, and best of all his gifts,
The far-famed Christmas Tree.

And while we sleep he paints a scene
Surpassing mortal power,
Bright, glittering drops each pane adorn,
And frame an icy bower
Of flowers and leaves in silver sheen,
Like garlands gay entwined,
With mountains, rivers, castles, trees,
A landscape fair combined.

He brings us in and out-door sports,
Golf, Skating, Sliding too,
While in the house we chase poor Puss,
And hunt the hidden Shoe.
Snow-man he brings, and Blindman's-buff,
And Magic-lantern bright—
Then call the old Man kindly in,
We'll welcome him to-night.

Come in—come in! thou Winter-Man,
We'll give thee "Cakes and Ale;"
Come, warm thy hands, and tell us now
A stirring Christmas Tale.
A tale—a tale; in silence deep
We'll list with all our might—
Till midnight tolls its ghostful hour,
Then—Winter-Man—good-night.

FARMER GRAHAM'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

By John B. Williams, M.D.

MANY of readers will remember the 24th of Dec., 1855, which was so remarkable for its excessive coldness. Few people were stirring in the streets on that day, and those who did venture out thrust their hands deeply into their pockets, and vainly tried to keep their blood warm by transforming their usual gait into an inelegant kind of trot. The wind blew from the northeast, and was of the most piercing character, apparently taking delight in attacking the unprotected parts of the body with particular virulence; whistling in one's ears, stinging the cheeks and nose as if they had been cut with a whip, and then roaring and rattling away round sharp corners, down open chimneys, and banging open doors as if it were in the highest possible glee at the discomfort it occasioned.

Towards the middle of the day it began to snow, not in fair, honest, straight down flakes, but mean, sharp-pointed sleet, which the before-mentioned unruly wind did with just as it liked, now carrying it before it with a scream of triumph through the open streets, now beating it against dead walls and roofs, and now forcing it into alleyways and blind entrances.

Amongst other freaks performed by the wind, it seized upon an old gentleman's hat who happened to be passing by the corner of Barclay street and Broadway, in the city of New York, and lifting it above his head, twirled and twirled it about for a moment or two, and then carried it away in triumph. When, however, it had reached the corner of Maiden lane, another son of Boreas came to dispute the prize, and between the two they let it fall to the ground, whereupon the old gentleman secured his property again, and fixed it more firmly than ever upon his head.

This old gentleman was evidently from the country. His dress was homespun, his boots were heavy and laced in front, and every step he took left the imprint of large nails in the snow. His hat was low-crowned and broad-brimmed, and his gray hairs hung in waves from underneath it. He carried in his hand an oaken staff, and it was plainly to be seen, that although he was still strong and hearty, his limbs had lost the elasticity of youth. His face was weatherbeaten, and showed that he had been accustomed to outdoor employment. There was an expression of sadness in his countenance, and his gait, as he plodded along Broadway, revealed dejection in his mind.

He seemed utterly regardless of the cold; it is true when he passed Fulton street a shiver ran through his frame, but, whether this was occasioned by an extra cold blast or by his own thoughts it would be impossible to tell. He passed down Wall street until he reached about its centre. He stopped before a house of considerable size.

This dwelling was evidently let out for offices. The lower windows were decorated with numerous signs and placards, which revealed to the passers-by that the "Save-all Insurance Company" did business there. The entry was also studded with signs on the doorpost, and in the passage—some in all the glory of fresh gold letters on a black ground, others with more modest letters on a white ground. From the various inscriptions on these signs, it would seem that persons following almost every description of employment had offices there. House-



agents, coal-dealers, hill-brokers, collectors, lawyers and insurance companies, all seemed to vie with each other in displaying their names to the public.

The old gentleman, as we have before stated, paused before this dwelling, and putting on his spectacles, began to scrutinize the names on the various signs very closely. At last he fixed his eyes on one which he appeared to be seeking for. This bore the inscription, "Robert G. Carr, Attorney at Law," and conveyed the further information that the said Robert G. Carr's office was situated on the second story of the building.

The old man heaved a deep sigh, pulled off his hat, smoothed down his scanty locks, and began slowly to ascend the stairs. He soon arrived at the door, on which another label informed him that he had reached his destination. He knocked timidly—so timidly in fact that he obtained no answer. He knocked again, a little louder this time, and a loud voice bade him "Come in."

He gently opened the door, and found himself in a moderately sized room, slenderly furnished with several hard wooden chairs, a table covered with inkspots and two desks. This was Mr. Carr's public office. His own private sanctum was the next room back, similarly furnished, with the addition of some shelves, on which were arranged rows of books, which, from their peculiar style of binding, evidently treated on the driest of all subjects—Law.

The old gentleman paused on the threshold, and glanced peculiarly around him. The front office was unoccupied, and he was about to make known his presence by rapping with his foot on the floor, when he suddenly saw, in the entrance of the door separating the public from the private office, the grim form of Mr. Carr himself.

We have just written grim form, and we use the phrase advisedly, for a more stern, uncompromising, destitute-of-the-milk-of-human-kindness face than that of the attorney it would have been impossible to find. He was above the middle height and rather stout. His hair was thin and wiry, his dark



Farmer Graham's Homestead.

eyes were deeply sunk in his head, and glistened with peculiar malevolence. His lips were thin and colorless, and there was that peculiar expression about his mouth which plainly indicated that he was naturally cruel, and that inflicting pain on others was a source of real pleasure to him.

"How are you, Mr. Graham?" said the lawyer, advancing and saluting the old gentleman with a grim smile, which revealed the fact that several of his front teeth were wanting.

"How do you do, sir?" returned the farmer, bowing low.

"Walk in and take a seat, Mr. Graham, it is a cold, raw day. I am glad to see you. I expected you would be here to-day."

The old farmer obeyed the invitation, and seated himself near the glowing stove. The lawyer reclined in his luxurious armchair, and appeared to wait for his visitor to commence the conversation. The latter, however, evidently did not know how to begin it; he twirled his hat in his hand and fixed his eyes on the floor.

"I suppose, Mr. Graham, you have come to settle the rent," said the attorney, at last breaking the awkward silence, "it is due, I believe, to-day?"

"Well, sir, I have come about the rent," stammered the old man; "I have come to throw myself on your generosity."

The farmer sighed and glanced inquiringly into the attorney's face. He met no encouragement there, for he only saw a sardonic smile lighting up Carr's hard features.

"Go on," said the lawyer.

"Well, sir, the fact is," resumed the old man, summoning up his courage, "I am a little behind hand, six crops have failed me, and I have come to beg a little time."

"Oh! you have come to beg a little time, have you?" remarked Carr in a cold tone.

"If you please, sir," replied Graham, "if you will give me a month or two, I shall be able to raise the money."

"Oh, you will be able to raise the money, will you?" again repeated the lawyer, in an ominous tone, rubbing his hands together with apparent satisfaction.

"Yes, sir, I am almost certain of it."

"Well, Mr. Graham, I may as well come to the point at once. You owe me half a year's rent, and that rent I must and will have at once; if it is not paid by the day after to-morrow, I shall be under the painful necessity of distraining for it."

"You surely would not have the heart to sell me up," exclaimed the old man in an agonising voice."

"You would not bring ruin and disgrace on an honest man's household. Oh, sir, give me a little time; you shall be paid—indeed you shall!"

"The money must be paid to-morrow, or the law must take its course."

The old man let his head fall between his hands, and sobbed like a child.

"God help your wife! God protect my poor girls!" was all that he could utter.

Robert Carr sat there unmoved. He seemed rather to derive pleasure from the old man's agony. He rubbed his hands together with increased vehemence, as if he were experiencing the most exquisite sensations.

"You will not give me longer than the day after to-morrow, then?" cried the farmer, after a pause.

"Not a day!"

The old gentleman picked up his hat, which he previously deposited on the floor, and slowly quitted the room. He walked with head bent down, and faltering step, through the reached the Williamsburg ferry, which he crossed. A stage was just ready to start. He got in, and in a few minutes was on his way towards his home.

The wind continued to howl and whistle; the snow continued to fall; the cold piercing blast penetrated the crevices of the omnibus, causing the other passengers to creep closely to each other for the sake of the warmth, and to bury their feet deeply into the straw which was strewn on the bottom of the vehicle. But the farmer appeared to be unconscious of cold. He sat in one corner of the vehicle utterly oblivious to what was passing around him. He was completely prostrated by his misfortune.

The stage progresses on its way; the town of Williamsburg is left behind; the toll-keeper exchanges a friendly nod with the driver; the covered bridge is passed; the progress up the hill is slow; at last, after three hours were passed for the horses, the vehicle stops at the head of a lane. The old man gets out, and the stage proceeds on its journey.

Over a rustic bridge, the bubbling waters of the stream below can be heard in ice-bound fetters; along a lane, beautiful in summer, but dreary and desolate in winter; past a cottage, the entrance of which is blocked up with untrodden snow, showing that its inmates have not left it for some days; past a house of better pretensions, where the pathway is kept clear, through a gate which creaks on its hinges as it swings back, and the old man stood before his own home. He leaned for a moment against one of the pillars supporting the portico, and then with a sudden resolution he dashed into the house.

He enters the sitting-room. It is comfortably furnished, as might be expected by an elderly woman, who is evidently farmer Graham's wife, and two girls. One is the old man's daughter, the other his niece.

Farmer Graham fell into a chair, and vainly tried to calm his emotion, but in spite of himself, when he saw his beloved family around him, the tears coursed each other down his weatherbeaten face.

"God help thee, my poor wife, there is no hope for us. I have seen our hard-hearted landlord, and he refuses to give us a single week to—"

"Surely, James, you mistake," exclaimed his wife. "Mr. Carr can scarcely be so exacting. Why we have lived on this farm more than twenty years, and we have never been behind hand with our rent before."

"I know it, but he would not hear a word; if we do not pay the rent by the day after to-morrow, he will sell us out stick and stone. What will become of us, and these two dear girls, too?"

"Oh, father, have no thought about us," exclaimed the elder of the two, a fair-haired, rosy-cheeked, healthy-looking girl. "We can work; do you not know that both Mary and myself are excellent seamstresses? We will go to New York to live, and we will take in sewing—won't we, Mary?"

"Yes, dear uncle," returned the other girl, "do not give way to grief. Indeed, we can make enough in New York to support us all."

"God bless you, my dear girls, I know your will is good, but you little know the trials of a city life. Would to God that my dear boy was here! Oh, Harry, why did you forsake your poor old father?"

The recollection of his son appeared to quite overwhelm the old man, his sobs choked his utterance.

"Father, dear father!" exclaimed his daughter, kneeling beside him, and seizing his hands. His wife, too, endeavored to console and cheer him. They in some measure succeeded.

The evening meal followed, but, oh! how cheerless! Every heart was depressed at their coming misfortune. Mrs. Graham glanced furtively around the apartment, and when her eyes rested on some familiar object, the thought that in a few days it would pass into other hands caused them to fill with tears. Her husband read her thoughts as well as if they had been uttered aloud. The two young girls tried to converse on different subjects, and endeavored to appear unconcerned, but the attempt was a miserable failure. Anxiety had locked into the old people's faces and saw the suppressed grief visible there, they forced smiles died away, and they had the greatest difficulty to prevent the anguish of their hearts from finding relief in convulsive sobs.

And this was their Christmas Eve! This was the day which had hitherto been the merriest of all the year to them.

"Jane," said Mr. Graham to his wife, after the tea things had been removed, "what day of the month is it?"

"The 24th of December. Have you forgotten it is Christmas Eve?"

"True, so it is—eight years ago to-day our boy left us."

"Hush, dear father, do not think of it," exclaimed his daughter.

They drew around the fire. The wood blazed and crackled, and shed a cheering warmth through the apartment—the sparks danced merrily up the chimney, and waged fierce war with the cold without. A wood was spoken by the farmer's family, but they sat there gazing on the burning wood as if they would read their future destiny in the fantastic forms assumed by the glowing embers. Every now and suddenly aroused from their reverie by a loud knocking at the door. The farmer's daughter hastened to open it, and admitted a gentleman, who by his air in large overcoat.

"Excuse me," said he, entering the passage, "but I have taken the liberty to call for shelter; it is snowing so fast and the roads are so impeded that I am not recognise further than this. My horse is completely worn out and stumbles at every step."

"You are welcome, sir," replied the old man, rising from his chair. "I will put your horse into the stable while you go to the fire and warm yourself."

The stranger thanked the farmer, and, approaching the fire, divested himself of his muffling. He was a fine-looking young man, about five-and-twenty years of age. He was tall, robust, and evidently in the enjoyment of the best of health. His manners were free and easy, and showed that he had seen a good deal of the world.

"Your daughters, I suppose, madam," said the stranger, indicating with a motion of his hand the two young girls.

"One is my daughter, the other my niece, sir," replied Mrs. Graham, in rather a cold tone.

"Indeed! Are you from Europe, miss?"

"Yes; I was in San Francisco six weeks ago."

"Did you ever happen to meet or hear of a young man named Henry Graham?" asked the farmer in a tremulous voice.

"Harry Graham!" exclaimed the stranger, "why he is my dearest friend—know him, to be sure I do."

"He is alive, then, and well?"

"When I left he was as hearty as could be. I am now on the lookout for his father, who, he told me, lives somewhere in this neighborhood. I am charged with a commission for him."

"God be praised that he is well—I am his father."

"You father! Then I am lucky, and can fulfil his commission. I have carried this bag of money about with me," continued the stranger, pulling out a canvas bag from his pocket, "until I am tired of it. There are three thousand dollars which Harry requested I would deliver into his father's hands."

"My poor, dear boy—my dear boy," was all that the father could say.

The elder daughter observed had watched the stranger's face at that moment; he would have seen a change twitching about his lips, and, strange to say, his eyes filled with tears.

"Mother—father! do you not recognise your son!" he suddenly exclaimed, embracing both his parents. "It is I, Henry, your long lost Henry. I have made my fortune in California, and have come to place you both above the reach of want. Sister, you know me, you must recognise me."

The old man appeared bewildered for a moment, a light seemed to break upon him, and he folded his son in his arms.

"It is Henry, my own boy!"

Explanations followed. Henry Graham related how he had been seduced in going to California, how he had delayed writing until he had made his fortune, and how wealth had poured in upon until he had become a millionaire, and how he had determined to come and share his good fortune with his beloved parents.

The sun shone out brightly the next day, the snow was frozen hard, and sparkled and glittered in its rays like virgin silver. We might tell how light everybody's heart was when they rose on that glorious Christmas morning—we might tell with what glee farmer Graham, after breakfast, hurried to New York and discharged his rent—we might tell how Mr. Carr was rather disappointed than otherwise that it had been paid so promptly—we might tell how the two girls and Henry Graham became very great friends—how he actually kissed her on that happy Christmas night before he retired to bed, claiming as a cousin's privilege—we might tell all these things, but we are certain the reader has already guessed them.

Three months afterwards Henry Graham was married to his fair cousin. On the day that this event took place, the old farmer exclaimed to his wife:

"Dear Mary, the events of the last few months have taught me a lesson which I trust I shall never forget."

"What is it?"

"It is this—that however thick and heavy the clouds may be which occasionally overshadow our path, we have no reason to despair, for sooner or later the sun will pierce through them, and scattering them to the four winds of heaven, leave the sky calm, serene and clear."

TO MY CHILDREN.

BY A SOLDIER IN CAMP.

DARLINGS, I am weary pining,
Shadows fall across my way;
I can hardly see the lining
Of the cloud—the silver lining;
Turning darkness into day.

I am weary of the sighing,
Moaning, wailing through the air;
Breaking hearts in anguish crying
For the lost ones—for the dying;
Sobbing anguish of despair.

I am weary of the fighting;
Brothers red with brothers's gore.
Only that the wrong we're righting—
Truth and Honor's battle fighting—
I would draw my sword no more.

I am pining, dearest pining,
For your sweet, soft cheek;
For your dear arms round me twining;
For your soft eyes on me shining;
For your loved words—darlings, speak!

Tell me, in your earnest prattle,
Of the sweet, innocent, humble sports
Call me from the cannon's rattle;
Take my thoughts away from battle;
Fold me in your dearest love.

Darlings, I am weary pining;
Shadows fall across my way;
I can hardly see the lining
Of the cloud—the silver lining
Turning darkness into day.

OLD WIDGERTON.

I FEAR that my friend, Widgerton, is a misanthropic man!

Perhaps I may be only my egotism that leads me so to think, and simply upon the fact that while I am the happy possessor of a round half dozen of stubby faces to gather about my domestic board, Widgerton is obliged to sit en widema state at his boarding-house table, and bear all the small jokes that may be heaped upon him, for the reason that he is an old bachelor.

Now at this season, especially, I have sincere sympathy with all the Widgertons on earth, and people generally, that ever stumble apartments in Twenty-second Avenue sufficiently large, it would give me great pleasure to entertain them collectively at my family Christmas dinner.

This not being the case, I must do the next best thing, which shall be to invite Widgerton to spend the Christmas Eve with us—by us, I make reference to Mrs. Dabney and myself—and walk forth, to aid with his counsel and advice, in the purchase of those little tokens intended for the stockings of the six young Dabneys and by them supposed to emanate from the stores of the highly respected Santa Claus.

To return to Widgerton, I would simply remark that Widgerton is not liked, and for that reason I like Widgerton. He is a doubting man, and therefore I cultivate him. His doubts are the means I use for clearing away my own.

And these are the reasons that I avow for insisting upon making Widgerton one of the party on the Christmas Eve to explore the town, and hunt from amid the thousand treasures those which will gladden the hearts of my little circle, and teach them how to make glad other hearts, not only on the Christmas, but to make all the year one holiday of happiness.

"A magnificent night! Widgerton," I said, rubbing my hands in the cold, cheerless parlor of his boarding-house, as we stopped for him to join us in our walk.

"I yes!" says Widgerton, querulously, "but you see it might rain, and then you know I would be monstrous uncomfortable."

"Rain!" I almost shouted, "Why, man, it's cold, clear and bracing. A grand night, with nothing but crowds of stars in the sky, and crowds of happy people in the street."

"Yes, I know, I am yelling and screaming 'merry Christmas!' I don't see what people want to go about saying 'merry Christmas!' to other people for, on such a cold night as this. I don't see anything merry in it."

And all the time the poor fellow was saying this he was shivering around in every corner of the room to find an umbrella, a want I ever in a speedy end to by setting his arm and leading him into the street, which I did at the same time as I did so. This was what I told Widgerton.

"You don't see anything merry in it, eh! Why, man, it's one of the merriest customs in the world. It is as old as the Christmas, and arose from the fact of their calling the words aloud in all their churches on Christmas Day, after which they sang songs of welcome to the time. From this arose the practice of waits or singers going from house to house, singing their carols, and wishing the people a good time, as a pretty custom. Widgerton, and one that ought to be adopted in America."

"Pooh! I don't think it much of a custom to come around the house making a noise when people want to sleep, especially if the night is cold and damp."

"Confounded sight better, my boy, than this wretched habit of blowing tin horns that has arisen within the past few years."

To which he said nothing, and Mrs. Dabney pressed my arm in token of approval.

"And what's more, my dear fellow, I think it would be much better for the rising generation if there was a little more of the simplicity of the olden time about them. Not that I want to see the days of superstition revived, but the people were more honest when they believed that the cattle knelt at midnight, and the bees sang in their hives on the Christmas Eve."

"Ignorance!" says Widgerton.

"Granted, but it served a purpose, and always had some touch of faith or devotion about it. By the same rule women would not leave wool or flax upon their spinning wheels over that night, lest a evil one should come and wind it, which, if he did, would give him an unpleasant hold on them the day they were married. This legend arose from the story that on the day of the crucifixion no rope could be obtained to bind our Saviour, until some flax was found on a wheel, and twisted into one. Hundreds of such legends exist in the early ages of many of them very beautiful and very poetical."

"Very like Pagan customs," was Widgerton's remark.

I could not deny it, and had no doubt that many of them had been transmitted from those times, but I did not like to say so, because that the worst of our customs had come from such a far period that it was impossible to account for many of them, except by giving credit, for instance, originated with the Romans, who, at the commencement of the year, would send packages of candied fruits, sweetmeats and confectionary of all kinds, to their friends, wishing them happiness, health, and power to enjoy the sweets of the year to come."

"A wretched custom!" Widgerton says, in a shudder at the reading respecting the sending to a friend and wishing them health, when it's the very thing to produce dyspepsia. Why, I'd just as soon think of sending a friend a pestle and mortar, and doing the same thing, when he knew I might take it."

I did not answer Widgerton's remark, but I went down into my boy memories to see what I could find there to awaken some sympathetic chord in his nature, and recollection of the day, or rather night, when he hung up his stocking. While I was thinking, Mrs. Dabney—Mary Jane, I call her—came to my relief.

"I am sure, Mr. Widgerton, there is nothing more poetically beautiful than the idea of Santa Claus. The story is full of fairy lore."

"Oh!" says Mr. Widgerton's remark, as he stopped full before a window where a figure, purporting to be a representation of the saint, was exhibited. I could not help but think, that in the real genuine article, but a German interpretation, or rather a local Germanizing of Mr. Santa Claus, giving him the name of Pelznichel or Pun Martin. This arises from Southern Germany, and is recorded in bogus Santa Claus. Therefore, when Widgerton said:

"I don't see anything very poetical in that. It rather looks like some old beggar, who has succeeded in getting too much to drink, if not enough to eat."

I answered what I had just been thinking, and said, further, that this Mr. Pelznichel was somewhat of a wreck, and instead of carrying love and joy with him was more apt to carry fear. He comes several weeks before Christmas, asking questions as to my conduct, and, finally, when I come on Christmas Eve calls upon the mothers to bring out the naughty children that he may whip them. I

THE WINTER FIRE.

A FIRE's a good companionable friend,
A comfortable friend, who meets your face
With welcome glad, and makes the poorest shed
As pleasant as a palace. Are you cold?
He warms you—comforts you—refreshes you—
Hungry? he doth prepare your food for you—
Are you in darkness? he gives light to you—
In a strange land? he wears a face that is
Familiar from your childhood. Are you poor?
What matters it to him. He knows no difference
Between an emperor and the poorest beggar.
Where is the friend that bears the name of man
Will do as much for you?

HOW MR. SMYTHE,

Through Love,

CAME to GRIEF.

By Belphegor.

CYRUS MUGWATER was the name painted, in bold Roman characters, over a small but well-stocked fancy store in Grand street.

Cyrus Mugwater was a stout, little red-faced man of some forty years standing, warm-hearted, even-tempered and a bachelor. His store was the lower portion of a dwelling-house, and the dwelling-house was the property of which he had spent twenty years of his life, and there he intended to remain so long as trade and life lasted. Not insignificant was the amount of business transacted in that little store. The little bell that rang with every opening of the door had seldom its tongue still during the livelong day, and a pleasant music it was—a tinkle, tingle, tingle, every minute. Right envious were neighboring shopmen of Mr. Mugwater's success. They didn't see why Cyrus should buy his handkerchiefs and gentlemen should buy gloves at Mugwater's, when articles just as good and just as cheap could be obtained at their own counters. But about Mugwater's store there was an inviting appearance of honesty and tidiness, which, perhaps, was not so prominently marked in its neighbors.

In the wall upon entering Mr. Mugwater employed two individuals, a gentleman and a lady, named respectively Miss Eliza Spink and Mr. Orestes Smythe. Miss Spink was unmarried, and, for more about nineteen years old, for Miss Spink was a lady, and, like most ladies, Miss Spink had an impaired memory and a mistaken family Bible. Erect in stature, plump in person, was as fair was Miss Spink, with never so dark eyes and never so white teeth. Quick in walk, quick in speech, quick in figures and quick in temper. Miss Spink was a smart a little body as one could find behind a counter. Mr. Smythe was tall, slim and five-and-twenty. A small blue-eyed, sandy creature had Mr. Smythe, fiery-red whiskers, too, and a voice small and shrill as a whistle. A neater man in appearance than Mr. Smythe could not be readily produced. His scanty locks were always well plastered down, and in such a manner as to make the most of his forehead. His shirt-collars were always confined to their utmost, the rest of his face well shaven, his linen spotless and his clothes stylish.

Now when it is stated that Mr. Mugwater had so much to do with his meerschaum and "down town" that he rarely found time to honor the store with an hour's presence of his smiling face, it will enter the heads of some that for Miss Spink and Mr. Smythe to be thrown together daily, from nine A. M. to nine P.M., was improper, if not dangerous. Such a thought never entered Miss Spink, in the course of time, came to entertain a romantic passion for Mr. Smythe, which passion the latter, with equal romance, returned. The fact that Mr. Smythe was blind—not that he was indifferent to feminine attractions, but that he had a pet notion that dark eyes were deceitful, and should be avoided accordingly. Moreover, Mr. Smythe had ambition, and a penniless shopgirl was not the aim and object of his existence. Miss Spink's feelings, it was, of course, very tantalizing to throw fond glances at a gentleman and have no fond glances thrown back in return; and to let personal charms run to waste, only to be with that gentleman in the store after the lights had been extinguished, and have neither a kiss snatched from her eager mouth or a kiss returned upon her eager hand. But then it was so satisfactory for Mr. Smythe to be able to say to himself:

"Ah, you little dark-eyed schemer, I have successfully evaded you!"

One cloudy, chilly afternoon in November Mr. Smythe sat behind the counter paring his nails. Business was very dull, and Mr. Smythe was not at a loss what to do with himself. He had been reading a novel in the little room that was partitioned from the store by a curtain, but, as his eyes were sewing there, had been sighing frequently, deeply and despondingly, the gentleman had left in alarm and disgust. Now, therefore, Mr. Smythe was paring his nails. Just as he was commencing the ring-finger of the left hand, the store-door opened, ringing the bell and admitting a lady dressed in black. The lady was young, well-formed and graceful, and when she threw back her veil exhibited a face of a beauty so unusual that Mr. Smythe first started pale, then turned red and then as though his delicate structure was about crumbling into ruins. Such a clear complexion, such langushing eyes, such a faultless nose and such perfect teeth never before had Mr. Smythe seen, and he had seen many ladies.

The lady barely noticed the effect her charms had produced.

"I want," said she, "a pair of gloves."

In his perturbation, Mr. Smythe placed before his customer a box of socks, and when she repeated, with a bewitching smile,

"A pair of gloves, sir!"

He blushed, as only a gentleman of refined delicacy could.

"What size do you wear, miss?" inquired he.

"Really," returned she, "I can't say. Mamma has always bought my gloves. Perhaps you can tell, sir?" and she extended a hand small and white.

Mr. Smythe certainly had no business to touch that hand, yet he did, and simultaneously a thrill went through him from head to foot. He had touched ladies' hands before, but never had hand thrilled him so that one.

Never before had Mr. Smythe such difficulty in finding a glove to fit a hand; he did succeed in finding it, though, and when it was found it was wrapped it in paper and gave it to the purchaser.

"Will you be so kind as to give me a card?" said the young lady.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Smythe, and he took a card from his pocket and handed it to her.

"Hays' shop—no business card, Mr. Smythe?"

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Smythe, glancing at the card he had given her, "I've given you one of my own."

Correcting the error he saw the lady to the door, and followed her with his eyes until she was out of sight.

Abstractedly Mr. Smythe walked to the little room and seated himself beside Miss Spink. Abstractedly he placed his hand upon that of the fair Eliza, and gazing on it abstractedly he sighed:

"What a soft little hand!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Miss Spink, violently withdrawing her hand, "what do you mean by this insulting conduct?"

Mr. Smythe's eyes fell from the ceiling; his countenance was that of a man suddenly aroused from sleep.

"Mean!" faintly echoed he, with some dim idea of his position.

"Yes, sir, what do you mean? Oh! Mr. Smythe, you should be ashamed of yourself," and the tender creature fairly went into tears.

"Miss Spink, I—I—I done?" gasped Mr. Smythe, becoming alarmed at the serious aspect the matter had assumed.

"What have you done, sir? You—you pressed my hand and called it soft, and—and I won't stand it."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the now thoroughly frightened Mr. Smythe, "really, Miss Spink, I assure you, on my honor I do, I never meant it, I did it unthinkingly, and—and it all back."

"Wretch!" screamed Miss Spink, "is it thus you trifle with my affections, is it thus you sport with my heart, a humane heart, a heart, too, that has been trifled with, mistreated, for you and you only. Oh! Orestes! Orestes!"

In the excess of her grief she actually threw herself in Mr. Smythe's arms, to the indescribable horror of that gentlemen. For a moment he allowed her to remain there, but the spirit that was in was roused within him, he recollected himself, concluded that she fainted, and acting upon that idea, he put his arm around her waist that he might lay her on the sofa until she recovered. While he was in the act of so doing she slowly suddenly enter the room but Mr. Mugwater.

At the time of entering Mr. Mugwater's face bore an unusually cheerful expression, but, upon perceiving the affectionate positions of his two employees, that expression deepened, into gravity; almost immediately afterwards, it broke up into innumerable goodnatured wrinkles, and was accompanied by a fit of laughter that threatened apoplexy.

"Ho! ho! ho! ho! Thread my needles! Saw my limbs off! Ho! ho! ho!" and unable to speak further Mr. Mugwater pointed and shook his finger at the couple.

"Sir——sir——" began to speak the unfortunate shopman.

"Not a word, not a word," interrupted Mr. Mugwater, "I'm just as I wished. Thread my needles, my boy, take her. God bless you, and may you be happy!"

Another fit of laughter forced him from the room.

"Orestes!" sighed Miss Spink.

"Confound you, get up!" returned Mr. Smythe, gruffly.

"Orestes, don't leave me!" sighed Miss Spink.

"There's the store-bell, take care of yourself!" and the inhuman Mr. Smythe broke from the embrace of the imploring Eliza and passed into the store.

That evening Mr. Smythe did not sup with Mr. Mugwater and Miss Spink, as was his wont; in fact, he eat nothing until store was closed, then he seized his hat, ran to a restaurant, paid for a meal that he had no more than tasted, and wound up the evening by dressing, over the afterpiece at the theatre, and scalding his mouth with a hot whiskey punch.

The following morning Mr. Smythe had a heavy headache instead of a hearty breakfast. At nine o'clock he went downstairs, passed through the little back room without noticing Miss Spink's tearful face, and presented himself behind the counter, Mr. Smythe wondered why he ever was born, and if mankind generally would not be benefited by the decease of his juvenile form with a penknife. Wondering thus, Mr. Smythe was startled by the opening of the door, and the entrance of a lady. The lady wore black, and was a tall, handsome, fair customer of the day before. Mr. Smythe recognized her with a blush, and she acknowledged the recognition by the sweetest of smiles. A package of all-conceivable articles that they needed for winter use.

Mr. Smythe stammered that he would be most happy to sell her whatever he had, and obtain for her whatever she wanted and he had not. The young lady, thereupon, produced a list of things she desired. Mr. Smythe took the list, ran over it with his eyes, and marked opposite to the name of each article its value; then adding up, he announced the sum total as being sixty-six dollars. The lady expressed her satisfaction, and asked if the things could be sent that evening.

"Certainly," said Mr. Smythe; "what is the address?"

"Miss Cleonia Merwood, Clarendon Hotel; and, if you please, send the bill."

To which Mr. Smythe also said, "Certainly." Then they then left.

The poor shopman sighed as his charmer disappeared.

"Oh!" said he to himself, "there's no use denying it, I am in love. In love, too, with a woman that probably has a thousand admirers, each of whom is better-looking, more gifted, and better off in the world than myself. And she is gone; I may never see her again. She has gone, too, without affording me even the poor satisfaction of a refusal. Ha!" a brilliant thought darted, meteor-like, across Mr. Smythe's mind. "I'll see her to-night—I'll take her the bill."

The entire morning was consumed in getting together the goods ordered by Miss Merwood, and in the afternoon they were sent by express to her address. In the evening Mr. Smythe, in his best clothes and a high state of nervous excitement, repaired to the Clarendon Hotel, and sent up his card. In three minutes he received an answer.

Miss Merwood would see Mr. Smythe, Room Fifty."

Miss Merwood received Mr. Smythe with an encouraging smile and bade him be seated. On the inexpressible joy of the gentleman she was alone.

"I suppose, sir," said she, opening the conversation, "that you have brought your bill?"

Mr. Smythe took from his pocket a tinted envelope containing a sheet of tinted paper, on which he had, in his best hand, made out the bill, and gave it to the lady. The latter looked over the items, and taking from a small reticule a one hundred dollar banknote, gave it to her visitor.

"There is nothing less than this?" inquired Mr. Smythe.

"Nothing."

"Really, I can't make the change."

"Oh, no matter!" she replied, and then with an arch smile, "you can come to-morrow evening and bring the change then, and——" oh, the glance she cast at the gentleman!—"if you like you may leave me your ring as a surety for your appearance."

Intoxicated by these words, Mr. Smythe drew the diamond from his finger and offered it to Miss Merwood.

"Put it on my finger," said she, and the order was obeyed.

Two hours was Mr. Smythe in the delightful society of Miss Merwood, and when the clock struck the sunshine of joy was upon his heart, for he was the accepted husband of the beautiful Cleonia.

When Mr. Smythe reached his room he shut it closed, but entering the private door by means of a nightkey, he retired to his bed the happiest of men.

The next morning, upon the conclusion of breakfast, Mr. Smythe informed Mr. Mugwater of the good sale he had made the day previous, at the same time giving him the one hundred dollar bill.

Mr. Mugwater took the bill, looked at it, went into the store, consulted a banknote list, returned, and stated Mr. Smythe out of countenance.

"Sir," said Mr. Mugwater, "this bill is worthless, and the woman that passed it upon you is a base, designing, deceptive piece of cheap calico!"

"Sir—Mr. Mugwater," stammered Mr. Smythe, growing red in the face, "I consent, will allow such epithpahs as those to be flung at an honorable lady. A lady to whom I am pledged, that has accepted my heart, and is to be my wife."

A fearful scream burst from the throat of poor Miss Spink, as she threw herself on a chair.

"Your wife, sir!" echoed Mr. Mugwater, "darn my socks, what do you mean? Two days ago you were to marry me, now you're going to marry somebody else. Is that honorable, sir, is that honorable?"

"I never promised to marry Miss Spink," said Mr. Smythe.

Another scream arose from the lady mentioned.

"Pins and needles!" ejaculated Mr. Mugwater, "didn't I see you hugging and kissing her the other day?"

"Yes, you did!" exclaimed Miss Spink, violently, "and you did more, you saw me, locked in her room, sir, he would have kissed me. Oh, the deceitful man! did I deserve this of him?"

Mr. Smythe was getting desperate, said Mr. Smythe, "I never promised to marry that woman, and I never will. If she wants to sue me for breach of promise, let her sue me. If she has a big brother that wants satisfaction, let him come to me, and I'll give him satisfaction. And as for you, Mr. Mugwater, you have lacerated my feelings, and are my debtor to the amount of twenty-four one hundred dollar bill, I'll see the lady immediately, and prove to you, sir, that her character is as unimpeached as she drives one."

So saying, Mr. Smythe left the house, rode to the Clarendon Hotel, and inquired for Miss Merwood.

"Miss Merwood," said the clerk, "left this morning early."

"Left!" repeated Mr. Smythe, incredulously.

"Yes, sir," replied the clerk, "and if she is a friend of yours, and you should see her again, be so kind as to inform her that the bill she left in payment for her board was a counterfeit."

The unhappy shopman clasped his hands, looked piteously heavenwards, and tottered to a seat.

So it was that Mr. Smythe, through love, came to grief.

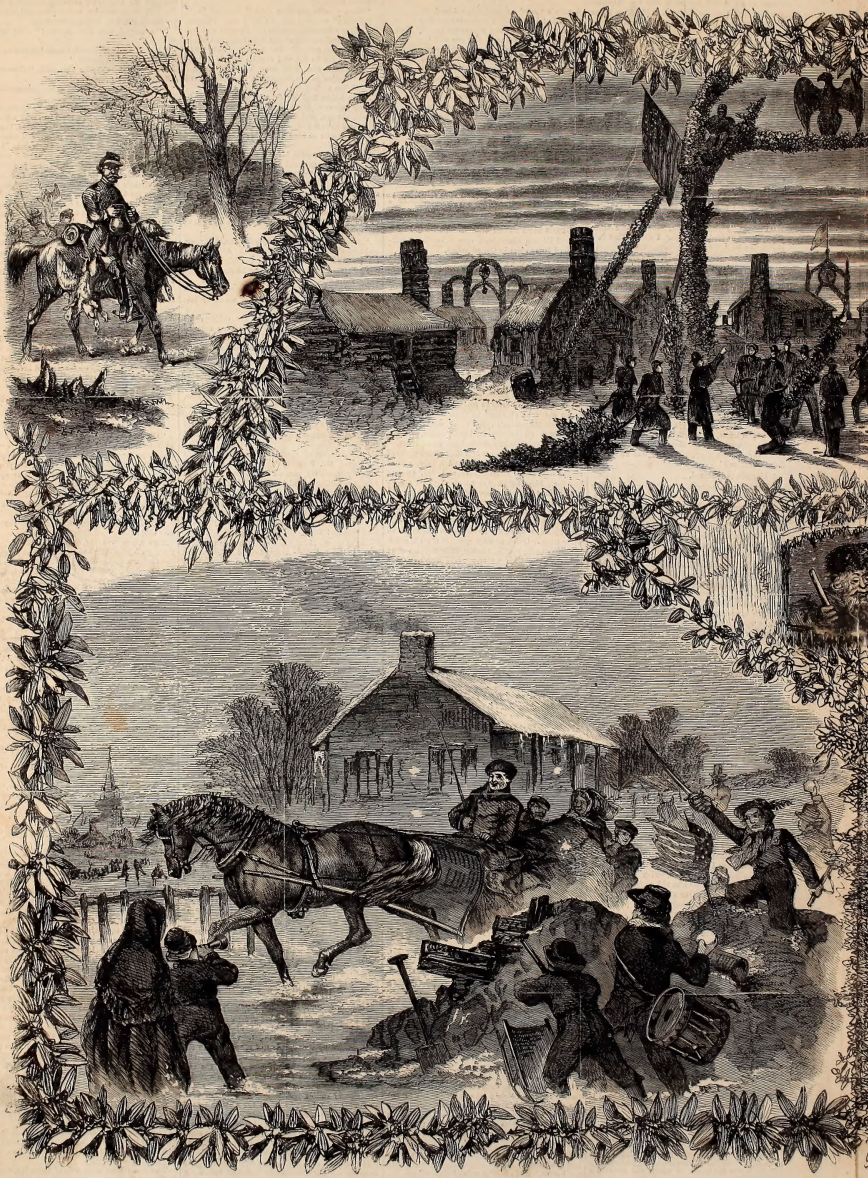
Two years have passed since then, Mr. Smythe is in a tailoring establishment, but he is still a single man. Miss Spink has become Mrs. Mugwater. The little store is yet in existence, and business is brisk.

Two countrymen went into a hatter's to buy one of them a hat. They were delighted with the simple, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking-glass.

"Why is the glass for?" said one of the men.

The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed:

"What for? why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits him!"





CHASING SHADOWS.

BY EDWARD WILLET.

CHASING shadows on the wall,
Snatching here and grasping there,
Reaching vainly for them all,
Chasing shadows everwhere.

Thus my little darling one
Chases shadows on the wall,
Till the setting of the sun
When her weary eyelids fall.

Little fairy, it is right,
Right enough for such as you,
From the morning to the night,
Fleeting shadows to pursue.

But it saddens me, my dear,
Thus your childish play to see,
For your simple sport, I fear,
Is mankind's epitome.

Thus do all of us, I know,
Chase the shadows all our lives;
Shadows ever and quickly go,
Never one of them survives.

While we chase them on through life,
Oh, what is it that we gain?
Sorrow, anguish, care and strife,
All our days still in vain.

Till, when comes the set of sun,
Soon we fall for lack of breath,
And, our shadow chasing done,
Close our weary eyes in death.

Little darling, all your days
May the light who reigns above
Drive the shadows from your ways
With his sunny smile of love.

Then this wisdom you will know—
Better truth was never heard—
All are shadows here below,
Nought is real but His Word.

LADY LORME'S STRATAGEM.

By Annie Thomas,

AUTHOR OF "THE CROSS OF HONOR," "THE HOUSE IN PICCADILLY," &c.

CHAPTER V.—THE UNSELFISH WISH.

Well, peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
And health to thy cheek, though it bloom not for me.

WHEN Moore wrote these lines he had ceased to care for, or at least to love, the apostrophized one. We don't wish the one—the cherished one—all manner of good things as the bride of another, while we still secretly desires that she should have been our own. Peace to the heart that has been false to us may be wished, but not while that heart is still in mortal change on earth to us. Health to the cheek is a thing that men don't pray for when the owner of the cheek has first proved fickle or morally jilted them; they do that when the lady is supernatural in their hearts and imaginations, but not before—not while the wound is young.

Lord Evesham had prepared for the interview with the woman who had once had the power to sway his soul powerfully with mixed feelings. He had dreaded the display of any lingering feelings of tenderness towards himself on the part of this lustrous-eyed Venus; he had writhed under the thought that possibly she might display tenderness towards her lord. But this last was a very wrong thing, and he soon killed it; but he found himself so wrought upon by Audrey's story of Leonie's devotion, that he did not care to have seen Leonie herself come and hammer the fact down harder. Leonie was not a woman that you could love once and leave off loving the next; she was formed to hold as well as to win, and though Lord Evesham was very loyal in his soul to Audrey, he had loved Leonie very dearly in the days that were gone by.

He had met her under romantic circumstances, and these had first roused his interest and then excited his love. Staying one night at an hotel in Marseilles *en route* to the East, he had been disturbed by a wild commotion and a general uproar amongst the lower classes of his country people, who were terribly apparent. As a rule, Fred Compton troubled himself little and cared less as to the affairs of the democratic masses; but on this occasion he happened to ask what had caused the row, and from information received he gathered that an English milord and his lady had quarrelled on an occasion of pleasure of the latter. Pursuing the subject further, that the lady was querulous, middle-aged and plain—that the lord was gay and gallant to the ladies, who was young and lovely. The lady, he heard, had gone off in a rage, carrying with her husband, courier, luggage, in fact, all her belongings, and except her own cousin, whom she had left behind her in a fit of jealous frenzy and weak spleen, penniless, helpless and alone.

When a man, generally, cruel wrong is wrought upon a woman, you will generally find, if you search into the case, that another woman is at the bottom of it. When a blow in the dark falls on a feminine head, be sure that it is dealt by a feminine hand. When a condemnatory tone pervades in a speech that is uttered relative to a girl who has neither of those mighty barriers, "care and cash," surrounding her, doubt not for an instant that it is spoken by a woman. Men never descend to such depths of base bitterness as do the ministering angels of our hearts, homes and lives.

The being mentally suspected of a vile wrong is the only relative she had left in the world to elicit faith and kin with turned the milk of human kindness sour in the breast of poor Leonie Powers. Young, beautiful, orphan, and—harder than all else to endure—poor, she had sweetened the bread and water of dependence on her ungenial cousin by a sort of half-friendly, half-saintly intercourse with that cousin's husband. The intercourse was harmless enough, God knows, and poor enough in its compensating powers for the numerous trials, hardships and mortifications of her life; but it was the brightest thing she had in her gloomy daily path, and its brightness was soon sullied therefore, and clouded.

The man was a fool—a vain, handsome, weak fool, but nothing worse; the wife was a hard, ugly, vain, selfish woman, nothing better. The result was that, through marculine folly and feminine unkindness, and low, pettifogging jealousy, suspicion fell upon one whose heart and life were sacred to God then, and perverted the nature formed for better things.

She was left alone—alone in Marseilles—alone in the world, for the wife was rich and the husband poor, and he liked his bread buttered thickly too well to risk angering his wife by asking for justice for poor Leonie. Alone, with little money and fewer friends; alone in a foreign land, and in a fashionable place.

But the girl had a spirit that quelled at nothing, and dreaded nothing, and dared anything—a spirit that had made her race noble and feared in the days when they lived in the great city from whence she came—a spirit that misfortune could not daunt, that loved difficulties and dangers for the sake of overcoming them, and that went to be revenged upon one who had cast the semblance of the shade of dishonor on her—that breathed to take a higher place in the world than that world had ever spurned her could boast—that panted and throbbed to attain a position from whence she could look in scorn on the world, heartless cousin who had stooped her soul in the waters of bitterness.

She wanted no help, she claimed no protection: she told her story with haughty frankness, and defied comment. The comment was not given, and she was polite, but not grateful; the consul's wife called, and Miss Powers was affable, but absorbed, the fact was, she considered the "row" was anxious about getting music lessons." And very soon she got them, and when she had given them long enough to establish a claim to remunerations, she left Marseilles and came back to London: and all this time Fred Compton, instead of being in the land of the cypress and myrtle, was following her like her shadow, and worshipping her in silence.

They met at last, and then he spoke, and she listened eagerly enough, for by marriage alone could she place her secure from the power to sting socially the one who had stung her. He was young, clever, handsome, well-born, well-bred, well-connected, but still he was not rich. She accepted him, and determined to wait for awhile and take the goods the gods gave her, in the shape of love, and be grateful. She was very happy and contented, and believed his betrothed to be the same. And it was during this calm that the misfortune of Lord Evesham, and the diamond opal bracelet purchased.

At last she tired, not so much of the lover as at the poor prospects of his future position, for he was loyal to fell that as he was interested; he strove to keep her heart by freely showing her his love and trust and confidence in her, and without any appeal to emotion fully laid before her his prospects as a title and estates and wealth, and all the rest of the things she longed for—and he failed. With threats of promises of marriage she had worked on their intercourse, the cancelling of their vows. She was cold, cautious, calculating. He could not win her from her purpose of waiting, and left her, but left with his heart wrung and wounded, and his faith in womankind considerably weakened.

Now the tables were turned. When he heard that Audrey Lorme had married, and that married Leonie Powers his heart had gone quicker than was well at the thought of this woman from whom he had parted in anger with the girl he loved, who even avoided seeing her till he had used himself to the fact of her being another man's wife; with a touch of the old tenderness that he thought himself like one he had given her when he had deemed himself dear to her, half hoping that it might awaken kindly, generous feelings in her breast towards himself. He had no intention of rousing the torrent of passion that he had aroused; the woman frightened him with her vehemence and her wildness, but he was not refusing both when others approached; he turned with a feeling of fatigue from her to the calm haven of rest a pure one, in Audrey Lorme, and Lord Evesham felt that she was a dangerous woman to deal with, this once adored, gray-eyed Venus, and that to win was safely clear of Combhurst with his own wife.

Meanwhile my lady was chewing the cud of disappointed mortification; she had whistled Fred Compton down the wind because he was rich and unimportant; and now here, after she had married a baronet for whom she was beginning to entertain the tender feeling of affection, she caught a glimpse of the surface again, and crossed her path with all this world has to bestow of titles and riches and honors.

"If I had only been free," she muttered, fiercely; "if I had not been plodding along my sordid way so grovellingly, I should have known better—but I did not know; but I never cared to look at papers, and I, a music-mistress, was never thrown with any of his friends. I should have been a countess, and I could have waited. I could have put my foot on the necks of those who slighted and stung me in old times."

And then Lady Combhurst and her little hands together till the veins stood up like cords on their backs, and ground her glittering teeth till Dickson suffered from "gooseflesh."

Then a more composed stage followed: she sat down on the couch and indulged in dreams of what she would have been if she had been a countess. With her rare beauty and grace, her talent and wit, her rare accomplishments and matchless fascination, these dreams were not absurd. She pictured herself leading the fashions and being queen of the most select *coterie* in London; she saw herself ruling in that world of *ton*, at which she had gazed as an outsider. She fancied the sensation she would have caused when first that world saw her in the coronet of a countess. And then she thought of the handsome life that would be hers probably in Warwickshire, and she loathed her position and her husband.

Inordinately ambitious, extravagantly beautiful, extravagantly vain and fond of display and splendor, brilliant as a diamond and hard as one, Lady Lorme, as she sat on the couch with her dainty fingers twisting the lovelocks round and round her fair white arm, was as much to be dreaded as a hungry panther. Utterly fearless, utterly unscrupulous, with a mind capable of planning well, and a will capable of carrying out unflinchingly whatever she planned, with such beauty as an ally, and such a nature saved, and a horrible gnawing at her soul, she sat there a thing to be admired, feared and fled from.

The flickering firelight fell on her head and brow as she sat there brooding over her fancied wrongs and disappointments; the sheeny, silver light of the wax candles in the toilet-glass fell on her rich bridal robe and on the gems that she had so mingled light the embroidered jacket sparkled and glittered with gorgeous effect. An Eastern queen! No Cleopatra ever looked, and a horrible gnawing do no more than make "defect perfection," and that did Lady Lorme.

At last some new thought could have crossed her mind?—she started from her seat with a low cry of almost horror—a gasping, stifled cry it was, and it seemed to rend her large and come heavily and painfully with agony from her heart. Heaven help the woman who utters that kind of cry, for either a horrible crime or a horrible fear oppresses her.

She stood by the wax candles and looked before her face, as if she would shut out some horrible vision, and then she tore them down with an effort, and looked at the lights and shuddered and recoiled, and trembled and panted. The face she saw was livid, the lips were bloodless, the brow livid, and the eyes unnatural, with a wild, eyes-were-fixing like coals of fire. No wonder that, seeing such a face as this, my lady should shudder, and tremble, and pant. It was a face that it was not well to see.

"What can I do?" she muttered to herself, after a minute or two, and Dickson, in the next room, looked up, and wondered what her mistress could have called her, so she came and was dismissed with a sharp reprimand. But the break to her thoughts was a relief to her, and she would not disorder it again now they had been interrupted in such a commonplace manner.

"What can I do?" she repeated, "I will not have been mine—of that I'm fully determined; so I must do the best I can and befriend myself, since I am such a friendless creature as to be in such an undertaking. Oh, that something would happen that I could be free to claim his promise before the next maddening fortnight has passed, at the end of which I shall lose (or gain) Lord Evesham for ever!"

It was evident that Lady Lorme could not wish "peace" to Lord Evesham's "mind" under the circumstances by which he was surrounded. Her thoughts flowed in a different direction, for she did not reflection brought no comfort to her, that she herself was to blame for all that was unpleasant to herself in the future. She had not banished Fred Compton she would have married Lord Evesham. Her principal rage was directed against Audrey, for that young lady having had the audacity to be a rich heiress, and to have an order of hatred, after Audrey, came Audrey's brother.

He had been kind to her and generous and loving in his manner, and had put those things softened her bitter feeling against him for standing in the way of her attaining the heights she would have yearned her soul to reach, and which she could attain and hatred, and revenge in her heart so long that they had blackened it and made it dense to the perception of the line between right and wrong. In Lord Evesham's gentle and sweet as she was outwardly, she was unsexed by the cruelty of her own heart and feelings, and was a woman no longer in the soul.

When the clock struck seven my lady rose, and now she could gaze in the glass with pleasure again, for the flickering candles had come back, and the lustre of her face had renewed itself. Once more the full sweet lips pouted scorly, once more the smooth cheeks were unwrinkled, once more the light came softly shaded by the long lashes from those glorious eyes. Once more the tension was removed from the lip and the mind, and once more my lady looked pleased with herself again.

She had dressed to some purpose. She saw that the moment she entered the drawing-room where Audrey and Lord Evesham sat she was dazzled and her. Her husband came to meet her with unchecked pride in her radiant grace and tastefully splendid attire, and was supplemented her upon her appearance in the piquant little jacket, and a half-frightened admiration came into Lord Evesham's eyes as he looked on what he had been used on her way to the dining-room a trembling one.

All through the dinner my lady never flagged. How gay she was! How witty, and bright, and vivacious! She startled Audrey, and enchanted Sir Robert, and puzzled Lord Evesham.

"Why, since she can carry on like this," he thought, "I may hope, I suppose, that she won't attack me any more." And like a wise man he prayed most fervently to be delivered from the temptation. "She's made me tell one falsehood," he thought; "for if she was free fifty times over, I wouldn't change Audrey for her."

And Lord Evesham pitied his friend profoundly for having such an excitable wife, instead of envying him for such a charming one.

They might have known that one chord was wrongly strung, if they had only paused to think of those three luckless ones who were so unconscious. In a party of four something must have been false for the evening to seem sombre and dull as it did, when a bridegroom and his bride, a lover and his betrothed made the quartette. My lady seemed to lull down as the hour passed on, and at last she took refuge in the assertion that she had a nervous headache. So Sir Robert plied the machine up comfortably on the most luxurious couch in the room, and placed thereon, with the tenderest care, the richly-robed form of his enchantress, and she lay there with her filmy handkerchief pressed to her brow, weaving her spells still more strongly around him as he sat by her side. Sir Robert was happy enough, but somehow or other, the atmosphere seemed oppressive to both Audrey and Lord Evesham.

CHAPTER VI.—BRAVE HEART.

HAD a period ever been passed by you, reader of these pages, which, without being absolutely unfortunate, had been provokingly unlucky—a period when the friend you liked best in the world was either sent to the other end of it on a special mission, or had suddenly unscrupulous people, or went into those paths of life at home into which many things forbade your following him—a period when the sun in the sky was constantly in the way, while you, in pursuance of some pertinaciously followed plan, betted as constantly on the rain—a period when you were crushed your umbrella whenever you wanted to walk the earth without any visible cause—a period when all the gloves you became possessed of split up the centre, leaving the palm of your hand exposed when you did not want the palm of your hand exposed—a period when the letters from the friends you loved went to enlighten the minds and hearts of the tedium of the ills in the dead-letter office, while the ones from the friends you hated arrived with maddening regularity—a period when your pet sparrow escaped from his home and caused you much anguish—a period when your dinners were perpetually under or over cooked, and your physical existence, from whatever old expectations and who were also fastidious to a degree, were always coming in to dine with you—a period when the boldest, blackest and most legible advocacy could not keep things "right side up?" If such a period has ever passed by you, you will understand and sympathise with the anger and annoyance of Audrey Lorme when those different days appointed for the arrival of the different articles of her *trousseau* came round and the millinery did not arrive.

There was dire wrath and confusion and commotion at Combhurst, not alone on the part of Audrey, but on the part of Lord Evesham, who was livid with fury when the special messenger dispatched to Swan & Edgar's, to Eagle's, to Howell & James's, and to Madame Emanuel's came back from each and every place the same answer, which was to the following effect:

That a gentleman, looking like a lawyer, had shown Miss Lorme's written direction that the things should be handed over to him, and paid the sum due for them on the spot. There had been the robbery for the articles in every case that had been handed over to him full payment had been made, but there had been a forgery, for no such document had ever been signed by Audrey Lorme.

Lady Lorme was voluble in her prettily uttered regret that such an unforseen circumstance should have arisen to delay the wedding; Sir Robert was savagely indignant with the originator of so bold and daring a robbery. "But it had not delayed the marriage, I should think," he added, when the special messenger had marched and countermarched all he had heard. "Audrey can get up a wardrobe after her marriage as well as before."

"Yes," Lord Evesham interrupted, eagerly, "in Paris."

But this my lady would not hear of for an instant. What! Had she been a few years in her home be married in aught but the garments befitting the bride's future high station and her (Lady Lorme's) own? No, no; the wedding must be put off. New things must be ordered. All could be rearranged by the first week in January. The end of it was, that the husband conquered the brother, and Sir Robert stood proud to his wife's part in the case.

In vain Lord Evesham grumbled and protested; there was no appeal for him, for Audrey was too much taken with my lady's decision.

"For the sake of us all, let it be when we always meant it to be, Robert," said Lord Evesham; "you don't know how much I should enjoy come out of it if you don't. Audrey, be firm."

But Audrey looked at her brother, and saw her brother evidently wished for peace that were so eloquent in their gray velvet depths; and Audrey turned and left the room in a passion of womanly disappointment and self-sacrifice.

"You must consent to wait, Fred, till my sister can go from my house as my sister ought to go. Leonie says all can be ready by the middle of January, and that means time I'll put a detective on the track of the clever thief."

"For God's sake don't do that," cried Lord Lorme, starting to his feet.

"Why not?" asked Sir Robert; "extraordinary fellow you are, to be sure. Why not? Don't you think it would be better? in fact, only right, Leonie?"

Leonie, lovely Lady Lorme, doubly lovely in her excitement of the preceding hour, rose from her seat with rather less than usual of her languid ease; how brightly, too, the wild-rose bloomed in her fair cheeks as she crossed the room and clasped her pretty white hands over her future brother-in-law's arm.

"You must not get angry with each other, Robert; and you," she said, plaintively, "if you think it better to let the matter drop I will not raise my voice to urge Robert to carry it on. You shall decide, Lord Evesham."

Lord Evesham's arm trembled like a leaf in the clasp of his friend's wife. He kept his face averted from her, crossly Sir Robert Lorme thought; and when he did speak it was with an effort.

"I have been bothered and worried quite enough," he said; "I shall take it unkindly, Robert, if you meet the affair [illegible]; let it drop."

"Let it drop!" echoed my lady. "Robert, dear," she continued, quitting Lord Evesham's side, and lightly laying her hand on her husband's arm, "you will not be so unkind, will you, if I join my request to his; take no further notice of it—promise me."

"Well, on my word," exclaimed Sir Robert, petulantly, "if you people take the greenest view of things; first, Evesham's frantic with rage and all that sort of thing against an insolent, bold scoundrel who should be thrust out and hunted down in no time if only proper steps were taken. It is dead against my principles to shield a thief—a dirty, low, unscrupulous thief and forger, as this fellow must be."

Lady Lorme laughed; her little, trifling, bell-like laugh was used in the room, and this she put both her tender white hands up to her hair and pushed it under, with a pleased, childish action of impatience. Her face looked so frankly fair as she did it—so young, and unsullied and pure.

"Robert," she said, growing grave again suddenly, "What a regular John Bull you are to be so dense; and, dear your poor little wife to explain things a little, if she would not see a quarrel. I may be wrong, but I fancy Evesham would not care to have things traced perhaps, because—"

She paused, and flung a half-frightened, half-defiant glance at Lord Evesham, who sedulously kept his eyes turned away from her.

"Because what?" asked her husband angrily.

"Because—now be quiet, and good, and calm, Robert; and above all things avoid a scene and a disturbance which will do nothing but aggravate Audrey—because, good boy as Evesham is now, he may have loved and ridden away, and left some fair, unscrupulous damsel in the lurch who has dared to pay herself for his defection by appropriating his bride's dresses. That is my solution of the affair."

"By my soul this is too much!" And so it seemed, for Lord Evesham's voice was thick with passion. "If you are pass, my lady Lorme, it was not for my sake that I urged tolerance; hunt the forger down to the death—I will not be the man to stay your hand."

"How heroical he is!" exclaimed Lady Lorme, as the enraged lover and insulted lord left the room. "Now, Robert, I warn you, I am not very impudent of me to say it before him of course, but I wonder you were stupid enough not to read the truth in his unwillingness. I, for one, must pay Audrey's visit to the matter rest. He has been very gay, you know, and a worthless woman will stop at nothing."

"Dear love," said Sir Robert, rather solemnly, "I could have wished though you had not enraged him so. At any rate say nothing to poor Audrey about it, for they are uncommonly attached to each other."

"Oh, uncommonly!" replied Lady Lorme; "don't be alarmed about Lord Evesham's indignation with me—I think I can make it up with him. Are you going out?"

Sir Robert was not sure; he was uncomfortable about Evesham; he did not like any ill-feeling of that kind rankling in a fellow's mind; it was annoying for a fellow to have a thing of that sort dragged into notice before the brother of the girl he was going to marry, just when he was going to marry her.

Lady Lorme had another plan, however, than Sir Robert's going to seek Lord Evesham.

"You go out for a ride or something, Robert, as you had intended, and leave me to attend to the wounded proper feeling' of this reformed Don Juan. You must seem to have forgotten it when you come in, and you will find him soothed. But do have sufficient regard for him to drop all idea of making a stir in an affair that when sifted might not redound to his credit. Will you?"

When could my lady's softness have fail of having their due effect on her husband. Certainly not now when she brought all her beauty, and grace, and charm of sweetness, and exquisite devotion—always cherished from boyhood miserable, he did what a man is pretty sure to do under such or similar circumstances, stood still and pulled at the end of his moustache.

"I think you are wrong, Leenie, 'pon my word I do; it's no honor even for Evesham to marry a forger, you know; and then there's the child—what am I to do—what can I do, now things have gone so far? It is quite a different thing seeking and getting redress, and punishment, and having the fact that your sister is jilted—that you're thrown over in fact."

"Patience, patience is the only thing, Robert; don't be hasty on the marriage by making those suggestions about her getting her *trousseau* in Paris; he can but agree when you suggest, you know; and in the time, the interval, Audrey may have the great providence of us poor mortals. In the meantime I promise you that all I can do I will do to bring things to that end I would see them brought to."

And having made this gratifying promise to her lord, Lady Lorme dismissed him to the hour's breathing of air he always took, and as he left, contemplated, and then betook herself to the dark, cosy old library, where, as she had anticipated, she found Lord Evesham.

All that passed during the interview shall not be chronicled here; suffice it to say that the lost words uttered by Lord Evesham, when my lady was leaving him to array herself in fresh millinery triumphs for dinner, were—

"The old legends about selling one's soul seem to be verified in my case, for the sake of a wife for your own sake—for the sake of a poor wretch who feels even now the horrors of the perdition you are hurrying him into—pretty."

"On the road I am taking?" she asked, with a brilliant smile flashing over her face like lightning.

"Never, for you love me, Lord Evesham."

(*To be continued.*)

SYNOPSIS OF CERTAIN PRESIDENTIAL EDITORIALS.

[SEE THE HERALD.]

Our country never would of thus be scunt,
If it would make a President of Grant.
Fair widows, who a second husband want,
All you've to do is go to Cooper Institute,
Maidens, who for a loving sweetheart pant,
You'll get one if you'll engineer for Grant—
Orpheus, who wants a Democratic saint
About to die, elect great General Grant.
Would ye collapse the Rebellion by main?—
We mean, old Peter—elect U. S. Grant.
You may rely on what we say, 'tis truth—
Abonnés to Volume 20 vote for Grant!
It wed eat off the spurs of that young bant
Am, called the Gallic Rooster—let him crow for Grant.
While there's a Shakespeare great or Dante,
We've got to make a President of Grant.
Ladies, who wish to look "real elegant,"
All you've to do is to go in for Grant.
Parsons, if you would triumph over cant,
Preach from your pulpits for General Grant!
Actors, who wish to strut, and fret and rant,
You can do all if you'll vote for Grant.
And little boys who're greedy for quant-
ity of lollypops, just vote for Grant.
Soldiers, if you want a real out of Stant-
On, the great blunderer, try strat General Grant.
And all, who would desire an elephant
Bigger than Barnum, get great General Grant.

THE WAR IN MISSISSIPPI.

McPherson's Troops foraging in the Head-quarters of the rebel Gen. Whitfield.

FORAGING AS a species of robbery does not, with all the latitude which it gives, admit of more than after fugitive swine and fowl, blind us to its worse features. It is a necessary evil, a system to be declared but exceptionally justifiable. In a case like the present, however, where the foragers light on the headquarters of one of the Governor's generals, the accumulation of good things is lawful prize, and the strictest casuist will not question the propriety of thus supplying a national larder for Christmas Day.

The incident occurred during the recent inroad of Gen. McPherson's troops into the state of Mississippi where original accessions still talk of State Rights, ignorant of the fact that the Rights of the question have passed to the theory all a fallacy, and that their State papers contain little but worthless rags. This touching scene affected all. The most earnest search was made for concealed Confederates, the forgetful husband, who proved to be a volunteer from New York. Our artist has happily caught the spirit of the scene, and words would but mar the impression.

THE LOSS OF THE TURRETED IRON-CLAD WEEHAWKEN.

AT TWO O'CLOCK on Sunday afternoon, Dec. 6, while a thunder-storm was raging from the north-east, the ironclad Weehawken, lying at the entrance of Charleston harbor, went down at her anchorage—a victim to the violence of the tempest. She went to the bottom—and carried with her to a horrible death beneath the waves four of her engineers and 26 of her crew.

Saturday had been a bright and beautiful day, with scarcely a breath of wind, and with a calm, unruffled sea. During the night a breeze sprang up, and the wind, blowing freshly at daylight on Sunday, increased to a gale, and then to a storm.

The ironclad fleet was lying meantime at its usual anchorage. The Ironsides was stationed off Sumter island, about two miles from Fort Wagner. North of the Ironsides lay the flagship Philadelphia, distant about a mile. The Weehawken was next in line, anchored 200 or 300 yards north of the flagship.

The first signal of distress was made from the Weehawken at a few minutes before two o'clock, and answered at once by the flagship, from which four boats were at once dispatched to the rescue. Commander Duncan, of the Weehawken, who chanced to be on the flagship, and Captain Rodgers, of the Philadelphia, whose signal was made, proceeded immediately in a tug with the intention of going to the vessel in distress. He had scarcely left the Admiral when the officer of the deck saw that the Weehawken was sinking, and immediately reported her to be sinking.

A minute later she had swiftly down by the head, crowned slightly over to starboard and disappeared beneath the waves.

It is impossible to convey any idea of the appalling suddenness with which the vessel went to the bottom of a thunderbolt. When the first signal of distress was made the vessel was in perfect trim for going to sea, and when at length the vessel went down it was difficult for any one on board to realize the sudden and fearful. The wind was blowing with great fury, and the sea was lashed into tremendous waves. Those who encountered great peril in picking up from the water the few who were saved from the ill-fated ship Weehawken before she sank. Almost at the moment she went down some 30 or more swam to the boats and succeeded in getting away. As many others were rescued from the surging waves by the crews of the flagship, the South Carolina and the Ironsides Dispatch vessel Dra. Thirty rescued.

The Weehawken had indeed her side in the sea, which kept the waves constantly submerged, and which frequently swept into her forecastle. Two men were washed overboard while he lay at anchor, but accustomed as they were to every peril of the sea, they thought little of it, and when the ship had grown careless of danger, and paid no heed to the encroaching waters until it was too late. They dreamed of no peril till the waves had fairly vaulted to swallow them. When it was certain that the vessel was lost, the terror-stricken crew had little power to help themselves. There were men in irons between decks, and the sergeant-at-arms pushed frantically to set them free. For forward, they rushed down. There were invalids in the sick bay, and to their relief the surgeon went his steward, who never returned. There were firemen at the furnaces, to whom vain appeals for help from hand of their comrades were made. A few of the confident were rushing to their quarters at their wonted places, justifying their hurrying to the deck to save themselves. In the midst of scenes like these the Weehawken went down.

THE MAJESTIC WATCHING THE REBEL RAMS AT BIRKENHEAD.

Our readers are already acquainted with the general features of the extraordinary mission left by Mr. Laird, a Member of the English Parliament, for the Rebel Government. Every deceit and falsehood was pressed to foster the public and the English Government to pretend to believe that they were for the Emperor of China or the Sultan of Turkey, or for any other power save America. England had permitted one man-of-war for the rebel navy to leave port on a pretended trial trip. To allow them to leave England and receive an armament at colony and sail thence, as though her colonies were not under her control, would not do a second time. The broad arrow was placed on the Majestic. They were to do the Mersey, with Her Majesty's ship the Majestic keeping watch and ward over them. No one could say, however, that the work having been stopped. Of the two the Majestic was the more complacent; but the attitude of the English Government towards the rebels, of which Davis so bitterly complains in his message, is aptly portrayed in the picturesque engraving of the Majestic watching the incipient pirates.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

OF a person who was a sordid miser, it was told Mr. Curran that he had set out from Cork to Dublin, on one short and a glass.

"Yes," said Curran, "and I will answer for it he will check the driver of them until he sees it."

WHERE did ye git that hat, Jerry?"

"Borrred it."

"Whin will ye return it?"

"Don't know. Borrred it of a feller asleep in the Park."

THE Boston Transcript has this—Mr. Guffney his boots. I borrowed his hat. Do ye think I'd steal? No, I'll scorn the act.

THE best adhesive label you can put on your luggage is to stick it yourself.

MATRIMONY, like industry is a narrative of many rewards; but the story of love may be told in a few letters.

"Turn out of the wet," as the shark said when he swallowed the sailor.

RUNNING accounts will run away with a person's credit quicker than anything else.

THE man who is fond of puddings and pies places himself fearfully in the power of his wife.

"CAUGHT in her own net," as the man said when he saw one of his daughters married to her cousin.

"JANE," said a wag, "it's all up with Jones!" "Whaste all over town?"

"Mud."

Her eyes dropped.

WHEN a man is hideously ugly the only safety for him is flight in it. Let him boldly claim it as a distinction.

THEODORE PARKER says that a "grain of corn is worth a mountain of gold." Every barn full in the country would agree with him.

A GENTLEMAN who was determined to outdo all competition in raising fine raised chickens from egg plants has succeeded in producing a colt from a hen chicken and a calf from a new laid egg.

THE following announcement is copied *verbatim* from the original, which is still to be seen in the parish church of Bedford: "Whereas my wife my person Catch a broken Thos fences shall be procuted according Lowe."

WHO finds all the umbrellas that everybody loses? Every man we meet loses the umbrella he had, and we have not yet encountered with the man that finds them. On any one answer the question we will call and see him.

A GIRL, hearing the lady of the house, at dinner, say she would like a little nutmeg with her wine, when he came home to tea, laid two extra plates on the supper-table for the supposed visitors.

"I'll bet you what I take you five mile you can't," said an old-fashioned gentleman, a day or two ago, to a sharp boy who was driving hair-line horses.

"Why?" was immediately asked.

"Because I've got no spare ears."

"My dear," said a gentleman to a young lady to whom he thought to be married, "do you prefer poetry or prose?"

"No," replied the lady, "nature has saved me the trouble."

"I HAVEN'T taken a drop of liquor a year," said an individual of questionable morals.

"Then you've been very temperate are we to believe, your lips or your nose?"

"You would be very pretty indeed," said a gentleman to a young lady, "if you were only a little larger."

"My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you don't fill them!"

A DRUNKARD being advised to rub his limbs well with brandy for the rheumatism, said he had heard of the remedy, but added, "I doth better like the inside drinks of brandy, and do not rub me out de pottle."

A NEW YORK ESTATE BUYERS.—When you negotiate for a house having all the modern improvements, don't forget to look for a mortgage as one of them.

"WHAT'S the use," said an idle fellow, "of a man working himself to death to get his living?"

WHAT is the difference between a sailor and a soldier? One tars his ropes, the other pitches his tent.

"JOHNNY, how many seasons are there?" "Six; spring, summer, autumn, winter, open season, and [illegible] season."

A POPULAR writer says that men, like children, are "pleased with a rattle." Not much, if it is at the tail of a mouse.

A NEW SOUTHERN PAPER.—We have received several copies of the New Orleans *Daily Times*, a thoroughly loyal and slavery paper, recently established in New Orleans. It presents a typical fair appearance with the best of its New York contemporaries, and is, in our hands, a great success. It is edited by Mr. J. K. Hamilton, of this city. An able leader appeared published in New Orleans! *Tempora mutantur!*

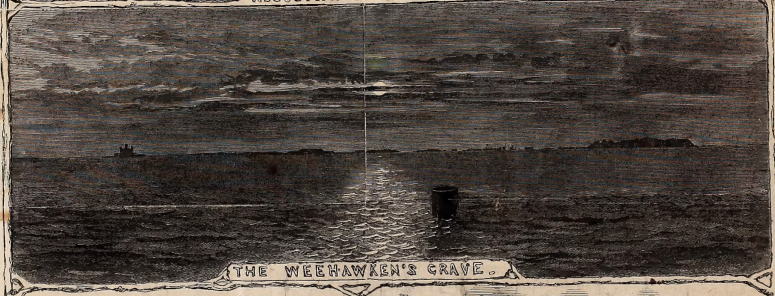


THE WAR IN MISSISSIPPI.—M'PHERSON'S TROOPS FORAGING AT THE REBEL GENERAL WHITFIELD'S HEADQUARTERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHELL.



AN INCIDENT OF GETTYSBURG.—THE LAST THOUGHT OF A DYING FATHER.







THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—SINKING OF THE MONITOR WEEHAWKEN, DEC. 7.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

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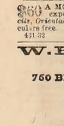
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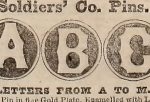
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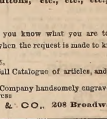
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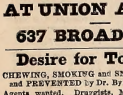
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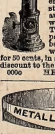


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FRANK LESLIE'S

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NEWSPAPER

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No. 432—Vol. XVII.] NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1864. [Price 8 Cents

THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE, BY GRAY.

Our readers must appreciate the engraving on this page of Gray's "Pride of the Village," one of the almost countless illustrations of "Irving's Sketch Book." The painting will be remembered by those who visited the last exhibition of the National Academy of Design, of which Mr. Gray is the honored Vice-President. He is a native of New York, born June 23, 1819, and a pupil of Huntington. After twice residing for considerable periods in Europe, he established himself in his native city. Of his numerous paintings the most highly appreciated are his "Pride of the Village," which we have engraved, "The Roman Girl," "Teaching a Child to Pray," "Cupid begging his Arrows," "Wages of War."

The touching scene depicted by his pencil is thus described by Irving: "Her poor parents hung in mute anxiety over this fading blossom of their hopes, still flattering themselves that it might again revive to freshness, and that the bright unearthly bloom which sometimes flushed her cheek might be the promise of returning health. In this way she was seated between them one Sunday afternoon; her hands were clasped in theirs, the lattice was thrown open, and the soft air that stole in brought with it the fragrance of the clustering honeysuckle which her own hands had trained round the window. Her father had just been reading a chapter in the Bible; it spoke of the vanity of worldly things, and of the joys of heaven: it seemed to have diffused comfort and serenity through her bosom. Her eye was fixed on the distant village church, the bell had tolled for the evening service, the last villager was lagging into the porch, and everything had sunk into that hallowed stillness peculiar to the day of rest. Her parents were gazing upon her with yearning hearts. Sickness and sorrow, which pass so roughly over some faces, had given to hers the expression of a seraph's. A tear trembled in her soft blue eye. Was she thinking of her faithless lover? or were her thoughts wandering to that distant churchyard, into whose bosom she might soon be gathered? Suddenly the clang of hoofs was heard—a horseman galloped to the cottage, he dismounted before the window—the poor girl gave a faint exclamation and sank back in her chair—it was her expectant lover! He rushed into the house and flew to clasp her to his bosom; but her wasted form, her deathlike countenance, so wan, yet so lovely in its desolation, smote him to the soul, and he threw himself in agony at her feet. She was too faint to raise—at the attempt to extend her trembling hand—her lips moved as if she spoke, but no word was articulated—she looked down upon him with a smile of unutterable tenderness, and closed her eyes for ever."

The American artist has, like all his brethren whose genius have been employed in illustrating the great work of Irving given the highest effort of his genius and art. The painting is one of touching and quiet beauty. The dying girl, the heartbroken parents, cheerless, yet cheering, are portrayed with all the hand of a master, and the maiden sinking to the embrace of death is surrounded with an almost ethereal beauty, as she gazes through the window on the quiet churchyard where she is so soon to rest. The read along which the repentant lover is hastening tells its tale of him, who, in the thoughtlessness of gay frivolity and want of principle, crushed to the earth by the bare suggestion of dishonor the "Pride of the Village."

Irving has been most happy in having been so great a favorite with the children of art. The Artists' Edition of his Sketch Book is a marvel of genius and talent, but it does not contain all or nearly all the works called forth by its pages, nor have they all devoted themselves to this alone. His Knickerbocker, Columbus, Bracebridge Hall have been the source of many a canvas that will be wildly competed for a century hence as works of the old American masters.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CREEK WAR.

The romance of that war of 1813–14, which spread through Georgia, Florida and Alabama, and brought forth the genius of Jackson, is still unwritten. Though the red-skinned warriors that sprang to arms under the incitement of Tecumseh, and afterwards of Weatherford, the Red Eagle of the Muscogees, were even then considered as partially civilized, yet when once adorned with the war paint they lost all memory but that of their aboriginal extraction, and denied as well as refused to receive mercy. Many were the incidents that have gone unrecorded, incidents that would have graced the pages of any novel, or told with thrilling effect by the winter's fireside; while again a few have come down in local legend to this day, and are told in the cabins on the Chattanooga, the Chickamauga and the Coosa rivers, with as much minuteness of detail as though occurrence of yesterday. Of these the story of Kaliya and Tholuca appeals deeply to the sympathy.

Kaliya was a young chief of the Muscogees; lithe and handsome, always foremost in every point of danger, fearless in exposing his person, subtle on the trail, and wise in council, he bade fair to be one, if not the first of his tribe. In one of the hundred skirmishes of the war, by an act of great valor he saved the life of the old chief Yargen, and by this act first met Tholuca, his daughter. To see Tholuca was to love her, and Kaliya from the first moment of their meeting gave way to the most ardent passion, a passion that was returned by Tholuca with all the reality of her nature. They were to be married during the first moon of autumn, and that time was only a few weeks distant.

One day there came to the village rumors summoning all the warriors to the war path, and Kaliya was first to respond. A band of pale faces were ravaging upon the banks of the Coosa, and like eagles disturbed from their nests, the Muscogees swept down upon them once, twice, thrice, and were as often beaten back with fearful slaughter. The white men pressed heavily upon them until the red warriors were driven almost upon their villages. At this moment, through sheer desperation, the Muscogees rallied, and turned the battle somewhat in their favor. Kaliya had become separated from his band, and was creeping stealthily through a piece of woods to join them, when suddenly he came face to face with one whom he knew in an instant as a prominent leader of the whites. They stood but a few feet apart for a moment, and then as though with a mutual thought, and with a shout of defiance they sprang together, and clenched with a fierce and deadly grasp. The white man was of gigantic stature, handsome face, and richly clothed in the half-soldier, half Indian costume of the better class of traders and volunteers of the border. His sinewy arm wound itself around the body of Kaliya like the folds of the anaconda, but in the young chief he had fully met his match, both in strength and dexterity. A few struggles they made, heaving backward and forward, for there was no use for the use of weapons, not even to draw knives, and then both fell, Kaliya uppermost, with his hand upon the white man's throat. Another minute and the struggle would have been over, the Muscogee the victor, when at the instant Tholuca came flying through the wood from the direction of the village. The flying savages had brought intelligence to the village of their defeats, and



THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY HENRY F. GRAY, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

Tholuca could tear no longer the agony of suspense, but was determined to seek her warrior lover, whether he might be among the dead or flying. She found him with his enemy almost in the throes of death, and with womanly terror and compassion she was tempted to plead for his life.

Spare the pale face, Kalaya, and let him return to his people, that he may teach them how much more merciful is the Muscogee than the white man."

The hand of Kalaya relaxed upon the white man's throat, for the respect of Tholuca was law, and he arose panting to his feet, and muttered some indistinct words of thanks to the maiden who had given him his life.

But he had seen Tholuca, and her wondrous beauty struck at once all other feeling from his breast but a desire to possess her. He recalled, gradually, with a suddenly born delirium of passion upon the beautiful girl who had saved his life, and was only awakened by the quick command of Kalaya to depart. Then, with the rapidity of thought, he seized from his belt a pistol and fired upon the warrior, sending a bullet through his heart, and while scarcely giving time for the death struggle to cease threw himself before the motionless and horror stricken Tholuca, and declared his love, promising her, if she would go with him, protection and wealth.

While he was pouring out his wild, threatening prayer she stood like some statue, gazing upon the monster who had so recklessly and falsely shot out all the world from her, and then, as though resigned, said:

"The Muscogee is your slave. You have won her fondly and treacherously, but the white man knows no justice or honor. I am the spoil that is given into your hands. You have saved my love! Before I can give it, bury from my sight the body of him whom you have killed!"

She stooped and kissed the dead lips of Kalaya, and then stood again like the white man, with her bow and hunting-knife, dug the grave of the Muscogee warrior, and laid therein the corpse. Then Tholuca advanced to the grave, and giving a quick look at the dead lover, suddenly seized the hunting-knife from the white man's hand, and before he could move to prevent her had buried the long blade into her bosom, and fell forward into the grave upon the body of Kalaya, dead.

Every Lady should have it.
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As a lady's guide in the material and style of her dress it has no equal. It is a welcome to every household.—*Lane Register.*

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It is one of those bewitching publications that everybody, especially the ladies, want to get.—*Methodist Union.*

Superb, entertaining and just the magazine for the ladies.—*Scranton Times.*

It is without doubt, the best and most reliable fashion guide published.—*Belvidere Intelligencer.*

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Every lady in the land ought to have it.—*Staunton Times, Va.*

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It is, emphatically, the magazine for the ladies.—*Wilmington Journal.*

The proprietor seems determined to make it indispensable to every lady who is desirous of keeping posted in regard to the latest fashions.—*Plymouth Republican.*

It is the most elegant magazine published in the United States.—*Rhinebeck Gazette and Citizen.*

The reading matter is of the most unexceptionable character.—*Pennsylvania Argus.*

The fashion plates and engravings exceed those of all other periodicals, which is generally admitted by the ladies.—*Dunkirk Journal.*

The literary matter is well selected and elegantly illustrated with fine wood engravings. It surpasses any other magazine.—*Highland News.*

One of the most attractive magazines published.—*Brockport Republic.*

No other magazine can compete in the lateness or completeness of its fashion department.—*Camden Journal.*

The best lady's magazine of the day is Frank Leslie's.—*True Republican and Sentinel.*

This splendid work has taken rank far in advance of competitors, and we advise the ladies by all means to subscribe for this magazine. If superiority is an object with them.—*Erie Dispatch.*

The leading lady's book of the country.—*Western Chronicle.*

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The reading matter is always attractive and instructive, and being a complete gazette of fashion, is made sought after and studied by the fair sex generally on the first coming.—*Pontiac Courier.*

How so much can be afforded for 25 cents is a mystery.—*Brockport Republican.*

As we have repeatedly said before, we know of no similar work which we would prefer for the family circle to this.—*Daily Wisconsin.*

It is indeed a valuable publication.—*Owen County Journal.*

The ladies all admire this mammoth work on fashions, and declare that they would not do so, as it is a perfect gem.—*Kendallville Standard.*

No lady can be guilty of the crime of wearing unfashionable clothes if she subscribes $3 per year for this magazine.—*Smyrna Times.*

This is decidedly the most complete gazette of fashion now published.—*Fulton Republican.*

Completely overshadows all other magazines of fashion.—*Portland Transcript.*

The fashion plates are the largest and most elaborate we have yet seen published in a monthly.—*Ottawa Republican.*

The fashion plates are superb and faultless.—*Paterson Guardian.*

It is certainly unequalled by any periodical of its kind published in this country.—*Highland News.*

Every lady of taste should take this magazine.—*Westchester Gazette.*

How any family can get along without it surpasses our comprehension.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

As a work of fashion this magazine stands foremost.—*Montpelier State Journal.*

It surpasses any journal we have ever seen.—*Rock Island Union.*

By far the best magazine now published for ladies in the world.—*New Era.*

A magnificent work of art, and will be the admiration of numerous ladies who have the good sense to take it.—*Pontiac Jacksonian.*

Is full of elegant fashion plates, spirited engravings and illustrations.—*Genesee Republican.*

It will be hard to equal it as a gazette of fashion and literary ingenuity.—*Delaware State Journal.*

No work of the kind equals it.—*Smyrna Times.*

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This magazine stands a head and shoulders above all others of the same description.—*Corydon Democrat.*

Nothing equal to it has ever before been published in this country.—*Fort Dodge Republican.*

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The paper pattern alone is worth the price of the book.—*Delaware State Journal.*

The literary department is of a high character.—*Roxbury Journal.*

It is full of excellent and choice reading matter.—*Bruington Sentinel, Vt.*

In addition to other attractions, the current number contains a large paper pattern of a Spanish jacket, with directions for making the same, which is alone worth the price of the number.—*Three Rivers Western Chronicle.*

It abounds in plates of the latest fashions, done up in excellent style.—*Portland Transcript.*

This monthly is got up at great expense.—*Vermont Phenix.*

There is no magazine of the kind more entertaining than this.—*Bridgeton Chronicle.*

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Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac for 1864.
Frank Leslie's Lady's Illustrated Almanac for 1864.

LADIES' FASHIONS,
From Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine for January.

We give this week a specimen of the mammoth fashion plate which appears in each number of FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE, in addition to a double large colored fashion plate, containing eight figures (twice the number of figures published in any other colored fashioned plate), besides numerous fine engravings of every article of ladies and children's wearing apparel, to the extent of over one hundred, and a paper pattern of some novel and useful article of dress.

Our space is too limited to admit of our giving other than a brief description of the dresses on the mammoth engraving, but full directions for making them will be found in the January number (just published) of FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE.

Figure 1—Blue silk dress, trimmed with bands of black silk and narrow black lace; bonnet of white velvet.

Fig. 2—Jacket and skirt of silver poplin, trimmed with silk fringe and narrow black guipure.

Fig. 3—Dress of *cuir-au-lait* alpaca, with black stripes, ornamented with black lace *quilles*, forming a point on each end, and a *rosette* at the other.

Fig. 4—Evening toilet for opera or theatre.

Fig. 5—Little girl's dress, from FRANK LESLIE'S MAGAZINE.

Fig. 6—Vesuve silk dress, trimmed with lace and bands of black silk.

Fig. 7—Dress of plaid silk; Veleda paletot; bonnet of black velvet.

Fig. 8—Dress of gray Bowered Merino satique; Garibaldi paletot.

Fig. 9—Dress of Empress blue silk, braided.

Fig. 10—Dress and paletot of Mexican blue poplin.

Fig. 11—Dress of Stuart-tartan silk, trimmed with chenille fringe.

Fig. 12—Dress of Italian silk sage green, trimmed with black velvet.

Fig. 13—Dress of mauve silk.

Fig. 14—Evening dress of white Paris muslin, trimmed with black velvet.

Fig. 15—Dress of Empress green silk.

Fig. 16—Dress for little girl of rose-colored foulard.

Fig. 17—Dress of flowered silk.

Fig. 18—Dress of Empress, ornamented with tasseled button and bands of chenille.

Fig. 19—Dress of colored silk dress, trimmed with guipure lace; blue velvet sash.

Fig. 20—Dress of purple silk, trimmed with velvet and black lace.

Fig. 21—Gabriel robe of dark amber silk.

Fig. 22—Dress of lilac silk, trimmed with broad bands of black velvet.

Fig. 23—Skirt of straw-colored mohair; jacket of Mexican blue velvet.

Fig. 24—Evening dress of white tulle, with black lace flounce.

Fig. 25—White silk dress, ornamented with rosette of black lace and pink ribbon.

Fig. 26—Dress of merino satique, trimmed with blue silk, with narrow guipure lace.

Fig. 27—Dress of mauve satin, trimmed with chenille fringe.

Independent of the fashion department, the literary and artistic merit of the MAGAZINE is of the highest order. It contains choice stories of a high character, suited for family reading, thus any other, and those are beautifully illustrated by talented artists.

As a useful and entertaining family magazine it stands unrivalled, as will be seen by reference to the opinions of the press on this page.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1864.

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By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

AUTHOR OF "FASHION AND FAMINE," &c. &c.

This magnificent novel, which won the prize of $5,000 offered last year by the proprietor of this paper, over two hundred competitors, will be commenced in No. 435 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. No recommendation of any work of Mrs. Stephens is needed; this, however, is a novel of far greater power, interest and beauty than any novel that has appeared for years. It is in no way inferior to "Fashion and Famine," the most successful work of fiction ever issued in this country. It is, too, a novel of our day, and by its extraordinary interest will fascinate and absorb every reader by its thrilling incidents, deep human interest and rare discrimination of character.

The awarding, among so many, of the unexampled prize, the amount of which has already been paid to the successful authoress, to this novel, will alone show that it is of a superior order, as well as prove the liberality of the proprietor, and his resolution to spare no expense to gratify his readers.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Gen. Averill, on the 15th Dec., after amusing the rebel horse, reached Salem, on the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, between Longstreet's army and Lynchburg, destroyed the telegraph, depots, an immense quantity of stores of every kind, tore up 15 miles of railroad, destroying culverts, bridges and rails. He then made his way over the mountains, and escaped with scarcely a man killed or wounded.

At the same time, Gens. Scammon and Duffie took Lewisburg, Greenbrier county, after defeating Echols on the 12th.

Col. Thorburn, leaving Averill, made a demonstration against Staunton, which was also threatened by Gen. Sullivan, from Harper's ferry.

TENNESSEE.

New bands of rebel guerillas are swarming in West Tennessee.

In the battle of Bean's station, on the 14th, which lasted from two P.M. till dark, Gen. Shackleford lost 150 or 200 in killed or wounded. The rebels, although they forced Shackleford back a mile, lost 800 killed and wounded.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston has succeeded Bragg in command of the army in Tennessee.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

A report was circulated, as coming from Richmond, that the Ironsides and two monitors had been hopelessly entangled in the harbor obstructions at Charleston. It has proved to be false.

ARKANSAS.

On the 20th Dec. 1,500 rebels, under Standwaite, attacked Fort Gibson, but were repulsed, and retreated across the Arkansas.

The 3d Wisconsin cavalry penetrated to Red river, capturing many prisoners.

Quantrell was recently defeated at Barren fork, Cherokee county, by some Indian troops, under Capt. Spezman.

MISSOURI.

Gen. Rosecrans has been appointed to the Department of Missouri, in place of Gen. Schofield.

MAINE.

Considerable excitement exists at Eastport and Calais, in consequence of information of a projected raid of rebels and provincial assassins to plunder and destroy. Home-guards have been formed.

NAVAL.

The Vanderbilt, on Oct. 28, captured the rebel barque Saxon, formerly the Lucy Johnson, of New London. The Vanderbilt also confiscated 300 tons of rebel coal found on enguin island.

Warrants have been issued at Halifax to arrest the murderers of Schaefler, but the people and the police are too much in league with the assassins and robbers to leave any ground for hope of their arrest.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

For a war-ridden people, for a tax-burdened people, for a calamity-stricken people, we are the lightest-hearted, the most thoughtless, reckless people in the world. These holiday times have proved a perfect carnival of pleasure. The week has been squandered in every conceivable article of luxury would seem fabulous could it be noted down in round numbers. We would astonish those who have helped to swell the amount by their lavish extravagance. And yet we are unable to understand this public extravagance, for while it indicates our sympathy with the luxurious customs of European cities, it proves that there is no especially spiritless people, and that the money they gain so easily they are willing to dispose of for the benefit of the tradesmen, the artists, and the thousands dependent upon that trade. Besides, charity is not forgotten. Lectures, concerts, fairs, and even theatres, given in that holy cause, have been largely and liberally patronized in every city of the Union, resulting in a harvest of millions of dollars. Every possible place of amusement, no matter of what grade of excellence, is crowded with pleasure-seekers, and the lobby ticket-office at each establishment devoted wholly to grinning through horse collars, would find patrons without number. We believe this to be the most beautiful Christmas we have had in years. Notwithstanding the high price of every necessary of life, there is apparently less real poverty and much less actual suffering than in any previous year. Whether or not it has been as merry a Christmas as some that we remember is a matter of question. Certain it is, that we never saw so many of our citizens clothed in the garb of mourning. In almost every street of death had entered every family and made some gaps in every home circle. Still, the character of the season, the remembrance of the holy day, while it sanctifies grief, gives assurance and hope that may well make the saddest heart cast off its mourning robes and rejoice.

The skating carnival has commenced, and the rage for that exhilarating out-of-doors exercise appears to have increased a hundred per cent. since last year. Every line of carts will be found crowded with men, women and children of all ages, bound for the favorite regions—all day long, from early morning until ten in the evening. On Christmas day—the loveliest as well as most merry day that ever visited the earth to gladden it—the number of actual skaters on the ponds in Central Park amounted to one hundred thousand, and over a hundred thousand people were spectators of the sport. We believe this was the largest number of visitors to that lovely spot ever chronicled upon one day. It was one of the most charming and animating sights that we ever beheld. The supreme charm and grace of skating is really marvellous. Those who hobbled two years ago now run; the whose run last year now fly; and those who a short time since could scarcely comprehend the idea of the outside edge skating now cut eagles and skate quadrilles. Among the most dashing skaters are the ladies. They combine grace with ease, and are utterly fearless on their slippery footing, and many of them join the parade from start with wheeling gait, as though they travelled on improved Macadam, but strike out on the ice and in free stride of the practised dereskater. As they float along they present a picture of exquisite health and beauty. They are beginning to wear up-to-prairie skating costumes. The dress is not quite to the mark yet, and is not, as yet, universally accepted; but the tendency is decidedly in the right direction, simply to the limbs than the ordinary street dress, which for some time was almost exclusively worn. The Fifth avenue skating pond is the chosen resort of the elite; the most fashionable hour from two to four. The crowding and unpleasant association which every one will appreciate. The skating carnival is now in its career—let every one skate!

The rebel Mrs. Maretzek and his Italian opera company, on a brief visit to the city, was the signal for a grand burst of admiration from the fashionable society. The operas given were "Il Ballo in Maschera," "Lucia," "Linda," and at the matinée on Saturday Mozart's "Il Don Giovanni." The matinées were a grand success, the house literally crowded by a perfect galaxy of elegantly dressed and beautiful ladies. The Italian opera was not very popular as it is at the present time, and it may well be said that it never more than struggled into popularity. Maretzek takes his company next week for a short visit to Boston, and will return to New York in February, to inaugurate a long, and we hope a brilliant season.

Theodore Thomas's Christmas Matinée, the sixth of the series, was a brilliant affair, and presented the finest programme yet selected. The instrumental pieces were, Beethoven's Symphony in C minor; Mayerbeer's overture, "Struensee;" the second movement of Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," and the introduction to the third act of Wagner's "Lohengrin." The lighter orchestral pieces were a spirited Christmas polka, by Charles Fradel, and a most capital set of quadrilles, on themes from the opera of "Faust," also by Charles Fradel. Mr. S. B. Mills performed his "Rêverie and Polonaise" (recollections of rare merit, and Thalberg's "Sonnambula" in his usual masterly style. Judging from the spirit and tasteful judgment characterize his playing, and left nothing to be desired in the rendering of his selections. The instrument he played upon was a superbly toned grand piano, from the factory of Steinway and Sons. The vocal selections were excellent, and were admirably executed by Madame Comple Rochard, Mr. William Castle, and Mr. S. C. Campbell. Mr. Thomas's popular Saturday Matinées may now be considered as a thoroughly established institution of the city of New York.

A new musical monthly, called the *Musical Host*, has just been issued by J. W. Fortune, 102 Centre street, which deserves to, and we think will, be a decided success. It has a superb titlepage, and is printed on the very finest paper. It contains, in its first number, vocal and instrumental music of a original, and popular character, and is filled with the spirit of the times. One of the pieces, a song and chorus, called "I am Going to the War, Mother," will have a wide popularity and an extensive sale. Mr. Fortune has taken a very happy idea, and to his advantage, that is adapted both for educational purposes and for amusement, and we wish him success for the publication of the teacher. The second number is already announced.

The entertainments at Wallack's Theatre are begining to assume a more varied character. The popularity of the old-standard comedies, for the performance of which this theatre is so celebrated, are not to be lost sight of. The evil movement in favor of "Rosedale; or, the Rifle Bull," and the same exaggerated style of the burlesque, are to be replaced by more refined audiences.

The admirable drama, "The Bridal of the Man," is still running its career of brilliant and deserved success at Winter Garden. This piece has certainly merit, freshness, and a most excellent moral, enforced by its fidelity to nature; chiefly, by its beautiful and Christian morality. It is put on the stage in an excellent manner in which it is acted and produced. Everything upon which the stage can depend is thoroughly enforced by two eminent lawyers. A. Oakey Hall and Edgar Sanders, whose position as the leading lights of the city, and this endorsement has recommended it still more strongly to the public. The piece, therefore, will probably run some weeks yet.

Mr. John Wm. Ellsler, the charming little Olympic Theatre, has succeeded in hitting the public taste very hard indeed. The light, graceful and pleasing pieces which are now given at their theatre should always be her specialty, for in that line she possesses a great deal of fascination.

Van Amburg's Menagerie and the Broadway Circus are attracting crowded audiences both day and evening. They have engaged the services of a large number of families.

The leading entertainments at Barnum's Museum comprise such a vast list of individual attractions that we give up the attempt to enumerate them in despair. What with giants and dwarfs, happy families, all kinds of animals, fishes, reptiles, curiosities, panoramas, automatons and real musicians, there is something to please every taste and to amuse the most exigeant visitor.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Another large auction sale of coal took place on the 23d of Dec., at No. 35 William street, New York. The property was that belonging to the Western Railroad Company. Nearly 30,000 tons were disposed of at an average price of $9.50 per ton. The average prices did not vary much from those of the November sale. The total sum for the 23d of December was $280,000. Some of the varieties brought higher prices.

——A heavy panic has recently met in Burlington co., New Jersey. Of the whole 24 men the lightest weighs 200 pounds, the heaviest 300 pounds; another 276, one 295, and two each 300 pounds, making the total weight of the 24 men 6,800 pounds. The aggregate weight of the 24 was 6,800—an average weight of 283 pounds each man.

——It may interest our country readers to know that never has Christmas been celebrated in the city of Washington with more fervent zeal. The streets adjacent Washington and Fulton markets, and Broadway, looked as if the whole city was in a fever. Thousands of evergreen trees line the side walks, and the air was redolent with the smell of living and dead, some in feathers and some in brackcloth, while the green was relieved by the bright red of Fulton. Everything is twice as dear as it was last year, and the sale was not as brisk as usual, though some idea may be formed of the abundance of money.

——It is said that the Senate will adjourn on the 5th January to the 1st of February, in order to give volunteering a fair chance to fill the quotas.

——Great defalcations have been discovered in the Treasury Department, and a clerk has been arrested for forgery.

——The Louisville *Journal* truly says that the President's message "is a declaration of the revolting States to trample their own Constitution, and to make the Government of the Confederation an loyal States of the Union. In a word, it requires them to overthrow the Union and to establish an ancement for the commission of the first."

——The *National Union* (Washington paper) says: "Four hundred and fifty-two persons—This institution has spread its sails, and is now fairly under way in the sea of education. It is launching their first issue passed into the hands of the public. The number is a large one, and has been printed on the very best of bookmaking paper. In point of beauty the publication is not surpassed by any books, and from their appearance, as far as we can judge, it will be found correct in typography also. The fives have a beautiful engraving on the back of each Sunday, and the tens have a fine steel engraving. The face of the note has also two beautiful engravings at each end. The notes are signed by Mr. Cooke, President, and H. S. Huntington, Cashier."

——One of the most destructive fires that occurred in the morning of the 23d Dec., and about 100 of the "children" are left without a home.

——The first Episcopal edifice erected in this city by a German congregation was, on Christmas Eve, consecrated with appropriate ceremonies. The building is located in East Fourteenth street, near First avenue. The congregation numbers about 1,500 communicants. The congregation formerly gathered at an English church in Second street. The Rev. Dr. Charles Schuman is rector. The church was crowded, and numerous persons were unable to obtain admittance. The first of the note has also two beautiful engravings at each end. The notes are signed by Mr. Cooke, President, and H. S. Huntington, Cashier."

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——The Conservative National Convention of Philadelphia met on the 7th inst., with 400 delegates and nominated Gen. Geo. McClellan for Free dent and ex-Governor Campbell, of Tennessee, for Vice-President. McClellan was formerly Commander-in-Chief of the Potomac army, and gained much distinction at the battle of Antietam. Campbell is a pro-slavery Whig formerly, and is now a mild Unionist—says the *New York Herald*.

——Com. Vanderbilt and his wife celebrated their golden wedding on the 29th Dec. Mrs. Vanderbilt received his wife celebrated theirs on the 28th Dec.

——The opening of the new year found the old year, and singing in the new, was observed at Trinity Church, Newark, on the 31st December, by Dr. Dix. The service in the church commenced at three o'clock, with the Psalms, followed with a chant by the choir. At seven, and at the close of the evening service Mr. Cubitt's carol, "The Christmas Tree," sung by the children of the Sunday school, Master Hopkins taking the solo parts. The Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D., rector of Trinity, then delivered a short address to the children after which they were marched to the Christmas Tree, and each child received a beautiful and appropriate present. The church was tastefully decorated with evergreens, laurel, &c., and the Christmas Tree, brilliantly illuminated and festooned with ribbons and gifts, attracted a great deal of attention. The church was crowded to excess by members of the congregation and strangers. The singing of Canon Hopkins is highly lauded, and justifies Mr. Cubitt for giving to him the onerous task of rendering the solos. Mr. Cubitt is an artist at the head of his profession. We may here mention, *en passant*, that we have the lectures on choir which has been universally observed as at the present year.

——Secretary Stanton recently visited the house of Mr. M. A. Linton, a Quaker, residing near Richview, Washington county, Ill. On the evening of the 23d Dec. armed with revolvers, and demanded his daughter, Josephine Linton, 21 yrs. Just home from school, on pain of the instant death of the entire family in case of delay. The request was impossible. The girl was dragged by her room, forced to dress, carried to a carriage, and with her captors commenced a grand house until morning. No clue to the villains or to her whereabouts has been obtained.

——Corn is now higher at the West generally than it has been before for 40 years.

——The decease of a well-known commission merchant of Chicago has instituted a suit against a life insurance company for the payment of marriage—damages $25,000. Another young lady in Chardon, Ohio, has commenced a similar suit for her broken heart in the shape of a verdict of $10,000 damages against a deceased lover.

——Gen. Schofield has been removed from his command in Missouri and Gen. Rosecrans put in his stead. This, although received as a move in favor of the abolitionists (says the *Herald*), is a popular appointment, and will be received with favor by all save the gainer of so many battles and the loser of only one Chickamauga.

——An exchange says, with regard to the Burnite and Jesse case, that the latter has exaggerated Mr. Barnite's statements to her. Certainly a lady who can publish such a letter as Jesse's must grave reputations, is a very fierce specimen of female gentleness.

Southern.—Among the recently captured rebel prizes is the "Lizzie Weems," a new vessel from a private, fleet of Wassea, Ga., Nov. 20, in which he says: "The fight at Fort Sumter was a splendid one, and very much disheartened, and there is much complaint. It is better off now than it was. I think how our army acted in the fight. The right wing of the army, under General Sherman, behaved nobly; but Gen. Hardee, was badly managed."

——In a letter lately received here by a Southern lady from a relative in Alabama there is this passage: "You can little imagine the condition we are in here. We have not seen a town I have been to twice; and although we have enough to eat, yet it is not like it used to be. We have to do without so many things. Coffee is $5 per pound, and there is great fear that our slaves will rise. Even old nurse says it is time for her to think how our men acted in the fight. The right wing of the army, under General Sherman, behaved nobly; but Gen. Hardee, was badly managed."

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Military.—A mutiny broke out in Fort St. Philip, New Orleans, lately, among the Irish portion of the 14th New York regiment, and was crushed by the brutality of the commanding officer, Lieut.-Col. Holbrook.

——The last words of Gen. Buford, in a state of semi-delirium, were characteristic of the man. He exclaimed, with his last breath: "Send for the Fayette cavalry and the regulars on all these roads and keep those men from going to the rear."

——A Washington dispatch states that the War Department is opposed to the enactment of a law approve of the proposition for recruiting colored men in the South. The Department will not issue orders which applications have been received. An amendment, which emanates from the Secretary of War, States will be introduced in the Senate by Senator Wilkinson of Minn., providing that persons in the loyal States may possibly be filled without a resort to the draft.

——The Atlanta *Confederacy* (Ga.) threatens that if Capt. Conyngham, of the privateer Savannah, Mr. Cook, the rebels will retaliate by hanging a Union officer. Such a threat through these rebels we do not know the difference between cold-blooded murder and legitimate warfare.

Naval.—The Russian fleet has left Washington, and is now anchored in Hampton roads, Fortress Monroe, for the winter.

——A letter from Madras, India, dated 17th Oct., says: "The Confederate steamer Sumter, Commander Capt. Semmes, is expected here every day. Money is very scarce in this country, and I daresay the Bank of Brod. & Co. Mark my words; she will meet with a warm reception from the Madras Europeans here. Piracy here is looked upon in its proper light, if not at the Cape, which is half peopled by a set of barbarians from Europe."

——The frigate Niagara, which left the Navy Yard on the 23d Dec., was towed to Annapolis, reaching on the 23d Dec. During the cruise the vessel touched at Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, &c. The officers of the Niagara, ascertaining that the pirate crew had been released from prison, and that the British steamer Peterhoff was reached on the 30th, and departed from there for the Cape of Good Hope, making the run to the city in 70 hours.

——Admiral Dahlgren has made an arrangement to have the Keokuk raised. As the Keokuk is in much the same condition as she was when she sunk, it is not probable that she will be raised. Indeed, it seems universally conceded now that she leaked extensively from the first. Dahlgren is admirable in river defences, but they are certainly coffins when they are put to any other use.

——A committee of merchants has gone to Washington to wait upon President Lincoln and Secretary Welles.

Personal.—Mr. Benjamin Wood, M. C. for New York, has been unanimously elected by acclosus from taking his seat in Congress. This will account for the absence of Mr. Wood from his seat.

——The Rev. Newman Hall, of London, in a letter to us, says that he is about republishing a volume of Union cause, concludes with this emphatic sentence: "I am sure that every page will show that the rebellion would be merely a history of the past. The Lord reigns, and let the earth rejoice—a sixth struggle! Perhaps the continuance of the strife was needed to show the world the magnificence of the Union position politicy. God grant that slavery may soon cease to curse the land, and that people may be free in the wickedness of the war. I hate war, except when it is the only means of saving a nation from ruin. In country ever wage, since Cromwell's day, a war for so glorious a purpose as this."

——The Rev. W. Hartlet has written a letter severely blaming the Government for deciding that Jefferson Davis should be tried by civil law. That they are men of God, and are opposed to war. Why, then, do they continue in the ministry? Why not resign their politics? The above decision has given much satisfaction to the loyal and liberal.

Obituary.—Gen. Michael Corcoran, whose portrait we publish in this issue, died suddenly on Wednesday morning, the 23d Dec., while riding with his staff on the road between Washington and Georgetown. He was thrown from his horse, and falling on his head, fractured his skull. He was in his 37th year. The reader will find his biography in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* for Sept. 5, 1863.

——Mrs. Seaton, wife the proprietor of the Washington *Intelligence*, died at Washington, on the 23d of Dec., aged 74. She had resided many years there, and was much esteemed. Mr. Seaton is one of the oldest editors of the city.

——Lord Elgin, one of the oldest and most popular of British statesmen, died in India, Nov. 20. The Earl of Elgin was appointed Governor-Gen eral of Canada three years ago. He had previously been Governor of Jamaica, Governor-General of British North America, twice Ambassador to China, and has been a Cabinet Minister in 1850-60. A shrewd, clear-headed, well-informed, active business man, he had been long in the public service, always doing his work well. During the Indian revolt of '57, he took the responsibility of sending a large re-inforcement of British troops from China to Calcutta, and there is no doubt that this timely and helped to put down the rebellion. At the time of his decease, Lord Elgin of India he was only in his 50th year; his constitution was vigorous, his frame was gaunt, his habits temperate, and his capacity for work enormous. But failing his best friends, he is lamented by millions of Europeans. A message from Calcutta reports his death from heart disease.

——The Rev. Lambert A. Wilmer, which is announced as having occurred in Brooklyn on the 31st last., will cause a deep regret in the minds of a large circle of his personal friends. In early life he was editor of the Philadelphia *Saturday Courier*. He deceased was a warm friend of Edgar A. Poe, and for many years was connected with the *Pennsylvanian*, formerly published in this city. He was the author of "Quacks of Helicon," which was published about 15 years since; "Ferdinand de Soto," issued five years ago, and "Poetical Gems," which published since with great success. The deceased was 56 years of age. His last work is entitled "Lucifer Just, and was taken sick and died at Brooklyn as above stated.

Accidents and Offences.—Mrs. Hales and her father, Mr. Lewis, of Philadelphia, were the unfortunate victims of a most horrible and wholly unprovoked murder, by Mr. Hale, the husband of the deceased, charged with having stolen $50 from the murdered person, with the additional enormity of his outcontrivance in the steal, have been honorably discharged, while Mr. Hale is said to be made the defendant. Hales, been put in prison to take his trial for a felonious assault upon his wife and father.

——The *Sun* newspaper states that the prices paid for cotton in this city by many of the large cotton warehouses is only five cents a-piece. Considering that cotton is worth from 12 to 14 a-piece, there can be no excuse for such barbarity.

Foreign.—The German diet ultimately passed, on the 14th inst., by a small majority, a resolution in favor of the federal execution in Holstein, but reserved the decision as to the amount of the quota to be sent. Orders were immediately issued for the entry of Federal troops into Holstein.

——The law officers of the Crown in Scotland have decided to take legal proceedings in the case of the Alabama, recently constructed in the Mersey at Clyde and said to be intended for the Confederate service. It is also reported that this is only the first case of the alleged infringement of the Foreign Enlistment Act which will be brought before the tribunals.

——The Emperor of Russia's reply to the Emperor Napoleon's invitation to a European congress has at length been published in Paris. The Czar professes his desire for the maintenance of European peace and concurred for the sake of an armed peace weighing so heavily upon the world. In addition, the Czar has his anarchy has been sufficiently attested by the recurrence of the Polish revolt, and he has no desire to menace the security and even the integrity of his own empire by calling him to abandon the task. He will be happy if the Emperor Napoleon's proposed should lead to the "more extended and more lasting" development but the consent of all the Great Powers is needed, and he cannot undertake to decide in advance what should "define the question upon which an understanding should have been arrived at, and the basis upon which it should be established."

Art, Science and Literature.—The great picture of "The Battle of Gettysburg" is progressing. It will contain over 50 original portraits beautifully executed, and when finished will undoubtedly be about it, that the biographies are taken from data communicated by the officers themselves, or their families. This will give it an historical value seldom to be found in a work of this kind. We are told the celebrated supervision of G. T. Childs, the celebrated painter.

Chit-Chat.—Our readers are no doubt aware that Gen. Halleck enjoys the soubriquet of Old Brains among the army. We are not sure whether he has yet won *de jeune* is sarcastic or complimentary—whether it is given to him in admiration, or in derision. We like an old shoe, he is worn out." But, whatever of the name, we have evidence that the editors of the New York papers in the publication of his report, have given to him the credit of having to what just trains have been considerably diminished this last year. The New York *Times* calls attention to the that our *brains* have been considerably diminished this last year. We hope that this is not the case with the truth.

Lord Hartington, whose recent visit here caused so much malignant penny-lining in a cheap pictorial, lately delivered a lecture on America at the Hartington Forum, in which he lauded the school education of New England, and laid all our defeats to the want of a universal basis of training inferior newspapers.

The New York *Times* calls attention to the ludicrous pretensions made by the State of New Jersey to a special railroad interest in the city of Washington. It is principally owing to the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company that we have to pay such an enormous price for coal.

GUNTHER'S, at this season of the year, is the haunt of every lady's bonnet-maker in town, and certainly desirable. Silks and Laces may be forgotten for the present, but Furs are always in season, and of necessity, which means no hands. When Gunther is connected, when the fashion is established, Gunther is understood, just as we say "Stewarts," "Tiffany's," "Lord & Taylor's." Besides, the Gunther, city institutions recognised by all. The beauty of the Gunther is displayed in the *recherché* fashions can be found there, at the lowest living prices, and the best of workmanship. Every taste can be gratified and every want supplied at Gunther's, whether it be Ladies' or Gentlemen's Furs, such as Fur Cloaks, Capes, Gloves or Caps, and all kinds of costly articles of Furniture. A visit to Gunther's at this season of this fine wood will repay a visit.

SOMETHING ABOUT CHAMPAGNE.—"MUMM'S" is the only Champagne recommended by the Faculty in addition to eminence, but the MUMM we mean repudiates all kind of trickery, and sends out only such articles forth like a stream of liquid, sparkling diamonds, exhilarating life and joy, and not only imparts these impulses to sentiment and imagination. We need not say that we mean the Mumm de Champagne, which is so universally famous that its name is as familiar in households as the name of household words. They say that "good wine needs no bush"—that is, needs no puff. But in this age it is true for the generous quantities, the delicate flavor, the rich richness of Champagne, are unknown to the public, unless it can be distinguished from all others. The importer of this wine is Mr. Charles Farrell, of No. 45 Beaver street, N. Y., has just received a stock of the vintage of 1861, which is said to have yielded the finest fruit known for many years. It will be rapidly brought up, so that those who desire to lay in a stock should do so at once.

"Pat, you are wearing your stockings wrong side outward."

"Och, and don't I know it, to be sure; there's a hole in the other side, there is."

The most obvious way to make a discordant political party a unit is to kill all its members but one.





LADIES' FASHIONS, FROM FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAG NE F


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"Col. Morrison dashed into the enemy as if he heading a charge of cavalry. One of the rebel prisoners told me that over 60 shots were fired at the man on the white-faced horse. After the fight the boys hastily went through the rebel knapsacks, and then returned to their own, which they had left in the middle of the road, near the bank of the river. Thus closed the first engagement of the 27th."

THE BRITISH NATION ANALYZED.

ACCORDING to the British census volume for 1861, there were then in the workhouses a total pay clerk, a clergyman, 10 solicitors, 15 surgeons, an other 66 schoolmasters, and 70 schoolmistresses. Not merely poor, but in prison for debt, were 32 officers in the army, 3 in the navy, 9 clergymen ministers, 4 barristers, 32 solicitors, 2 physicians, 3 surgeons, 4 actors, 17 schoolmasters, 2 schoolmistresses, 10 "gentlemen." Still worse off, in luxurious asylums, were 36 clergymen, 10 solicitors, 10 authors, 13 half-pay officers, 23 barristers, 60 solicitors, 9 physicians, 3 surgeons, 3 authors, 34 schoolmasters, and 89 schoolmistresses. According to the occupation list, 45 were called themselves natural philosophers, 1 described himself as a lexicographer, another as a chronologist, and 1 wrote himself down as "optician." Of others we have rather mysterious accounts—3 were stylographers, 2 geometers, 9 kamptulicon manufacturers, 8 truffers, 33 boot-leggers, 15 peddlers, 20 manger merchants, 12 beadmongers, 42 gold-minders, and 2 toothpick-makers. Much has been said respecting occupations open to women. The census has its disclosures upon that subject. The enumerators found, in 1861, among the women of England 30 bankers, 7 money-lenders, 574 commercial clerks, 65 commercial travellers, 24 brokers, 39 merchants, 29 farmers, 419 printers, 3 shepherds, 43,964 agricultural laborers, 13 ladies' maids, 6 costers, 7 were bonesetters, 6 were reporters or short-hand writers, 3 parish clerks, 2 conjurers, 2 watchers of elections, 7 dentists, 2 knackers, 3 conjurors, 1 astronomer, 8 naturalists."

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Has on hand a splendid assortment of French, English and German Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, which he is prepared to make up in the most fashionable style and on the most reasonable terms for cash

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National American Amusement Cards.

Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars and Flags are the suits, and you can play for the usual games. Two packs mailed free on receipt of $1. The usual discount to the trade. Send for Circular. Address

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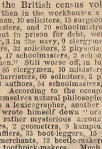
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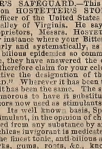
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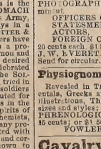
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WE'LL SING THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

WHO was it spake of hoary Time? who called
him graybeard Time?
Who pictured him with trembling limbs and
eyelids filled with rime?
Why, who that ever knew the sprite could
say so false a thing,
Could call the lusty fellow old, who is so
swift of wing?



So young and swift, that ere we mark his
presence he is gone;
He comes, and steals each infant hour, the
instant it is born;
He runs away with laden years, with treas-
ures rich and rare,
And with a touch he palsies limbs, and
whitens ravens hair.

He travels hand-in-hand with Death, with
steps that know no rest,
And brings his comrade to our homes, a
gaunt, unwelcome guest.
He takes, oh! tearful mothers, from your
arms your darling child,
And lovers, many a maiden fair the young-
ster hath beguiled.
He comes with life, and death, and woe, with
joy and carking care;
He fills the hovel full with wealth, and strips
the palace bare!
He brings us hope or sad despair, a doubt, a
laugh, a tear,
Whatever else his burden is, be sure he
brings New Year!

Then here's a health to lusty Time, whatever
be his fault,
So long as in his onward march the young-
ster does not halt!
With what he brings us, joy or grief, or
praise, or jibe or jeer,
We'll take it all as part of life, and spend a
glad New Year.
"A Happy New Year!" so the song runs
ever to its close,
"A Happy New Year!" murmurs by, on
every wind that blows!
So shall our song be not the past, but of the
glad New Year,
Not hours agone, but of those which will
speedily be here!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Stop, little one, and talk awhile,
There's time enough for you.
Your face has got a sunny smile,
E'en though your lips be blue!
Your teeth are chattering with the cold,
Your peeping toes appear;
Come tell me, thou of ten years old,
Why sing the glad New Year?

My mother says that God is good,
That he will not forget,
And though we sometimes want for food,
There's sadder wanting yet.
My father starves in Southern lands,
Beneath a jailor stern,
And morn and eve, with clasped hands,
We pray for his return.

My mother says the coming year
Will bring him home again,
And then we'll know no doubt or fear,
No sickness, want or pain.
She says this fearful war will end,
And Time will dry each tear,
And that is why my voice I lend
To sing the glad New Year!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Wait but a moment, lady fair!
Why singest thou this strain?
Your smile scarce hides the mark of care
You seek to crush in vain.
Your hands, though shaped in dainty form,
Are not from labor clear,
Your clothing is not over warm,
Why sing the glad New Year?

The New Year, sir, brings always joy,
The world woos not life's pain,
Old age has years, the child its toy,
To count as worthy gain!
I have my pleasures to pursue,
In spite of laboring hours,
And Time, who brings us all things new,
Brings sometimes blooming flowers.

This year I am to wed with one
Well worthy for my mate,
His life-work is so truly done,
He should be truly great.
We've waited through life's golden prime,
With wavering hope and fear.
But now we wed, oh! happy time,
To sing the glad New Year!

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Hail! tottering age, whose dimming eyes
Can scarce perceive the sun,
Across the grave thy shadow lies,
Thy course is nearly run!
Speak, pilgrim on life's farther shore,
Why dost thou linger here
To count thy coming hours o'er
And sing the glad New Year?

I tarry or linger—to enjoy the years
That come from God above.
His hand has blotted all the tears,
And left me only love.
The New Year scatters life and bloom
Before my loitering feet,
My eyes too dim to pierce the gloom
And weep the woes I meet!

The coming year brings life anew;
My grandson comes of age,
God teach the boy, so good and true,
To read aright life's page.
My son, this year, comes home from sea,
I feel his presence near,
And so, while sings the heart in me,
I sing the glad New Year!

The Two Thanksgivings:

A Story for the Season.

By Amanda M. Hale.

THE train was coming in; a great red eye shone out of the distant gloom and steadily grew nearer and nearer. Robert Russel thought of the fabled Cyclops and of that scene in Dombey where crafty Carker meets his terrible doom.

In a moment more the huge iron creature glided by him and stopped.

"Russel, my dear fellow, how are you?"

The heartsome tone rang sweet and clear through the small Babel of sounds, and the familiar fascination speedily wound its thrall about him.

"So, you've come, St. John!" and Robert stood holding his friend's hand in quite a glow of emotion, but outwardly very quiet and still. He had no words for his gladness.

With a little puff and a premonitory whis the train passed out of the station.

"Now, then, *for* home!" said Russel, and both glanced at the road, shining white in the moonlight, just across the railway, and winding past the trees that hung over the brook, and by the half-ruined mill, and up the hill between the orchards and hayfields, till it lost itself in the pleasant evening dimness.



Hugh declares His Love to May.

St. John looked about him. There were the sparkling waters of the brook, the shining foam at the foot of the dam, the brown turf by the roadside, the lights of the village on the hill coming out one by one, like stars that slowly loiter into sight, and the clear November heaven.

But St. John was looking upon a far different picture—summer greenery and a warm, starlight sky, sunset tints dying in the west and May's sweet face.

"Well, Hugh!" said Russel.

The picture vanished instantly, and quick smiles swept away Hugh's gravity. He buttoned his coat and settled his muffler.

"It is pleasant to be here again; but this is not summer. How are they all at home, Robert?"

And arm-in-arm the two walked rapidly up the hill.

"All well, and expecting to see you."

"A great deal of company?"

"No; only yourself and a cousin or two."

"Only a cousin or two! Mary's or Johns?" asked Hugh, gaily.

"Mary and Lizzy Guy. Do you think I'd countenance a rival to you?" said Robert, laughingly.

"Selfish fellow! Pretending to look after my interest when you are catering to your own pleasure. How's May?"

Here was the question at last, under cover of a joke.

"May! As sweet as ever; a daily blessing, an angel in the household. Hugh, I grudge her to any man living."

They were just at the top of the hill.

"See Robbie! There's the house. A curtain is up in the parlor," said St. John.

"Yes; that is May's doing. She would make a paradise of that parlor if she had only a wooden bench and a vase of flowers. She goes about in her dainty way, and smooths down the rug, and folds up the scattered newspapers, and gives the fire a little poke and then slips out into the kitchen to mother, who is deep in pastry and puddings and all sorts of delicious mysteries. Presently you shall see the door open and May's head peep in, just to see how things look. I wouldn't exchange my sister May for the universe!"

"Not even for a cousin or two?" queried St. John.

"Nonsense, Hugh! Lizzy Guy is engaged."

"And Mary?"

"In a mere child."

"Ah! here we are now. Was that May's shadow which crossed the window? How cheerful it all



The Deathbed in the Hospital.

looks, Robbie! May I slip in at the front door—first, you know?" exclaimed Hugh, eagerly.

"Yes; do so. I'll create a diversion at the other entrance."

Hugh pushed open the heavy, old-fashioned door and stepped in.

"The other door, May."

"No, pipe."

"Yes, May," said Lizzie Guy.

But May ran into the front entry, forgetting a light.

"That you, Robbie, dear?"

"No, not Robbie."

"Oh, Mr. St. John; how do you do?"

And now he held her hand and looked into her soft, bright eyes, and heard her voice in pleasant, genial talk. He sat by the open fire with old Rover at his feet, and was folded around by the thousand charms of this genial New England home, and everything was just as he had told himself it would be all those fifty miles in the railway-car. Just as he all those fifty miles in the railway-car. Just as he had dreamed it would be for a month past, while he sat in his office waiting for clients that did not come, and saw May's face in the coals; telling himself all the time that he had no right to think of her or of any of the dear things that he associated with her. Home and the tenderness and joy of love were not for him—at least not yet. A briefless lawyer! And Hugh St. John asked himself of his prospects, and talked of what he would do when he sat on the bench, and made his friends merry; but he secretly copied manuscript at so much a page, and pondered gloomily on the ill-fortune that separated him from happiness and May.

A friendless man—mother and sisters long ago dead—the tears would come to his eyes as, going his solitary way in the street, he peeped into pleasant rooms, where the red light shone out into the early night, and little children were playing. Homeless, too. You would not call a bedroom in a hotel and a seat at a dreary dining-table by any name so dear.

A certain fastidiousness of taste—he did not claim any merit for it—kept him away from certain and the common places of amusement; only dropping into the theatre when there was an occasional glimpse of real art to be had; shut out from concerts and oratorios by the want of money, spending an hour or two sometimes in a picture-store, and going home to his lodgings to calculate how many pages of paper he could cover before midnight. He was standing, when—standing on the Common, one evening, watching the crowds of the laboring people who were there, come from squalid homes to breathe enough but happy for the time at least—some one tapped him on the shoulder, and Robert Russell's frank eyes smiled his pleasure. Out of that had grown summer visits to Milford, a fast friendship with Robert, his love for May and this happy Thanksgiving time.

He looked out of the window just before retiring. Mr. Russell had said there would be snow before morning. Then of course there would be a sleighride, perhaps he should drive May, across the sky dial on the moon. That was because he was not versed in the weather signs. What was that gradual withdrawing of the stars, that steel gray mist which covered the moon's face, that shrill wind that whistled in the elms? What were these but foretokens of crystalline flakes that ere many hours came down in jostling eager crowds, and by morning hid the earth from sight, transformed the fenceposts into marble pillars and made the trees like gigantic forests of coral, such as appear in the translucent recesses of tropical seas, only a thousand times magnified.

Hugh St. John was already in the breakfast-room when May entered, playing with the pet of the household, and making futile attempts at conversation with her shy cousin, Mary Guy. He looked so bright and happy that May found herself thinking he must like to be there. Her brother Robbie had told her how lonely St. John lived, had shown her glimpses of poverty such as she, in her sheltered and affluent home, knew nothing of. Partly Robbie had told her, and partly she had guessed, how bravely trials had been met and turned into help.

Such women as May are most easily won by fine heroism, especially if it be that sort that does not court applause. Perhaps St. John did not know this; I am sure that, if he did, he would have been far from claiming the title of hero for himself.

Just now he was thinking only of the enjoyment that came to him from May's presence and the society of the gay, pleasant people around him. Over the musical clatter of silver and china rose the cheerful mingling of voices. Into the light interchange of wit and sentiment scraps of graver thought strayed unawares; political matters were discussed, and May found herself listening for a reply to her father's question:

"In such a war, who would fight?"

"I, for one!"

May looked at St. John. The genial face could be stern and grave. It was so now. May noted the kind blue eyes, the sensitive lips, and remembered the tenderness that forbade him to shoot the wild rabbit which he said Robbie had started from its cover; and, somehow, it seemed so impossible a thing that St. John should ever take part in any strife that was shifted.

"You fight, Mr. St. John! We know you better."

His color deepened. Was it anger May was frightened?

"I don't mean that you haven't courage. Of course, every one—at least, every man has that, but I don't believe you have any of the fighting blood."

"I don't know how to defend myself, Miss May," said St. John.

Then, turning to Mr. Russell:

"I think you are in error, sir. If what I anticipate does ever occur, we shall see such an uprising of the people as no nation ever before witnessed."

Mr. Russell pished and fumed and depreciated so much ado about a few negroes, and wished the abolitionists were at the bottom of the Red Sea; and said he had always prophesied that they would ruin the nation, and finished by declaring that the editor of the *Tribune* ought to be hanged. Mr. Russell was a representative of his class. He had a strong mind, but not a broad one. He could follow a subject along a straight course of reasoning, but reject along a straight course of reasoning, but was quite incapable of appreciating the higher intuitions.

He stood firmly upon his own rights, and demanded alike forbearance from other people. He was opposed to innovation because it was innovation.

If he had been born at the South he would have held slaves, and defended his right to do so by Scripture and reason. Having been born at the North, he was a country squire, and a little indolent, rust, but kind in the main, considering himself with his doing all in his power to block the wheels of the car of progress, a labor which must eventually be to his own detriment.

"You foolish child," said Robbie, meeting May in the entry and detaining her by catching at one of her curls. "What do you know about Mr. St. John's fighting blood? He is no carpet knight, May."

"I didn't mean he was a coward, but he is too tenderhearted to fight, Robbie. I should as soon think of you, and what a brave soldier you'd make!!!

"Should I, May? Don't laugh at me. Wait till Achilles hears that you consider me a coward, Hugh. You ought to have seen him face the whole class when they undertook to have an unlucky French. I tell you he has pluck, and I believe he'd be a war he will, if he thought it the first to go into it."

"What nonsense, Robbie! A war! You're dreaming. Isn't Christmas coming, and peace on earth and good will to men? I'm sure you would think of what that means they would not indulge in foolish talk of war. As for Mr. St. John, I shall believe him when he tells me he's changed his mind."

"You're not a good physiognomist, May. The blue-eyed men are the warriors, and the gray eyes are the philanthropists."

"And a philanthropist is a man who feeds his neighbors' children and lets his own starve."

"Cant, Miss May!"

"Are you eavesdropping, Mr. St. John? What is cant, pray?"

"A lie which rascals have told until they've induced respectable people to use it. A bit of senseless folly which, by being repeated, has grown to sound like wisdom. The language which hypocrisy chooses to mask in."

"You shall set up for a new Noah Webster at once, Mr. St. John. Now, can you define a sleighride?"

And the trio began to lay plans for the day's amusement.

First, there were the services in the church—already would-be worshipers were there—there were walks, and calls, and games, and the ride. At one time it seemed as though the ride would be crowded out, but it kept its place. Mr. Russell, St. John the elements which make it enjoyable were the exhilaration of the rapid drive home in the short, golden twilight, and May's presence all the time. How it fell out that he was placed next to May at the dinner-table Hugh St. John did not know, but that felicity came to him unexpectedly, and it was not at all impaired by the fact that it was opposite to them, and testifying his admiration for May by scarcely removing his eyes from her during the repast, sat the shadow of the gentle, blameless young bachelor of mild and inoffensive manners; Hugh Russell had gratified his kind feeling and satisfied his conscience by asking Mr. Osgood. Mr. Russell had resented the imputation of being an irreligious man, therefore it seemed to him a very proper and desirable thing that a minister should be present at the dinner-table to say grace. Mr. Russell himself would not have thought of taking such a liberty. Here there was the fact. Mr. Osgood was present for the express purpose of vicarious piety.

Hugh did not in the least mind the admiring looks that he bent upon May.

He did her justice, and believe that she would be insensible to Mr. Osgood's attractions, and, since he had a little bit of the Bohemian in his nature, he lived for the time in the sunshine of her sweet presence and dismissed the future.

The moon rose broad and golden that night, making the new-fallen snow glitter like silver dust, and bringing out the clump of evergreens at the foot of the garden in bold distinctiveness.

Missing May a moment from the parlor, Hugh thought he saw a figure in the garden. He threw on his coat quietly. May stood at the head of the walk leading down to the fire, a large shawl thrown over her, only a few shreds of shining hair escaping from the folds.

"What freak is this, May?"

The tone was affectedly stern, but he had never called her by her name before, and May looked up, the color flashing all over her face. In a moment, by an uncontrollable impulse, Hugh had bent his head and kissed the warm red to his lips, and he knew that she loved him, saw it in the downcast eyes and knew it by the broken words that failed to speak themselves into wisely sentences. When they went in, and Hugh whispered a word to Robbie, that called out a joyful exclamation, when an hour later he heard Mr. Russell timidly tell him good night, it was borne in almost overwhelmingly to Hugh's heart that all this was happiness beyond his deserts.

"Yes, this has been a very happy Thanksgiving," said Mr. Russell, in a tone as if it was to have been expected. Persons of his stamp seem to imagine that they have a sort of claim upon Providence, and rely upon justice being done to them with an implicit confidence that would be beautiful if it were real faith.

The well-meaning conservative squire had indeed a good deal to be thankful for. He might, it is true, have looked for a richer match for May, but he was not greedy of money, and St. John would be sure to win fame, which was better than gold. And Robbie! Ah, here was where his parental pride pleased itself most. Honest, brave, noble-hearted Robbie! Winning the prizes of high scholarship and coming out of college spotless as when he went from home an innocent boy. In a year more he would be fit to enter upon a profession. Then would it not be wise plan for Robbie and St. John to consolidate their talents. Mr. Russell, with his usual sagacity, saw at once the advantages of such an arrangement, and he retired to dream about it.

As for Hugh and May, into the first delicious dream of love no practical considerations intruded.

"One thing you must promise me, Hugh," said May; "whatever you do, you must love me most. I have set my heart upon that, and it would kill me if you did not." Hugh was surprised at the passionate tone. It was a new revelation.

"Why, May, I didn't think you would be so exacting. But what could come between you and me?"

"Oh, I don't know," and May shook her head solemnly, throwing the golden curls into sweet disarray.

"Various things might. But one thing—you mustn't expect sacrifices of me. I am not equal to them. I couldn't bear to be wretched. You know I've told you I'm sunshine."

"And you always shall, dear May; but even I cannot ward off all trials. The inevitable discipline of life must come."

"Don't speak it; we will not have it. Why cannot we be good without it? God has always been very good to me—best of all now."

Was it wrong to accept the graceful heap and pray that it might never be bowed with sorrow. And so on, into the still moonless hours, faded this happy Thanksgiving.

The snow lay in white stillness, the hurrying brook sang under the ice, the grim firs stood in quiet majesty—the earth ticked away the hours and the sleepers dreamed.

Hugh St. John sat in his office. The last hours of April were passing. Summer April's he had been in Boston—the sweet country air and sights and sounds; now the late drops of a shower fell upon the window, a border of green hurt in the courtyard below, and the sun and the dull brick walk, a troop of doves cooed in placid content upon the opposite eaves, and he did not heed any of them. He was struggling grimly upon the table—it had grown from a spray that May had given him—was coming into blossom unnoticed. Business came now in good earnest. Little fees were dropping in now; there was not so much calculating and close economy, yet with work lying all about him, Hugh St. John sat idle. Care-worn, stern, too, was the cloud that smiles that once in a while played over his face were sober lights.

A hand was held quickly upon the door. Hugh turned. "Ah, Robbie! I'm glad to see you. I've been awaiting you."

"And I you, Hugh. Do you know what has happened?" Robbie's bright face looked years older than it had a week ago.

"Yes; I know that troops are called out, and that we're to have a terrible war."

"You believe that will be real fighting?"

"Robbie, the country will need every man." Hugh walked about the room a moment, and then back and laid his hand on Robert's shoulder. He spoke low and as if the words were hard to say:

"I must go, Robbie; what will May say?"

"God knows. The child has never had any trouble."

"She told me once I must not expect sacrifices of her," said Hugh.

"She will rise to the level of the hour," exclaimed Hugh, his own heroic spirit waking. "The women of our country are ready to prove unequal to the time. I tell you, Robbie, it is sublime to be living now. A year of life, with the feelings that crowd it now, is worth a lifetime of dreary, lifeless ease. May will think so. She will bid me go."

"Don't count upon that, Hugh!" There was a silence. Hugh's face grew darker and sterner.

"I will go," he said. "I knew there would be war. I have known it for months, and known too that if there was I must take part. If I did not I should be false to all the opinions I have professed in the past. I could never hold up my head among men. I must be true to my convictions. I should be unworthy of May if I faltered."

There was a long, thoughtful pause.

Hugh had put into words the thought that had been troubling him. He had taken the first step, and had gained an advantage. He could smile and speak more easily.

"Well, Robbie?"

"Nearly three days had undergone a half dozen changes in the last five minutes.

"I'm glad you've spoken, Hugh. It gives me courage to say that I too will go—if it does not seem foolish, dear Hugh, to say so. I haven't the look of a soldier, I know. I shouldn't make any great figure as a general, but I shall fill one place, and my life will be as good a sacrifice as another's."

Robert spoke rapidly but cheerfully. The tears started to St. John's eyes.

"Why, Robbie!" looking at the slight, delicate figure and the sensitive, boyish face.

"I don't know that you ought to go. Such strong fellows as I am have no right to stay at home, but—"

Robert broke in impatiently, "I have never had a day's sickness in my life. Do you think I have no patriotism?"

Hugh thought bitterly of the chance that some miserable rebel bullet might extinguish that young, ardent life, and felt that he couldn't bear it.

"Your father never will consent to it," he burst forth impetuously.

"I am afraid he won't," and Robert sat down drearily.

"What are they doing down at Milford?" asked Hugh presently.

"I don't know. I am just from New York. This is Saturday. Go home with me to-night and see."

Hugh assented, dispatched his business, locked up his office and went.

Around the station there was the usual familiar, pleasant quiet. The April air was soft and warm. The brook sang a richer song. The sunshine fell brightly on the old mill and the road wound between green banks. As Hugh reached the hill Hugh suddenly uttered a quick exclamation. Robbie started, pulled off his cap, and shouted, for there, against the still sky, catching the glow of heaven and the rose of sunset upon its folds, so high that only the birds could touch it, inspiring and for ever glorious, the flag raised its stars and stripes to the wind. A little farther on a handbill placarded upon a fence caught the attention of our friends:

"Meeting to-night in the Town Hall! Young men to the rescue! The Hon. Mr. Russell and other distinguished speakers will be present."

"Why, Robbie, the town's alive!"

It was indeed.

A stolid old farmer, ploughing in a field by the way, called to them to ask the news.

People read the *Journal* and the *Tribune* on their way home from the Post-office. The boys had become infected with the martial spirit, and were beating the reveille upon a superannuated drum.

They overtook Mr. Russel just in front of his own house. He faced about and welcomed them warmly, saying, "I was just on the right time. Hugh, we shall make use of your talents. Robbie, half the young men are eager to enlist."

The stiff had reached the parlor and unfolded. Even there it presented a little ruffled. She had been thinking that Robbie might want to go.

May came to meet them, and Hugh's heart almost faltered for a moment. She was looking a little pale, quieter and sweeter than ever, a little restless too, and going often out of the room. Mr. Russell had not believed May would take no part. But she was working on a coarse gray woollen fabric, whose destiny Hugh quickly guessed.

"I am thinking of going to the country, May," said Mr. Russel, "our men should have you captain."

"Nothing would suit me better," exclaimed Hugh, with enthusiasm, but then seeing the turned to May—and saw the deadly pallor overspread her face, and the work fall from her trembling fingers.

"I'm glad you like it. It can be done, I am sure," she said, and her lip and her will shed some tears, but we shall get over that in thinking how proud we shall be of our hero. Robbie will comfort me, meanwhile."

But May had fled.

Hugh sat a little longer marvelling at the change in Mr. Russell, at the impulse which had made a conservative blood in motion, and then went to find May.

"Father," said Robbie as soon as Hugh had left them, "haven't you thought I want to go?"

"Nonsense, boy. There are plenty who can be spared, great strong, lusty fellows like Hugh. If he was needed last there'll be time enough for you to go yet."

It would break my heart, Robbie," said his mother, with falling tears. "Wait a little, my son."

And Robbie waited gloomily and half ashamed of himself.

Hugh St. John found May in a corner of the parlor, crouching over her work and trying to sew with tear-blind eyes.

"May is changed into April," said Hugh tenderly.

"Hugh, this is cruel."

"It is not, May. I did not know how bitter it would be till now. You will strengthen me if I waver, May."

"I cannot let you go. Out of all the world I only asked for you. You do not think I can give you up."

It was hard to resist the tender words, the soft touch of the clinging hands, the sweet eyes.

"May, don't tempt me," he whispered. "Other men have loves as true as mine. They will go. What am I that I should be spared?"

"You think me selfish, Hugh. I cannot help it. I told you I could not make a heroine."

"And May, what if this should be God's way to lead you to higher good?"

May shook her head. "It's of no use to talk in that way, Hugh. I cannot look at it as you. There is nothing heroic in me. If you go, I must bear it, but I would rather die now," said May, in a dreary tone quite at variance with her eyes.

St. John touched the feverish cheeks, smoothed out the golden curls all disheveled.

"Yes, you will and God speed you," he pleaded.

"I will pray that he will keep you at home," May said in sobs.

And Hugh, loving her better in her weakness than in her ordeal, put it out of his mind, and forced himself away from May.

They all went to the meeting in the evening.

Mr. Russel harangued the audience, talked of the glory of dying for the Union, and dwelt upon the immortal honor that would attend the soldier's name. It fell coldly upon Hugh's heart, but seemed to move the crowd immensely. A full company volunteered at once.

"If I looked at the war as your father does I am not sure that I should go," said Hugh to May.

Mr. Russel's enthusiasm was born of national pride and military ambition, and Hugh had, or believed he had, a higher aim. This was God's war, the fiery sea through which all the American people must pass on their way to the eternal heights of immutable, impartial justice. It was discipline.

it was correction, and must be submitted to as every chastening from the same great Hand, not with resignation only, but with joyful fortitude. The days were winged. Capt. St. John had a world of work upon his hands. Only a few weeks were left him, and the last hour came too quickly. In all these busy weeks it had tried him to feel that May had no heart in it, and he looked forward to the parting with inexpressible dread. It came as all inexorable fate comes at last, not to be shirked or put by or softened. He held her in his arms, and a rain of tears and kisses fell upon her face, while he said:

"Pray to God to hold us both in his heart, May, and if I never come back don't forget that I was glad to go, and yet it is so bitter."

And then he broke away from the caresses that held him, said hoarsely to Mrs. Russel:

"Go to May," and strode out of the house, and down to the station.

The full glory of summer was abroad; it but mocked his misery. What was he among the myriads of men? What were God's purposes to him? What was a mere doing of his duty? What was anything compared with that which he left? Why might he not have stayed at home, as thousands did, making all life a holiday? Where were May's sweet presence and the home he had longed for? Gone—a mere dream—a thing of the past. What would it profit him that he had done his duty when a rebel bullet should have laid him low? The foundations of his faith were tottering under him. In this miserable mood he stepped into the cars, and was whirled away. Afterwards, lying awake in the long night or sitting in his tent in the field, peace came to him, and he could have given up life and all its dear things with as royal a spirit as the saints and martyrs of old.

The cardinal flowers by the brook were dropping their scarlet petals upon its lucent tide, and along the edge of the meadow the blue of the fringed gentians was beginning to burst its enveloping sheath.

It was a time when, floating dreamily along with the summer hours, one wakes with a sudden pain to find that it is autumn. All things have suddenly grown old.

There was another gathering in the Town Hall to stimulate the drowsy patriotism of the village. It is very easy to say and do heroic things in a fervid burst of enthusiasm—it is not so easy to keep the heroic flame burning through all vicissitudes.

Mr. Russel was not upon the platform.

His zeal had flagged of late.

The purpose of the war had been perverted, he said. He was for the Constitution and the Union.

There was a persistent call for him, and at last he rose, but his words had strangely lost their power. Yet he urged his fellow-citizens to volunteer for the defence of their country. He was still willing to shed the blood of his neighbors and friends in defence of the Constitution and the Union.

His speech fell flat upon the audience. There were even a few hisses. One adopted citizen cried out, very indiscreetly,

"Why don't the ould aristocrat send his own son? The likes of him ain't too good to go."

Great confusion followed this sarcastic thrust and when order was restored the chairman remarked that the enlistment papers were upon the table, and he trusted that the patriotism of the audience would eagerly respond to this new call.

It must be admitted that the audience manifested very little eagerness. A blank silence followed, and just as it was becoming awkward and painful Robert Russel walked up the aisle and quietly put his name upon the paper. There was a momentary pause of astonishment, and then cheer rose upon cheer, and one man after another came up till the quota was full.

Mr. Russel was taken unawares. He had never meant Robbie should go. It was very well for others—for St. John, even—and patriotism was a good thing, and he was in favor of the war, if it could be carried on according to his ideas, but that Robbie should go—he had never meant to allow it. He was seriously angry, and anger, in the Russel nature, signified a resentment not easily appeased.

So he parted coldly from his son, let him think that his father believed him disobedient and foolish, and thus added another pang to the grief that wrung Robbie's heart.

After he was gone a certain silence and habit of watching fell upon the household—such as so many circles have learnt to know. There was the eagerness for the daily paper mixed with shrinking dread—the half-averted face and breathing heart when the postmaster looked over the letters. And so the months passed. May was slowly growing into the knowledge of life's real meaning.

Once Robbie wrote: "Dear May, to think that you should be missing the sublime lessons of this war!" May was just beginning to apprehend some of them.

The poor Irish girl in the kitchen, overwhelmed with sorrow because her lover, who went so bravely to the wars, could never come back, became very near to her.

One day some one sent her a photographic copy of the Freedman. May, who had never cared about any great moral question, hated politics and knew as little of suffering as a princess, cried over it, and by a sudden illumination divined the sorrows of the whole race. The words of the old hymn known in childhood, and sung a hundred times mechanically, flashed upon her with a new significance:

> Shall I be carried to the skies
> On flowery beds of ease,
> While others fight to win the prize
> And sail through bloody seas?

Why, in comparison with one of those brave souls who every day freely offered the rich sacrifices of life, she was unworthy of God's care. Going down into the valley of humiliation she found herself upon spiritual heights, where airs from Heaven blew fresh and strong, and outlooks were obtained of the holy land.

One morning, when the shrill November wind was piling the dead leaves high in the paths, the journal came as usual. There had been a cavalry skirmish—a small affair, in which few troops were engaged and the loss trifling—only one man killed. A thousand eyes had idly glanced over the paragraph, none followed on to the name of the soldier in such agonizing terror as May.

"Mortally wounded, First Lieut. Robert Russel."

Ah me! as if it would not break any heart, as if it were a common thing, a slight piece of news!

"God has stricken me heavily, my child."

That was all Mr. Russel could say, and this was what he said all that black day. He was quite incapable of action, and when May said she must go to Robbie, assented as if it were quite natural that she alone should go.

And May left her mother, striving to hide her own grief, and set out on her journey. Everybody was very kind to her, and she found all her difficulties smoothed, she scarcely knew how.

Waiting, after three days, in the station-house at Washington, she was not at all surprised to see Hugh come in.

"Dear May, Robbie is looking for you."

He led her to him, past the long lines of white beds each with its pale sufferer, awestruck and trembling, but sustained by an unseen hand.

Was that Robbie? Helpless, shattered, parched with fever, and with the gray shadow of death upon his face. He brightened up at the sight of her and kissed her as she bent over him, caressing her curls in his old tender way. "Darling May, I knew you would come. Tell father; he will forgive me now for coming. God wanted me more that he did. And, May, if you could think a little differently for Hugh's sake, dear fellow." He wandered a little—then cried, half rising:

"May, you should have seen my men charge. What was it, May? Into the jaws of death—May! May! I'm not sorry I came."

He lay quietly, breathing softly—then, opening his eyes and waving his hand with all his own boyish grace, he cried:

"Forward!"

And so, in a moment, was immeasurably distant.

"How long will it be before we can start, Hugh?" asked May an hour afterward.

"A few hours—we will go at noon."

"Then I shall be busy among the soldiers. The doctor told me help was urgently needed."

And May flitted from bed to bed, a wonder and a blessing, with her soft voice, her pitying touch, her golden hair, and meek, sorrowful eyes.

Mr. Russel sat in his parlor at home. Everything spoke of Robbie. Even the dog at his feet showed, in his half-human way, his knowledge that something was gone wrong. But it was not of these things Mr. Russel was thinking—scarcely even of Robbie.

Doubtless no less a shock would have shown him his own heart. Passages of Scripture came thronging to his mind—words he had listened to all his lifetime, comfortably applying them to the miserable sinners that lived before the flood. Now they came home to him saying, unmistakably:

"Thou art the man!"

It was all just the same to Hugh as it was a year agone—the crisp November air, the brook singing under the thin ice, the white line of road winding past the mill and by the elms, and up the hill and on into the far night—only May was by his side. But where was Robbie?

"What day is this?" asked Mr. Russel, after they had sat in silence a long time.

"This is Thanksgiving Day, papa," said May, softly.

"And Robbie is lying dead in the other room."

"Oh, papa!"

"Don't cry, May. Last year he was mine, and I gloried in him, and was proud of him. Now God has taken him, and if I would not lose Robbie I must go along the same path he went."

Mr. Russel rose and left the room. He came back after a little, softened and calm.

They all drew near each other. The night grew old. A few flakes of snow waned slowly downward, and the stars went out in the gloom.

In a thousand homes sorrow was forgotten in sleep—around a thousand lives perpetual night had closed—but in heaven the unsleeping angels sang continually, and mortal woe and weakness was become immortal joy and strength.

Oh, my country! By such red baptism must thou be consecrated—through such sacrifices sealed with the sign of the cross.

So must we bear the sins of the past, that the future may be absolved from sorrow—that out of the ashes of our desolation may spring again the undying flame of national honor—a new phœnix, a bird of Jove, majestic and beautiful, and spotless as the unstained heavens!

A GAMBLING SCENE AT PIKE'S PEAK.

ONE of our most meritorious rising painters gives us, in this elaborate sketch, a scene often witnessed at the goldfields in this country and Australia. Money lightly got is freely spent, and though the toils of the miner to reach the land where the sands or primeval quartz are mingled with the precious metal cannot be accounted light, yet the fact that he actually gathers in a golden harvest makes it so, and none more freely part with their store than these men. Hence gambling abounds; and the strange scene appears of men unshorn, unkempt, shoeless and ragged, gambling away, madly and constantly, gold needed for their own comfort. The picture shows every phase of the game: the wily, unconcerned keeper of the hell, the anxious gambler, another besotted by liquor, the coarse and vulgar, the drawn knife and revolver, with some whose countenances are redeemed by higher civilization. The principal figure in attire of a sailor, drawn away by one of a nobler mien, is a portrait of the despair, stupefaction and self-reproach of the ruined gambler. The picture will well repay study and examination.

THE SILENT HALL.

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

SEEST thou yonder vacant hall?
  Seest thou its dark shadowed space?
Closed the windows, shuttered tall,
  Stillness fills the lonely place.

Once her merry echoes fell
  Where yon walls in silence stand—
Once yon hall was lovèd well;
  There, years gone, I held her hand.

There I felt her kisses warm
  Throbbing on my restless lips,
There we heeded never storm
  Tossing treasure-hoarders' ships.

She my jewel, I her crown;
  King and queen, right royal we;
Cared we for no mortal frown—
  Wanted we none argosie.

Yonder vacant hall has seen
  Blisses none could sweeter be;
All is past! where she has been,
  Nevermore she waits for me!

BROWN VS. BROWNE.

MY name is John Achilles Brown. I have borne it for forty-seven years, and I flatter myself that it is a pure American name; there are no false pretences about it; it stands for what it represents, nothing more, nothing less. I live in Twenty-fourth street west, New York, write my income with five figures, pay my taxes regularly, and vote for the Government, from which I generally get two or three small contracts a year; add to this that I have a charming wife—she belongs to the Van Rinkles of the Fifth avenue—an obedient family, a good cellar and a first-rate cook, and you will acknowledge that I possess in me and around me all the necessary elements to make me, if not a happy man, at least a contented one.

Well, sir, it is far from being so, and here I stand one of the most unfortunate beings on this planet; my sleep is haunted, my cup is embittered; I shudder when somebody pronounces the name of Brown behind me, and it is with a feeling of apprehension that I scan my morning paper and look at the police reports.

I have not even the consolation left to me to go to law for redress, for the cause of all my misfortune, the nightmare which haunts me, the poisoner who pours bitters and gall in my nectar, the sword hanging over me every second of my life is—must I confess it?—my neighbor Jack Alva Browne with an "e."

To record the numberless annoyances to which that neighborhood has subjected me would fill a volume. I will pass under silence the letters delivered wrongly at my place, and *vice versa;* the sundry orders from the pastrycook paid by me Brown, and eaten and never accounted for by my homonym with an "e;" the repeated visits of the tax collector claiming from me an amount due by that sempiternal neighbor; but I must tell you of what happened to me not later than yesterday. I forbore to complain till then, but it was the roseleaf—roses indeed!—thrown in the full cup, and here it overflows. We were at breakfast; I had just gone through one column of the *Herald,* while my wife and my daughter held a most lively discussion about Miss Chase's bridal *parure,* and I was in the act of buttering my third muffin, when the servant put into my hands a card, of which I forward a fac-simile:

CAPTAIN BLUNDERBUSS,
ASTOR HOUSE.

He mentioned also that the gentleman who delivered it requested to see me immediately on urgent business. I grumbled at the annoyance of being bored at mealtimes, especially by strangers, and relinquishing my *robe de chambre* and slippers, I prepared to receive the unwelcome visitor.

"My dear," said my wife, "above all, do not get excited."

Now, if there be anything in the world which tends to ruffle my temper and to roughen the habitual smoothness of my nature it is to be told not to get excited. So I launched at once in a passion, and it was with anything but feelings of goodfellowship that I entered my study, where Captain Blunderbuss was waiting.

The captain was a man of about forty, with a very military air and an immense black moustache, which he was stroking most fiercely.

"Mr. Brown, I suppose," said he, in a very stern voice.

I nodded assent.

"You can hardly be surprised at my visit," added he, "after what happened last night," and he looked at me knowingly. "Count Papageno has related to me the whole of the occurrence, and I beg you will favor me with the name of your friend, to arrange preliminaries."

Rather taken aback by this introduction, I assured the captain that I knew nothing about the occurrence he alluded to, and that Count Papageno was a complete stranger to me.

"I am sorry to see," replied he, articulating every word most energetically, "that a gentleman of your standing requires to have his memory refreshed under such circumstances. However, as it is so," and his lip curled, "here are the bare facts: You were last night at Wallack's. Coming out of it, you entered the Lafarge House; a political discussion was entered into, and after having hurled all your arguments at my friend, you tried to force your own ideas upon him by breaking your stick on his shoulders. Now, sir," and he rose from his seat, "what have you got to answer?"

By this time indignation fairly choked me.

"Sir-r-r-r!" said I, "if this is a joke, it is of a very questionable nature. I have already told you that the whole of your statement is Hebrew to me, and I must decline hearing any more of it. I wish you very good-morning," and I reached the bell-handle.

"Stop," said the captain. "Stop, sir; I will very soon convince you," and he fumbled in his pocket, muttering something about white feather. Having produced a small thin package, he placed it in my hand. "Look at this, Mr. Brown—look at this, and I dare say you will soon recover your memory."

I opened the parcel. It contained a fragment of a goldmounted cane.

"Well, sir?" said the captain.

"Well, sir," replied I, as fairly puzzled as before.

"Does this satisfy you?" and his finger pointed to the golden top.

I looked. There it stood—"J. A. BROWNE, New York!" All was evident to me from that instant. It was another shaft from my neighbor's quiver.

I explained the "e" to the captain. He apologised, repapered the fragment of the cane and five minutes later I had the satisfaction to see him ringing most ferociously at the door of my neighbor.

"My dear," said my wife, "all this is in consequence of a low neighborhood. Why not have a brown stone front in Madison or Fifth avenues, like the Jenkinses, the Beadles, the——"

Here I picked up my hat and ran off.

A NEW HAIR-OIL.

DAVID and Robert, two young men noted for their careful toilets, lodged at a house where the servant girls take their share of hair-oils, tooth-powders, and use the hairbrushes and cologne water regardless of expense. The young men, dwelling together, were in the habit of getting a pint of hair-oil made up by the druggist at a time; and, finally, they were in the habit of finding that a pint of this costly hair-oil wouldn't last a week, and that all the servant girls in the house emitted the same perfume that they did. It was not long before they came to a conclusion in the matter. So one evening, when the hair-oil bottle was empty, they took the bottle which contained it and straight they went to the chemists. They got a mixture of various articles in a bottle, and the following was marked on the prescription-book as the contents:

"Of lac assafœtida (which, for the information of our readers, we will state is a highly concentrated extract of that delicious drug), one ounce.

"Of liquor potassa (a fluid celebrated for its corrosive quality, having the power of taking the hair off a dog in ten seconds), half an ounce.

"Of balsam fir (the stickiest and gummiest article known), one ounce.

"Of honey, one ounce.

"Of alchohol, to make the ingredients fluid, half a pint."

This was well shook and deposited in the usual place occupied by the hair-oil. The next day (Sunday) Dave and Bob dressed themselves for church and travelled downstairs. But they came up again in a few minutes and secreted themselves in a room adjoining theirs, where they could see everything that went on. After the people of the house had gone, two or three servant girls came into the next room.

"Whist, Molly," said a large red-haired one; "Misther Dave has more of the ile, and my hair is as dhry as powdher; let's have a regular go wid the folks all away."

This was acceded to, and they all went to oiling their locks, being very lavish of the fluid, which was quite thin, in consequence of the alcohol.

In a few minutes redhead says:

"Whirra, what smills so?" with her nose turned skyward.

"Sure it's the parfume," interrupted a short and dumpsey specimen, with her hair down her back.

"Parfume, indeed!" says the redhead, "that's not parfume—it's the rale bad smell."

"Eh," says the dumpsey, "it's a parfume used by the quality."

This satisfied redhead, and after a thorough "ileing" they left the room. In about two hours the lodgers came home from church.

"Good gracious! what is it? Bless my soul, Mr. G., I shall faint! Oh, my dear, there must be an unclean animal in the room!" and a thousand other expressions were heard, as the lodgers got a sniff at the perfumery when they entered the house. The master and mistress of the house were puzzled, confounded, indignant, and in vain endeavored to discover the locality of the smell. At dinner-time there were not half a dozen boarders at the table, and those that were there were rapidly thinking of backing out, as the three girls who were "iled" were waiting on them.

Finally, dinner was given up, and with doors and windows opened the inmates alternately froze and suffocated. The day was a dire one to them, but soon it wore away.

At night the three girls attempted to comb their hair. The alcohol had evaporated, leaving the balsam of fir and honey, and they might as well have attempted to comb a bunch of shingles. At the first dash that redhead made her comb caught, and by the influence of the potassa at the roots the whole mass of the front came off redhead's cranium, which she discovered with a yell that would have made a cannibal envious. The same result attended the rest of the hair, with the exception of enough to do up as a scalp lock to ornament with feathers, in the Indian style. The two other girls met the same fate, and about ten o'clock that night they might have been seen wrapping up their lost locks in pieces of paper. The next morning they were informed by their mistress that she did not desire to employ baldheaded servant-girls, and with their "chists" they departed in almost a scalped condition.

The discovery of Dave and Bob's connection with the transaction was not known until lately, but their toilet articles since then have been sacred from touch.

A BACHELOR says: "A woman will cling to the chosen object of her heart like a 'possum to a gum tree, and you can't separate her without snapping strings no art can mend, and leaving a portion of her soul on the upperleather of your affections. She will sometimes see something to love where others see nothing to admire; and when fondness is once fastened on a fellow, it sticks like glue and molasses in a bushy head of hair."

AN American editor closes his leader in this unhappy strain: "The sheriff's officer is waiting for us in the other room, so we have no opportunity to be pathetic; we are wanted, and must go. Delinquent subscribers—you have much to answer for! Heaven may forgive you, but we never can."

"WHY don't you wheel that barrow of coals, Ned?" said a miner to one of his sons; "it is not a very hard job. There is an inclined plane to relieve you."

"Ah," said Ned, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

THERE are no other creatures in nature that can charm like women and snakes.



A GAMBLING SCENE AT PIKE'S PEAK.—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH.



THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA—BATTERY ON SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.—FROM A REBEL PHOTOGRAPH.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—SOLDIERS LOOKING AT A SHOW NEAR CULPEPER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, R. FORDES.

THE FUTURE'S RAINBOW.

From the dim enchanted Future leans a picture
strangely sweet,
Like the bow that spans the Heavens when the rain
and sunshine meet;
Through the rain of sorrow, falling o'er a waste of
blighted bloom,
Beams the sunlight of the Future, lighting up the
dreary gloom.
Oh! that picture rare and radiant! Oh! that pic-
ture strangely sweet,
Like the bow that spans the Heavens when the
rain and sunshine meet.

In a cottage, sunshine, embowered—singing birds about
the door,
Sunshine streaming through the window on the
dainty cottage floor.
Roses climbing round the porches like some merry
elfs at play,
Rare vines drooping graceful tendrils, in a fond,
enduring way.
O'er the floors that open softly to the pleasant
rooms within—
Is it strange the sweet home-picture from the Now
my heart has win?
Is it strange the Present's shadows o'er my heart
can cast no gloom,
When the Future's beareth for me such as "a freight
of tropic bloom?"

Is it strange my armies are shining through the
folding of my tent,
When my Life hath so much gladness waiting in
the hastening years?
Like some gentle night-stars leaning o'er a dark-
ened sea below,
So the Future's sunlight streameth on the Present's
bitter woe!
Oh! there stealeth in the Future, nestled in its roses
sweet,
Shining like the bow of promise when the rain and
sunshine meet.
Woos my heart like gentle music of a mother's
favorite song,
Borne by summer's gentlest breezes on the breast
of bloom along.
In that cottage, best beloved, shines thy tender,
worshipped face,
Making bright, with smiles of loving, all the dis-
tant sweet home place.
"Home, sweet home"—I've heard them sing it as
I roamed adrift o'er tears,
Gushing for the home I cherished in the glad
evanished years.
"Home, sweet home!" My heart runs gladly in
an eager beat;
Smiles and tears make gorgeous tinting as when
rain and sunshine meet.
"Home, sweet home!" O Father, make it fit
me for the home above,
Make my homes on earth, in Heaven. O my
Father, homes of love.

LADY LORNE'S STRATAGEM.

By Annie Thomas,

Author of "The Cross of Honor," "The House in Piccadilly," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—IN WHICH SIR ROBERT LOOKS SOLEMN, AND THE ANCESTRAL EYESHAMS SAD.

Audrey Lorne would have laughed and considered it the best of a semi-astounding, semi-amusing *contretemps* a month ago, had her *trousseau* been appropriated by another and her countenance-ship delayed awhile. She would have been vexed in her taste, because she herself had made her selections of robes and bonnets and *bijouterie* with the care and thought a pretty woman will lavish on the adornments which are destined to enhance her beauty by the richest bloom of life—her young married days. But her heart would not have been affected by the occurrence at all, and she would have been the first to soothe Evesham's impatience and side with Robert's view of things, that it would be unbecoming for a widow like Sir Robert Lorne's house while aught that could be considered proper for his sister to leave remained unsupplied.

But now the case was different. Clearly there was something preposterous in the air. She could not account to herself for the fierce pang that shot through her heart when she caught the interrogatory glance of grief in her husband's face at his wife, and read the answer shot back by the gloriously lovely and only too eloquent gray eyes.

She saw that that answer counselled delay. Had she acted on the indignation at such interference she would have been happier; but she could not take comfort to her heart with the thought that it was only indignation which she felt. It was a sudden, hot pang of sickening fear that the deferred marriage was a blow at the chain which bound the man she loved and herself together. She looked at her brother, and saw a weak expression of waiting on his wife's award; she looked at her lover, and saw in his face an expression of profound discomfort and a pallid excitement; and then she remembered that though, had the wretched trifle which conventionality was making a thing of magnitude not occurred, she would have been in a week home of his home, flesh of his flesh, one with him in sickness and health, in sorrow and joy, till death parted them; she remembered, I say, that now it was his to speak and hers to be silent, even though a word from her might settle all those wavering scruples, and bid the happy end come on speedily. And remembering this—her love and her pride up in arms against each other—sorely distrustful of something she knew not what, Audrey Lorne left the room in a sorrowful rage.

When one has been laboring for a couple of hours under the delusion that the organ, yclept a heart, has sunk to the lowest ebb of despair, it is astonishing what a shock it administers to the whole system when something unexpected occurs, and the heart goes down with rapidity to even more hopeless depths.

Audrey, during her hour's cogitation over her dressing-room fire, had declared to herself that she was profoundly miserable, under the influence of some intangible possible evil which she dreaded, she did not know why. That hour over, she roused herself sufficiently to dress and descend in her daintily becoming organisation of her fair luxuriant hair being achieved, still at intervals repeating to herself the declaration that it was of course unpleasant that she almost wished she was not going to see Eveshams until she felt in better spirits and better temper." Nevertheless, when she went down into the drawing-room and found her brother and his wife there alone, and heard from the latter, in a tone of much sympathy, that "Lord Eveshams had not felt very well, so he had gone home and left a little note for Audrey," the latter felt even more than heretofore that grief was gathering in the clouds, and that she would be drenched in the waters completely before—what?

The note was common-place and matter-of-fact enough. Audrey, reading it in the light of her indignation at his shrug of departure, could feel quite what an effort it had cost him to pen those words. His soul was tossed in a whirlwind of passion as he wrote; a less than half could be guilty, and to be liable to lead on to even greater guilt if not checked —thrown out with scorn for ever—was crushing his heart. A terrible fear of something terrible was that night, that surely would come on, seized him even before Lady Lorne had left him, and it reigned tyrannically when he was alone. He could not sit through an evening with the silent reproach of Audrey's pure, noble beauty, and Audrey's loyal, frank, open heart before him, and beating in anguisary response to his, and he had gone home and left as acknowledged it false one. He invoked a curse on the syren, whom still, with all the fierce, unreversible heat of his love he hurt, he could never to love again. And this was the frame of mind in which he had to write the few following lines, all propriety, kind and cold:

"Dear Audrey—Why have you kept away all the afternoon? leaving me to do battle alone against my old enemy, neuralgia, which has reached the maddening stage in my head. I am useless, morally, when an attack comes on; so I am off to Eveshams, hoping that the change of air, and good—it often does in such cases. Of course I shall see you in a day or two."

And then, with the customary termination, he signed himself, "Your affectionate husband," and the lie as he wrote it did not wither him up.

The pleasures of domesticity are very great, and a quiet evening at home with one's nearest and dearest friends, *i.e.*, relations, is the truest bliss this world can offer, say the storybooks of that good old fading-out class to which all the virtues, goodnesses of life were carefully but prosily inculcated. Many people have found out that the pleasures have been rather overrated and the bliss overstated; but no one deemed them grievous to endure than did Lady and Miss Lorne on the evening in question.

Sir Robert was not quite happy either. Leonie's loveliness was something mystic, but the flush on Leonie's cheek bespoke a mind ill at ease, and Robert thought that Audrey might have noticed it and attempted to allay it by showing herself less cowrapt and displeased about something. Considering how carefully Leonie was keeping her susceptibilities as to the cause of the appropriation of Audrey's effects a profound secret, he thought that Audrey a foolish little feminine pang of jealousy at a thing no woman can ever be brought to understand; considering that she was made of all those magnanimous things, even though Audrey didn't know it, Audrey ought to be good, and grateful, and cheerful, and not to sit there looking paradise boring and tedious to my lady. Sir Robert could not did not say all this, but he looked it; and Audrey, being far from opaque, understood perfectly well what was going on in her husband's mind, and what this pang superadded to the other, viz., that her brother, whom she most dearly loved, was learning to be indifferent to her hopes and fears, pleasures and disappointments.

My lady was hot and restless, and her heart, though full of pity, was full of will schemes and wilder passions; the latter upon her own behalf not being as great and as grand as she might have been had she only been gifted with patience, was prouder than many people. Besides, now that she was bound legally and Eveshams bound honorably to another, she felt that the strongest love of which human nature was capable—it was capable of no a trifle—was given to this man to whom, in the order of things, her husband's sister would be shortly married. No wonder her cheeks were flushed and her eyes bright, and her gestures fraught with a more impassioned pantherlike grace than ever.

Is it well that we do not know the thoughts of those who are around us always; or should we gain much safety through the loss of a little peace of mind? Surely the latter; for though we have knowledge that we had the hearty contempt of the friend we loved would cause would more than counterbalance the sorrow of the loss, by the by an anxious course, we might escape being socially gnarotted by the friend we hate. The Palace of Truth would be a hideous dwelling-place for the majority of mankind.

So, on the whole, I am inclined to think it well that when Sir Robert stood with his hands resting on the velvet-covered shoulders of his most lovely wife, the while she was playing him the melodies he loved, he did not know that the active brain contained in the bright head before him was planning how she could leave him, win a higher rank, and yet save her fame, for the sake of the place she wanted in the world.

"I wish he'd clasp me to his heart!" the little fury thought, as she turned from him with impatience," and bruise my arm in doing it; I would have him up at the Divorce Court for cruelty, and swear my way to freedom and Eveshams."

At least, if these were not the identical words in which her sentiments were framed, these were the very ideas that passed through her mind as she rose to go—so, she had few redeeming points, if anymost freed herself from, but responded to, her husband's embrace.

Who does not know, who has not experienced at some time or other or another in his or her existence, an aching sense of despondency at being undervalued, and unquestionably not wanted in the society which one may be endeavoring to adorn at the time? Sometimes this feeling is born of an overweening sense of one's own importance; sometimes of a long course of self-denial, during that makes one see a foe behind every bush and a steel-blade ready to fall and cut in every look. In both of these two cases there is little or more blamewhile than deserving of sympathy; it should be fought and battled against—conquered if possible; but it is when the feeling results upon us in connection with those who have hitherto loved, and valued, and cherished us, that the sting once felt cannot be uprooted; that no struggling against, no explaining away will avail, for we know that the object of them could not have arisen had they loved us as fondly as heretofore.

By which prosing route I come gradually round to the statement of the following plain unvarnished fact. Audrey learnt, with a bitter pang, that night that she was less dear to her brother than she had been—learnt that he could be harsh and unsympathetic in his judgment of her, when he viewed her through the glamour his wife had thrown over him.

The evening passed drearily after the pretence of a meal had been gone through. Woolworkis a delightful institution, but a dreary one for three animated conversationalists round the frame, or one drearier and absorbing holder of skeins to prevent its pulling upon one's wrist, or a needle stitch after stitch in the crimson rose which she had begun upon Eveshams's sanpiece a few evenings before, she felt that woolwork could no great comfort to a heart all at ease. Lady Lorne missed her to a sort of pitying goodnature and Sir Robert with a sort of angry forbearance, and neither of these modes of treatment agreed with Audrey Lorne.

"This is the last evening I spend in this way," she thought. "Robert's intention of sacrificing me alone his own interests is mine at the feet of the wife who rules him with a magic that is not love, becomes more painfully apparent every hour that we live together. I'll have a heartbreak before whether you have done anything to deserve it or not." Audrey Lorne had not the great art of being affable soon after being angry. He deemed Audrey unreasonable—that was the way he framed it in his mind, though what poor Audrey had done to deserve such a reproach it would be hard to say. And deeming Audrey unreasonable, he thought it would be only right to let Audrey know that "them as *annoy* in the morning" in love here—he had hoped happily—for so many years. He wound up by saying that it would have shown better taste and temper if Audrey had not been so palpably put out by the postponement of her marriage.

"That speech was never dictated by your own heart," said Audrey, her eyes ring, scanning the workframe from her with quick, proud gesture of scornful impatiences; "it is meanly unkind, and, more than that, it is unworthy of you."

"Do you think that I prompted him, Audrey? Oh! how can you be so unjust? But no—I will not repeat what you say now. I pity you too much."

"What for?" asked Audrey; "really, Lady Lorne, one requires the patience of Job, or a donkey, to live with you two-to-night. I know of nothing connected with myself individually that can claim your pity. Is it the loss of the *trousseau* that you sympathise with? or is it Lord Eveshan's neuralgia? or were you so nervous when your own matrimonial prospects were on the *tapis* that you think, of course, mine must be defective?"

"No, I had no fear, for Robert loved me; but by your asking me that question, poor unhappy girl, you evidently fear it yourself. Don't doubt him yet, Audrey dearest; you hate me—I know that; but let me plead for your happiness against yourself. Wait; don't distrust him yet, Audrey, and all may be well."

She said it in all her sweetest tones: there was nothing in lip, or eye, or manner, or tone that could be found fault with, it sounded like an outburst of nervous affection and anxiety for Audrey; and yet if the woman had been practising for ten years instead of ten minutes she could not have put words together more deftly that would surely go well home to the heart and wound. To be told by one you hate not to "doubt and distrust" one you most dearly love is the very refinement of feminine cruelty. The gauntlet was thrown down now, and Lady Lorne and Audrey knew that they were enemies—to the death.

"I love Lord Eveshams," thought my lady, as she sat by the fire, one hand clasped in her husband's and the other shielding her cheek from the blaze. "I love him for her own sake, and only incensed her? If she cares for him as much as I do, and before my plans are matured, I am ruined as far as obtaining freedom (and a palace) is concerned."

And while she thought two women, one lofty souled, good, trustful, and pure—the other madly ambitious, passionate, and recklessly unscrupulous, were both acting at heart for him, what was the young lord lover doing to pass away the hours of that long December night?

He had ridden Cock Robin home at a terrible pace, but black care was behind him, and at Eveshams ready to receive him when he entered. He—it may seem an undignified thing to mention in connection with a man who is meant to be a hero, but these minor things are very important in the great drama of life—then his dinner was hurriedly served, and he had been supposed that he would dine at Combhurst, and the cook was disgusted at the interruption his servants made to a pate, but black care was entertained and the pate badly cooked. The room he elected to take his wine in was cold, for the fire had been suffered to go out, and the waiters it was lighted hastily it burnt under protest. The *Cornhill* was given up to him smelling of *patchouli* from the handkerchief of the housekeeper, who had been deep reading the "Roundabout Papers" and wondering what each meant, and when the serial was demanded from her aggrieved tones it was hasty for her impatient master by a sympathetic flunkey, who opened the wrong page gauge that it was a wrong thing of any one to come there and make a bother when it was reasonably anticipated that he would stop away and leave folks to enjoy themselves. All these things multiplied considerably against Lord Eveshan particularly as the comfortable evening as far as externals were concerned.

The room in which he was sitting, before the fire was not wouldn't burn well, was the library. Every library has its specialty, and theirs in generally better than any other room in a house may you gain an insight into its owner's mind. Here were books into into which Eveshams had huge, gorgeously emblazoned tomes. Some go in for ponderosity, others again for prettiness, while the majority have for what is handsome, and get properly supplied with the right kind of books wholesale. The specialty of the Eveshan library was in its books strangely enough, but in its pictures. The bookshelves ran from a few feet up the walls, and the space between the tops of them and the roof was filled entirely with fine but sombre and dyblown ancestors of the dark, gloomy man who sat by the fire and glanced round on them occasionally, with a look half scornful, half mournful.

There were relined Vandyke beauties and cavaliers; there were voluptuous dames, whose charms had been celebrated by Lely, and birds and dove carrying shepherdesses of a later date. They were all handsome, those Eveshams, men and women alike, but they hung about them which attracted most—which struck their observer most painfully to-night—was the deep shade of melancholy which lay in the steady dark eyes and on the broad resolute brows of all.

"They all—all came to bad or sad ends," he muttered; "we are doomed, we Eveshams, to be wicked or unhappy."

CHAPTER VIII.—THE PARSIMONIOUS EARL.

Perhaps the next worst thing to a beggarly mother-in-law is parsimonious one; I should be inclined myself to give precedence to badness to the mean man, but I know the way of the world in regard to the moneyless one as the greater sinner, therefore I will only claim for the Earl of Corbyn second-rate honors in the contempt of my readers.

Mention has been already made of his wife in these pages, and the lady who had tied her noble hand at "putting down" Lady Lorne, when she estimable woman first came into the neighborhood. She was the first, but by no means the last woman attempt was duly chronicled.

When she, the second daughter of the Duke of Oldstone, married the Earl of Corbyn, she knew that though, from a financial point of view she was not doing a very brilliant thing, still it was the best thing she could do. Her father had nothing to give her beyond her beauty, and that, taking into consideration what a character he had borne from the time he could speak plain, was not much to have having. However, as it was all he had to give, his daughters took it when they married, and between them made up an income for him, and pensioned him off at a London hotel while he lived; his son declined the honor of contributing to the filial purse; he regarded his father with the warm feelings sons of expensive habits are apt to have towards the fathers who have ruined them. Lady Corbyn's early married career was one struggle between the promise she had made to her sisters, and the difficulties she experienced in getting possession of a pound. The earl's income was not disclosed—his care of it was; the result was a style of living that was imposing when seen from a distance, but very uncomfortable to those within its circle.

The blood of the Corbyns was as blue as it is possible to conceive anything short of indigo could be, and the Oldmaynhams were blessed with a fluid circulating in their veins of an equally cerulean

dox hue. Nevertheless the daughters of the house of Corbyn, Lady Julia, Lady Grace, and Lady Margaret, showed more boldness than blood, and were consequently spoken of even by the warmest admirers of their rank as "fine girls, but not pretty."

This last fact not even their father's being second and their grandfather a duke could alter. They were tall, they had meaty faces, rather fine blue eyes, and more than rather sandy hair; their figures were not good, and they were not graceful; but for all that they were not cast in the mould of beauty, they were plentifully gifted with feelings of profound admiration for themselves, and of the loftiest matrimonial aspirations. The youngest—Lady Margaret—had been destined by her fond parents from her cradle to be Lady Evesham; she had accepted the fate they proposed to her with a readiness that spoke as well for her taste as it did for her dutifulness, for Evesham was unexceptionable, and those little peculiarities of his which got noised abroad she paid no manner of attention to—not because, like Audrey Lorme, she loved, on the contrary, because she didn't love, and hoped that the more "strange," as she called it, that he got into the less likely he would be to marry any one else before he came in the way of her net. It had been a hard and a horrible thing to endure, when at the grand ball they (the Corbyns) gave in his honor on his return from the Continent, after coming to the title, to see him palpably fall at once a willing victim to Audrey Lorme. It had been woefully painful to endure that internal of burnishing and masterly before the match was proclaimed as a thing that really was to come off. But when the match was settled, with the beautiful bravery that comes of "blood" they made the best of it, pressed the thorn of envy closely home in secret to their right honorable bosoms, kissed Audrey in the course of a morning call of congratulation, and determined that as Margaret was not to reign at Evesham, it would be only wise to make an ally instead of a foe of the lady who was.

I have hinted that the earl was parsimonious; the countess, I may as well state here, was worse—she was a perfect screw. She had given her daughters cheap French, Italian and German governesses, and these had not imparted the best of either accents, knowledge or manners to their aristocratic charges—but with that my story has nothing to do. She would give them splendid silks—thousands of yards of ethereal tulle to hang about their gaunt persons—and the most elegant and becoming bonnets that Madame Thoumal's taste and ingenuity could devise when they were going out; but she begrudged them flannel enough to keep them warm, and was severe upon their appetites down at Corbyn, and that tradesman was unlucky who chanced to say "ma'amsant" on his counter when the countess sailed into his shop, for she was sure to have it for next to nothing.

The match of the postponed marriage was soon carried to them by that wonderful little bird who is perpetually going about with its venomous whisper. They talked of it, the mother and her three daughters, in the dressing-room of the former, before they went down to their early luncheon, which was the best meal at which they found it convenient to make their appearance, for "any old *robe de chambre* did for upstairs and saved dressing till it was time to go out." So now in their dingily draped, dirty-muslin, unadorned nudeness they sat and discussed the affair, and naturally enough—for were they not of the softer sex?—accused Audrey in no measured terms of every crime and folly in the calendar of feminine crimes and follies.

The extraordinary thing about a broken engagement is, that no matter what the circumstances, the woman always gets blamed as well as pitied. Those of her own sex heave huge sighs of compassion over her blighted prospects, but at the same time their pities so deprecate her claims to their compassion by elevating their eyebrows and screwing up their lips.

The Ladies Corbyn did not come to their matutinal meal in good spirits or good tempers, any more than they had in distress. They dropped in one after the other, with their sandy hair pushed away unbecomingly under nets, their cheeks leadenhued from over-sleep, and eyes dull from lack of excitement. The tea "was overdrawn," Lady Julia declared pettishly as she poured out a cup and prepared to drink it; the remark roused the countess from the perusal of a letter she had just received, and her speech when she was aroused infused new life into the whole party.

"Put the eggs in," she exclaimed, "they'll be be boiled by the time we've had prayers" (she was a very pious woman, and never omitted heating up prayers and thanksgivings every morning). "I have news, girls; there's a scandal of some sort come out at Combhurst, and Lord Evesham has started off to the Continent."

"I always thought Audrey Lorme a detestable girl," said Lady Margaret, energetically. "I am glad, though, whatever it is, that it has come out before poor Evesham was indissolubly tied up with her."

"It may not be Audrey, after all," said Lady Julia, who had not quite such good grounds for hating Audrey as her sisters had: "most probably something has been discovered about that horrid woman Sir Robert picked up in London. I always thought she had some adventuress—I always said so. Too bad of him to thrust her upon society in the way he has done, contaminating other people."

Lady Grace said not one time thought of marrying the baronet herself; therefore her virtuous indignation against the possible past of his wife was a genuine thing.

"Do let us have prayers; the eggs will be too hard," said Lady Grace.

"What a bore it is that Buckle always will carry my soft hassock away to her own room," remarked the countess, picking up the volume of "Family Devotions" in a casual kind of way. "Suppose I sit in the easy chair, and read them. I can't kneel down—it makes me sick."

"Suppose we have breakfast first," said Lady Grace. "You have not given me the food for my mind that you have Julia and Margaret; you see, I never wanted to marry either Evesham or Lorme."

"And I never heard that either of them wanted to marry you, my dear," snapped Lady Margaret.

"Precisely the remark that I was about to append to my former sentence respecting your self, my dear," replied Lady Grace. "Let us give Audrey Lorme the benefit of a doubt, and hope that it's not so bad as mamma's letter has led her imagine; you know how these things always get exaggerated."

"My correspondent is reliable," said the countess, buttering a hot roll coolly. "I tell you what we will do—send out invitations for a dinner-party today, and call on the Lormes to-morrow; we owe them a dinner and a call, and we may get at the truth that way a little."

"That nasty little wretch, his wife, is capable of writing anything out of her own head," said Lady Julia. "Who had better go with you, mamma, to-morrow?"

"Margaret and yourself, I think. Tiresome it is that the Royal Propagation subscription is due, for we must have new lace and buttons on the liveries before a dinner. I think I shall write and say I disapprove of the principles on which it is conducted; your father, as a politician, considers christianizing the heathen a mistake. I am very glad you have spoken to me, Julia, my first duty is to consult my husband's scruples."

"Well, you needn't waste your reasons for doing that in connection on mine," said Lady Grace, shaking her head. "I shan't wait for prayers now, for if the invitations are to go out to-day, they ought to be filled up and sent. I will give O'Brien one, girls, mamma; I suppose the usual people are to be asked?"

Lady Grace rose as she asked her question, and left with something like feminine coquetry, her red on more becomingly.

"Yes, the usual people," said the countess; and then she added, in a confidential way, "Your father insists that his secretary, librarian, whatever he may be, is always to be invited properly, and treated like a guest at our formal entertainments. For my part, I don't see why he should be; he chooses to sit by himself and nurse his fallen grandeur in his own study at other times, when he can have his meals in the hall of the servants, but your father is so full of whims about the wretched Irishman, that you must invite him, Grace."

"I have myself to thank that I once will object to that part of the mission at all," said her eldest sister, as Lady Grace left the room. "It's a fortunate thing for us that Lord Corbyn is lazy, otherwise I am very much mistaken if we should not have to bewail a *mésalliance*."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the countess. "No one with the slightest idea of appearances in their eyes would think for a moment of marrying a servant."

And then they finished their eggs, and being now quite warm and comfortable, said their prayers with much unction.

The late Earl of Corbyn had been a great bibliomaniac, with more money than he knew how to spend; he had collected together, from every quarter of the globe, books and manuscripts, pamphlets and parchments, bindings and broadsides, and, in fact, he had been rather imposed upon in many of his transactions; and as his son and heir was possessed of even less knowledge of books than his father, the whole house of the Corbyn library (to which was usually prefixed the epithet of "great") was chaos.

That it was so had been pointed out to him during the last twenty years of the year of my story by a devoted but indiscreet friend; and it was to remedy all its defects, and get it in the order which the possession of the great Corbyn library to be in, that the services of Dillon O'Brien, Esq., had been secured.

Now, all kinds of persons may be expected to answer when a "nobleman of literary taste" advertises for "a librarian and amanuensis. Broken-spirited, conscientious English scholars, full of learning and full of zeal and hobbies in their grips, are sure to appear; so are mournful-eyed Italians, who call themselves counts, and have been couriers before now; so are dapper Frenchmen, wearing a professional aspect and large boots, assist to swell the list—Frenchmen who ship and gesticulate, and talk English with a shocking confession of their ignorance of all matters in heaven and earth, and under the latter, offer their animated services. But it is not often that a lord finds in their grips, or round ready to enter into the ranks of drudgery of the great army of learned-dom.

Lord Corbyn knew that through, heaven knows, but he did happen to have that much knowledge of the law of chances, viz: that if the handsome, refined young Irishman, who presented himself with a neat and without an air of self-introduction, was worth anything, he would be worth much as librarian and literary slave to himself.

The interview was unsatisfactory so far to both parties, that Lord Corbyn agreed to take, and Mr. O'Brien to give his services. "What they were worth," O'Brien said, "could be better determined at the end of the year." It was a very loose and unpractical kind of arrangement, but Lord Corbyn was just gentleman enough to resolve upon one thing—that *noblesse oblige* should not be the cause of the proud, chivalrous young Irishman losing anything.

That is one of the cries of this practical age that *noblesse oblige* "does not pay." I hope it is not true; I hope that it is fashionable cynicism alone which utters and endorses such sentiments. I lack faith in many an old tradition; I have learnt to laugh and deride at things which I once held to be true and great; but I have not learnt, and I trust I never shall learn, to doubt the gentle feeling that springs from gentle blood. At any rate, even if I doubted it, Dillon O'Brien did not; he resolved to trust for his treatment to Lord Corbyn's honor, and Lord Corbyn knew this, and resolved that his honor should not fail him.

On the morning when the countess and her daughters discussed the broken troth—as they hoped it might prove—between Lord Evesham and Audrey, Mr. O'Brien, my lord's secretary, sat alone in his study, smoking—I am sorry to say it—a pipe of Turkish tobacco.

Had he been standing instead of sitting, you would have seen, if you had entered that room, reader, that the sword had more to do with his early days than learned nose or pinioned page. He was a middle-sized man of his height, with a fine, upright figure, a graceful, lithe gait and bearing; a face that was not strictly handsome when taken piece by piece, but had a marvellous charm in its mobility. Eyes that would flash one moment with ungovernable temper, glitter the next with the wildest fun, and soften the next with an indescribable pathos that is never seen save in Irish eyes; bright, curling, dark-brown hair; a complexion soothing to the dark warm palter, and the finest cut mouth out of which the matchless accents of Erin have ever fallen. A handsome man altogether you will admit it, and fit to be so by the Lady Grace Corbyn.

"I am tired of this life," said the gentleman, starting up and going to the window; "old Corbyn's books are dull, and his daughters are worse. After all, though I have been kicked out of the service for no fault of my own, it is a mean thing of me to be here and pretend to catalogue these books with anything like understanding." Then he paused and whistled the first few bars of a pathetically sweet melody, his eyes the while taking that steadfastly absent look eyes will have when their owners are looking back into the past; and then he softly sang, in a rarely sweet, full, young voice:

"Give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of limes."

"Give a sigh to those times," he repeated bitterly. "Why should I waste a sigh for the time when that bleak, cold Chesterfield walk on dull Blackheath was fraught with golden fancies, as full of love's perfume as Araby the blest, the frank, unsullied schoolgirl—I, the not less frank cadet as ever that 'alley of limes' was to Moore in Bermuda. Those times are gone, and I was a fool to come into the neighborhood for the sake of trying to resuscitate it. I can't even catch sight of her."

It was at this moment that Lady Grace entered with the invitation list.

"Oh, Mr. O'Brien," she said, "we have a dinner-party on Thursday, and you will be kind enough to help me with the invitations."

Mr. O'Brien's answer was all that a polite Irishman's is apt to be, I thought, and was:

"Why couldn't she have left me the list and rid me of her company, the saucy-haired old coquette?" but he did not express it in his mother tongue.

"You will be sure to give us your company on that evening, I hope, Mr. O'Brien; it will be very unkind and unfriendly of you if you will not do so."

He was quite sure he was and plead a previous engagement with an imaginary old regimental friend who would be in the neighborhood; but before he could scan his eye caught the next names on the list, and he saw they were those of "Sir Robert, Lady and Miss Lorme."

"Thank you, Miss Grace; since you are kind enough to wish it, I will be sure to do myself the honor," he said.

And then the fair one's cheek flushed to a corresponding hue to the one which overspread his face as he bent down and continued his task.

(To be continued.)

LOUISIANA SCENERY.

THE Achahilla, made known to all readers of classic lore by the sedgy Evangeline of Longfellow, has, like many another scene of quiet beauty, been visited by the storm of war, and an officer, who while on picket pencil with as much spirit as he does the sword, sends us a view of Simmsport and the encampment on the banks of the bayou. Simmsport is a post village in Avoyelles parish, 227 miles north-west of New Orleans, in the midst of a rich and picturesque region.

THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE strange position of affairs in South Carolina, the long siege of Charleston, and the apparent impossibility of a surrender by Gen. Beauregard, will form one of the most interesting features in this war. The Confederates have been utterly unable to dislodge the Union troops that are lofty proud of the rich seacoast of the leading State of the South; and each party seems to be the prisoner of the Union arms. Rival forts bitch steadily at each other. Of the Union forts we have given several sketches, and shall in this issue show some at a distance. Some photographs from rebel sources enable us to show the interior of one of their batteries.

SCENE AT CULPEPER.

THE army of the Potomac, as the many generalled army continues to be styled, has since the reconnoissance of Mile run gone into winter quarters, and we present on this page several views of the stirring action, incidents of a heroic character. A passing sketch of the hill shows a group of soldiers and young contrabands, near Culpeper; a travelling showman is packing up his small profits by a wonderful show.

THE CRAIG MICROSCOPE.—A modern writer has said that the greatest proof of a "divinity that shapes our ends" in the *animalcule*. Certainly nothing is more astonishing than the fact that air and water are peopled with innumerable myriads invisible to the common eye. No one knows what undeveloped wonders lie around him till he buys one of Craig's microscopes, which are the best and cheapest instruments ever made. Craig's office is 333 Broadway.

LAMENTED.

THEY are singing a hymn in the choir,
A sorrowful dirge for the dead,
A spark of ethereal fire
Has sprung from earth's bondage and fled.

Her face is serene as she lies,
For virtue has there set its seal,
To show that it owned as a prize
Her soul, that had naught to conceal.

A spirit of grace from her birth,
In heart, soul, beauty and mind,
She was all that was precious on earth,
That now to the grave is consigned.

She died in the springtime of life,
As a blossom crushed flower will die,
When exposed to the storm and the strife
That follow from a pitiless sky.

The tablet that speaks of her worth
May fritter with time, and decay—
But the sorrows that crushed her to earth
Will be read at the last judgment day!

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

IT may be a question whether an army is or is not brave, when on being attacked at its morning meal, it receives at all hazards its breakfast.

THE Indies may not go much upon the highways, but they are complained of by their husbands as terrible roads at all times to buy-ways.

IT is difficult to keep one's temper in a hot day, but getting under a shady tree is the best way of taking umbrage.

A RESPECTABLE gentleman doesn't like to have a heavy charge levelled against him—especially if it be a light one.

"DO you know, sir, that, when I left home, my relations honored me with a musical escort?"

"No, I understand you were dismissed *con re*."

HOWEVER high house rents may be, you can always have at least one room at your command—the room you're standing in.

IT is impossible to look at the sleepers in a church without being reminded that Sunday is a day of woe.

WHEN the government is afflicted the political influence usually apply leeches.

A LOVER sees his sweetheart in everything he looks at, just as a man, bitten by a mad dog, sees his dog in his meat, dogs in his drink, dogs all around him.

CHILDREN are generally very noisy, but we must except the children of the deaf, which do not often make so much noise in the world as their fond parents could wish.

A DUCKING in cold water destroys the temper of hot steel, but increases that of a fiery woman.

THE man who makes a boast of extraordinary shrewdness hasn't got a particle.

MANY a man who is proud to be quartermaster has a sergeant in his mother tongue.

A FARMER, a lawyer, or a doctor may be a very respectable individual, but a hotel keeper is a very different sort.

HARRY and Tom are carpenters. It was in their shop not long ago and found that they had a quarrel. Harry made many explanations, and said he:

"There, Tom, I hope we are friends again."

"No we aren't," said Tom.

"Slow so?"

"Why, you insulted me."

"Oh, well, I apologize for that," said Harry; "and I hope there is nothing left between you and me now."

And the two again planed a large desk board between him and them.

"Look there is," said Tom; "yours was a and offence, and there's a great deal between us yet!"

MODERN "JOHN GILPIN."

OH, we walked and talked together
In the happy summer time,
In the warm, delightful weather,
When the year was at its prime;
And I loved him—oh I loved him
From the spring till autumn's fall,
But when he wished me engaging,
We didn't speak at all!

'Twas a night in warm September,
When my plighted first saw roses;
But no one heard their murmur,
Save some whispering breezes;
And 'twas just as well they didn't,
For, though we were sitting there,
Ere the middle of November
They were broken quite in two!

But you mustn't think me heartless,
For I loved him, I confess,
He'd such lovely qualities,
And such lovely, curly hair.
Yes, I must own on our bow-wow
Was very soon arranged,
For then he married Harriet,
And I—well, I'm engaged!

A DISAPPOINTED lover down East lately hanged himself with a string of onions.

"COME, Bill, it's 10 o'clock; I think we had better be going, for it's time honest folks were in bed."

"Well, yes," was the reply; "I must be off, but you needn't go on that account."

SOME writer exclaims, "What is beauty without soap?" Sometimes fashionable beauty is nothing else. We have seen many a cheek from which the beautiful red rose hue would vanish before the material article, at the first application.

IT is no misfortune for a nice young lady to lose her good name if a nice young gentleman gives her a better.

MANY persons who have a raging warfever before going into battle are apt to get the ague after coming.

IT is well for a man to get the start in a race, but bad for a ship's plunk to start in a storm.

SOME people think the devil, not by speaking the truth, but by outlying him.

WAR is a lottery, in which every customer may expect a blank or a shell.

THE difference between a goose's back and a soldier's is, that one sheds the water and the other blood.

A BARNDOOR fowl and a lawyer who talks for ray pick up their living with their bills.

A GENTLEMEN'S nose, genteelly blown, is a musical snuff-box.

THE PRIZEFIGHT IN ENGLAND.

ONE of our dailies lately offered a jesting reward for a sensation. The war and its news had palled on the public mind; the President's message, which in more peaceful days was always extraordinary, came almost unnoticed; that of the insurgent chief elicited no curiosity. But a sensation came for England and America. The Russian question was forgotten in the British Isles; cotton and intervention subsided to hear the result of the great prize fight; and here, where the Titanic civil war is straining every nerve and sinew on the body politic to its utmost tension, men indifferent to the great events of the day, the present crisis and future state of the country, rushed in crowds to secure the extra with the account of the great struggle between King and Heenan. There was a sensation at last.

We give as part of the Illustrated history of the day a portrait of King, the victor in the late prizefight, that hereafter men may know what was the great topic of the week.

The great fight came off on Dec. 10, at Tunbridge, on one of the hills of Sussex that could be seen for 20 miles around.

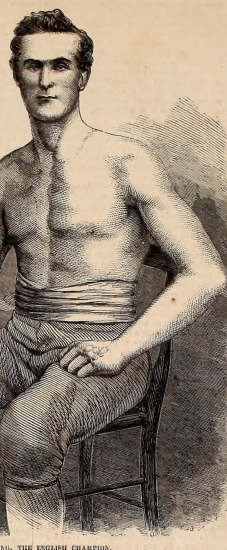
The sun shone beautifully the whole day, the company was exceedingly select, and there was not the slightest appearance of interruption from the moment of landing to that of departure. Gentle and simple, and noble and plain, were present in large numbers—over 1,000.

The fight began at ten o'clock, and for a time Heenan seemed to have the advantage, throwing King repeatedly. The latter, however, rolled on his feet, and continued to give his opponent telling blows in the face with such effect that after the 26th round Heenan was unable to continue, and his backers admitted his defeat.

The London *Times* devotes a leader to the affair and also publishes a graphic special account. It editorially says:

"Heenan was game throughout, from the beginning to the close of the fight, and he put the 'hug' on so as to crush his antagonist by dashing him to the ground. King's tactics were different and more creditable to a professor of pugilism. They consisted simply in striking a series of sledge-hammer blows on the most prominent and sensitive parts of Heenan's physiognomy until the latter collapsed from exhaustion.

"The affair was over in 24 rounds and 35 minutes. There appears to have been little science on either side, but it was, nevertheless, a fair stand-up fight, without a check, and ended in a decisive victory for King."



THOMAS KING, THE ENGLISH CHAMPION.

FIRST U. S. HUSSARS.

THE present war has led to organizations of every kind known in European armies, and to some quite novel in their character, but most effective in their operations. Hitherto no Hussar regiments have been raised, and we present to-day sketches of the uniform of the 1st Hussar regiment raised for real service in this country. It is now organized in Trenton, N. J., under command of Col. A. J. Morrison, formerly of the New York cavalry, and subsequently of the 30th New Jersey volunteers.

Those who join the regiment receive the same bounties from the county, State and general Government as those enlisting in the old regiments.

The uniform, made by a Newark firm, is a showy and attractive one, being based on that of the Austrian hussars. The pantaloon is the usual cavalry one, with a yellow stripe; and the jacket is trimmed with yellow cord. The baldrick and agrette are worn over the shoulder, across the breast. Instead of an agrette they wear a talma, with tassel over the left shoulder. The cap is very neat and comfortable. The hussars carry a very fine carbine, superior to any now in use, sabre and pistol. The ranks are rapidly filling, and the regiment will soon take the field.

Col. Morrison is an experienced officer. The correspondent of the Newark *Journal* thus describes his part in the battle of Fredericksburg:

"Early in the morning Col. Morrison made a reconnoissance of a rebel battery on our left, and asked permission of Gen. Howe to charge it through a ravine which led to its rear, but the General pointed to the height, the capture of which would have a decisive effect upon the future movements of the enemy. The General promised to give the 36th a chance to distinguish itself, and our gallant Colonel departed satisfied. The distance between the road in which we lay and the bottom of the hills on which the rebel batteries were situated was probably three-fourths of a mile, and these forts were scamed with three ditches beside the railroad cut, which was quite deep. Another deep ditch was situated at the foot of the rebel ridge, in which were concealed the enemy's riflemen. To the 2d Vermont, 26th New Jersey and a regiment from the light brigade was assigned the arduous task of storming the enemy's position. The 36th was on the left, the 2d Vermont in the centre, and a Pennsylvania regiment on the right. I never could believe it possible that we could storm those heights, fortified as they were, when the veterans of many a hard-fought field had twice been repulsed from them while in their crude state. A splendid brick house lay on the side of the hill, directly in our front, and behind it a battery of bright brass pieces was belching shell and solid shot toward us continually. We were ordered to charge a battery situated on the hill, to the right of a natural indentation on the hillside, running parallel to the side of the house.

"At ten o'clock A.M. the signal for the charge was given. Our batteries were already piling the positions of the enemy with shell. 'Forward, 36th!' shouted the Colonel, and over the high bank we went at double quick. Hardly had we descended upon the plain before the enemy's guns opened upon us, and the shot and shell were screeching above our heads. With a yell, however, the boys pressed forward in fine style, clearing the first ditch and still preserving a good line. Already the shrieks and heartrending groans of the wounded were heard, but the cheers overpowered the groans. The shells howled above us with a more fearful energy, and we could hardly hear the commands of our Colonel, but could see him in front, almost standing in his stirrups, and bravely waving us onward. The railroad was passed.

"Once more the word was 'Forward!' and once more the regiment raised a shout and again broke forward at double quick. Another ditch was crossed—half the plain was behind us—the men were out of breath and becoming exhausted. The rebels had obtained our range and were doing fearful execution in our ranks. The men began to scatter and drop upon the turf; the wounded shrieked pitifully, and dead men rolled upon the ground like logs of wood. The moment was an exciting one. 'Forward, boys!' shouted the Colonel, and the command was repeated by the Major. The incessant roar of artillery and the ruthless explosion of shells rendered it impossible for the orders to be clearly heard, and the men scattered, but still each one pressed individually towards the heights. 'Your brother is shot!' shouted one of the boys to me, and at the same moment a shell exploded so near that I absolutely thought my head was off. I had no time to think. We were going at a right-oblique past an old barn and house.

"Three-quarters of the distance was passed. The regiment was much scattered, despite the gallant efforts of its field officers. Shells were exploding every second above them; the rebel riflemen had opened upon us from the ditch at the foot of the hill and a tempest of grape and canister were raised upon us from above. It was too much. The column of brave heroes was rested like a ship in a storm, and the officer of the picket line implored our Colonel to fall back as it was too late, as the attempt to storm the batteries must prove futile. Faster and faster fell the iron tempest, and symptoms of a break became discernable. But no; the 2d Vermont had reached the ditch on our right and were gallantly cheering us on. With one last yell of determined energy the men pressed forward, drove the sharpshooters from the ditch, and mounted the hill, carrying everything before them. The rebels were flying in dismay and throwing away everything. Knapsacks, blankets and equipments were strewn through the woods. The heights of Fredericksburg were ours! We chased the enemy for nearly a mile.

(*Continued on page* 254.)



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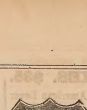
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Every preparation has been made to print an edition sufficiently large to meet the immense demand, but the orders already given for the number make us fear that many will be disappointed. Do not, therefore, omit to secure the number early, as our immense edition will not meet all calls.

The Gulf Between Them

is a story of American life, instinct with national feeling, real power, sustained action, vigor and beauty.



THE WRECK OF THE AQUILA, AT SAN FRANCISCO, WITH THE IRON-CLAD CAMANCHE ON BOARD.—FROM A SKETCH BY G. H. BIGELOW.

Barnum's American Museum.

MONSIEUR JOSEPH, THE GREAT FRENCH GIANT, 8 feet 1 inch; ANNA SWAN, the GIANT GIRL, 8 feet 1 inch; GIANT BOY, 8 feet; LILLIPUTIAN KING, 31 years old, only 22 inches high; Automaton Musical Troupe, Moving Wax Figures, Enormous Serpent, &c., &c. Tom Taylor's great drama, the TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN, every AFTERNOON and EVENING. Admission to all, only 25 cents; Children under 10, 15 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1864.

All Communications, Books for Review, &c., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 22 Duane Street, between Broadway and Elm, New York.

Dealers supplied and subscriptions received for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, AND FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR OF 1861, by THE AMERICAN NEWS CO., *Proprietors of the London American, 30 Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sale.*

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One copy one year	$3 00
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Notice to Advertisers.

The value of our paper as an advertising medium has become so generally known, that we are compelled every week to refuse columns of advertisements. The vast increase of our circulation, penetrating as it does into the most profitable channels, renders our space doubly valuable, and justifies us in the course we have determined upon—that of increasing our rates of advertising in the following ratio:

75 cents a line on the outside or last page
90 " on the 16th and 19th pages.

Notice to Contributors.—Superior original

Tales will be always received, and if accepted remunerated according to their merits. All unsuitable will be promptly returned. They should be plainly written on one side only, and the address of the writer given distinctly.

Summary of the Week.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

On the 25th Dec. Gen. Gillmore began to shell Charleston from our gunboats. Several buildings were fired and persons killed. At the same time our gunboats had a brisk contest with the rebel batteries on Stono river.

VIRGINIA.

Our cavalry have destroyed 2 part of the town of Luray, in Page county, and Gen. Gregg pursued the rebel Gen. Rosser so sharply that he burnt the bridge over Pope's Head run.

Col. Wells, sent to support Averill, returned to Harper's Ferry after proceeding as far as Harrisonburg, where he came up to Rosser.

Gen. Butler sent 500 rebel prisoners to City Point. The rebels gave up as many of our men, but refuse all further intercourse with Butler.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Many citizens of this State are coming in and taking the oath of allegiance, and the newspapers openly avow their desire for submission.

TENNESSEE.

The rebel Gen. Wheeler on Dec. 26, captured one of Gen. Thomas's trains at Charleston, on the Hiawassee, but Col. Long pursued the enemy, defeated him and took 130 prisoners.

TEXAS.

Our army occupied the entrance to Lavaca bay on the 30th of Nov.

A new district called the District of the Frontier has been established on the Rio Grande, Gen. Herron in command, with his headquarters at Brownsville.

LOUISIANA.

On the 22d of Dec. Gen. Ullman left Port Hudson with four regiments and a battery of artillery, to operate apparently on Red river.

NAVAL.

Rebel reports talk of 23 blockade runners getting into Wilmington in one night, but the English papers tell us that the blockade runners are unable to get in, and state that not a single vessel has got in for some time past.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

IDLING up and down town in such weather as this is very fine in theory, but is excessively cold in practice. Wrapping up warm is a pleasant fiction, while a gale is blowing at a temperature of least twenty degrees below zero, which rushes up your pantaloons and bolts down your collar, nips your nose and ears, stiffens your cheeks and freezes your hair till it stands out in sharp points like quills upon the fretful porcupine. We envied the beasts of burden some shabby-genteel spot, which a pew in their mouths, pel themselves up in their own furs—not bought at Gunther's—and take a quiet snooze for five months, when the early spring sun and the bears walk out together.

There are a good many pleasant things to be seen in a stroll up and down Broadway, which cost nothing to look at, but which are worth as much as though you paid a fee at the door. The looking-glass and frame stores for instance, which constantly put on fine glasses and frames, are also galleries of painting and engraving, in which some of the choicest specimens of art are to be seen, and for nothing. We strolled into T. A. Wilmurt's last week and found enough to amuse us for two or three hours. There was Bouvier's fine picture, "The Sea of Galilee," which can full of interest, it being a literal transcript of this favorite Scriptural locality, of Lessing's engraving the buildings, for which Bauvard, with a painter's license, has drawn from his imagination. We think it would have been better to have kept to the real scene upon canvas, literally as it is, and not as it might have been. However, the picture is a fine picture, and its study will repay a very long walk indeed. Not only is the original picture there, but reproductions of some many transcripts of it, which have been reproduced by the Chromo process, and which are as admirable a manner that they may be regarded as triumphs of art, and not unworthy of the highest judgment of their producer, Mr. Sarony. Except in size the engraving has all the effect of the original, and has wonderfully preserved its magnificent perspective, exquisite blending of bright light and soft, subdued atmospheric effects. The "Orison" is a picture that appeals directly to the sympathies and cultivated taste; there is an air of such perfect repose conveyed by the whole picture, as it covers over the distant Alps, the moonlight streaming across the tessellated pavement and shadowy arches, the rich contrast of the deserted corridors dimly illuminated by the vesper lamp, that one feels as though he and every other sound save the murmuring of a maiden's prayer to the fitful shine of the moon, and the still deeper hush the harmony of the scene. In another part of the room is a group of plaster statuettes, "The Last Long Sigh" of Burns, sculptured in Nova Scotia stone by Hall Kirkpatrick, of Boston. The figures are effective in proportion, there is much to admire in them. The legend of the poet's death is told with delicate skill and with sentiment, and his success in simulating the textures of the different fabrics is remarkable. There is also a most elaborate cavalier picture in needlework, which would delight our Lady Baroness Rothschild with her sewing pictures, which have the merit of facility to nature, but are merely nursery productions. But we must get out of Wilmurt's, lest we attempt to particularize a tithe of the treasures which he has collected in a column or two.

We found some charming things in the way of new music, songs especially. At William Hall's we found some very pretty ones by Mr. Wallace, which are equal to his former happiest efforts, together with some good dance music, "Lancers," and "Caprice." Gotts-halk has produced several charming songs, among them "Lullaby" which is full of tender tenderest pathos, and will make its mark everywhere. His "Mountaineer's Song" and the ballad "Love Remembered," sung by Brignoli, should be on every piano. We found at Beer & Schirmer's a new song by Abt, the pen of Ground, the composer of the celebrated "Last Rose." It is called "Sweet Dreams, Baby, Slumber," and is certainly one of the most delicious serenades we ever heard. If you have skilful hand on the guitar, we should be tempted to try its influence upon a romantic lover. Music is the food for the metamancier at 6.

That wonderful child pianist, the beautiful little Teresa Carreno, will shortly give some concerts in this city. During her engagement at Niblo's Garden for concerts, she appeared in Boston and attracted a brilliant audience. A second concert was announced, but an abominable "fellow" attacked her thumb and utterly prevented her from performing. Consequently the concert was abandoned, although 600 tickets had been bought up at the moment of the accident. The manager was then obliged to give up her concerts announced for the following week in other cities. Poor little Teresa! the child after an absence of six months, and were received with delight and wonder by the public and press. Her touch has become more firm and assured, her power of the instrument more extended, and her genius in executive ability is something to marvel at. She is now young to attain what she would undoubtedly so great in her maturity in the sentiment of art. It is noticeable that she plays with the most delicate appreciation of such masters as Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Thalberg, Arditi, and Gottschalk, and that she has a perfect instinct in her intuitive perception of their scope and meaning. Such a subtle comprehension is a rare possession, their delicacy of imagination, and their breadth of grandeur are not always appreciated by an act of wonder and a subject of unusual interest and unqualified admiration. We do not propose to be guilty of criticism, we do not wish to raise up a false interest in the public mind. We state these facts in order to encourage, and leave it to the public to judge of their correctness. Her concerts will be given in Irving Hall is understood, so Niblo's will not be open to her, engaged every night during the month.

Mrs. Scott Siddons has been engaged for the Olympic Theatre a new and clever drama of the sentimental school, called "Camille," in which she is expected to have a long run. All those who have seen and admired Mrs. John Wood in her delineations of peculiar characters should see her in this piece, and wonder at the versatility which can take the part of a noble lady, and to-morrow rise to high art in the delineation of the humor and character of a pert minx. We are equally surprised and delighted at witnessing this well-trained admirable piece of acting. It is a simple and most compliment and congratulate her upon her success.

The celebrated drama "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" has attained a great run at the Winter Garden, and is attracting crowded and delighted audiences. The other novelties at this establishment, the Fiji Islanders and Dowris and the Musical Automatons are still on exhibition, together with the performances of the animal trained by Mr. Carter. We have seen this troupe of animals which the Museum abounds. It is the cheapest and most varied place of entertainment in the city.

Our lyric artistes—Anna, Mlle. Adelina Patti, whom we are invited up to art in the New World, to delight and astonish the old World, Carlotta Patti, Brignoli, Ferri, Amodio, Bellini, and Susini—are all triumph, each new conquest exceeding the last in the brilliancy of its results. She has conquered the critics and the publics of England, France and Germany, and has now fairly taken Madrid, the last field of study, by storm. Her fame had preceded her, and it is justly earned by the most untiring study and practice, and assisted by her skilful manager, Maurice Strakosch, she has made a fortune. Success to Mr. Strakosch, so that he can afford to go to the Court of Queen Victoria, and to the Court was anxious to do her honor. As the night of her first appearance approached, the rush for admission was so great that the price for seats rose at once to 300 francs, or $60! This is a larger average sum than was ever paid even in the brilliant days of our Fanny Elsler or Jenny Lind excitements.

The musical world of Paris has been on the tiptoe of excitement every season for several years past, to expect the immediate production of the long delayed and often promised opera "Africaine," for the first and yet unheard week of November. But fastidious composer is noted, we think, for the pains he takes with his productions, as they tend to excite public curiosity. These constant put off are sometimes annoying to the public, but a part of the system to work upon the public mind to give a settled conviction that the long delayed "L'Africaine" is now promised positively in the autumn of 1864. Meanwhile, M. Meyerbeer is enjoying the imperial hospitalities of the Emperor Napoleon at Compiegne.

The veteran composer, M. Auber, who is verging towards his ninety-first year, is full of life and musical inspiration. He has passed over the period of second childhood, and has entered upon that epoch at which when most men would be in their dotage or their graves, begins with a new career. He is a remarkable fact, and we doubt if it can be paralleled in musical history. M. Auber was born in 1782, and since he has now opened for the purpose of supplying managers of theatres with musical compositions of a light form a crowd outside the doors, whose duty it is to announce long before the curtain rises that the overpushing and vociferations naturally attract the attention of passers-by, and create such a display of excitement that there must be something well worth witnessing within. Such is the system of puffing in vogue in the capital of the civilized world. Such is the system of the spectators. It is expected that hundreds will be attracted to the opening night. The "office" will furnish mobs of every grade of respectability. Some will pay their money at the doors, others will be "gentlemen in "full dress," and so downwards to reach the lowest grade of the scum of common theatres. There is no end to man's ingenuity, especially when the goal is the money market.

Paris is apt to look through magnifying glasses at everything, and to look at the opera-glass at all that goes on in the big end of the opera-glass at all that occurs at home. Paris is the centre of the world, including Sunday nights. Indeed, were we to adopt the Parisian system, we should have every establishment alone often excited that sum, omitting the establishments of the Rue de la Paix and Broadway.

Dresden has got, like New York, its Teresa Carreno. That is, it possesses a wonderful little pianist named Mademoiselle Ahlbe. She is only 11 years old, plays with the mature skill of a master, and is a great favorite. They should hear our Teresa Carreno.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The number of emigrants landing in New York from Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st was 176,939, of whom from Ireland, 38,326 from Germany, 18,932 from England and Wales, 1,000 from Scotland, and 1,000 from Switzerland. This increase this year, 78,917, or more than 50 per cent.

—The Bridalia, that splendid specimen of naval architecture, went on a trial trip down the bay and outside the bar on the 26th ult. She struck on the sands for 30 hours, she was lightened and towed off with little damage. Owing to some unexplained mistake in placing the wood in the valve, one of the engines was rendered useless. She is expected to make 14 knots an hour nearly double what Mr. Isherwood has been able to accomplish for her.

—The charter of the Albany City Bank, Erastus Corning, president, expires on the 31st Dec., and the bank has been organized under the general banking law, with the same officers. Its capital is $500,000, divided into 5,000 shares, dividing regularly 8 per cent. semi-annually, and closes on the 1st of January.

—In the case of the Bank of North America against the New York Commissioners of Taxes, the Court of Appeals has decided that the property of so much of the capital as is invested in United States securities is not liable to taxation, under the act of Congress and the decision of the U. S. Supreme Court.

—On the evening of the 30th Dec. some rowdies assaulted a negro-woman in Broadway, near the Bowery, because she refused them to leave; they refused and pounded her with fists for daring to make the request. A policeman hurried to the scene of the disturbance, arrested him and on the following morning he was held to bail to await a criminal charge of defending his own life!

Western.—Gen. Rosecrans's troops exiect under the late orders to be formed into one division and, led to the field by Gen. Thomas.

—Citizens residing in the eastern part of Idaho Territory are making an effort to have the territorial capital removed to Bannock, on account of the difficulty of communication between the two parts of it. Some of the members of the Legislature have to travel a thousand miles to reach the territorial capital.

—A Jewess in Chicago sues for the consumption of coffee. In 1862 the quantity imported amounted to 5,791,103 lbs., and in 1863 to 6,015,509 pounds, and her child in the State. In the six months from January 1st to June 30th, 1863, the quantity imported was 2,633,466 lbs., in spite of the increased rate of duty.

Foreign.—There was a grand wedding at Richmond the other day, the happy parties being Gen. Davis's sister, and Commodore Farragut's son. Jefferson Davis was present, and Mrs. Davis attended the bride. The bride was dressed in a common stuff gown.

—A correspondent of the *Herald*, writing to his friends in Baltimore, says that the gallotine of society is not the only instrument that can be called "executioner parties," at which people meet in each other's houses, and hear singing, but nothing of drinks. The fair writer attends these parties twice a week, and avers that they are a great deal of fun, but no supper.

—One of the escaped prisoners says that there are now three men in Richmond, one Lovell, another Greenbank, and the other Confederate navy. Gold is worth $2.50, and greenbacks somewhere $10.

—The North Carolina *Times* says: "A few dollar gold pieces are now worth over $100 in Confederate notes at Danville, a few days since." The same paper heartily endorses President Lincoln's recent proclamation, and advises the people of the State to accept the terms offered by it. It also copies and endorses a remarkable article from the Richmond *Whig*, which contains the following significant paragraph: "Slavery has stabbed to death. It has sinned against the light, committed the unpardonable sin, and must die."

—The speeches made by Foote and others in the Rebel Congress have evidently had considerable effect on the public mind, as they plainly expressed the prevailing sentiment, for unmistakable signs of softened feeling to the Union is very common in the Southern States. These indications of repentance are, doubtless, owing to the hard times, which are really pressing the rebels very hard. Luxuries have now gone disappeared, and now necessaries are become luxuries.

Military.—Gen. Robert C. Tyler has been appointed to succeed the late Gen. Corcoran in the command of his brigade.

—The Washington *Republican* gives the particulars of a case where a young soldier was ordered to be shot for desertion when he was found to be a promoted for gallantry. The President was just in time to prevent the shooting poor mans execution. Meade is very active in shooting his own men, and, it would appear, rather carelessly.

—Seven bodies of the soldiers of the 160th N. Y. S. volunteers, slain in the recent battle of Mine Run, Virginia, and which had been buried at Syracuse, were accompanied by Col. Burnam and Major Hodges, accompanied by Col. Burnam and Major Hodges, Birdseye, and Hamilton, and escorted by the present the last rites captured in those battles to the War Department at Washington.

—The remnants of the gallant 96th Pennsylvania regiment have arrived at Harrisburg, and will soon return home to recruit. Two of the Colonels of this regiment, Gen. Cochrane and Col. Gustavus Wynkoop, have been killed in battle, and the regiment has passed through the severest conflicts of the war of the Potomac.

—The veterans of the 2d Pennsylvania arrived at the 20th Dec. at Harrisburg. When the regiment left the State about three years ago it had over 1,200 men in the army, now it numbers but 300. Only two of the original captains have returned with it, and one of these has lost his arm. The regiment was in all the battles fought by the army participating in the Peninsula campaign. It originally mustered also 16 pitched encounters, and having participated in the fight at Antietam under Gen. McClellan. The regimental flag exhibits the danger through which it has passed, it being completely shot to pieces and torn with bullets. Four sets of color-bearers were killed, the fourth having fallen at Gettysburg.

Naval.—Seabound vessels are informed that the Light-House Board has ordered that "the fixed lights During the day she has the guarding after her foreyard starboard, and the after yard, white flag, red cross diagonally. At night she has a white flag at the foremast head, and a red light at the after. The vessel proceeding to sea will pass close to her they will be boarded without any color to them.

Personal.—The person, who stole Mr. Geo. Curtis's lecture is said to have become illotic from perpetual remorse.

—Gen. Wetsel is resting from his labors in Cincinnati.

—Lucy Lind has lost her voice. This was so painfully evident to herself in her singing lately in Stockholm, that she has retired from the concert pursuaded her to complete her programme.

—George G. Prentice has become a common drunkard. The Louisville *Journal* long since passed from his control, both mentally and financially. Prentice is a man of genius, but of a most cruel, and personal friends have purchased the *Journal*, out of pure charity to the wife and former industry.

—Says the Nashville *Union*, the young treachon, Edward Porter Alexander, compliment him Richmond night, such as has been rendered to but few men. The Hall was filled by very elegant ladies, in his representation of "Hamlet," the noble Grant at the head of them.

—Archduke Louis Victor, youngest brother of the Austrian Emperor, Francis Joseph, will probably be the future husband of the consort of the future Emperor of Brazil, for negotiations to this effect have been opened with the Regents of Rio de Janeiro and Vienna for some time. The Brazilian Princess and the Archduke are first cousins.

—The Worcester (Mass.) *Transcript* notices the marriage of the grandson of the first Chief Justice Shaw, Miss Nellie Lorrider, of that city, and Mr. Shaw is also the gallant soldier who had both arms at Fredericksburg while bearing the flag of his regiment, and who was also severely wounded at Gettysburg.

—The rebel convoy to France, Mr. Superville, reached the City of Mexico. This is excellent evidence of the strictness of our blockade.

—Miss Dix, says the *Tribune*, who had during the past year devoted herself to the welfare of the sick soldiers in the hospitals at Washington, left on the 1st December, from over fatigue in her benevolent labors Her health has been failing during those months to alleviate the sufferings of our brave soldiers. She was in every respect a model nurse.

—The Rev. Dr. Tappan, long known as one of the ablest congressional preachers of the day, died at his home in Bangor, Maine, on Saturday, 19th December.

—Dr. Samuel Chew, one of the most eminent physicians of Baltimore, died on Friday, 25th Dec., of pleurisy. He was one of the most prominent men in that city for thirty years past, and at the time of his death was one of the Professors of the Medical University, and Professor of Principles and Practice. He was born in 1770, and was a native of Maryland.

—New Orleans papers announce the death of Colonel Maunsell White, at the advanced age of 85 years. He was a native of that city, and during where he had temporarily resided, about the year 1810. At the time of the British invasion he was a volunteer by the invader, he volunteered in its defence, and as aide-de-camp to General Jackson rendered such signal degree to the glorious success with which that defence was crowned.

—Edward A. Reeder, Esq., one of the most prominent citizens of Perth Amboy, New Jersey, N. J., died suddenly on the 30th Dec. He was on a visit to Washington, and was looking in a hotel, pickpocket, Newton, and, on being found, he fell heavily to the ground. A number of persons came to his aid, but before he could recover from open cage for breath, and shortly after gave his last gasp. Coroner Gedney was called, and Dr. Hammond, of ex Governor Reeder of that place, At the time of his decease Mr. Reeder was Secretary of Internal Improvements for Sussex county.

Accidents and Offences.—Mr. S. Barber, a Welsh miner, living in Brookville, C. W., was killed by his son, a lad 16 years of age, a few days ago. The father was sick, and the boy, infatuated with watching, had laid down on the floor on a quilt, and fallen asleep. The father awoke in the night from under him, the son sprang up and struck his head against the bed-post, fractured the skull, and when he died; he denies all knowledge of the occurrence, and is still in custody awaiting trial.

—A horrible tragedy lately occurred at Marysborne road, near Liverpool. For several years Mrs. Chappel, a lady in her nurse and child, had occupied lodgings at this locality, and was occasionally visited by a gentleman who said was her husband. After a while they quarrelled and parted. This visits were discontinued. Some time ago, Mrs. Chappel sent the nurse to market, when, on her return, she found the door locked. On communicating with a physician she broke in the door, and found Mrs. Chappel in the front parlor, stretched on the floor, dead, and the child on the bed, covered with a pillow. The nurse removed the pillow, and the child was found to have stabbed the child in the breast with a poniard, and cut her throat in three places with a razor. Both the instruments she had bought for the purpose. The child died in two days; the woman was still living.

—Surgeon C. D. White, of the navy, while at Wilmington last week, on his way to Baltimore, dropped his revolver, the ball in which being discharged, struck him in the leg, and he died from lockjawing to the bone. He coolly made two incisions in the flesh, and with his penknife extracted the ball, and then bandaged the wound and took the next train for Baltimore.

Foreign.—The Paris papers publish advices from Egypt, announcing the victory of the Emperor Theodore of Abyssinia over the Egyptian expedition of Gojam. The Emperor is reported to have ordered the massacre of 15,000 prisoners, men, women and children. He is also stated to have had the English Consul at Massowah strangled, and to have set the French Consul at liberty.

The notorious Duke of Brunswick, who was driven from his dominions by his own kinsfolk in 1848, and whose lawsuit with his cousin Queen Victoria caused so much talk, has had a narrow escape of losing the greater part of his diamonds. He has for years lived in Paris, and kept his jewels, the most valuable collection in Europe, in an iron safe, near his bed. Extraordinary to say, he rated what he was going out one evening, the man abstracted them and absconded. The fact got out in the next week, and was arrested with his ill gotten spoils. The duke is the supposed murderer of Alice Grimwood, a courtesan, whose mysterious death caused as much sensation 30 years ago as Mr. Smith's disappearance from sight does in New York.

The Marquis de Boissy who married the Countess Gonsalvi, mistress to Lord Byron, has made a violent speech against Napoleon, for refusing to attend Count Napoleon's bogus Congress.

Another incubi has been launched in England, and several more are nearly ready.

Queen Victoria is having a theatre built for her at Windsor. It will be under the supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Keen, and will be ready to open against their return from Australia.

At the moment of his death, the King of Denmark was surrounded by the Countess Danner, the Lord Chamberlain, several aid-de-camps and his medical attayers. According to his earnest wish, his body was not opened until it was placid. In the dress he died in, in a coffin, lined with lead.

Ladies are getting their bonbonnieres as well as in London ones. The other day a woman, who was sitting at a table next to a gentleman smoking a cigar, passed, missed her guess. Her neighbor instantly offered one of his cigars, which she took, to the policeman; but the conductor thought it would be a saver not to charge the money by depositing it by herself, which was done. On examination she was found to possess a number of stolen purses, but one of the sweetest little instruments for cutting through dresses and pockets that was ever seen—a ring, which, on the touch of a spring, shot out a small, very sharp piece of steel.

Signor Patti, the American cantatrice, appeared for the first time in Madrid, the price paid for seats all round the house was 500 francs.

Art, Science and Literature.—The human body, for a thousand a stage of decomposition as to be entirely resolved into earth, can be so restored by chemic means as to present an almost completely natural appearance. The process was lately practised with success in London, in the case of a body found in the Thames, and was suggested to the mind of an escaped murderer, who had committed suicide. The body had been identified by the man's wife, and even the witnesses were able to swear that he was not the supposed murderer.

It is a curious and unexpected fact that solar light is deleterious as to the showing of colors. Those shown by it only in the solidest form are invisible in daylight. This is a providential effect, otherwise the sun would be confounded by a perpetual display of colors in the air.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, many of whose best poems we have introduced to the public, is about collecting many of his stories of society into a volume. This will soon be issued by one of our popular publishers. They will be illustrated by his brother George, an artist of considerable merit.

Mr. Richardson, the publisher, is about to issue a monthly, under the military magazine, called the *United States Service Monthly*, under the experienced management of Mr. Simpson. A better public, perhaps, not have been chosen.

Chief-Justice Bowler and Wells have lately published a biography of Lord Lyndhurst in which they say: "It is not known whether the highthough of Irish descent himself, who has always denounced the Irish Catholics 'aliens in blood, religion and principle,' and whose entire conduct through the public career of Lord Lyndhurst was a devoted but unfortunate hereditary devotion either a recreant to the creed of his ancestors, or himself a Hibernio-Anglo-Saxon-Englishman."

The *Herald* devotes still attention to this advertisement taken from the *Herald*:

"TO LADIES—A GENTLEMAN wishes to make a collection of curls de visite. The lady who will favor him with the prettiest (she being the original), shall be the recipient of an elegant present worth fifty dollars.

The impostor! No lady will respond to such a worthless scamp. His wicked motives may be easily understood.

—Lieut. Fleury, son of Marshal Fleury, has recently been tried for murdering a Madame Petit, with whom he was on terms of criminal intimacy. The evidence was such a remark. It appears by French philosophy that Pitcosian is a severe code of morals compared to it. He failed her because she took a walk with a third.

"Arrah, Mickey," said an Irish lad of seven summers, who was tried by a dog, "if you don't take that dog away I'll eat up all your apples."

A monster log was exhibited in Brooklyn the other day was stopped by an impudent little Irish boy, who exclaimed, in a voice of woe, "Boots blacked, sir? shall I shine 'em up, sir?"

Captain Gordon has accepted £50 sterling as damages for being imprisoned in the Bourbonist affair. He is now performing with Fechter and John Brougham, in the new play of "Bel Demonio."

—A writer in the *Home Journal* has lately come to the conclusion that Shakspeare, whom he declares to have been a paragon of virtue, despite what history says, was a person dramatists have written about her. The worst thing he chronicles about her is that she had a husband, which is certainly more than her share, and excuses greediness.

Mr. Bennett, in Cohoes, Mass., there has been no regular preaching for more than 200 years although there is a church edifice there. Very few of the people have attended church anywhere in that time.

The *Commercial Advertiser*, now in its 50th year, has changed hands on the 1st Jan., Messrs. Hall and Dick having assigned it for 60 years, having sold it to other parties. The Copperhead proclivities have, however, not changed it.

The *Herald* says that Gen. Grant, when he was in Chicago, had explained the rebellion to his many practical Jokes by his associates, that at parade one day, when Grant was in command, upon him, he stripped off his coat, challenged the Captain of the company, who, accepting it, was severely thrashed then the First Lieutenant, who shared the same, and then the second Lieutenant, who was also well licked. Grant then offered to fight the entire company, one by one, and would have done it, had not his more practical jokes were played upon the hero of Shiloh.

The dramatic critic of the *Round Table* makes a fierce onslaught upon the most profitable class of our dramatic entertainments, and calls the heroes of these dramas Irish ruffians and Yankee fools. This is certainly not a shilly shally but a shillegh style of criticism.

TAKE away my first letter—take away my second letter—take away all my letters, and I am still the same—The postman.

THE FALLING SNOW.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

I SEE a straggling, dim procession pass
Of strugg-ing, shadowy shapes that come and go;
I sit and watch through clouded panes of glass,
Through gauzy curtains of the falling snow.

The fairy phantoms of the peopled air
Come softly gliding to the earth below;
I sit and list, and list in vain to hear
The rustling sound of the falling snow.

No sound, save now and then a muffled hoof
And muffled wheel. And in the silence, lo!
I sit and worship 'neath my whitening roof;
The world keeps sabbath for the falling snow.

White wings are fluttering all around to-day;
Unseen, unheard—the loved of long ago!
Alas! my wish and dream, a mere mock play,
The forms that rest beneath the falling snow?

JACK DAYTON.

An Episode of Lee's Raid in Pennsylvania.

ONE day there was a great stir and bustle in our village—Jack Dayton had come home; Jack Dayton, who had left years ago to join our volunteers in Mexico, and of whom so many tales of gallantry and hairbreadth escapes had come to us.

Being on a footing of great intimacy with his family, I was one of the few privileged ones who were invited to a soiree given by his father to celebrate his return.

I had never seen Jack Dayton before, and without being quite conscious of it, had formed in my mind a most violent antipathy. When introduced to him, his free, open features and his frank manner took much of my feeling away; but, by his constant attentions to Lucy Markham, he contrived, before the end of the evening, to increase, if possible, my hostility towards him. Not being able to vent my spleen in words and Jack's Humor, he soon became aware of its origin; and when, after the last waltz, I handed Lucy Markham to her carriage, his haughty lip curled, and there was a sneer in his last salutation.

From that day he became a frequent visitor at the Markhams, and his attentions to his wife increased in number mine became scarcer. Having some business to transact with Mr. Markham, I called on him one morning, and was going to enter his study, when I perceived a corner of white ball a walkingstick, which I knew to belong to Jack Dayton.

A pang of jealousy shot through my heart, and retracing my steps, I entered the drawing-room. It was empty. I passed into the garden, and was not long before I met Lucy and her lover, slowly walking together. Some inward feeling which I could not control prompted me to watch them, and shaking a thicket which concealed me, I came to the one in which they were walking, and separated from it only by a laurel bush. At first I could not hear their conversation, although Lucy's voice was louder than usual, but all at once these words fell on my ear:

"For shame, Mr. Dayton! Let me go or I call!"

One bound and I was beside them. Jack Dayton had hold of Lucy, who vainly struggled to get free. I stepped between them, and my hand met his face as was lying prostrate on the ground. He soon rose to his feet, his face all covered with blood, and striking his hand across mine, said,

"You are marked now," said he. "When I shall want you we shall meet, and then you will have to account for this blood." He pointed to his face and disappeared through the wood.

The scene had been too much for Lucy, who, sitting on a large stone, was crying hysterically. As soon as I could speak I begged her to be calm.

"Oh, Henry," cried she, "how can I thank you!"

This moment decided my fate. I took courage, and pouring in her ears all my tale of love, I told her of my sufferings, of my jealousies, my hopes, and ended by asking her to become my wife. She bent her head fell gently on my shoulder; we were betrothed. The next day Jack Dayton left the village, and I was engaged to Lucy Markham.

A whole year passed away, and the ominous news of the capture of Sumter burst upon us; a succession of victories and defeats followed, and a few months later I had joined the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Lucy approved of my resolution, and when we parted her last words were, "Beware of Jack Dayton!"

* * * * *

It was after Gettysburg. Lee was in full retreat and we were pursuing hotly in his rear. At every step we found proofs of his distress—broken caissons, jaded horses, abandoned wagons, and on every road, arms of every description—everything told of his anxiety to reach the river and of the dreadful state he had sustained.

We crossed the Potomac at Harper's *Ferry*, and after we had gone for several miles in a forward direction we struck again for the river and rode along its bank. When nearing Sheppardstown we diverged from the road, and, to obtain a shorter path, entered the skirts of a dark pine wood, emerging out of which we fell in with a party of the enemy drawn up in line of battle. They were 1,000 strong, and belonged to Fitzhugh Lee's and Jenkins's commands. Our brigade numbered but 1,200 cavaliers, and the whole of our artillery consisted of four guns.

Nothing daunted, however, our brave commander dismounted some of his men and threw them out as skirmishers, while the artillery began to shell the rebels with splendid accuracy, doing a great deal of execution. A ledge of rocks stretched on our left, and it was a matter of great importance for both parties to get possession of it, as it would serve as a natural breastwork.

Jenkins having exposed his flank in his anxiety to reach it first, our gallant leader rode up at our right and called out to us to charge. It was a magnificent spectacle. Onward we rode, a thousand of us, with flashing eyes, deepset teeth, and hands knitted on our swords; at every stride our pace increased and our cheers grew louder. When at a distance of a hundred yards from the enemy, they poured a withering volley into us. Many of our brave fellows were laid down; but the rest still rode on.

A yelpish yell from the rebels, answered by our loyal hurrahs, and we were in the midst of them through their ranks. Every man emptied his revolver, and then began the more deadly work of the sword and the sabre. Three times three times the rebels tried to rally their scattered ranks; three times we rode them down, cutting them up dreadfully.

I remember no more; the din, the smoke, the agonizing shrieks of the wounded, mingled with the shout of victory, are all commingled in my mind.

But at once I perceived a sharp pain through my right hand and my left cheek, and I fell. When I came to myself I was lying in an ambulance, with a throbbing head, and the sounds of the enemy. We reached Sheppardstown that night and were thrown pellmell into a church.

I remember one more night! Lying helplessly on the bare floor, with two badly-dressed wounds, and suffering intensely from cold and fever, I perceived a dark figure amongst the wounded, arrived, the blue and gray uniforms mixed together. What was not my horror when, among the latter, I recognized Jack Dayton. He had been shot through the lung, and was left in a dying condition by four of his comrades. When entering the building he threw his eyes around, and they fell on me. A dark smile curled his lip, and a fiendish mirth stole over his dark features. I remembered then the last words of Lucy, "Beware of Jack Dayton!" and I felt that he was my foe. He turned his head opposite me, and I felt that his eyes were riveted on me. I tried to turn round but my strength failed me, and at last, overpowered by fatigue, I fell in a restless slumber.

How long I slept I do not know. When I awoke the moon was high, and its rays, finding their way through the large windows of the church, fell on the ghastly faces of my companions. I looked in vain for Jack Dayton. He was not there! I felt relieved, and began to muse on my past life when a kind of groan on my left induced me to look that way. What I saw froze what I had left of blood in my veins. Jack Dayton, with his teeth, crawling on his maimed limbs and leaving a bloody trail behind him, was making straight for me! Every now and then, he was obliged to stop, and a shudder would convulse his frame; his wounds would literally swamped the floor. Twice he staunched the blood with his handkerchief and resumed his way. Twice he made a desperate effort to regain his with strength; a few strides more and he would be on me. I attempted to scream; no sound escaped my parched lips. I tried to raise myself up, the blood gushed from my wound, and I fell back quite at the mercy of my foe. He kneeled over me, and lifting his hand from which there flowed a stream of blood—

"Blood! blood!" chuckled he, "and just where I marked you! I knew it—I knew I would find you out. I kill you—no, you are going to die, Henry Bolton," and he grasped my throat with one of his hands. "Die! yes, die here—far from your friends —by my hand—and you will never see Lucy any more—never! Ha, ha, ha! recover and go to her —and I will tell her that I took care of you—that I nursed you—and she will love me——" and he sank into a swoon from sheer weakness.

What I felt may be imagined but not defined. I would have given all the years I had still to live for the power to call for some strength. I made a violent effort to stir, his grasp tightened on my throat, he raised his hand to strike the fatal blow, and I lost all consciousness.

When in the morning our guardians entered the church they found me bathed in blood, the body of Jack Dayton lying at my side, his knife buried in the floor. A surgeon declared Jack Dayton's knife as a memento of Lee's raid in Pennsylvania.

MIDNIGHT CHARGE OF THE MULE BRIGADE.

A CORRESPONDENT with the Army of the Cumberland writes:

"During the advance of Hooker's command upon the enemy near Lookout mountain an incident happened which is worth recording, and one which I believe has never been made public, notwithstanding the fact that it was at the time of its occurrence a subject of much merriment among the ranks of the rebels. You will remember that Hooker moved on Lookout mountain by the extreme left of the army. While engaged in the movement up the valley, owing to the darkness of the night, a stampede among the mules took place. It was in the night, when both armies were resting on the edges of the previous day, and the sentinel's tread was the only sound that disturbed the silence of midnight. Rushing from the wagons, to the number of about thirty, the mules dashed down the valley in the direction of the enemy. The drivers were awakened by the noise, just in time to witness the disappearance of the animals through our advanced pickets. The enemy's pickets were not caught napping. Hearing the mule brigade tearing across the valley, they mistook them for the Yankee cavalry, discharged their muskets at the supposed Yanks and fell back upon a battalion stationed a little in the rear of them, with the cry that the enemy were upon them. The battalion partaking of the alarm began to open a rapid fire to bear the sound of the frightened mules, whose race was not checked by the volley from the pickets. They retreated into a short distance to a point where the whole brigade lay stacked their arms, and were calmly dreaming of home and their mothers. In reaching this point the mules spread their three fronts for flight, with the exclamation of "Hooker has surprised us, his cavalry is upon us!" The various sons of Mars did not wait to gather up their blankets or guns, (utensils the fastest pedestrians time on record back to the main force, leaving upon the field for the mule brigade one thousand stand of arms, among which were three hundred new Enfield rifles, blankets, accoutrements, knapsacks, &c. Morning our teamsters had given the alarm and a force of over 10,000 men started to the mules, and in a few hours returned to our lines with the valuable spoils."

THE INGENUITY OF THE JAPANESE.

THEY are bold, courageous, proud and eager after every kind of knowledge. A gentleman writes we noticed in Denmark to the effect that it was not discovered until some time afterward, and only then by the absence of the name, that the book had been inhabited. Japanese, when printed, the original kept as a pattern. There is a steamer (Medili), which used to ness between Yokohama and Nagasaki and Jedido, 600 miles, whose engines and boilers, and every part of the machinery, were made of copper. She was built by a doctor in Jedido, who first guide was a Dutch description of a steam engine, translated into Japanese. An Japanese gentleman whom we met over in 1859, in the Powhatan, to teach them gunnery. He was courteously received, and then taken over the arsenal at Seddo. He remarked to the Dutch "gunnery" he knew, that "Japan instead of having to learn manufactures they could us; their beautiful castings in bronze would puzzle the most experienced European workmen. Specimens have been shown to clever workmen who have confessed their inability to imitate them. They also do not know how to blow glass, there are some in the world who can do it without a blowing machine. The French minister had a large bell, so clear, and of such perfect tone, that it was purchased by the Japanese, and bought it for a good round sum. Their paper imitations of leather are perfect. Their paper waterproof coats are bought by the captains of ships for their protection in bad weather. Their paper is good, and they have imitated our watches; they would speak well if they had not attached the hands, and they are not backward in copperplate engraving and lithography. Their china is far superior to the Chinese.

The country abounds with coal, though they only use that found close to the surface; but even that, a piece of information we gained from the Dutch, is of great value to coal-fired vessels. Mexico and Australia; iron, copper and tin are found in profusion. The Japanese man at Yokohama gave a Japanese a piece of Anglia cotton stocking to copy. He did so, and returned the two pieces, and the former had much difficulty in saying which was which, so closely had he imitated it. In fact, they are a people who want for nothing but teachers.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A LADY, now travelling in Europe, mentions the following instance of severe sickness which she witnessed on board the vessel which took her out to Egypt:

"One morning I heard the steward inquiring kindly as to the health of one of the ladies who was for ever complaining of a seventeen year headache. She answered faintly from her berth:

"Oh, yes' bad. All he might I was more sick yesterday. I had a fit—but I don't know as I can make you tell?"

"Would you like some breakfast, madam?"

"Don't know—ver' sick wiz se sea-mal. Vot'll you have?"

"Can get you anything nice, madam?"

"Don't know—vot'll you?"

"Yes, madam?"

"I leave it to you. Ayes you se mouton-chop—se potate—or tomato—wiz se coffee and not oake?"

"Well, you anything else you would like to have, madam?"

"Ah, dear! I cannot tell; I'm ver' indisposee. Stop, garson! after leetle bit, bring se lobstair, oeuuf-ner and se oil."

THERE has seldom been a finer burlesque on any work than Thackeray's verses on the Sorrows of Werther:

"Werther had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter,
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

"Charlotte was a married lady,
And a most delightful mother,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would have nothing to do but her.

"So he sighed, and pined, and sighed,
And his passion boiled and bubbled,
Till he blew out his silly brains,
And no more was by them troubled.

"Charlotte having seen his body
Borne to his long home in a shutter,
Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter."

A WISE man, as well as witty, was Theodore Hook, when he told the alderman who had already contributed to any given charity, to be afraid of still another course.

"I think you ought to, if it's the same to you, I'll take the rest in money."

INVENTIVE SIMPLICITY.—"Spell cat," said a little girl of five years of age, the other day, to a smaller one of three.

"I can't," was the reply.

"Well, then, continued the youthful mistress, "if you can't spell cat, spell kitten and mittens."

THERE is a girl at the Troy seminary with such clear eyes that she can see the price mark on her coffee-cups. Of her eyes, blue and oval, like plums, we shall—no we shan't, we feel that we can't.

A lady—JENNINGS said a few days since to her girl, with a pompous and bare feet, "mother says you will oblige her by washing her a few potatoes and filling that crust with vinegar—putting a little soft soap in this pan—and please not let your turkey gobblers roost on our fence."

"BIDDY," said the landlady of a boarding-house to a new girl, "you must always be sure to take the bread we had for dinner, or boil it?" (The bread had been stolen.)

"Faix," replied Biddy, anxious to appear *au fait* in the subtle art of cookery, "I'm sure, mistress, I did both."

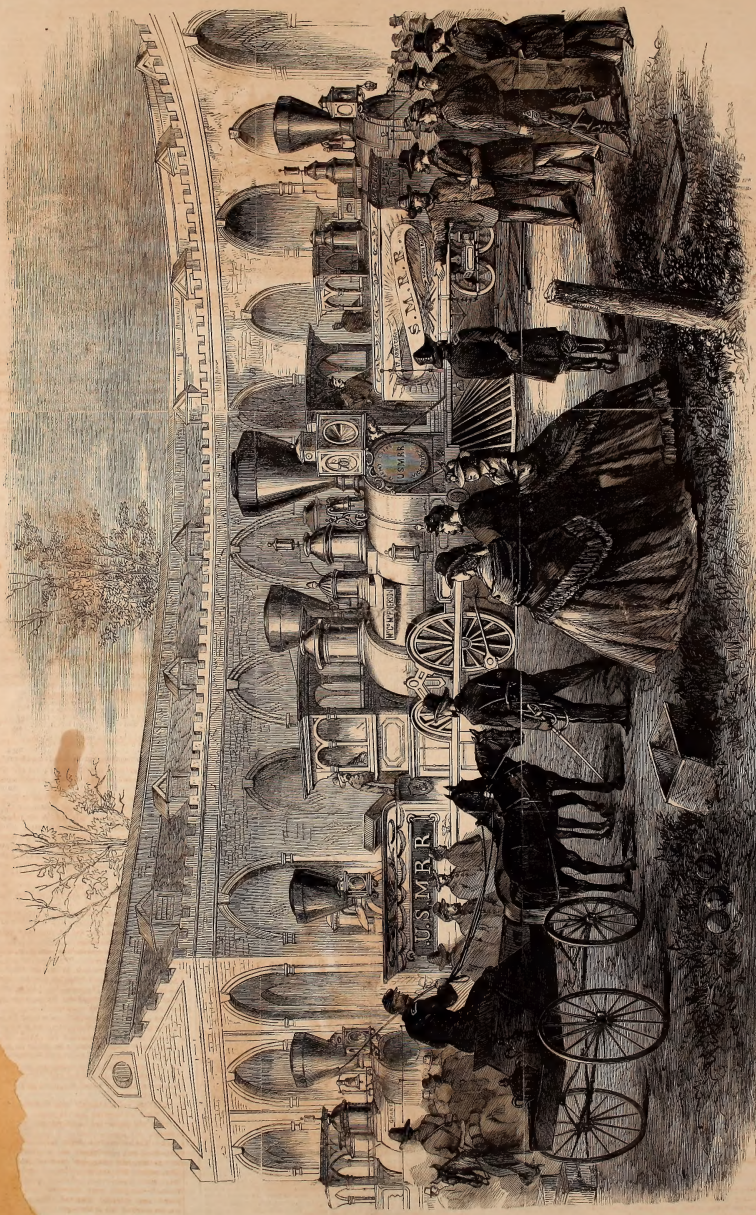
HOW TO MAKE THINGS PLEASANT IN AN OMNIBUS.—Take a bulldog in with you; or a company of babies; or produce a pistol, and quietly cock it; or pull out a Police Gazette out of your pocket, and as you read it look most intently at the features of every person in the omnibus.

DID you ever hear of the Yankees, who, boasting of a visit to George III., and his families with them, said his Majesty would have asked them to dine if it had not been washing day?

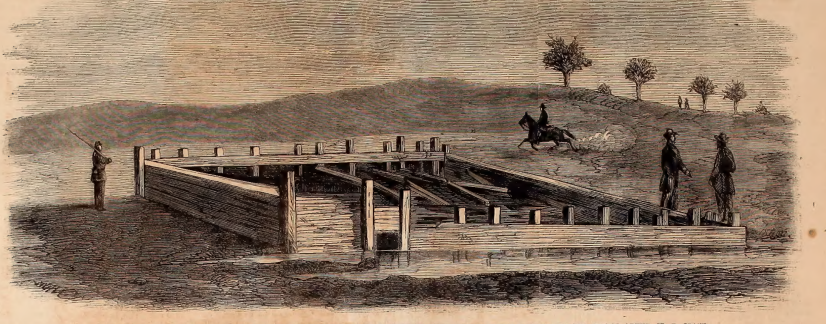
"CAN you tell me, Billy, how it is that the chanticleer always keeps his feathers so sleek and smooth?"

"Well, I'll tell you. He always carries his wife with him."

THE human race, like an antic gods, are always going—going—gone.



FIVE LOCOMOTIVES BUILT AT VICKSBURG BY THE SOLDIERS UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF COL. COLLIAUGH, OF GEN. McPHERSON'S STAFF.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWD. B SCHELL.

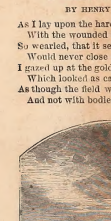


THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA—REBEL FLOATING BATTERY DRIVEN BY A STORM ON FOLLY ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

A VISION IN THE NIGHT.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

As I lay upon the hard, cold ground,
With the wounded and the slain,
So wearied, that it seemed my eyes
Would never close again,
I gazed up at the golden stars,
Which looked as calmly down
As though the field was crowned with corn,
And not with bodies strown.



Between me and the golden stars
A fleecy cloud passed by:
And, lo! a shadowy form appeared
Against the midnight sky.
It was no dream—I could not sleep,
My wounds forbade all rest—
I saw the form of my true wife,
With a baby on her breast.

I saw her looking down on me,
I felt her blessed smile,
And the night-wind swept upon my ear
An infant's cry the while.
I raised my helpless hands to her,
As I would bid her stay;
But the shadowy form, more shadowy grown
Passed silently away.

Passed upward, upward till 'twas lost
In the vast depths of space,
And darkness folded in the form
That shrank from my embrace.
A longing, wild, intense, came on,
That deadened every pain,
And, sick at heart, I hoped 'gainst hope,
That it would come again.

The hours sped on, the stars grew pale,
The dawn of day had come;
And then—I think I fell asleep,
Dreaming sweet dreams of home.
They came not—never more to me!
I saw them on their way—
My dead wife and her newborn babe—
To the bleat realms of day.

LINDA,

The Dancing Girl of the Cafe St. Nicol.

By Mrs. M. A. Denison.

IT was past the hour of midnight. Paris was in a haze of cloud; the thin, fine mist almost shrouded the lights of the great city. Here and there, in the wide streets, notes of music might be heard—here and there one looked in on bright saloons temptingly filled. Ladies smiled over their brimming glasses, and gay-looking gentlemen pledged them.

In one of these cafés there was a little stage at the extreme end, covered by a brilliant curtain. Many an expectant glance was directed that way. Sometimes there were murmurs of appreciation.

"We are expected to go into raptures over this new talent, I suppose!"

"Oh! yes, as usual, at so much a head. Always supposing that each new comer is so lovely as a flower."

The speakers were two men. One of them seemed new to society. He was a stranger in Paris, having come from some little town in the outskirts to write for the newspapers. He had a small fortune—very small—which he had decided to husband with the strictest economy. His eyes and brow were remarkably fine—the former possessing an almost supernatural brilliancy. For years he had longed to try his luck in the great capital. He had decided genius. His articles had been accepted by some of the leading journals which did not know him. They were published solely on account of their merit. Now he had seen the city of his desire; he was a novice in gaiety, and therefore fair game for the speculators. Would his hitherto stainless life still be continued amidst these dangers? Would the memory of his mother—the gentle sister he had left behind—the grave of his father—would the remembrance of all these keep him from vice?

Eugene, that was his name, was present in the café, to write down the raptures he had spoken about for the *Journal sans Esprit*. His companion was an older man by twelve years. Eugene was yet but twenty-three. Louis l'Eturele, shrewd and vicious, had yet the reputation of honesty. He was naturally handsome, but thus early had recourse to cosmetics. His moustache and hair were dyed, but so artfully one could never notice the deception. He was a man of brilliant parts—had run through a fortune and now lived by his wits. It was unfortunate that Eugene had fallen into such society.

"These dancers are not always young," observed Louis. "It's amusing to see their grimaces when they pretend to be. There's Madame Fullerton, come fifty, and yet she pretends to agility."

"But I assure you," said some one who sat near, "this Mademoiselle Linda is very young and very lovely. I have seen her in broad daylight—that is test enough. She is scarcely seventeen, and she seems not fourteen. Hark! was that the bell?"

"It wants five minutes," said Eugene, consulting his watch.

"I suppose you have heard her story," continued the last speaker.

"I have heard that she had a story," said Eugene, sipping his coffee.

"Oh! yes, there's an old woman with her continually—so old! but I'm told very bright and agile for one of her age. She guards the lamb with vigilance, I assure you. No one can speak to her, not even in this old Margrave's presence—that is her name. She was nurse in the family twenty years ago—no, thirty; and there are some strange mysteries connected with it, as I have heard. The existence of this child is supposed to be unknown—and the brother is immensely rich—the son of a great wine merchant who was said to have committed suicide, years ago, on account of some crime. Very well—it's a somewhat mixed-up matter, to be sure, and I can only get at what there are here and there; but this brother, who changed his name, previously travelling through Germany and Russia. Now, as this old nurse has learned, he is in Paris, and would you believe it, the two—child and nurse—are looking for this brother as one would look for a needle in hay. Of course they don't want to advertise—that would necessitate bringing to the mind of the wealthy man some disagreeable reminiscences which he had rather would be kept in the dark—for it is said his father committed a murder. So on the strength of a memory nearly twenty years old, these two poor creatures are going round the country."

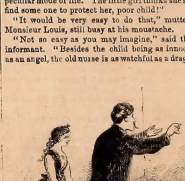
Upon Eugene this story made a strong impression. Louis twisted his moustache and smiled to himself.

"They are very poor, then," said Eugene.

"Of course; they must toil for their daily bread, and this is the reason why they have chosen this peculiar mode of life. The little girl thinks she may find some one to protect her, poor child!"

"It would be very easy to do that," muttered Monsieur Louis, still busy at his moustache.

"Not so easy as you may imagine," said their informant. "Besides the child being as innocent as an angel, the old nurse is as watchful as a dragon.



The Manager returning the Ring.

Indeed, the whole mind and will of both are bent upon finding this lost relation, who will protect the poor child and keep her from possible degradation."

The eyes of Louis flashed. He had an idea, and left his moustache for his opera glass, for the bell was just beginning to tinkle and the few musicians had just struck up a lively air.

Another moment and the bright curtain went up. Behind it was a floral scene, very charming, representing a garden of roses, with groups of statuary here and there. Presently, emerging from one of the side scenes, a fairy little figure came forth. The dark skirts of a woman were just visible. Probably the nurse was still jealously watching her darling. It was indeed a lovely, childish figure, that of the *danseuse*. She came forward naturally, a soft crimson just lighting up the paleness of her cheeks, her eyes moist and shining, and her lips parted in a beautiful smile.

"Lovely creature—*charmante*—most beautiful!" resounded on all sides.

"I never saw such hair in all my life," said Louis, critically, after holding his breath a moment in astonishment. "It gleams like pale gold—and what a lustrous complexion. That girl is going to be the most beautiful woman in Paris."

"She looks so innocent!" murmured Eugene; "poor little creature! she ought not to be there."

"No, by Jove!" exclaimed the other, with an accent that made Eugene turn to look at him. "No," he continued, seeing the kind of impression he had made, "truly she ought not to be there. She should find her brother and the shelter of a home—or else," he added, "a place on the boards of the royal theatre."

"Oh! no, no, not there!" said Eugene, shuddering; "she is too young and too pure."

"She will not always be so young," said Louis quietly.

The child had made a strong impression at the Café St. Nicol. Everybody was in raptures with her beauty, her grace, her seeming intelligence. The curtain fell amidst prolonged applause. It was raised again—the beautiful creature came forward—bouquets were showered upon the stage—and one splendid diamond ring, attached to a moss rosebud, fell at her feet. The girl picked it



The Dancing Girl receiving her first Wages.

up, looking smiling and surprised, bowed again and retired. Again the curtain went down, but the excited crowd seemed not yet satisfied. Once more the glittering fabric was slowly raised. A man stood there, attired in black velvet. He held Mademoiselle Linda by the hand. After a moment there was silence, caused by seeing something glittering between his thumb and finger. It was the manager of the popular café, and he held the diamond bauble.

"I thank my friends," he said, in a humble voice, "for their tokens of interest. The little lady, Mademoiselle Linda, thanks them too. But I am requested to say, by the respectable lady who has charge of the young mademoiselle, that she cannot, on any account, permit the acceptance of the ring which has been thrown on the stage. She begs me to inform the donor that such gifts are entirely unsuited to the young lady's position at present, and the owner can have the same by applying to me at my usual stand, any time this evening. I have the happiness and honor to assure you that Miss Linda will continue to dance at this place for the remainder of the week."

This speech was received in profound silence. Was ever such a thing heard before? A gift of such costliness refused—equal to gold, for it might, in the hands of a mercenary person, have been turned into that magic metal. Who ever before was known to do all this metropolis so three back upon the giver a fortune like that? There were many surmises as to who the donor might be, but he kept his secret, for the time was not claimed till the next day, and in such a manner that nobody was any the wiser.

Monsieur Louis pulled his moustache harder than ever.

"That person is a fool!" he said, in a quick, spiteful voice.

"I think she shows wisdom. It is as much as to say: Gentlemen, you cannot buy the good graces of this child, no, not for unounted treasure," spoke up Victorine. "I can fancy that my mother would have done the same thing."

"Pshaw! why, a few gifts like that would enable the woman to take the child out of the way of temptation—she could withdraw from the world and bring her charge up lamblike to the end. I don't know what to make of her. At any rate, the girl is an angel."

"That she is," echoed Eugene; "the purest and most beautiful face I have ever seen. Much more beautiful than my sister, and I did not think there were any like her."

"What! you have a pretty sister, then?" said Monsieur Louis, tossing off his glass.

"You would say so," returned the youth, boastfully, "if you could see her picture. Sometime I will show it to you. It will be a great favor, for there are very few to whom I would venture. But you have been so kind, showing me round and extending favors, that I shall be only too happy."

"Thank you, a thousand times," replied the other, concealing a smile as he applied a napkin to his mouth.

CHAPTER II.

To return to the little *danseuse*. The proprietor of the café met Mrs. Margrave, the nurse, after his neat little speech, in a private room.

"I have executed your commands, madame," he said.

"And did any one come for the ring?" asked the nurse, eagerly.

"Oh! no, madame—that we could scarcely expect. Such a thing is not often given in these places."

"I would on no account accept it," said the old woman, taking the child by the hand. "Well, darling, do you feel any fatigue?"

"No; not at all," replied the girl; "but oh! Margrave, why did you not allow me to keep it? It was so beautiful! I never had anything like it in my life."

"What do you think would be said, Linda, of a young lady in your situation? No, child, not till you come to your rights shall stones of such value sparkle upon you."

"Well, I suppose you are right, nurse," said the girl. "Of course you are. But still it was a gift."

"You do not know the danger that sometimes lurks in gifts, child; no, no, they shall not buy my darling, the 'Rose of Provence Parisians,'" murmured the woman, tenderly.

"Here is your pay," said the proprietor, "and I am ready to make you a larger offer if you will still continue at my café. Name your terms and they shall be complied with."

"I hardly know as yet whether Linda can undergo the fatigue of another engagement," said the nurse, looking at her anxiously.

"Oh! yes, I can," cried the girl; "I am not so very tired, and I can rest all day, you know."

Madame Margrave smiled at her eagerness, and made her bargain with the manager. At the conclusion she left the café by a back door, where a person out of back stood in waiting, and the two were driven to a tall, somber-looking house in the Rue St. Grange. Opening the door with her own private key, the old lady went wearily up three pair of stairs and entered a small but, when the candles were lighted, cheerful room.

"Margrave, ain't you getting tired of this sort of life?" asked Linda, eyeing her old nurse curiously.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I have heard that dancers in the great theatres get, oh! a mint of money, and do not dance every night either. And it seems to me we should stand a better chance of finding him!"

"Oh! child," cried the nurse, in accents of horror, "I would not have you go upon the boards of those places for thousands upon thousands. It is bad enough as it is. Besides, there is no place like these cafés for bringing a variety of nations together."

"But then, if we should never find my poor brother, I might make you rich, you know. Then we should no longer be obliged to seek him in this way, but could travel at our ease."

"Do you think me afraid of ease?" queried the nurse, almost sternly. "Has, indeed, the sight of the diamond ring nearly turned your brain, silly child?"

"Oh! no, nurse—you know me better; but I do not like to see you looking so pale and anxious—and so I should like to make a fortune for you."

"Never fear for me, child," said the nurse. "If I can only restore you to your rights and to a protector before I die, it is all I ask."

Oh! don't talk of dying," said Linda, impetuously. "You must live a great many years yet, to exult in my good fortune, and yours, too; for when my brother finds me, of course he will be so thankful to you. For he must be very lonely, poor man."

"You forget he may have a wife."

"So I do; a wife and children—and they would be my little nieces and nephews—dear little children! why think of it. And I love children so—how delighted I should be!"

"Well, well, child, we'll wait till we find them—so eat your supper now."

"But, Margrave, I wonder if my brother was handsome enough to marry a pretty wife? Was he handsome?"

"He was, when I last saw him, a beautiful young man," was the reply. "His skin was rather brown, but then he had a bright color in the cheeks, and dark eyes, and handsome curly hair—and such a bright, winning smile."

"Oh! didn't I see him to-night, then ?" cried the girl, with glittering eyes.

"See him to-night, child?"

"Yes, yes—I know I must have seen him. Dark eyes and curly hair, such hair, and such a smile, and a bright red color in his cheeks."

"What are you talking about, Linda ?" queried the nurse, sternly.

"You may see what you please, Margrave, but I do believe I have seen my brother. I noticed his smile in particular, for he often looked at me—indeed all the time," said the artless girl.

"Child, are you gone crazy ?" cried the nurse, with a look of extreme concern. "How old did he seem—this man ?"

"Oh! young, very young—about twenty, perhaps."

"Do you know, Linda, that it is twenty years since I have seen him, and he must be now past thirty."

"Is thirty old, then ?" asked the *danseuse*.

"Of course—that is, when past thirty would not be likely to look like twenty. You can think for yourself that it would not be the case. It is very unwise to conclude from appearances. Have you always been so particularly ?"

Linda felt her cheeks flush.

"One cannot keep one's eyes shut in such a place," she said, almost petulantly.

"To be sure not, nor do I want you to. But as I have so often cautioned you before, I say now, be careful how you fix your regards on strangers. Young girls in your position are not respected unless they are extremely careful, and that is why I always accompany you, and insist upon such stringent rules. You have no mother, and I am bound not to see you come to grief."

"Dear old Margrave, please don't mind my fault-finding," cried the girl, suddenly grateful. "I promise you I will be just as careful as you wish."

CHAPTER III.

It was the interior of a splendid saloon. Monsieur had at last entered the young and thoughtless stranger to enter one of those Paris haunts from which, sometimes, the breathless forms of the ruined are carried to the Morgue. Eugene did not play deep, however—he was wary, and after gaining a little he refused further venture.

"I am thinking of the Lords," said the elder companion, with a slightly curling lip.

"To tell you the truth, I am afraid I think of her a great deal too much. I wish my sister was here, I would certainly manage to become acquainted with her."

"Oh! that can be done easily," said Louis.

"Pray tell me how ?"

"Merely by your representing that you think you have found her brother."

"And who shall have the honor of representing that brother ?"

"I shall," was the short reply.

Eugene, inasmuch as he thought, looked curiously at his friend, but he saw there only a merry smile.

"What is your meaning?" he asked.

"Merely that you should wish to confer with them about this brother, and the best way to do that is to send up an abrupt message when you find them. This will take them by surprise, and they will admit you."

"Perhaps."

"It is almost certain to. Such very prudent people are easily thrown off their guard."

"But then you are not her brother."

"How do you know ?"

"Sure enough," said Eugene, starting, "how do I know? If you are——"

"Well, if I am, what then ?"

"Then I shall certainly have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with her."

"Perhaps not. I might in that case act the tyrant, and demand riches for my sister."

"Oh! well, undoubtedly I shall be rich."

"What, on the proceeds of your pen ?" queried Louis, with an unpleasant laugh.

Eugene colored. He had not assuredly received much encouragement for his literary arrangement, as yet, and his money was largely encroached upon.

"Ah! I am sure you would give me a chance," he said, with a manner that made him at the moment a special pleader. "But suppose you are not her brother, and I am inclined to that belief myself, what then ?"

"Why, then, it will be a good frolic."

"Nothing more? How will you get out of the scrape if you have no proof ?"

"Leave that to me; I was always peculiarly fertile in expedients. It can all be easily accounted for. I have a sister somewhere whom I am trying to see, and in seeking her I thought I had found her. If not, adieu, and pardon for the trouble."

"You are a queer fellow, to be sure!" said Eugene, thoughtfully. "I am sure my sister will not approve."

"You should not have left your sister, young man, or you should have tied yourself to her apron-string, and so come to the great capital defiant of danger or temptation."

"I see you are making sport of me," returned Eugene, a little ashamed of his honest impulses, in the presence of this wily man of the world. "I assure you I am no more tied than other young men to the will of another."

"Bah! but you must prove that."

"How?"

"By making this experiment—that is, if you are not afraid of the consequences."

"I have no fear of anything," said Eugene, who was in reality afraid of the opinion of this very man.

"Then you consent."

"It will be a good joke—I don't care if I do."

"With your artistic imagination, there is no fear but you can get up a plausible story," returned Monsieur Louis. "But now let us to the cafe. This is the last night of the Linda, and we will at all events see her."

There, in the café, was the same brilliancy of light and display of dress, the showy curtain hanging at the end as usual. The poor nurse was longing for this engagement to close. She, too, had seen the young man, of whom now Linda scarcely spoke, seat himself night after night at the same table. She had watched the varying countenance of her charge, and trembled at the intensity of the admiration Linda was thus engaged in that one short week. While dancing she did not look bravely and childishly over the audience as before, but cast down her eyes, as we saw now and then, as they were lifted, a sudden scarlet overspread her cheeks.

Anon, on looking up, she met the ardent gaze of the young man whose face she had so much admired. At home she also seemed changed, and nurse Margrave noticed it with a sensation of pain. She was afraid this was her work—her glances seemed to look a great way off; she said nothing about her brother, and sighed as she remembered that the engagement was at an end.

As for the frequenters of the café, they were many of them wondering what other novelty would be introduced when this *petite danseuse* should be gone.

Louis sipped his coffee calmly. Eugene could only look on in silence—his coffee and delicate tarts stood untasted before him.

"If I have heard," said Louis, "that she is to dance in one of the theatres, which one is a secret as yet. Most managers would pay a heavy sum for that golden hair!"

"I hope not," exclaimed "Eugene, starting. "Your child! what a life may be before her!"

"Not unless somebody outwits that old duenna. Upon my word, she does look uncommonly pretty to-night!"

This was called forth by the sudden applause that was almost deafening. The proprietor stood bowing, the little dancer at his side. At that moment a very tiny bouquet, tied with a blue ribbon, was thrown upon the small stage. The proprietor lifted it with a smile and presented it to the little lady, who lit up with such an acknowledgment that sent the crowd off into raptures.

"To-morrow," whispered Louis to Eugene.

CHAPTER IV.

It required not a little ingenuity to find the residence of nurse Margrave, but Eugene, determined not to be foiled, at last announced that he had been successful.

One morning the nurse was compelled to leave her charge earlier than usual, to attend to some money matters. Linda should have been very happy, for she was to the creation of two weeks, to do as she pleased, and to buy her a new wardrobe for the coming winter. Should have been, but she was not. The absence of the young stranger continually filled her mind. That she should never see him again she feared, and the thought caused her intense suffering. She sat alone, brooding over her new and strange emotions, till a knock at the door startled her. It opened, and an elfish-looking girl, with wild, tangled locks, entered after bidding. Linda seldom did this. She had no occasion to call upon either the nurse or her charge, consequently Linda had never seen her so near. The uncouth apparition almost frightened her. She regarded her with an uneasy look.

"What do you want?" she asked.

The strange girl eyed her for some moments in silent wonder. She had heard of the beautiful young *danseuse*, but was not prepared for so much loveliness.

"Please, there's a gentleman downstairs," said the object.

Linda's heart beat high for a moment.

"Well ?" she interrogatrd.

"He told me to give this to you," and casting one final glance, the girl pushed a note into her hand and stood back, folding her arms behind her. Linda opened the note and read rapidly :

"May I see you for a few moments? I think I can give you intelligence of your brother."

Her eyes grew bright—she clasped her hands together like one in a rapture.

"Oh! tell him to come up, instantly," she said, with an eagerness she did not try to dissemble.

What was her astonishment when the girl ushered into her room the elegant young stranger—Eugene—our visitor at the café. For a moment she was speechless—the next, recovering a small part of her equanimity, she offered him a dainty chair, her own, and the only article of luxury in the apartment. Eugene, on his side, was also covered with confusion, and did not remember his *rôle*. He sat down—took one hasty glance at the poor room with its bare walls and pine wardrobe, three little fire of coals in the grate, the dingy mantelpiece, the table on which the tea-tray, though quite clean, were still left standing, ready for the next meal.

"I trust you will pardon this unceremonious introduction," he said at last. "I am Eugene Atelle; I have seen you at the Café St. Nicol, and have been enchanted with your dancing."

Her vivid blush helped him to remember that this was neither the time nor the place for compliments. But Linda's exceeding loveliness as she stood there before him, her luxuriant hair wound in heavy coils round her head, her complexion looking almost warm in its delicacy, her grave way of acknowledgment made him nervous. Besides, he knew that his errand was not exactly an honorable one, that it involved the sacrifice of the truth, and it was the first time in his life he had squarely acted a lie. These things troubled him, nevertheless for the time he could only go right on, the little unexpected force without flinching, whatever might be the consequences.

"I came, also, in behalf of a friend, who thinks, and who I think may be perhaps the brother you have so long been in search of."

"Oh! how do you know this? I mean, what leads you to think this?" Oh! it is only the final my dear brother I should be so happy! Tell me what he looks like—is he handsome ?"

"He is called handsome."

"And is he married? and has he any darling little children ?"

Eugene with difficulty repressed a smile, so eager, artless, childish she was.

"I think, Miss Linda, he is not married. Pardon me for using your given name, but I have become familiar with it on the bills, and I do not know the other."

"Of course you do not, and I am not to tell you my surname at present. At any rate, I go by my good nurse's name, which is Margrave. But I had rather all who like me call me Linda. My name is Linda."

"It's a beautiful name, and something like my sister's," he said; "my dear sister Lily."

"Ah! that is a sweet name. So you have a sister," Linda began, quickly approaching confidence. "Oh! how I wish I knew her. I do so long to know some young girl near my own age. Nurse would die if I were to attempt to associate with any one of my own calling—oh! dear, what would she do? Is your sister in Paris?"

He shook his head. Every moment he was becoming more and more unwilling to go on with his acting. How could he impose upon this innocent, pure creature? He almost hated Louis, for having had brought the stranger; he quite hated himself.

"Oh! no, she is not in Paris—I hope she never may be," he said, hurriedly.

"Why, don't you like Paris? I think it is beautiful. If I ever get my rights, and of course you know I still have some time, I will take such pleasure in going round, not to amuse people, but to be amused. But do you know I love dancing greatly, and I mean to make the profession ! Nurse had the rheumatic fever terribly three years ago, and that has rendered her incapable of working, you see. If it was not for that, she'd never hear of her doing anything for a living, for it was her hope to support me."

"I hear you are going into one of the theatres," said Eugene.

"What! to cance ? I don't know where my next engagement will be, though I do know nurse has had several offers. It seems odd to me that I should be in demand."

"I don't think so," said Eugene, betraying the admiration he felt.

"I don't know if I should listen to compliments, nevertheless I thank you for your kind appreciation. I used to wonder if you—if you"—blushing violently as she found she had betrayed herself, she could not for confusion finish the sentence.

"Was satisfied that my coffee was palatable?" said Eugene, laughing. "That was what you meant. To tell you the truth, at the Café St. Nicol I was satisfied with everything, more than satisfied, but it has lost all charms for me now," and he sighed involuntarily.

Linda looked down, feeling that she dared not meet his glances, though she was a young lady, for she could not disguise to herself that never in her whole life had she been so happy as in these few precious moments.

"You will, of course, dance somewhere," he said.

"You forget that if this gentleman you speak of is my brother, I shall probably have no need to dance in public."

Again he colored violently. What a mean wretch he felt himself, no pen could tell.

"Of course," he stammered. "I had forgotten that; indeed, in your society one cannot help forgetting all things else."

"Ah! that is flattery," said Linda.

"No, no! I am sincere. Heaven knows I would not flatter you; I speak the truth—I—I trust I always do."

How could he do else but stammer there, conscious that his presence was part of an acted lie?

Linda knew not how to interpret his confusion. To turn it into another emotion, she lifted the beautiful bouquet that had been thrown to her the previous night.

"That is exquisite!" cried Eugene, like one

catching at my straw. "Those are the choicest flowers that can be had for love or money. What delicious roses? You have had many bouquets, I suppose?"

"None so perfect as that. Do you know who I honed had thrown it?" she queried, archly.

He blushed and smiled as he answered:

"I wish it had been me."

"Oh! it was not you, then," she said a little disquisitionist in her look.

"No, unfortunately—it never seemed to me to convey anything more than the merest friendship, and that was so much less than I would profess, if I dared. But allow me to take it."

She gave it to him. He turned it round and round, admiring its perfection.

"It feels strangely here—why, upon my word, here is gold. See—see—a splendid ring! diamonds as I live!"

He had removed the ribbon a little, and there, enclosing the stems, was, as he said, a diamond ring of great value. She came nearer, her eyes sparkling.

"Shall I take it off?" he asked.

"Certainly."

"It is the very same ring!" she exclaimed, as she received it from him. "I should know it anywhere, for that night I had it on my finger."

"You mean the one that your guardian, the woman who goes with you, refused to let you keep."

"The very same—oh! I wonder if she will take it from me now? Yet, she might if she does. I don't want to think too much of such things. Nurse says many people have come to ruin by the love of such beautiful things, and I am sure I should rather be good and never have a ring."

Eugene looked at the beautiful face with new and deeper admiration.

"But isn't it lovely? Oh! how the stones sparkle!"

"It is a ring of very peculiar construction," said Eugene, again examining the ornament. "I should judge too, that it was old; the setting is somewhat antique, but as you say, the stones are not only beautiful but extremely valuable. There can be no deception in that."

At this moment the clock struck seven. It startled him. Time had never flown over him such light and swift wings to either of them before. Linda had slipped the ring on her finger, and was carelessly turning it now this way, now that, to admire the effect of its brilliant tints.

"What can make Margrave stay so long?"

"I forget you are expecting your nurse, and I know not what apology I could possibly make to her."

Your errand is, I think, apology enough," said Linda, gravely.

"To be sure it is, but in the charming—pardon me, I will not compliment. I was merely going to say"—and again perplexed. Should he tell the truth, and confess himself a villain? Should he tell this guileless creature that she was the victim of a plot, a conspiracy, and bid her beware of all who should seek her confidence, or try to impose upon her credulity? He stammered and turned red; in fact, he was at the point of confessing, when suddenly the front door below slammed to with a peculiar sound.

"It is my nurse," said Linda, in inexplicable feeling during her unconscious. "Now she has come you must tell her more about this man whom you suppose to be my brother than you have me."

It is the action to say that Eugene trembled from head to foot. His heart had misgiven him more than once; now his confidence deserted him. He seemed to go, feeling instantly that he might brush past her on the stairs, and get out before she could see him.

CHAPTER V.

IN vain he summoned up his resolution, her hand was already on the doorlatch. He did not cower, but he instinctively retreated against the wall. The door went open against him; the old lady entered.

"Oh! darling!" she cried, "darling! I've such news to tell you. What is the matter—how you pale! Ah!" for turning she had confronted Eugene. Her face grew gray with anger. She darted fiery glances at the one then at the other.

"It may be, nurse, that he has been beforehand with the good news," said Linda, trembling, she knew not why.

"What do you mean, child?" the woman asked in quick but grieved tones. "Oh! Linda, what am I to think? Has this young man ever been here before?"

"Never!" answered Linda and Eugene, in the same breath.

"And, nurse, he would not have come here to-day, only he thinks he has found my brother."

"Your proofs, young man," said the nurse, sternly.

"Pardon me, it is late, and I have already encroached upon mademoiselle's time. I prefer to reduce the proofs to writing."

The nurse smiled grimly.

"You see, confiding girl, he dare not or cannot answer me. Sir, you are at liberty to go."

"Oh! nurse, at least hear him," said Linda, quite overcome with her friend's rudeness, as she thought it.

"No, I prefer to read what he shall see fit to write me. My child, you do not know the world as well as I do. Pray heaven you never may. Young man, I bid you once you were at liberty to go."

"I trust you will not do me dishonour in your thoughts, either of you;" he said, humbly casting an appealing look towards the dancer that almost brought the tears to her eyes.

"The quicker you disappear the less reason I shall have," said the inexorable nurse. She held the door open. Eugene bowed, and overwhelmed, not so much with confusion for being found there, as regret at the dissimulation he had used, and which he had not the art or the vileness to continue, moved slowly out, and down the stairs.

"Now," said the nurse, standing with her back against the door, as if to bar it from all future intruders, "now Linda, what have you to say for yourself? How often have I told you never to admit any one in my absence?"

"Oh! nurse, but he came with such a message—a message about my brother," sobbed Linda.

"Well, what did he tell you about your brother?"

Linda started and trembled. For the first time she thought he had absolutely told her nothing about him—not one word in the long hour he had staid there. She could not answer.

"How long has he been here?"

"Since ten," was the reply.

"And has not, I dare to say, mentioned the errand that brought him here. Linda, he is a bad man, or he never would have dared to gain admittance here on any such pretext. I tell you he is false and bad."

"He is neither, nurse," cried the young girl, with energy; "I am sure he is good, and you have no right to speak so. I have done no harm, and if we got talking about other things it is my fault as well as his."

At that moment the nurse caught sight of the glittering ring. From pallor her face changed to the crimson of anger.

"Great heaven!" she cried, "what is that on your finger?"

Linda looked down terrified.

"Wicked, foolish, misguided girl, to accept such a gift from a man you know nothing of."

"I did not," gasped Linda; "he never gave it to me."

"Then where did you get it?"

"It was in that bouquet."

"What bouquet, child; are you delirious?"

"Did I ever deceive you?" cried Linda, impetuously. "You shall not be cross to me. I am no longer a little child to be scolded. I say it was in this bouquet," and she took it up; "it was round the stem, under the ribbon."

"How in the world came you to find it, then?"

"I did not; he found it," sobbed the girl.

"Linda, are you mad or simply idiotic? How would he know of the ring's being there if he did not place it there? Of course it was he who gave you the bouquet."

"It never was," returned the girl, with vehemence.

"And how do you know?"

"He told me so."

"Then he told an untruth."

"No, I will not think that—I never will think that. It is not possible that he told a lie. I am sure that he never placed the ring there—never gave me the bouquet."

"Let me see the ring."

The girl took it from her finger.

The woman surveyed it with great interest for some moments, murmuring as she did so, "It is the second time."

"I shall return it again," she added aloud, resolutely.

"But to whom?"

"To the proprietor of the Café St. Nicol."

"And he will perhaps keep it. Since the person is determined I shall have it, I would not return it only by advertisement. Mr. Atolle, the young man, whoever he was, said it was of great value."

The nurse was still intent on her examination. She turned the ring round and round, and the scrutinised the innocent child-face of her charge.

"Maybe I'm a little hasty, Linda," she said, after a few moments' silence; "but if I am, remember it is my love for you that makes me so cautious. As for this young man, I see that you will have interest in him. I could desire, for he may prove to be good and true. I hope he will, for your sake. He did wrong, however, to come here on any such pretext. He should have let me know nothing, and never meant to tell you anything about your brother. I shall keep the ring, for there may come a time when we shall need its value to help us. You can tell what may happen. Come, come, darling, cheer up, it's always the darkest before day, and perhaps your day is going to break soon; only you must be more careful after this, and don't admit young gentlemen at unreasonable hours. It's my opinion that the police watched till he saw the young gentleman had gone out, this morning. And now for the good news. You and I are to travel with a lady all over the Continent. Think what a chance to find your brother!"

Linda's countenance fell.

"I don't want to travel," she said; "I want to stay in Paris. It is in Paris we shall find him if anywhere. Besides, if I go, I must go as a servant."

"No, indeed, child, you go to exhibit, as before," said the old nurse, eagerly. "This woman is establishing a company of some kind, dancers and singers, and she wants to make your fortune. Besides it will be romantic, for we shall travel through picturesque villages and pretty towns, and drive out all the time. And she will give you some new costumes and treat you like an angel. It will be much better than taking the engagement at the theatre."

"What! is there an engagement offered me?" cried Linda, with sparkling eyes, "and at one of the Parisian theatres? Oh! Margrave, take that, do."

"Child," said her nurse, sternly, "I did not know that you loved this foolish life so well. To put you upon those boards might prove your ruin. They would not let me be with you as I am elsewhere, and you, so young and inexperienced, would be surrounded with the worst of characters. Oh! would that I could work for you, if we had but bread and water to live on. Oh! would that I could find your brother again."

"Don't cry, Margrave," said Linda, softened at her tears: "you may do what you please with me. But you are mistaken if you think I love this life very dearly. I don't think I do. I believe I should be very happy in a little cottage, or a single room in a cottage, if I could make flowers or tend birds, or have a little money that I might not have to work very hard. There now, you are smiling as much as to say you see I do not love work very well. But I could work, and I will, for you, Margrave—only," and her countenance fell again, "it is so hard to leave Paris, where I have been so happy. We could I not dance all summer at the Café St. Nicol?"

"For good and sufficient reasons," said the nurse, gravely.

"Well, then, I suppose I must be content;" and Linda sighed and was silent.

CHAPTER VI.

"There! what did I tell you?" cried the nurse, triumphantly, on that same day. She entered the room where Linda was preparing for her day's sewing, half-an-hour after Eugene had left. "Didn't I say that a young man was an impostor? And yet he has not behaved so very bad. Now listen—" Linda did listen, with flushed cheeks and a beating heart.

The letter ran as follows:

"Most respected Madame Margrave—

"That's very nicely put," said the nurse, looking up for a moment while she adjusted her spectacles, and then went on with her reading:

"I am a young man from the city of Rouen. I am by profession a writer. You may have seen my articles in the *Sentinel* and the *——Review*, always signed with a double X. But pardon me for speaking so much about myself. It is only a month ago I first saw mademoiselle—and—"

"I believe I will not read this aloud."

"Oh! yes, you will," cried Linda, cunningly. "All yes, you will," and curiously now; but still though I do so, it is under protest of my own conscience:

"It is only a month ago I first saw Mademoiselle Linda Rochelle at the Café St. Nicol. I was then in company with a gentleman whom I had learned to respect highly, and who proved to be the soul of honor. He had done me many good favors, though I have reason to believe it was for selfish purposes. This gentleman, Mr. Atolle, looked on the fair mademoiselle with more than a passing interest. But I have reason to think that while I was actuated by the noblest of motives (for I think God that even in Paris I have done nothing that would permanently dishonor me), he was not so innocent. I never than admired mademoiselle. I loved her, and not only that, but even it, though my poverty will probably bar me for many years from an alliance with her, I hope to win her heart, nurse—lessly suggested that, as we had heard the story connected with the *danseuse*, I should gain admittance to mademoiselle, and represent that I believed I had found her brother. After that introduction I could easily bring the matter to a proof. How far he would have gone in this matter I do not know. He might even have intended upon you, madame, for he is a powerful man whenever he is interested. I entered into it as young and inexperienced, never thinking of the consequences, only wishing to see mademoiselle myself, and thinking that I could send innocently. But I am punished thoroughly for my presumption. I cannot say nothing could be keener than the mortification of the failure of my interview. I had but constructed me to confess the deception, and then I should have every reason for leaving the intruding upon your privacy. As for the mademoiselle, I should trust to her contrition. I know not what Monsieur Louis will say when he learns that I have played false with his falseness, but I trust he will not punish me for my friendship, since I learn that there may be too much confidence placed even in one's friends. To this much I owe at least to the good mother who brought me up to despise meanness and abhor treachery. I cannot help feeling sorry for those whom I have had the misfortune to behold only too often. May all good blessings attend her. Perhaps I shall never meet her again; if I do not, may she be the happiest of the happy, and the husband worthy of her exalted virtues and pre-eminent beauty. I thank you also for your fearless rebuke. I deserved it, more than you imagine. Should this meet you, I know what to do with him. Let me appear as the humble penitent and confessed discovery, as he may be as relentless an enemy as he has been a generous friend. With every wish for your prosperity, and the welfare of the innocent Linda-moiselle Linda, I remain,

"Ever yours devotedly.

"EUGENE ATOILE."

"Oh! nurse, what an ingenuous young man!" exclaimed Linda, whose eyes were full of tears.

"I give him the credit of being perfectly disinterested," said the nurse, thoughtfully. "It is a pity he has not a fortune. But if he had it might be the worse for him. But hark! the bell is ringing; there comes the first pupil. Remember, I will deal with him. Go you upstairs, child, into the garret. I will teach him to dare to trifle with a child under my charge. I dare to say he has no money and influence, but neither shall avail with me."

So Linda went sorrowfully up the stairs, to think of Eugene.

It might have been fifteen or twenty minutes after that Monsieur Louis emerged from the room of the Margraves, with a face as black as the cloud that deepens with thunder. All the bad passions that had been repressed in the presence of Eugene now avoided him. Neither had he received a note sent by the latter, warning him not to go to the house of the Margraves. His heart was filled with the darkest thoughts. He was a desperate man, and not accustomed to find his plans foiled after he had laid them. It was not long before he began to seek for Eugene. That young man, stricken with sudden conviction, had decided within himself that the idle life he had been leading, if persisted in, would destroy him. It was useless trying to banish the image of the dancing girl of the Café St. Nicol, but he could at least have the pleasure of sometimes feeling that he might be worthy of her. This it was that led him to give up his rather expensive ways, and to furnish a pleasant garret in one of the by-streets, lay in a great store of books, pens, ink, and set himself diligently to work. He had also come to the conclusion that the companionship of Monsieur St. Leon was dangerous to his morals, especially since he had received a beautiful letter from his sister, full of warning and sweet advice.

Oh! the talisman of mother and sister to a young man far away from home!

He had then taken a new room, where he worked diligently from the early morning until nightfall. He had changed his café from St. Nicol to another rather down town, not caring to associate longer with the young Russian. Besides, he did not like to look again on that brilliant curtain, to see it rise on worn and worldly artistes, who cared for nothing but the francs they might earn. Since Linda's bouquet fate was grown all things seemed stale, flat, unprofitable. But he was not long to enjoy this state of quietude; fate was weaving better things for him—or rather worse, out of which better might evolve. He was on the eve of a greater excitement than that which turned him away from the dancing-girl forever, from the charming face of Mademoiselle Linda.

(To be continued.)

MY LOVE AND I.

My love reposes on a rosewood frame—
A sunk' nave I;
A couch of feathery down fills up the same—
Mine's straw, but dry;
She sinks to sleep at night with scarce a sigh—
With waking eye I watch the stars creep by.

My love her daily dinner takes in state—
And so do I (!);
The richest viands flank her silver plate—
Course grub have I;
Pure wines and rare she quaffs, her thirst to slake—
I pump my drink from Erie's limpid lake!

My love has all the world at will to roam—
Three acres I;
She goes abroad or quiet sits at home—
Both suit me, I;
Bright angels watch around her couch at night—
A Yank, with loaded gun, keeps me in sight.

A thousand weary miles now stretch between
My love and I;
To her, that world is cold, calm, serene—
I waft a sigh,
And hope, with all my earnestness of soul,
To-morrow's mail may bring me my parole!

There's hope ahead! We'll one day meet again,
My love and I;
We'll wipe away all tears of sorrow then;
Her lovelit eye
Will all my many troubles beguile
And keep this wayward rein from Johnson's isle!

BIVOUAC OF REBEL PRISONERS.

AMONG the episodes of the great struggle in Tennessee was the bringing of the rebel prisoners from Missionary Ridge to the island near Bridgeport. Here by the fire at night—by day also from every quarter of the rebel States, to discuss the merits of generals and battles, and to tell stories of victory and defeat. These prisoners have now accumulated in great numbers on the island, and the refusal of the rebels to continue an exchange, and the refusal of the Government to send supplies to the rebel prisoners, keep our own soldiers or those from Kansas, whom their agents have sent to Richmond, from not a small regard made by which these rebel prisoners would regain their liberty, but the means by which to regain their imprisonment. A Northern army pocket is thus compared to army life in the Confederate service.

A WOMAN SHOW IN RUSSIA;
Or, the Wife Fair.

ON Whit-Sunday afternoon, the Summer Garden, a place of popular resort in St. Petersburg, was thronged with bachelors and maidens, looking out for wives or husbands. Parents conducted their girls out on their best adornments, and these were sometimes so costly than would seem to be suitable for persons in humble life, were not the Russian trait of pride is much cherished among the peasantry in many countries.

Bunches of silver teaspoons, a large silver ladle, or some other household luxury were in many instances held in the hand to denote that the maiden could bring something valuable to her husband.

The young gallants, on their part, did full to look their best. The maidens were accompanied by their parents, or by some elder member of their family, in order that every suitor might be conducted in a becoming manner. The bachelors, strolling and sauntering to and fro, would notice the maidens as they passed, and the maidens would blushingly try to look their best also.

Supposing a young man was favorably impressed with a lady, he did not immediately address her on the object of his admiration, but had a little quiet talk with one of the elder persons, and by degrees got to hold her his name, residence and occupation; he gave a brief history of his worldly prospects, and the number of roubles (if any) which he had been able to save. On the other hand, the parents of the young lady was sure to relate to the amount of dowry promised by the maiden.

The woman with whom this conversation was held was almost sure to say, that she would give a set of marriage broker or sales woman, who conducted these delicate negotiations either in friendliness or for a fee. If the references on either side were satisfactory, the next step was to make any bargain being struck; and, even if favorable, often was immediately broken.

Many matters for the same girl might probably come forward in this way. In the evening a family conclave was held concerning the chances of each maiden, at which the offers of each bachelor was calmly considered, chiefly in relation to the question of rouhles. The best was very little other than that "the highest bidder shall be the purchaser." A suitor was sent to the young man who's offer was deemed most eligible, and if he was very wealthy that the girl made no objection to the spouse thus selected for her.

THE young woman who marries an unworthy man takes her lord's name in vain.



BUILDING ROADS



GOVRNT. BLACKSMITHS' SHOP



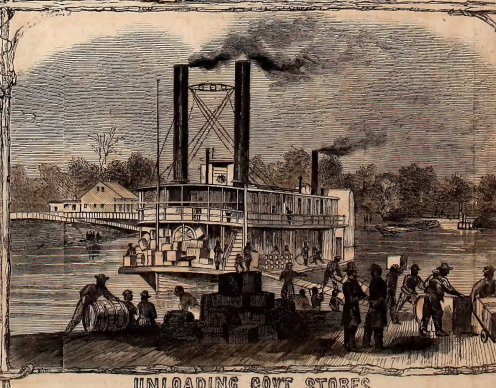
ON PICKET



BATTLE OF MILLIKEN'S

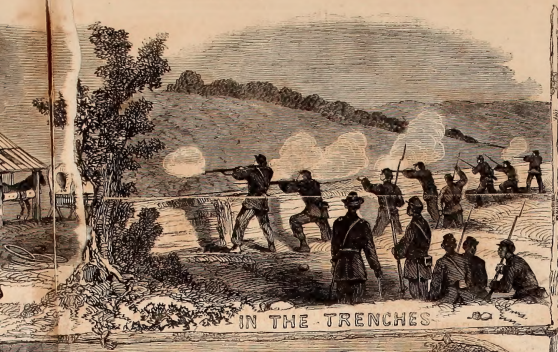


COOKING IN CAMP



UNLOADING GOVT. STORES

THE NEGRO IN THE WAR—SKETCHES OF THE VARIOUS EMPLOYMENTS OF THE COLORED MEN IN TH



IN THE TRENCHES



SCOUTS



BATTLE OF MILLIKEN'S BEND



TEAMSTER OF THE ARMY





DRIVING GOVT. CATTLE



WASHING IN CAMP

THE COLORED MEN IN THE UNITED STATES ARMIES.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. F. F. HILLEN.

FARMER BROWN.

BY J. W. WATSON.

OLD farmer Brown, with roddy face,
Sat stretched before the chimney-place.
He sat and watched the crackling logs
The purring cat, the dreaming dogs,
That, like himself, were stretched at ease,
Safe sheltered from the chill night breeze,
And with the freedom comfort brings.
The farmer thought these selfish things:

"Let foolish people grieve and sigh
At care that does not come anigh:
I'm not so weak, to wail at what,
However sad, concerns me not.
My barns are full with golden grain,
My limbs are sound and free from pain,
And out, as far as eye can see,
The well-kept fields belong to me.

"My appetite is always sound
Whene'er the dinner hour comes round;
And faith, betwixt the wife and me
There's scarce much difference, as I see.
She's hearty, merry, stout and fair,
No touch of silver in her hair;
She grows, as years past swift away,
Much better-looking every day.

"I read of cities lost and won,
Of deeds of bloody valor done,
Of fearful battles, fought in vain,
With scores of thousands left to slain;
Of ravaged homes, insulted wives,
And children fleeing for their lives.
But why should I repine at this?
When they do not disturb mine ease!

"The blood shed in these fearful fights
Does not disturb my sleep of nights;
The thousands that they choose to slay
Take not my appetite away.
This mug of cider by my side
Does not across my palate glide
Less smoothly when the clash of war
Comes faint and harmless from afar.

"Then why should I repine, who ne'er
Am troubled with a single care?
Stop—let me think! Ah, yes, with one—
My wandering Will, my truant son,
He whom we loved, our darling child,
So handsome, kind and yet so wild!
A word, regretted ere its birth,
Send Will a wanderer o'er the earth.

"If Will were but at home again,
The world might war for me in vain.
A knock! Who's that? Come in! Ah, Jones!"
The farmer cried, in cheery tones.
"Walk in. Sit down! Here, wife, a light!
What brought you out this stormy night?
Why, man, your face is stretched as long
As any tramping beggar's song."

"Ah, neighbor Brown, it grieves me sore
To enter thus your welcome door.
The news I bear is very sad!
Your son—"
"Your son was killed at Shiloh fight;
He died, while battling for the right.
So neighbor Brown, bow to God's will,
He knows best when to save or kill."

Poor farmer Brown, with starting eyes,
Stood now erect. With mournful cries,
"O Lord!" he said, "what have I done,
That Thou shouldst take my only son?"
And then something whispered loud,
"Thou selfish man, whom God endowed,
Take to thy heart this lifelong blow,
And learn to share thy fellow's woe!"

LADY LORNE'S STRATAGEM.

By Annie Thomas,

AUTHOR OF "THE CROSS OF HONOR," "THE HOUSE IN PICCADILLY," &C.

CHAPTER IX.—A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

WHEN the Corbyns called the following day at Combhurst, they were more surprised than pleased to find neither Lady nor Miss Lorne in sackcloth and ashes. Their own invitation lay upon the table in Lady Lorne's little sewing-room, and Audrey laughed and pointed it out to them, and said they were going to send "a satisfactory answer to it," for they were all three fair and honest to each other, these ladies of Corbyn and Combhurst.

"And Lord Evesham," said Lady Julia, with an air of solemn confidential frankness, "we have sent him an invitation too—though mamma said it was nonsense, because she has heard that he is going on the Continent in a few days, under existing circumstances, we knew that such a report must be false—utterly absurd."

Now Lord Evesham had not been over to Combhurst since that day when neuralgia drove him off so suddenly; he had written to Audrey—written with most affectionate regularity—but he had not come; and as Audrey was aggrieved thereat, and very properly indignant with him for his shortcomings, and with any one else for reflecting them.

But now Lady Julia Corbyn fired her little shot, indignation dropped suddenly, and something like a regretful qualm made her heart collapse. Was this little devil dead that had arisen so ignominiously going to overshadow her whole life?

She murmured in reply some common-place words of explanation, but even as she murmured them she felt that they were failing of the impression she had hoped they might make on her guests, or herself having feelings of reliance and security all being right. And then she could hardly tell either it was gratitude for the championship, or vivance at the audacity, which staggered her completely, when Lady Lorne cut into the conversation with her perfectly modulated tones, and said:

"You were right to call such a report 'false and utterly absurd,' believe me, Lord Evesham has neither the intention nor the inclination to go on the Continent until he can take his bride with him."

In speaking of it afterwards, Audrey said that "My lady could have given her neither kindlier nor more effectual aid, but at the same time, even while she was acknowledging it and trying to feel grateful, she knew that it was offered by her deadliest foe."

"We thought of getting up a charade for the evening," said Julia Corbyn, after a time; "would you take a part, Audrey? It is Grace's idea, or rather an idea that has been put into her head by a wonderful little comic paper—a literary or something—a Mr. O'Brien, an Irishman."

"I knew an O'Brien a long time ago," said Audrey, laughing, "who, singularly enough, had a great passion for charades—indeed, for acting of all sorts. I would not mind taking a part, if a part is offered me that I could go through creditably. What word do you think of taking?"

"Oh, we should have more than one. I have determined on 'Blue Beard.' Margaret thinks that a good deal might be done with 'Parsimony.' (Audrey had a smile in her heart, though not on her cheek, as she thought that undoubtedly at her charade Corbyn's good deal would be done with "Parsimony.") And Mr. O'Brien—for in a case of amusement we don't mind taking him into our confidence—recommends 'Bachelor's' to our notice. He says it's an excellent word."

A flush like a sunburst passed over Audrey's face; it was such a striking, glowing blush.

"Why," she exclaimed, with animation, "if I could think it possible that the gayest soldier I have ever met could turn scrupulous and bookish, I should think it would be the same O'Brien I once knew, for I acted in that very word with Dillon O'Brien when I was a schoolgirl at Blackheath, and he an ensign at Woolwich."

"His name is Dillon," said Lady Julia, "actually Dillon; we didn't think much of him, but papa always declared he was a gentleman, and so it seems he is by your account."

"That bit of retrospective sentimentality shall be duly reported to Mr. O'Brien, I bought my boy's heart with her rather loftier than the angels, though he has no love for her. I wonder what he will think of stagey flirtations with Woolwich cadets and blackthorn up when she hears the name of one mentioned?"

"At any rate," she said aloud, "you may tell Mr. Dillon O'Brien that I have not forgotten Miss Audrey Lorne. Perhaps—who knows? for young people will be young people (as is sapiently observed by modicity when it has nothing better to say in defence of folly)—he came here misled by a false woman's vow; he had better make the best of it, and stay to drink health, as I do to the Baroness, to the Countess of Evesham."

"Lady Lorne is pleased to make a joke out of nothing, you will perceive," said Audrey, rather scornfully; "and Corbyn, who hates her, has got an nothing, took their leave, and drove home gravely in a cornetted carriage drawn by two screwed horses.

The third-party at Corbyn was to come off on the 20th of the month, and as day after day passed and brought it nearer, Audrey began to realise that it would be unpleasant to meet Evesham there, unless his neuralgia, which, according to his diplomat notes to her, had rather increased than decreased, allowed of his being moved to Combhurst first. There was a wretchedly despondent tone about his letters, short as they were, which shook the girl's soul both with anger and sorrow. She felt that a man on the brink of marriage could not indulge in it with an occasional flirtation, and take out such epistolary communications as were in it.

There was one small, narrow missive, in a handwriting she knew well, which was addressed to "Lady Lorne," and when Lady Lorne came out of her room impatiently, watch in hand, Audrey gave her the note without a word. She watched her read it, and for a few minute or two they stood facing each other steadfastly and silently, looking into the depths of each other's eyes, striving to read the heart's work to fathom each other's souls. Gradually into Lady Lorne's eyes there came a mocking, laughing devil of defiance.

"Have you anything to say to me, Audrey, that you stand and stare at me so?" she asked.

"Only this," replied Audrey, "God knows, I have no desire to pry into your affairs, but do you mean to show that letter to my brother?"

"I don't know yet," said my lady; and then Audrey turned away to get somewhere by herself and think, leaving Lady Lorne with the Earl of Evesham's letter in her hand.

That they were living in an atmosphere of mystery, and deceit, and, she feared, sin, Audrey felt strongly. That until it was all cleared up and Fred could show her a standing, surface ground there could be no meeting between them, she immediately resolved. That her heart would be tried and sorely wrung should the separation be for ever, she frankly admitted; but the thing about which she could come to no conclusion was, would she be justified in concealing or communicating her still vague suspicions of the wife he idolized to her brother: "I must tell him what I have seen and thought," she at last said, "out of no revenge to her for having blighted me, but out of my deep love for my brother and his honor."

The fate of one who interferes between man and wife is proverbial. When Audrey, with the tenderest delicacy, and with a repression of her own strong anger that showed the stout-hearted breed from whence she came, told her brother the incident of the note, and asked him what could a private correspondence between Lord Evesham and Lady Lorne mean, Sir Robert elected to be highminded and lofty, and to pity and forgive Audrey for her capricious unkindness and suspicions of his wife. Nevertheless, when Audrey left him, he rushed up rather hastily into my lady's room, and found her in tears.

"She had burnt the letter, the letter from Evesham," she said, "burnt it, as a pet, for it was so very unkind. He told her plainly that he considered she wanted to make mischief between Robert and himself; that he was the reason why he had stayed away; and that he begged to know how such an unfounded dislike had arisen against a man who had never willingly offended her. But cruel Sir Robert," she continued, "tell him first that I have told you all this, and then say that I am quite sorry for having let my tongue run away from me to other than you?"

"Yes," said Sir Robert slowly, "but I am sorry you burnt the letter; I should like Audrey to have seen it."

"It is a pity," said my lady, hastily; "but now I'll make all the amends in my power. I'll ride the Leprechaun over with you and induce him to come back."

And so she did, and a hollow peace reigned between the betrothed that evening, for Audrey was touched by her generous and proud suffering. And my lady smiled and was gayer and lovelier than ever, and her heart beat hotly the while against the letter she had burnt in the hall. It might have been in truth if a woman's warmth of guilty love and the passionate outpourings of her guilty lover could have been there, for never wilder words of passion have been penned than those which lay over and rose and fell on the white bosom of Lady Lorne, and they had come from the heart of Lord Evesham.

The Propagation of the Gospel subscription had been stopped and the liveries forbidden up effectively. The butler announced the names of Sir Robert, Lady and Miss Lorne, in magnificent sonorous accents, was brilliant as to buttons and lace. Having duly been ushered into the room than he had been wont to do of late, and his person thus intercepted the view Mr. O'Brien would otherwise have had immediately of the advancing party.

"Bah! She won't remember me," he thought, impatiently. "Why the deuce should I wait on her looks? My prospects ain't so remarkably bright that I need consult her looks before her."

But the next minute his face was illumined from within in a way that made Lady Grace feel yellow and sick, for Audrey Lorne stood before him tenderly, and with all the old cordiality and far more than the old grace.

"It is a long time since we used to meet at the Brahmin's, on long enough for us to have forgotten how to meet as friends, Mr. O'Brien."

I will not assert that the handsome Irishman had kept her image—idolised "early love" as she had been—spotless in his heart of hearts—I should not be believed if I did so; but he had kept it there brightly, and the chords of passion were swept strongly at the tones of her voice.

"A long time ago I thought it, till I saw you, Miss Lorne, and then it seemed but yesterday. But things are altered, though you are not."

"You are altered since those days," she said. And she looked at him half-reproachfully.

Ah, well, we all of us have our "alley of limes," down which we wander, and, I hope, breathe a blessing on the one who used to wander through it with us—and God help us if the heart that has not beaten warmly in response to some other heart in the days gone by, in the golden hours of vanished time, and kept the heart that does not beat more quickly when the memories of those days—perhaps the only heritage they have left us—at times. Memories once does not with cannot be all had now simply because time, circumstances and change have exerted their powers of severance. There is nothing sadder in the whole range of sorrowful experience than hearing that one is dead whom you once loved—especially if you have grown to regard that one with but a light interest. The death might have wrung your heart with more mournful selfish grief if the love had still flowed freshly; but we would not have in that case crushed and subdued it with remorse, with the thought that it had been so lightly withdrawn. We acknowledge the wrong; but how we love the love that is poured out freely to a memory is little worth. So in avoidance of a possible pang—which is, after all, but selfishness—Audrey Lorne and cheerful kindly feelings towards one Lady Lorne.

The charades went off brilliantly, so at least the whole company said; the assertion that they did so was made with particular force, though, by two or three of the elderly portion of the audience who had been taken in the act of going to sleep. But people invariably go to sleep if they are planted as audience to charades in which their own daughters are not acting with eligible men after a heavy dinner. They were forgiven their somnific tendencies, therefore, and their criticisms were allowed to have some weight.

O'Brien had been indefatigable in getting things well organised after he had seen the invitation list; he had shown himself an adept in the art of situation and stage-management generally. Audrey, too, had entered with great spirit into the things, and she had always been reputed a good actress. But the honors of the evening were not with the versatile Irishman and the recognised "leading hand at charades," but with Lady Lorne and the Earl of Evesham. They chose—or rather she did, and he was prompt to follow—to alter the authorised conception of their respective characters in the word "forgotten." They turned wit into pathos, and pure, high-toned love into farce, and the charade did, as the audience declared, go off "brilliantly."

"My own Leonie! you are exerting yourself too much," Sir Robert said, when his wife, the charade over, sank down by his side; "you look pale and tired."

But no one could say that of my lady ten minutes after, when the conversation turned upon the great topic of the day, the scandalous desertion of a husband by his wife for a man of higher rank.

All the women were particularly keen upon the divorced wife, whom her seducer had just married —that was one of those matter-of-course things to which my lady paid no attention. Some one mentioned that "the Queen would not receive her." And then Lady Lorne pricked her ears up more keenly, and asked of a handsome, wellborn guardsman,

"What sort of place she would take in society —fashionable society, you know?"

"None at all," the gentleman told her, with a stare at the simplicity of the question. "That is to say," he continued, "she'll have the best house in town, as far as amusements go, but as for a lady a woman and a lady. Men will go there—the best men will go there."

"But she has been quite a queen in society," Lady Lorne said, flushing vividly; "and now with higher rank than she had before."

"Oh, she won't be in society, you see," the guardsman interrupted; "women won't clash with her at all, because they won't have her."

"Then," thought Lady Lorne, "there is no help for me; I can't forfeit my place—and I can't give up Evesham."

CHAPTER X.—IN WHICH SIR ROBERT GETS INTO COLD WATER AND MY LADY INTO WORSE.

THAT dinner party and charade-acting evening at Castle Corbyn was not a thing to conduce greatly to Miss Lorne's peace of mind, or to in any way restore her to the lighthearted mood of the flirtatious chevalier people with grown-up daughters—wagged their heads and remarked that Lord Evesham was clearly tired of the engagement, and ready enough to "break" it, and then to whom he was engaged would give him the opportunity. It was always so. Just when a girl's heart is sorest, her friends and acquaintances, who themselves ready, are ready to kick the beam in her disfavor, and to send her down, down to any depths of unsympathised despair.

But it was not only people whom she did not care for seeing things that caused disquietude to Audrey; she read—just as much written in legible characters enough for any one to read during the last scene in the last charade, when the word "forgotten" was fully portrayed—she read there, in the look of passion, and that no light one, lived in the hearts of Lady Lorne and Lord Evesham for one another.

Strong-minded women can take refuge in scorn when their affections desert them or when themselves false and fouly fickle; but the woman whose love has been worth anything cannot do this so readily, she will continue to fondly love—long, long after she doubts.

For several months all Audrey's thoughts, plans and feelings had been interwoven with Fred's; he was her protector, her future, her all, her everything. It was very hard to awake suddenly to the knowledge that he could be this no longer, very hard indeed, and inevitably that it was inevitable did not make it at all the easier.

Long after the pangs of the affair were past and over, when peace was restored to her mind, and health to her cheek, and happiness to her heart, she could still, with the very slightest mental effort, recall every incident connected with that month's agony. She could remember how the lights had danced and the faces of the guests had swam before her when she first caught the glance of Lord Evesham's eyes lighting from the lovely gray velvet eyes of Lady Lorne—the glance that was reciprocated immediately from the eyes of Lord Evesham. She could distely from the eyes of Lord Evesham. She could remember how bitterly she had fulfilled her own part after seeing it, and how grateful she had felt—for grateful though annoyed—to Dillon O'Brien for exerting himself immediately and diverting the attention of others from her shortcomings. She could remember the sort of nervous thrill that ran through her when during this same O'Brien performed the cloaking operation for her on their departure; she could remember how gratitude and annoyance had struggled in her mind for precedence, as he palpably showed her, by his earnest and successful endeavors to prevent other people from witnessing Lord Evesham's neglect, that he was her friend. Everything, in fact, she could remember—the very flavor of the meagerly-flavored jelly she ate and the sort of definite warmth and glow that which Dillon handed to her infused into her heart—the idle words of conventional parting friendship, the light laugh over the light joke given her by Lord Evesham, every one in the room as she looked round on leaving it and saw them all —and the last of Lord Evesham.

There was, there could be, no real friendship between these sisters-in-law now; a hollow truce reigned, and that was all. For it had come to this, that Audrey allowed my lady to perceive how heartily she despised her; and my lady was not at all backward in allowing Audrey to perceive that she cordially hated Miss Lorne.

Lady Lorme could find no rest on her downy couch that night; she was suffering from a nervous headache, she said, and nothing but her dressing-room to herself and a book could assuage her agony. Sir Robert betrayed much fussy anxiety, but he was, to his surprise, snubbed and sent off to such chambers as he might be blessed with, in a most extraordinary, vehement and peremptory manner.

And then Lady Lorme dispatched her maid, and had, what she desired, the room to herself.

A passionate, a obstinate woman, balked at the outset in a plan in which she has set her heart and soul—or rather, her mind and hopes—is not a pleasant spectacle. At any rate, Lady Lorme would not have been even to the very proverbial and established-to mouse in the wall. The way she took to improve her nervous headache when she was alone, quite alone, was, to say the least of it, extraordinary. She raised down torrents of tears in a cataract, until her beautiful face was all swollen and distorted, blistered and crimson; she gnashed her little teeth in a way that strongly tested and effectually proved their reality; she gave vent to expletives that her husband could have sworn but lovely ears had never heard or her lovely lips brought themselves to utter—to expressions of vile hatred and disappointment, and passionate loathing and fierce revolve. And then she left off and calmed down with deceitful rapidity, and presently rose and first bathed her head with eau-de-cologne and then drank a quantity of it. And when she had had her rage and taken her recipe, she sat down on the crimson couch by the brightly leaping fire, and began to think and plan afresh.

Bathed in tears the only thing she could look her to her guilty end without involving the commission of a double crime!

"The world must have to it," she said, the unscrupulous traitress; "the world, which makes a woman lose caste if she leaves one legal lord to gain even a higher legally and of higher rank. I can't be a nothing, save for Eversham."

She rose up and looked at herself steadily in the glass.

"Suppose he should die," she said to herself—"die of a fall from his horse, say, and they brought me the news, and told me while they could see my face? I should be free, I would be a coward and betray me? I'll try it. 'Lady Lorme, your husband is dead!' Bah! They wouldn't tell me in that way, and even if they did, I could look through everything. I'm a free-look my way to respectability and freedom, a new life and love."

She huddled the folds of her dressing-gown closer round her and took a short turn, and laid down on the couch and covered herself with it. A very strange as it may appear to those who deem that the wicked can know no rest, she was buried in the sleep that was essentially to all-she happy and unhappy, the sinful and the sinless alike. And in that deep and apparently guileless sleep she was found in the morning by her husband, whose rest, poor fellow, had been sadly disturbed by that aforesaid rebuff.

Perhaps Lady Lorme would have paused in her path and "held her degrees" if she could only have seen the few lines Lady Lorme indited and dispatched to Eversham on the morning of the 21st. Audrey had also passed a feverish and unhappy night; she had plenty of pride and plenty of the courage that comes from noble birth, high-breeding and high-hearted honor, and these qualities would not suffer her longer to allow the least link to remain between the man who was evidently ceasing to love her and herself. She released him, not coldly, not callously, but with a proud, mournful firmness, against which, even had he been so inclined, there could be no appeal. But neither her pride, her courage, nor her high-heartedness, made the pangs of that parting easier, the past pleasanter to look back on, the future a more endurable prospect. She sent off the little slender missive to Eversham by her own groom; it was delivered soon and safely. Lord Eversham, after reading it, ordered his portmanteau and valet to follow him, and at once himself started off for London.

But Lady Lorme did not know any of these things, therefore she did not cause in her path.

Her appetite was more daintily capricious at luncheon this day than had ever been observable of that daintily-capricious appetite before. In vain did sedulous love offer its most tempting morsels; she could not touch them, but she drank wine, not "more than a lady ought to drink"—*vide* Thomas Ingoldsby—according to restring her nerves a little and get some of her quailing determination back again.

"That wretched, murky December weather tells upon me strangely," at last she exclaimed, languidly, rising up as she spoke and going to the window, and being followed by close carriage-has made me nervous from my infancy."

"You are welcome to my pony-carriage, Lady Lorme," said Audrey, who looked upon the speech as a broad hint for the offer to be made.

"Thank you; you are very kind," said Lady Lorme, with dulcet peevishness; "but your pony-carriage is not sufficient to be discovered by-embodied. If you sit upright in it you tumble against the dashboard; and if you lean back properly, you appear to be dropping out behind."

"As you please," said Audrey, haughtily. "I thought you wanted it, or I should not have offered it to you."

"Will you go for a ride, Lorme, dear?" asked Sir Robert, eagerly. "The Leprechaun will be rather fresh, I fear, but I'll have him exercised for half an hour, while you are getting ready; and you have such a splendid hand that he'll carry you magnificently, I don't doubt."

"Yes, if you wish me to do so, Robert; certainly, as I don't feel well, staying in the whole of this long, dreary afternoon would be bad for me. So, though I shall not go up to the Leprechaun, I will go and put on my habit. Please don't have the horse harassed into dejection before we start, though; I would rather have him 'fresh,' as you said it."

And then she left the room, flashing them a brilliant parting smile, and saying "*Au revoir!*" in her sweetest accents.

The Leprechaun was full of corn and spirits and devilry evidently when his mistress came out and stood on the top of the steps, waiting for her husband's inspection of saddle and bridle arrangements to be completed before he allowed it a mount. How careful he was! How he tightened the curb and regulated the stirrups, and looked to the girths, and how tenderly and well he finally gave her a hand-up and adjusted her flowing habit! It was a pretty picture, even heartsore Audrey thought, as she watched the scene from afar—the devoted husband and brilliantly-beautiful and accomplished Amazon.

My lady had always deprecated unnecessary leather about a horse's equipments; so to-day, when she prettily insisted upon the Leprechaun's martingale being taken off, no one but the groom wondered at it. Sir Robert mildly protested that as they were simply going along the high road, and as the Leprechaun's trick of throwing his head back when pulled was rather increased than diminished, that it would be just as well to retain the slight check. But Lady Lorme hated a martingale, she said, and would have it off, and accordingly off it came.

Lady Lorme's spirits had risen to an exuberant giddy height when they cantered off, and whenever they matched the Leprechaun's, in fact, and were bounding, unchecked, starting. The strong, well-built, powerful hunter Sir Robert could catch the infection, and cavetted and pranced too, and was only with difficulty reduced to a proper roadster's order again by the sharp application of a spur, and the still sharper, infinitely sharper, voice.

"Why, how lighthearted Pantaloon is!" said my lady. "Isn't he a favorite, Robert, that you so seldom ride him?"

Sir Robert explained that Pantaloon was a famously good horse for straightforward heavy work: that though bought for a hunter, he was "better on the road;" that he seemed to be had a habit of blundering at his hedges and bearing awkwardly on his bit, but that, altogether, he was a fine animal.

"A very nice horse," said my lady; "then he doesn't leap at all?"

"Oh, yes! Moderate places could be well managed by Pantaloon," Sir Robert said.

Providence, fate, chance—different people call the same things different names, and fight with each other to the destruction of all—the unnerving nomenclatures—led them along the road to Evesham. They could see its grand old woods and jolly towers; a little to the right, and, on their sides; its park wall bounded their path, and looking over it, they could see troops of deer rushing madly about or browsing quietly.

"A fine place, Robert," Robert, thoughtfully. "I wish with all my heart Audrey was married and settled here."

"A very fine place," said my lady; and if Sir Robert had not given the reins to his thoughts and followed them to wander off to his estate a great, he would have observed by the steadier, harder tones that issued from the lovely acquaintance of his wife.

"Let us ride back another way, Robert," she exclaimed, aloud; "I hate the straight monotonous road; let us go home round by the pine-tree wood, it will lengthen the ride a little and make it pleasanter."

As she spoke the Leprechaun bounded, and tried to shake her in her saddle by a series of spasmodic leaps, but my lady was firm, and sat them pretty serenely with her steady hand and genttling voice.

"What made him do that, I wonder?" said Sir Robert; "you didn't touch him with the spur, did you, Lorme? I saw you had one on to-day; he wont stand the spur."

"No; Lady Lorme declared she had not given him a taste of her sharpness, and he did, and the spirited Irish colt was ready now to jump out of his skin, his mettle was so magnificently up.

In the middle of the rough, dark pine-tree wood, through which they passed in single file, for the pass of this story, a break occurred in the regular growth of the trees. There was to the right of the road leading to the mansion, a space of open, sheltered, cheerless grove it looked, and down this alley, when they came to it, my lady suddenly turned her horse.

"Don't go that way, Leonie," said Sir Robert, hurriedly; "it's a horrid road as far as it goes, and there is a quagmire at the bottom of it; it leads down to the Devil's Dyke."

"I wish to go, dear," said Lady Lorme, fawningly, and as spoke she leaned down and patted her husband's hand, "and I wish to go this way. It is a great desire to go down and see this famous leap that I hear baffled a whole field last year when a stag chose to run that way. Stand still, Prince Wuckshire turned out that day, to be sure!"

"There were plenty of good riders out," said Sir Robert, "and the whole field wasn't baffled; several nice cleared it, but of course those whose horses must have infallibly jumped short would have been in the ditch."

"Ah! indeed; but it sounds as if they were very cowardly, doesn't it?" said my lady. And then she was over to the bottom of the alley, and looked at the famed Devil's Dyke.

It was an ugly leap, and no mistake, especially when viewed from the side on which they were. A dark, wide, deep chasm, with a low rolling road sounding up from the waters which rushed along at the bottom of it, welling up to add to its horrors. Immediately below where they stood, chasm and waters alike buried themselves under a hill, and the course the water took was down—down to that dark, deep pool, over which its secrets would be safely buried for ever.

Suddenly Lady Lorme slackened her curb, and settled herself still more firmly to the saddle.

"We can take that leap easily, Robert," she said, "and shame all Warwickshire for ever. Come on."

She saw in the one moment she had to see anything, could and distrust, and agony at feeling it, flash from her husband's eyes, and flush her husband's face. And then the remorseless beautiful woman, who looked like an angel and was cruel as a fiend, dug the spur into her own horse's side, lifted him to the leap, and at the same moment struck Pantaloon on his shoulder. She was whirled through the air—for the Leprechaun came of a gallant stock that never refused anything, and when at a slighted touch came on the opposite side, she looked round and saw Pantaloon leaping short and falling!

A strong, indomitable courage rose in her heart and prevented its quailing or shrinking, even when the dull heavy fall into the dark waters smote her ears. She lifted her hat off her hot head, and wiped the clammy sweat of intense excitement off her brow, and then shook the reins and laid the whip furiously across the shoulder of the horse who had served her ends so well. In a moment she was flying off home like the wind, but fast as she rode, her mind travelled faster, and she saw herself—a few months at most—in complete seclusion pastqueening it in society, an unsuspected woman, as Countess of Eversham.

"Home!" she exclaimed, with frightful exultation; "home! to play the dieconsolate widow, and to send for Eversham at once as the sympathising friend!"

The mastiff's heads on the massive iron gates seemed to grin and gnash their teeth at her ominously as she drew up her panting steed and cried out for admittance.

"Lord love us! there's something wrong," the old woman who kept the gate said to her cat and children, as she hurried into her cottage after admitting her mistress. And well she might say so, for my lady's face had gleamed like a star through the raging darkness, by reason of its death-like pallor and intensity of her eyes.

Miss Lorme was in the hall when the sound of horses' hoofs coming up the avenue at a reckless pace alarmed her.

"Something has run away with somebody," she said, and she called the porter to open the door quickly, and herself followed out on to the step. The sight that met her was her sister-in-law alone, and overwhelmed with grief and horror.

"Why, Leonie," she cried, in her anxiety, quite forgetting that they had not been letter days to call her Lady Lorme, "what have you done—where is Robert?"

"Dead! dead! in the Devil's Dyke!" said my lady, with wild energy, and then she was off from further questioning, for Audrey Lorme fainted.

"Send for Lord Eversham instantly—instantly," said my lady; and then she rushed to her own room to nurse her woe in solitude. She remained there but till she had the evening dress on, and unbolted the door, and called to one of the maid-servants.

"What time is Lord Eversham?"

"The earl is gone to town, my lady, and they don't know his address.

"She's right," she found out of her life, poor lamb," the aforesaid domestic observed afterwards. "When I was speaking to her she cried out, 'Oh, my God! I shall go mad!' and down like a stone."

All the neighborhood joined in the search for the body of the kind landlord, the generous gentleman, the esteemed friend and good master, before nightfall, but the result was even more miserable than had been anticipated. The body of poor Pantaloon was found bruised and waterlaffated, but that of his late master could be seen anywhere. Clearly he had been detached from his horse by the force of the current, and had sunk immediately.

So the last of the Lormes died, and had not even a Christian burial.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEGRO IN THE WAR.

THE negro will ever figure as a prominent feature in the present civil war. They have been employed in every capacity, and have fully tested in others; but the gallantry of the men who fought at Millikin's Bend, who rushed to the assault of Port Hudson and Fort Wagner, will stand as proudly in American history as the defence of the fort on the Mississippi by the Spartans of Greece. Small, in the capture of the Planter, did one of the cleverest feats of the war. We give our double page this week to a graphic representation of the employment of negroes by the army, which will be of interest to all. We do not refer to the more unanimous of political bearing, but simply to portray living history. The sketches here given are all, with the exception of the flag and Fort Wagner, drawn from incidents made in the army of the Cumberland.

Here women are seen in washing, and both sexes in cooking. The men and soldiers seldom drive cattle, mules, &c., but find instances in the centre and do much of the blacks with work. As soldiers we see them in the dangerous work of mining, holding the enemy's works amid a storm of shot and shell.

REBEL FLOATING BATTERY

Washed Ashore on Folly Island.

ABOUT the middle of December a structure was driven up on the beach of Folly Island of which we give our readers a sketch, as one of the prominent obstructions in the harbor on which the rebels depend. It is a mass of wood and iron, measuring some 60 feet by 40. It had been remodelled at Charleston, by Capt. Cross, of the Quartermaster Department, at once to transform it into an object which the rebels might deem a floating battery, and it is plain that so much good wood and iron should be so finely put together without doing some service.

DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

THE faces of the dead are fair,
Though pale and fixed as sculptured stone,
Their eyes have that appalling stare
Which speaks of death, and death alone.
In dreams, that half immortal state,
In shadowy throngs they all appear,
Who lived in my love, who had my hate,
Who gave me pain or present here.

Serene, secure, they meet my gaze,
Their stern or loving looks I see,
The same that in our mortal days
Made all my joy or misery.
Death has no power to break the chain
With which the prouder passions bind
Immortal souls to pour in pain—
'Tis part of the immortal Mind.

LOCOMOTIVES MADE BY THE ARMY.

OUR Special Artist transmitting the sketch says: "I herein enclose a sketch of a fine locomotive just completed here, being the result of the mechanical ingenuity displayed by the men in this department. Considering that all the reports during the siege, remarked, that there was no department of mechanical labor required to be performed but that men were always on hand, well skilled in the business; the completion of these fine specimens of workmanship affords ample proof of the truth of his remark. A short time ago I told you I had found the debris of a machine shop and some scattered fragments of machinery. Out of these materials we have created a good workshop, with all the necessary machinery for carrying on the whole, and have already stands forth in the engines, of which our Rogers & Baldwin stand as proud. These are named respectively the Gen. Grant, Gen. Sherman, and McPherson. A fourth one is to be named after W. T. Clark. These are but a part of the great improvements made here since the Federal occupation of the city. Gen. Taylor (rebel) told me, that in the Mexican war he had a locomotive and a little rather than a trip over the Vicksburg and Jackson road. When I told you that not any accident has happened since our management, you will perceive the difference. The road is now and has been since the occupation under the management of Gen. Godfrey, Col. Wheelhouse's staff, and late of the liberal army in Mexico, have labored with the enthusiasm of the rebellion, to take up arms in defence of the Union."

THE WRECK OF THE AQUILA

At San Francisco.

THE protection of San Francisco, the great harbor of the Pacific, has but lately received by our Government, and a monitor, the Camanche, has been sent there. She has also shipped in the ship Aquila, and reached San Francisco safely, running the gauntlet of piratical craft, storms, accidents, &c. The Aquila was anchored among the fleet of Hatteras's wharf, when the wind then blowing fresh down the bay. Rudderwas increased, and what was then a breeze, blew over such a large body of water, kicked up a heavy sea, and to this the broadside of the ill-fated vessel was exposed. Under it was a hard bottom, and against this the ship beat until the water forced itself an entrance into the hold. About 11 o'clock she began to sink, the winds and waves meantime increasing, until 4 o'clock when she sank. At high tide there is about 32 or 36 feet of water over her deck.

The whole tale the journals of San Francisco, abound with, and is told in terms of the most unqualified tone of sorrow, regret and indignation. The commander, Captain Hamilton, is called the hero of the hour, as precious a coup would go down as ingloriously as the Aquila, if it were not a steady throw of the business thoroughfare.

Arrangements are already in progress to raise the Aquila and her valuable cargo, and as far as we can gather are regarded with deep interest in San Francisco.

We are indebted for the sketch to Mr. G. H. Bigelow of that city.

PETER ESSIG & Co. have supplied that *desideratum* of all housekeepers—a Chimney Burner that is not liable to break. The glass globe with the glasses fly this loose doubling the expense of oil burning. The Essig Chimney Burner is patented and manufactured by Essig, 2 Platt street, has, however, advanced in price still more since the burning and handled freely, without being extinguished. In short, it is the most ornamental chimney burner out.

THE RIDGEWOOD COMPANY, 429 Broadway, whose Patent Smoking Cases is now so popular with military men, have also opened a Smoking Saloon of super quality and flavor in packages to fill the case, and of tobacco prepared in the finest manner for the weed on very moderate terms. The tobacco is in every respect superb, quite, and is really as pleasant as a segegar.

WE are indebted to Capt. Hussey, of the S. S. Granite City, for a copy of the Fort Smith Caroline paper of the Col. J. Grant Wilson, of Gen. Bissell's staff, on the *Brandreth*, a Spanish-English journal of Brownsville.

A MAN down in Lynn, it is said, made so many pairs of shoes in one day, that it took two days to count them. He was a smart one, but not equal to one in New Orleans, who built a large dwelling of stone well in one day, and it took him all night and the best of the next day.

SUPER CHITERION.—A countryman visited Barnley, and was complaining of the trouble a dentist was giving him.

"How do you know he was drunk?" said a by stander.

"The countryman diguanily replied, "What could he be expected to do? He was in a dentist's shop and put his hat on with it."

AN Irishman who had blistered his fingers by unskeerung to draw on a pair of boots, exclaimed, "I will never get them on at all until I wear them a day or two."

IT is not always a mark of frankness to assume an open countenance. An eclipse is a candid creature, and yet he presents an open countenance when he is a fact of that kind.

"WHAT is the reason of a blow leaving a blue mark after it?" asked an inquiring young gentleman.

"It's easily accounted for," answered a medical student, "for you know that blow is the perfect rashes blow."

WE have artificial teeth, artificial hair, eyes, calves, hips, noses, and artificial morality. We believe that some young ladies wear artificial heads, and we know a young lady whose "head ose" turned by a young man.

HOPELESS old maidenhood or bachelorhood is matchless misery.



BRIG.-GEN. EDWARD FERRERO, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



BRIG.-GEN. J. T. SPRAGUE, U. S. A., ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF NEW YORK.—PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.



THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—BIVOUAC OF REBEL PRISONERS ON AN ISLAND NEAR BRIDGEPORT, TENN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. HILLEN.

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

No Bishop of the Catholic Church in the United States has ever attracted so much attention or been so widely known as Archbishop Hughes, who died in New York city, on the 3d of January, 1864. Of rare discernment of character, a thorough knowledge of the public mind, great natural eloquence, keen logic, and biting sarcasm when roused, his articles had a ring about them that caused them to be copied and read from Maine to Mexico. He was considered as the representative man of his church, not only by the public generally, but also by the successive Administrations at Washington.

He was born in Ireland in 1798, and came with his father to this country in 1817. After pursuing divinity studies at Emmetsburg, Md., he was ordained priest in 1825, and stationed in Philadelphia. A polemical discussion, of the fashion of the day, in 1830 gave evidence of his peculiar talents, and made him widely known. Upon the declining health of Dr. Dubois, Bishop of New York, required a coadjutor in the diocese, the Rev. Mr. Hughes was selected and consecrated Jan. 9, 1838. Almost immediately the administration of the diocese, then embracing New York and part of New Jersey, devolved upon him; and for 26 years he directed the affairs of the diocese. He founded a theological seminary and a college at Fordham, and contributed greatly to our present system of schools by a debate before the Common Council on the previous school system. In his own church he broke up the trustee system in the churches, which had proved ruinous, but which the Legislature for a time restored by a confirming law. He established many religious institutions in his diocese, and at his death it contained three colleges incorporated by the State, a number of academies for both sexes, directed by the Christian Brothers, Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Sisters of Charity, Ursulines, and other religious communities; a large hospital, several orphan asylums, a house of protection for servants, a refuge for the erring, a juvenile reformatory.

He was created an Archbishop in 1850, and presided at two provincial councils.

At the time of the Mexican war it was proposed to send him as a minister to that Republic, and during the present war he showed the folly of the South in an able letter to Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, and subsequently visited Europe, to counteract the influence exercised there by agents of the rebellion.

His writings consist of his discussions with Rev. Mr. Breckenridge, with Rev. N. Murray, and Hon. Erastus Brooks, a number of lectures, and minor pamphlets on temporary topics, but they give little idea of his ability or the place which he so long filled in public estimation.

He died at his residence in Madison Avenue, on Sunday evening, about seven o'clock, attended by his two sisters and several members of his clergy.



THE LATE MOST REVEREND JOHN HUGHES, ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.

BRIG.-GEN. JOHN T. SPRAGUE, U. S. A.

GEN. SPRAGUE, now Adjutant-General of the State of New York, is an officer of the regular army, and one of the victims of the treachery of Gen. Twiggs, in Texas, a circumstance which prevented his early entrance into the active operations of the war, and deprived the country of his courage, ability and administrative talents. He was born at Newburyport, Mass., the son of L. Sprague, Esq., a surgeon in the United States Army. Accompanying his father to Detroit, he became, as a boy, a favorite with Gen. Cass, whom he accompanied to Washington, when the latter was raised to the War Department by Gen. Jackson. Young Sprague was attached to that department till 1824, when he was appointed a Lieutenant in the Marine Corps. He served in the Creek and Florida wars, and was appointed Quartermaster and Commissary of the troops in the field. When active operations began Gen. Jesup made him one of his Aides-de-Camp. At the close of hostilities, Lieut. Sprague led 2,000 of the Indians to Fort Gibson, Arkansas.

When the 8th infantry, Col. Worth, was organized he was made First Lieutenant. He made the Florida campaign against Wild Cat in 1839, under Gen. Macomb, and when his regiment arrived in Florida he became Adjutant to Gen. Worth. For his gallantry in the battle of Pine Hillaba, in which Halleck was defeated, he received the brevet of Captain.

When his regiment was sent to Texas, in 1846, he was assigned to the command of the department of Florida. His history of the war there is one of the great military histories of the country.

In 1848 he was made Brevet Major, and sent to Texas. He then led an expedition to New Mexico, and was for four years actively engaged in reducing Navajoes, Apaches and Camanches.

When the Secession movement began he was on furlough, but at once announced himself as ready for duty. Not being recalled to other duty, as he hoped, he asked explicitly not to be ordered to his command in Texas, as his capture was inevitable, but was directed to go. He accordingly proceeded in March, 1861, to New Orleans, and thence to San Antonio. Here he was arrested by the Committee of Public Safety, as included in Gen. Twiggs's capitulation. He was subsequently paroled, and on reaching Washington placed on duty at Albany, as mustering and disbursing officer. When 1200 New York volunteers soon selected him as their Colonel, but the Government would not allow him to accept the post. On the cessation of War, Sept. 1865, he was appointed Adjutant-General of the State and Brigadier-General.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

Filling the Sandbags for the Spar Deck of the Ironsides—Paying off Negro Recruits.

OUR Artist, in the present lull of active operations, gives us a sketch of the paying off of a loyal South Carolina regiment: a scene that gives vivid reality to the changes effected by the war. What a gulf between the crouching plantation slave, that these men were so recently, and what they are! Did it enter into the dream of those who voted for the secession of South Carolina, that the slaves around them would, in less than two years, be the paid, uniformed, equipped soldiers of the United States?

Our Artist presents, too, an interesting operation suggestive of warm naval work. Riding along the beach of Morris island, he came upon a party of sailors filling bags with sand and loading an India rubber raft. This he found would be hoisted off with the rising tide and taken to the frigate Ironsides to protect her spar deck. This was indicative of preparations for action, and we shall have in a few days details of the last movement.



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—SAILORS ON MORRIS ISLAND FILLING SANDBAGS FOR THE SPAR DECK OF THE STEAM FRIGATE IRONSIDES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

BRIG.-GEN. EDWARD FERRERO, U. S. A.

GEN. FERRERO was born at Madrid, in Spain, in 1832; but as his father came to America two years after, bringing his son with him, the latter knows no country as his own except that in whose service he has now won such a proud distinction.

A military turn inherent in the family early led him to enter the militia of the State, and he was for a

equal battle time a field officer of the 11th New York National Guard.

In the summer of 1861 he raised the 51st regiment New York State volunteers, called also the Shepard Rifles. This regiment, which by some accident to promise little, early won distinction. Col. Ferrero shared its fortunes and glory; he led at the battle of Roanoke Island and also at the battle of Newbern.

After the engagement at the latter place he was put in command of a brigade and with a Burnside was called to operate in Kentucky. Brigade distinguished itself at the fight of Macassas (the 30), and in covering the retreat of Gen. Cox at Camp Gauley. After the fight of Reno, at South Mountain, he took command of his brigade, and on the day succeeding of Antietam he received his appointment of Brigadier-General.

In the recent march of Burnside's army, and out of 1,700 men that he took into the fight, he lost 370 in killed and wounded.

The 9th corps, to which his brigade was attached, was called to the West, but had hardly got into Kentucky when the order came to reinforce Grant. The corps did not take a very active part, being on the extreme right of Vicksburg, and were engaged only in doing picket duty and helping to cut up earthworks. After the surrender of Vicksburg they were sent in pursuit of Johnston, who engaged him at Jackson, and compelled him to retreat. The General had the satisfaction of seeing his brigade enter Jackson just as the enemy of the rear quitted.

He followed the corps again into Kentucky, under Burnside, and was at the siege of Knoxville, where he defended Fort Sanders against the assaults of Longstreet's veterans, driving them back with fearful slaughter, and for ever associating his name with the glorious defence of the capital of Tennessee.

WHEN a poor fellow is about to be burned by the savages his very existence is at stake.

If a man sitting on a chest is shot at, he would not sit at all, to hit him is his chest.

If a man is murdered by his hired men, should the coroner render a verdict of killed by his own hands?

A DULL and plausible man, like an unrifled gun, is a smooth bore.

EVEN the sun hasn't an unspotted character.

SUSPENSION bridges are said to answer a good purpose; suspension hooks don't.

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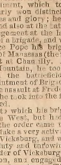
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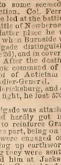


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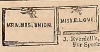
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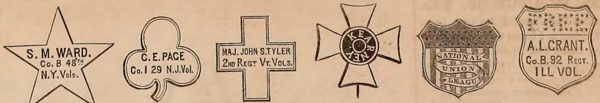
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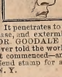
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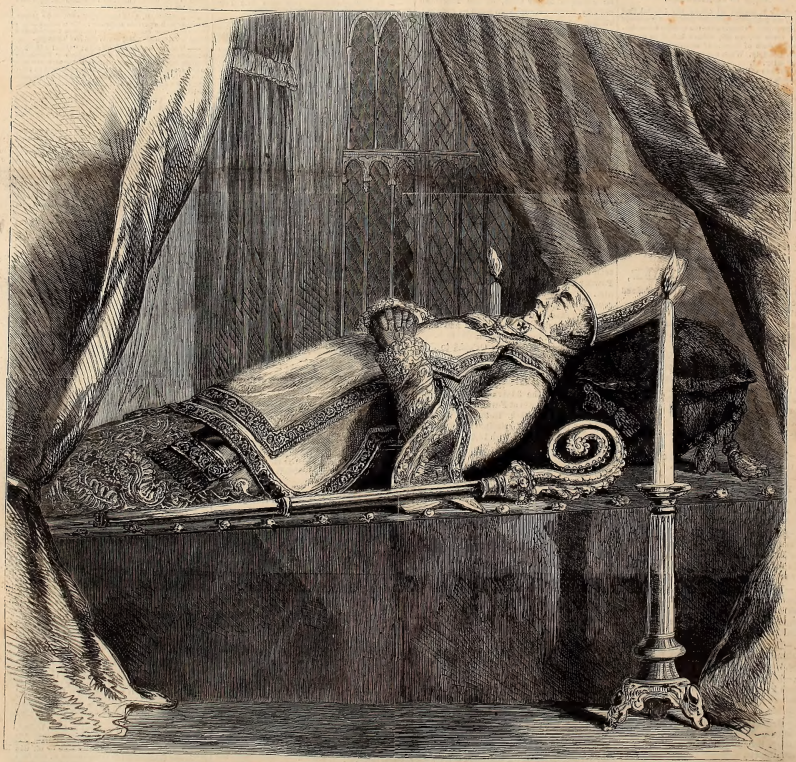
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Contributors will be good enough to write legibly, on one side only of the paper, and give their address distinctly. Comic sketches for engraving, or hints for such illustrations, are also acceptable.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Gregg's cavalry division, Col. Smith and others, have made cavalry reconnoissances to Front Royal. Considerable skill in capturing a number of rebels in various parts. Guerillas continue their raids.

The rebel Gen. Jones, with 4,000 men, attacked a body of 800 at Jonesville, but was able to take it only after eight hours' desperate fighting, in which he lost 60 killed and wounded.

On the 8th the Union garrison at Petersburg was surrounded, and our troops driven out of Burlington. Cumberland in Maryland is threatened.

On the 7th the rebels captured a train of 36 wagons.

Imboden had, however, been attacked, and driven back from Winchester.

A picket skirmish took place at Fairfax Court House.

The recent movements in Western Virginia were an attempt of Gen. Early to cut the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Martinsburg, but afraid of a swell he sent Lee to Petersburg, and Rosser against Cumberland. Both failed, however.

In Loudon county Mosby has won his spurs by, we believe, the first fight in which he has been engaged. At 4 A. M. on the 10th he attacked Major Cole, of the Maryland cavalry, but is evidently no hand at fighting, valiant as he may be in thievery. He retreated, leaving on the field his dead and wounded, among them four commissioned officers dead. Coles's loss was two killed, 11 wounded.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Col. McPherson, with the 1st North Carolina (negroes) volunteers, marched from Newberde, Dec. 30th, for Greenville, but met the enemy at Washington, and routed them.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

On Christmas Day the Marblehead was attacked at a distance in Stono inlet, but replied vigorously, and held her ground, though struck 20 times. The Pawnee and Williams came up, and the rebels fled, leaving their guns, which were taken.

MISSISSIPPI.

Gen. Grierson is rapidly pursuing Forrest, who is gathering all he can to oppose him.

TEXAS.

Magruder is very unpopular, and his attempt to destroy Galveston with fire and Powder Horn, has united the citizens against him. The crime-dyed scoundrel, who has caused the hanging of hundreds of Union men in Texas, had the effrontery to send a flag of truce to Gen. Banks to ask if he had hung two Texans as reported to him.

Magruder, by news from Orleans to Jan. 3d, is concentrating all his troops to drive the national army out of Texas.

ARKANSAS.

An officer of the 3d Arkansas rebel regiment recently came in at Fort Smith, with part of his command. Gen. Holmes is in command of the Trans-Mississippi Department. Price being in the field with 13,000 men.

FLORIDA.

The Bloomer and Restless on an expedition to St. Andrew's bay destroyed St. Andrew's, and salt works belonging to the rebel government and others, to the value of $3,000,000.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Quantrell has at last been defeated. On the 18th Dec. he was utterly routed, near Gen Gibson, by Col. Phillips, of the Indian brigade. The rebels scattered in flight, leaving 50 killed and wounded on the field.

NAVAL.

The Judge of the Admiralty Court at Halifax decided that the seizure of the Chesapeake was piratical, and ordered her restitution.

The Morning Star, which left New York, Dec. 26th, was pursued off Cape Hatteras by a British pirate.

CONGRESS.

BOTH Houses re-assembled after their Christmas holidays, on the 4th of Jan., and proceeded to business. In the Senate a message was received from the President, recommending that the payment of bounties to recruits be continued till the 1st February. In the House a resolution was made to reduce the duty on coal from 34 to 1½ per cent. A bill was also referred to the Committee of Ways and Means abolishing the duties on oats and paper altogether.

On the 6th the Senate received a resolution of the House extending the payment of bounties to the 31th of March.

In the House there was nothing of public interest.

On the 7th, in the Senate, Mr. Howe (Wis.) moved that the President be authorized to call out 1,000,000 of men for 90 days, to release the Union prisoners now starving at rebel prison pens. Gen. Grant to lead them—referred to the Military Committee.

Nothing of public interest in the House.

On the 8th Jan., a joint resolution to give Great Britain notice of the suspension of the Reciprocity Treaty was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

Mr. Wilson's bill to promote enlistments was introduced. It provides that enlistments hereafter shall be for three years; that colored soldiers shall form separate regiments; that no white man; that 10 months' pay shall be given in advance; that the wives and children of colored recruits shall be forever free; that discharges for reason of wounds shall have full pay, and half pay, with rations, when absent from their cause; that each battalion of engineers shall be allowed an Adjutant, a Quartermaster, and Surgeon, to be selected from their Lieutenants. Bill referred to Military Committee.

Mr. Grimes moved that the pay in the navy be as follows: Major-General, $4,000, with commutation for rations, $5,000; Brigadier-General, same with commutation, $4,000; Rear-Admiral, $4,000; Commodore, $3,000; Captain of a department or on other duty in the field; $2,500 when on leave or waiting orders. Colonels same as two when on full duty; $2,800 when not in the field; $2,500 when on leave or waiting orders. Majors, $2,000 in the field, $2,250; on leave, $1,680. Majors, $1,800; $1,700 on duty; $1,500 in the field; $1,000 on leave or waiting for orders. Captains, $1,600 and $1,200. Lieutenants, $1,200 and $1,000. The bill was sent to the Military Committee.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The failures in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Northern States and British provinces during the week ending January 9th were 226, $8,006,000. In 1863 the gross amount was only 70 000,000. Considering the increase of business, this fact alone shows a wonderful state of prosperity, which will make the revulsion less terrific. The failure list does not include dealers in gold and silver, stocks or real estate.

The number of emigrants to New York for the year 1863 was 185,000, being 50,000 more than ever came in any previous year. Germany, 70,000; Ireland, 60,000; Germany, 38,000; England, 18,000; and Scotland, 2,000.

In Philadelphia, during the year, there were 2,300 houses, 15 factories and nine churches built.

The annual rowing news in Plymouth Church the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's took place on the 4th Jan. There was a large attendance, and the collection was $2,000. The yearly premium paid was $200, by Mr. Horace Claflin, the next highest was $150, by Mr. Henry Ward Beecher, sold. The premium on about 70 pews ranged from $200 to $100, being higher than last year. Few pews which paid last year brought $10, now sold for from $40 to $50. The premium on 100 pews was $3,000. In 1862 the premium in 1863 was $10,034. This year the premium will reach $12,000 or $13,000. Nearly all the pews were disposed of.

The increased rate of discount at the Bank of England has had its usual effect here, and gold has been at 51 during the past week.

Two persons were found frozen to death in the streets of New York, on the 3d Jan.

Some disturbances among the negroes have been made lately involving the character of some of the officials connected with the Freedmen's Bureau, both male and female. A searching inquiry is to be made.

—The Police Commissioners, whose removal by Gov. Seymour was announced in our last, have resolved to contest the legality of the proceeding. Brady and Dean have been appointed their counsel. They ground their refusal upon not having had the trial promised them by the Governor in a letter.

—The new Board of Aldermen was inaugurated on the 4th Jan., Fernando Wood, President. The evergreen David Valentine was re-elected Clerk, in accordance with the custom of a period of over 20 years, and with the usual honors.

Messrs. Bosworth, McMurray and Lewis, named by Governor Seymour as Police Commissioners, held a meeting on the 5th of Jan., at 61 William street, and organized. Mr. Bosworth, one of Mr. McMurray as President, Judge Bosworth declining the honor. They elected Mr. Lewis Commissioner of the Courts upon the question of their appointment, and commissioned him. He entered with or inquire the efficiency of the present Police organization.

—The Board of Supervisors of Memphis have enlisted upward of 3 000 men under the last call. They allow each person who enlists now by the $300 County bounty to soldiers now in the United States Army whose term expires before Nov. 31, 1864, and who re-enlist for three years or the war, provided he is not discharged as part of the quota of the County of New York.

—The Annual Report of the Comptroller of the State of New York, which completes an account of the General Fund Revenue for the past fiscal year ends Sept. 30, 1863, shows the receipts to be $3,-83; delivery $1,102,787 77. Three millions have been paid into the general fund; $1,000,000 for harbor and frontier defence; $200 000 for the purchase of arms, $200 000 for the relief of volunteers' families, &c. The entire debt of the State is Canal Debt, $23,274,707 07; Loans, $3,000,000; War Debt, $1,000,000; total, $29,284,134 62. The interest on the debt is about 4½ per cent.

In consequence of the railroad companies having raised the price of milk 33⅓ per cent, the milk dealers have raised the price of milk to 8 cents a quart.

—Governor Seymour's message is an able but ultra-critical document, severely questioning the war measures of the Lincoln Administration. The Legislature, however, is strongly in favor of the Administration, and elected Gen. Dix Senator in place of the Police Commissioners.

Foreign.—The Ohio Legislature organised on the 6th inst. J. R. Hubbell was elected Speaker of the House, and A. Lee Clerk of the Senate. Gov. Todd's Message says that the financial affairs of the State were never in a better condition; that the public debt has been reduced $670,050, and that the State credit abroad and at home has proved a success. He recommends that the banking corporations now existing under the general law be made responsible facilities for closing their business. He calls attention to the bravery and gallantry of our soldiers in the field, and says that although this wicked rebellion still continues with unabated fury there is no full performance of duty in the effort to crush it. He says the change of Administration by the State since the beginning of the war is 200,671.

—The cold in the south-western parts has been excessive. On the 7th Jan. 50 rebel soldiers were frozen to death; also, several at Cairo. The snow storms have been very severe. The Mississippi river is closed, and the Ohio very much incommoded with ice.

—A delegation of prominent citizens from Arkansas is on the way to Washington, to negotiate for the return of that State to the Union. During their stay in Cincinnati, on the 9th, they frankly regretted they had ever been so ill-advised as to engage in the present unholy war.

—A collision happened near Dayton, Ohio, between two trains. One killed and 20 wounded.

Military.—Col. Alex. Cummings, of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* and New York *World* fame, has been sent to Arkansas, to raise some regiments of negro troops.

—Only 67 of the 66th New York regiment have returned, and all of these have re-enlisted for the war.

—Of the 67th New York, 300 out of the 329 re-enlisted. This shows how far better persuasion is than conscription.

—The London papers state that Sir Wm. Armstrong's 600-pounder, if properly elevated, could carry a shell a distance of 10,000 yards, or about 5 yards short of six miles.

—Gen. Curtis has been assigned to the command of a new Military Department, embracing Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Idaho and the Indian country.

Naval.—On the 8th of Jan. Rear-Admiral Farragut sailed from Brooklyn Navy Yard in the flagship Hartford, to assume command of the Gulf Squadron. The Hartford has been completely overhauled in every respect. Dayton, late Inspector of Ordnance at this port, and commander of the Passaic during Dupont's attack on Charleston, sailed also in the Hurford, to assume position as Fleet-Captain. The following is a list of the officers of the Admiral's staff: Rear-Admiral, David Glasgow Farragut; Fleet-Captain, Percival Drayton; Fleet-Lieutenant, James C. Watson; Admiral's Secretary, Edward C. Gabunia.

—It is stated that three of the highest engineers in the navy have reported in favor of the steel experiment in the place of coal, for the generation of steam in the navy. It is said that a steamer can be kept at sea, under steam, three times as long, with an equal amount of coal, as compared with coal.

Personal.—Robert Small, who carried off the rebel steamer *Planter*, is acting as pilot to our fleet at Charleston.

—G. A. Sala, who is acting here as correspondent for the London *News of the World*, has a very severe attack on the Irish. We call one flower: "The lower class of Irish make it a point to spend every Friday evening who does not exhibit symptoms of knocking them down to begin with. They are very fair fun into a row by being sorry. It is Nemesis—nothing more. If the butt's pocket-handkerchief and little purse of Boston would have been civil; but for our having ordered Celtic subscription, that 'Paddy' would have answered the butt; we banged him because he was Irish, and because Irish boots won't bring us any hot water to shave with."

—Capt. Aaron Jones, of the rebel army, who has just been tried and convicted of piracy, is a well-known pugilist, who secured Heenan in his fight with Morrissey. When the present rebellion broke out he and Heenan were engaged in business in New Orleans; Heenan left for the North, and Jones accepted a commission in the rebel army. He was captured while performing suspicious circumstances, which we do to his trial.

—Jefferson B. Auld has been appointed by Mayor Gunther as his private secretary. He is a most courteous and accomplished and has occupied the position twice before, under Mayors Wood and Tieman.

—The Boston *Transcript* says: "Charles Mackay is to return to this country in the course of Feby., to resume his letters in the interest of the secessionists in the London *Times*. For the sake of the latter we are glad to learn that the Americans among his fellow-passengers in the steamer will not be from the ranks of 'among the voyage.'"

—Miss Victoria Balfe, whose divorce from Sir John Crampton has just been announced, is on the point of marriage with the Duke de Frias, a Spanish grandee of great wealth.

—The Hon. Edmund Ruffin, the "distinguished Virginian," as he is called, and who is the hero about against Fort Sumter, is not an American, after all, having been born in Scotland, his father's name being Ruthven, and he emigrated with his parents when he was very young.

Obituary.—Mr. Andrew Lohmann, for many years peculiarly prominent as a member and leading pantomimist of the Ravel troupe, died at St. Hugo, Celia, on the 25th Dec., after but a few days' illness, in the 30th year of his age. He leaves a wife and little children.

—The widow of Lysander Thompson, the eminent actor, died on the 23d Dec., at Halifax.

—Gen. Thomas J. Green died at his residence, in Warren county, N. C., on the 12th ult., aged 66. He served as a Colonel in the Texan war of independence, a member of the Texas Congress, the leader of the Mier expedition, one of the heads of Murgrave's, and subsequently historian of that transaction. He was afterwards a State Senator in California and Major-General of the militia of that State. He was a most gallant officer.

—Mr. C. Kelsey died on the 1st Jan., at his son-in-law's house, Brooklyn. He was one of the officers in the war of 1812, and was subsequently register in and a complaint under which he labored prevented him having any of the present struggle in the Union.

—W. M. Thackeray, the well known author, was found dead in his bed on the 24th Dec.; the cause of his death is supposed to be apoplexy. He was in Calcutta in 1811, of English parents. He was educated at Cambridge, and abandoned the law for literature. His principal works are Esmond, Pendennis Vanity Fair, The Virginians, Four Georges, &c. But he will be chiefly remembered for his Such Papers, his humorous sketches, and satirical essays, which are singularly beautiful. Some of his poems are also admirable in their way, but ultimate. He leaves two daughters, both of them possessing considerable literary ability. He had been ailing for some time, and his death was what he was about to marry Miss Braddon.

Accidents and Offences.—Nearly 200 persons have been reported as missing from Binghampton, New York, since the 1st of January. The list of 1st of January was very heavy, and in some respects irreparable, as the libraries saved there were not replaced, and the loss is irreparable. No lives were lost.

—The latest news from Japan is dated Dec. 1. At that time the Japanese were actively engaged in fortifying Kanawaga, expecting two regiments from Hongkong. Also that the English were establishing a large force in the harbor, and everything threatened a hostilities. It was also said that the Dutch were contemplating a war upon the Tycoon. The Tycoon was willing to pay an indemnity for the attack on our Legation.

—Procyn de Lhuys has sent a circular to all the French Ministers abroad, regretting that the distinct refusal of England to participate in the Congress proposed by Napoleon, renders it a very great disappointment. It is evident that England is no longer willing to play second fiddle to that clever *chevalier d'industrie*, as he is called in contradistinction to the *chevalier d'industrie*, his brother kings.

—An Arsenic lately appeared in Cork, Ireland, and struck in a field in which a valuable mare was feeding. The animal was next morning missed, and sought for, when a large circular hole or pit was found in the field, and at the bottom of this hole the mare was found standing erect, stiff and dead. The belief entertained by those who have seen the

spot is that the aerolite struck the earth from beneath the mare, forming the hole, and burying itself deep in the ground, while the mare fell from the receding earth, and was struck dead by fright.

—— The London *Lancet* states that, after the recent fight, Heenan experienced "considerable stiffness, which was ascertained to exist chiefly in the tendinous attachments of the trapezius muscle to the occipital bone, ligamentum nuchæ, dorsal vetebra, and spine of the scapula!"

—— The *Europe*, of Frankfort, publishes an account of a strange case of poisoning at Wiesbaden, after a wedding dinner, at which about 20 persons were present. In the evening a dance was organised, when during the quadrille the bride, Mdlle. Von Puyenbrock, was taken suddenly ill. Medical assistance was obtained, but unmistakable symptoms of poisoning declared themselves, and the young lady expired a few hours later. Either from the grief occasioned by this unexpected calamity or from the effects of some unwholesome food, the bridegroom died two days after in great agony. With the exception of a few slight cases of indisposition the other persons present escaped.

—— Among the straws of the day may be remarked an article in the last number of *Punch*, in which Capt. Semmes, of the Alabama, is denounced as a pirate and given over to the hangman.

—— Lord Palmerston has indicted O'Kane and the solicitor who conducted the much-talked-of divorce suit, for a conspiracy to extort money. If found guilty they will most probably be transported.

Art, Science and Literature.—Capt. Wm. Flowers, of Bangor, has invented an automatic boat lowerer. By its agency a boat can be lowered almost instantly and with perfect safety, even in a heavy sea. For the disembarkation of troops it will be most valuable.

—— Mr. Wilkie Collins has so much recovered from his illness that he is now able to put the finishing touches to his new serial story, which will appear in the January number of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

—— Charles Dickens will commence his new novel in numbers in May. It will be illustrated by Phiz, and will run through 20 numbers.

—— Mr Anthony Trollope has announced a new serial under the title of "Can you Forgive her?"

—— The author of "Mary Powell," and other representative biographies (some of which have been reprinted in America), has just broken new ground in "The Interrupted Wedding," a little novel, the scene of which is laid in Hungary before and during the war of 1848. It is pleasantly spoken of by the admirers of her tender, womanly genius.

—— The literary remains of the late Archbishop of Dublin (to whose chair Dean Trench has just been promoted) will shortly appear in the shape of a volume of miscellanies from his Commonplace Book, which will probably be followed by a selection from his unpublished Sermons. His family have undertaken the preparation of a Memoir of his Life, which will consist mainly of letters and other memoranda from his own pen.

Chit-Chat.—West, the painter's father, on emigrating to America, left his wife in England. She died shortly after giving birth to a son, whom his father first saw on his return to his native land 50 years afterwards. The painter was one of the second wife's family, born in America.

—— Lieut.-Col. Lord Abinger, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, was lately married at Montreal to a daughter of Commodore Magruder, late of the U. S. Navy, and niece of the notorious rebel Gen. Magruder.

—— The Prince of Prussia is by trade a printer. According to an ancient usage in Prussia, all the Princes of the royal family must learn a trade.

—— Mr. Bailey, who was arrested at the suggestion of the person known as Count Joannes, on suspicion of murdering young Converse, of the Malden Bank, has been honorably discharged from custody.

—— Prof. Agassiz, in a late lecture in Springfield, Mass., said: "Boys and girls, men and women should be less cloistered. They should be associated in the school, on the farm and in the shop. Their influence should be pure and healthful, and thus would the race attain more perfect development. Society will then be put on a higher foundation."

—— The *Insurance Record* observes that several offices in London are receiving proposals for an insurance to a large amount on the life of the Empress of the French—those already done amount to $1,000,000. The reason given is that it is for her son, in the event of anything going wrong.

—— We don't wish to alarm people, but one of those everlasting searchers for spots upon the sun has discovered that the face of that luminary is as thickly covered with spots as though it were marked with smallpox, sufficient to impair its business capacity for lighting and warming about one per cent.

—— The N. Y. *Times* has the following excellent remarks upon a subject which has not sufficiently drawn public attention to it: "A portion of the convict's earnings ought to be applied to the support of his family. As the matter now stands, his helpless wife and children are far more severely punished for his crime than the convict himself. Bad as he may have been, he stood between them and starvation. When he is taken away from them by the State and shut up in prison, they suffer all the pains and all the evils of destitution. He earns money, but the State takes it. Why should not a part of it, at least, go to the support of those who have not shared his guilt, but must bear the heaviest part of his punishment? The effect of such a provision upon the convict himself could not fail to be highly beneficial. It would habituate him to think of his family as still connected with him, as still dependent on him, as still profiting by his industry and good behavior; and except upon the very hardest and worst natures, this could not fail to have a reforming and softening influence. The experiment has been tried with good results in other States; why should it not also be tried here?"

—— A quantity of rebel correspondence was recently captured in the Ceres; among the letters was the following rich billet. Old Mason is evidently a brute not to assist such an interesting lady:

No. 13 TEMPEST HEY,
LIVERPOOL, Oct. 22, 1863.

Dear Lamar: That interesting friend of mine is now in London, at the Coburg Hotel, No. 14 Charles street, Grosvenor square.

She writes in great distress and humiliation, as usual, asking for money to go home with. She called upon old Mason, and he told her he was unable to give assistance. Take a look at her.

Yours truly, J. N. MAFFIT.

Expect to be off in an hour.

—— The U. S. War Steamer Wyoming lately arrived at Hong Kong from Japan, and although it had brought the English mails and the British Consul from Kanawaga, she was not allowed to remain in port, on the stale pretence of the Queen's proclamation of neutrality. This is very different from the reception given to the Alabama at Cape Town.

—— The following gorgeous specimen of the conglomeration style forms part of a *critique* on Renan's Life of Jesus in the *Daily News*: "As literary critics and scholars we admire it; as Christians we must emphatically condemn it. Still, as the advocate of the freedom of thought and freedom of speech, we justify its publication. It will do harm; it will also do great good. Its sophistries will all be one by one exposed. Error will always in the long run aid truth. It provokes to thought, and thought will ever lead to faith. Spite of all the talent and learning of this book, it is founded on a false theory, and cannot stand."

—— Liszt, the pianist, has been lately honored, at the convent where he is staying, by a visit from the Pope, before whom he played the piano for an hour. When he was done, Pius IX. embraced the pianist, and said: "You have made me hear celestial harmonies; thanks to you, I can now form an idea of what angel choruses ought to be." Liszt is now busy in setting to music the life of Saint Francis, of Assisi. The Pope must have had the epitaph on Purcell in his mind, "He has gone where only his own melody can be excelled," which induced a friend of a departed firework maker to put on the tomb, "He has gone to a place where only his own fireworks can be excelled."

—— The mystery of the lost prince is at last solved —Eleazar Williams was the missing Monongahela or Bourbon—another prince, whose initials are Wm. R., most likely William Rex, says, in a letter to Morris and Willis, *Home Journal*: "Most fortunately, we now possess the power of settling this question beyond the possibility of doubt, by the free and lucid communications we daily receive from our spirit friends."

—— An English writer, who has lately had his hair brushed by machinery, thus describes it: "In a moment I felt a silent fanning, as if some monstrous butterfly were hovering over me; this was the air of the twirling brush, which caught my hair up and laid it down, and travelled all over my head with incessant gentle penetration. It crept down my whiskers and reached my beard with the same tender and decided effect. There was no scratching, not even of the neck and ears, but the skin of cheeks and chin was reached and swept. It was a new sensation. I felt as if I should like to be brushed continuously for a month." We should think this machinery must be very pleasant for bald-headed gentleman.

—— Mr. Stanton has assured the darkeys that they have the privilege of being rogues or contractors as much as though they were white.

THOUGHTS TO REMEMBER.

BY B. C. LEECH.

WHO can revoke the broken word?
Or who recall the arrow sped?
Can we bring back the life that's past?
Restore neglected moments fled?

Think wisely, then, before you speak;
Reflect ere flies the fatal dart;
'Tis better far to send a balm
Than poison to a troubled heart

Live so that no regrets shall rise,
To gather round your future years;
Let no neglected moments pass,
To check thy flight to yonder spheres.

Speak softly, kindness is a power
That comes from yon bright heaven above;
Deal gently, and the world shall know
The healing balm—the power of love.

THE STORY OF A JUG.

IT is a true tale of one whose name is "as familiar in our mouths as household words," but who shall be known here as Bernard Barton.

Bernard was born in one of those home-like, cleanly and honest-looking villages of Massachusetts, of which there are so many, and which we shall call by way of distinguishment Middletown. Bernard was an only child, and his father, there's no denying the fact, was a harsh, a very harsh man, and apt to regard the faults of the boy much more harshly than they deserved. Bernard was without a mother, she having died when he was but three years of age, since which time he had been under the charge of a grandmother, who had become domiciled at the Barton homestead, and who made up by petting for the rough usage he received from his father. The only other member of the family was Marion, an orphan, whom Bernard had always called "cousin," and who was of that relation some score of times removed. Between Marion and Bernard there was six years difference, and the little blue-eyed child looked up to the boy of sixteen as to some superior being, whose wisdom surpassed all comprehension; for Bernard though born and educated upon a farm, and to do farm work, was both a reader and a thinker, and by some means, even with his very limited opportunity, had managed to pick up a vast deal of knowledge unusual for a lad of his age. This picking up, however, was something not in accordance with the taste of Mr. Barton, who could see nothing in books, and was no believer in learning beyond what was necessary to enable him to read the daily chapter, and keep his farm accounts. He believed in work, and in having the best kept farm in the county; and believing this, and this only, it was not strange that he was severe upon the bookish, dreaming habits of Bernard, and classed them only as laziness. The boy writhed under his father's treatment, and labored, and mourned over the tasks set him to perform, but never to his father uttered a word of complaint; all this was poured into the grandmother's ears, and from her lips came all the consolation that Bernard received, save such as could be given by little Marion, who, though too young to fairly understand the matter in its proper bearings, could always, when she saw the cloud upon Bernard's face, kiss away some of it.

"I don't believe he cares any more for me than a stranger," Bernard would say.

"Oh! you're wrong, Bernard. Your father does not want to praise you before your face, but I know that he loves you, and wishes to make you happy. He thinks his own way is right," was the grandmother's response.

"Happy! if he wants me to be happy, why doesn't he send me to school. No! no! he wants me to be a farmer and gardener. I never will be a farmer in the world."

"There! there, now! come dry your eyes Barney, and go fetch me a cool drink. You know I never care a cent for a drink if you don't draw it for me out of the north corner of the well."

The boy knew that the appearance of the stone pitcher was like a peace offering, and that with it grandmother generally closed the scenes of tears and repinings; sometimes, perhaps, in especial cases, accompanying it by wiping away the falling tears with her ample check apron, and a kiss. There was no getting over the old lady's style of comforting, and the boy always took the pitcher with a smile, and bore it back brimming with the crystal fluid, from, as the old lady expressed it, "the north corner of the well."

This was Bernard Barton's daily life, and daily trouble, until he was sixteen. Vague dreams of breaking away from it, and venturing out upon the great sea of the world, chased each other occasionally through his brain; but they never took shape, and so the old story had gone on from day to day, and from year to year. Dreams of something beyond the boundaries of the farm, of something that should lead him among men, and make the name of Bernard Barton heard. Dreams of a time when he would have unlimited hours of study, and would not be obliged to fly with or hide his books, as though they were some stolen property.

One day, a terribly sultry one in August, Bernard had just come in from the barn for his midday meal, which still stood untouched upon the table, when Mr. Barton made his appearance. There was something upon his face that foretold a storm, and there was not long to wait for it.

"I thought I told you to mend and rehang that corn crib door, Bernard," were his first words.

"Yes, sir! and you also told me this morning that I must mend Sorrel's harness. I couldn't do both, father," was the boy's reply.

"Sorrel's harness! why it oughtn't have taken you half an hour to do that."

"You'll think differently, father, when you've seen it."

"Oh! you've always an excuse," said the farmer, angrily; "you spend more time in inventing excuses than in doing your work."

A flush flew over the face of Bernard, and the tears came starting into his eyes. His father saw it, but he had no pity on such weakness.

"You idle away your time over some newspaper, or book, and then your work isn't done, and if you're spoken to there's nothing but whimpering and crying. You don't earn your salt, and you'll never be good for anything as long as you live."

The boy's breast heaved as though it would burst, and with one upbraiding look he sprang from the table, and hurried into the kitchen, where in an instant he was followed by grandmother and Marion.

"Go back, go back, Bernard. Go back and eat your dinner. Let your father have his full swing, and don't say anything. He'll get over it soon, when he sees you've been at work this morning. Go back, child."

"No, grandmother, never! This is too much! I'll never eat bread that is begrudged me, even though it is my father's."

"Oh! he'll get over it in an hour, and be sorry, Bernard. Go into your dinner, and forget it."

"He may be sorry many times, grandma, but he never tells me so, and I can't stand this any longer."

Marion crept up his side, and drew his rough hand up to her cheek. Grandmother forced a smile to her face, and bringing forth the inevitable stone jug thrust it into Bernard's hands, wiping off his face as she did so, and kissing him twice, said—

"Ah! well, never mind, Bernard, you'll soon be a man. Now, then, bring me a cool drink from the north corner, mind; there, that's a good boy."

Bernard could not restrain a smile as he took the jug, even though his heart was breaking, and throwing an arm round grandmother's neck, he kissed her quickly, then stooping to Marion's bright red lips and tear-dimmed eyes, he drew them into his bosom, and with one little word of love he did the same, and then set out for the well. It was but fifty yards away from the house, this well with the cool north corner, but within that fifty yards what thoughts went trooping through the hot brain of Bernard. Grandma was in no hurry for the water, he argued, and he would cool that heated head, and dry away all traces of the tears before he went back to the house. A little stroll down the road to get the south-west breeze would do it, and so Bernard sat the stone jug inside the hedge, covered it with leaves, and ran down the road against the wind. On he went, but the south-west wind did not cool his heated brain, and he went farther, farther still, until in a few minutes he found himself passing through the village of Middletown, and still striking southward with a head hotter than ever.

Ten years must now pass over Middletown, and consequently the same period over the heads of all about it. Just about dusk a stranger alighted from the stage at the tavern, looking earnestly and familiarly up and down the main street, and into the face of the landlord, though claiming no acquaintance with him. His request was that his baggage should be retained there until sent for, and as for himself, he wanted nothing, but would walk to his final destination as he knew the way well. On he went, treading every foot of the road as though he knew it thoroughly, until he reached the Barton homestead. Here there had been changes, but not in the outer appearance of the old place. Farmer Barton had been dead for some years, but otherwise, save such as time inevitably brings, there had been little change. The stranger made his way straight toward the house, reaching the windows that led into the little sitting-room, and there paused. There were voices inside speaking.

"Ten years ago, this very night," said one, "and how strange it is that we have never heard a word of the poor boy?"

"He can't be alive, grandma; I'm sure that if Bernard were living he would not have let so long a time pass without letting us hear from him."

"No! no! Marion. I am content to wait. I know that I shall not die without seeing Bernard."

"And grandma, if you should see him now, perhaps you would not know him."

"Not know him! yes, indeed I would know my boy wherever I would see him, and at any time. Shall I ever forget, Marion, the day when he went out with the stone jug, and both our kisses warm upon his lips, and never came back? His poor father held out for many years against him, and even forbade his name to be mentioned, but in his last sickness he mourned for Bernard, and sorrowed for his harshness to the boy. He felt that he had done wrong, Marion, or he would not have left the farm and all that he had labored for so hard, to be reclaimed by Bernard if ever he should return. No! no! Marion, Bernard will come back some day, and bring me another jug of water from that north corner of the well. I haven't enjoyed a drink of water since he went away."

The stranger had heard all this, looking in upon the old grandmother and the beautiful girl who sat sewing beside the shaded lamp, and dropping her brown curls over her white, plump hands, and then, without waiting for more, moved silently away from the window. Down the lane he went, toward the well, and groping for a moment in the hedge, he drew forth a stone jug. In a few moments it was cleansed, filled with sparkling water, and on its way to the house; and the grandmother and the fair girl with the dropping curls were startled to see a tall, sun-browned, richly dressed man, enter the sitting-room, bearing before him a great stone jug, and saying:

"Here's the water, grandma, you sent me for."

The old lady was not long in recovering herself.

"Put it upon the table, Bernard, and come and kiss me." And then in an instant the whole three were locked in each other's arms, Marion covered with blushes, and grandma laughing aloud from her very happiness.

I cannot close my story without a sequel. Bernard's ten years, as a rolling-stone, had overthrown the proverb, for he had not only gathered moss, but he had gained fame. And when in two weeks after he said to Marion, as they were walking in the moonlight up and down the lane that led to the old well, these words, it told the whole tale of the struggle:

"I knew, dear Marion, that this day would come, and I struggle for my wealth to meet it. I felt that I should some day come back and claim my child-love, and that I should find her, but I did not look upon my wealth as a means to sit down and wear away a listless life. There is work yet for me to do in the world, and I shall do it. This spot shall be our home always, but I must still work, and you as my wife will help me."

And he did work, not upon the corn crib or upon Sorrel's harness, but upon the world's work, until all the world knew of him, and of the Story of a Jug.

AN ICELANDIC ROMANCE.

As early as 998, Errick Rande, an Icelandic chief, fitted out an expedition of 25 galleys at Sentell, and having manned them with sufficient crews of colonists, set forth from Iceland to what appeared to be a more congenial climate.

They sailed upon the ocean 15 days and saw no land. The next day brought with it a storm, and many a gallant vessel sunk in the deep. Mountains of ice covered the water as far as the eye could reach, and but a few galleys escaped destruction.

The morning of the 17th was clear and cloudless; the sea was calm, and far away to the northward could be seen the glare of icefields reflected on the sky. The remains of the shattered fleet gathered together to pursue their voyage, but the galley of Errick Rande was not there.

The crew of the galley which was driven further down than the rest reported that, as the morning broke, the large fields of ice that covered the ocean were driven by the current past them, and that they beheld the galley of Errick Rande born by resistless force and speed of the wind before a tremendous field of ice; her crew had lost all control over her, and they were tossing their arms in wild agony. Scarcely a moment had elapsed ere it was walled in by a hundred ice hills, and the whole mass moved forward and was soon beyond the horizon. That the galley of the narrator escaped was wonderful; it remained, however, uncontradicted, and the vessel of Errick Rande was never more seen.

Half a century after that a Danish colony was established on the western coast of Greenland. The crew of the vessel which carried the colonists thither, in their excursions into the interior, crossed a range of hills that stretched to the northward; they had approached nearer to the pole than any preceding adventurers. Upon looking down from the summit of the hills they beheld a vast and interminable field of ice, undulating in various places, and formed into a thousand grotesque shapes.

They saw, not far from the shore, a figure of an iced vessel with glittering icicles instead of masts arising from it. Curiosity prompted them to approach, and they beheld a dismal sight. Figures of men in every attitude of woe were upon the deck, but they were icy things then; one figure alone stood erect, and, with folded arms, leaned against the mast. A hatchet was procured and the ice split away, and the features of a chieftain disclosed, pallid and deathly and free from decay.

This was, doubtless, the vessel, and that the figure and form of Errick Rande. Benumbed with cold and in agony of despair his crew had fallen around him. The spray of the ocean and the fogs had frozen as it lighted upon them, and covered each figure with an icy robe, which the short-lived glance of a Greenland sun had not time to remove. The Danes gazed upon the spectacle with trembling eyes. They knew not but the scene might be their fate, too. They knelt down upon the deck and muttered a prayer in their native tongue for the souls of the frozen crew, then hurriedly left the place, for night was gathering around them.

WE are indebted to Robert Coddington, 366 Bowery, who publishes a large collection of portraits of Catholic dignitaries, for the portraits of Bishops McCloskey and Timon.

IT is almost too late in the day to recommend the sewing machine as a useful article in a family. No well regulated household is without one. This question settled, the next thing to do is to select the one best suited to your requirements. Both of the editors of the *Home Journal* have long had the Grover & Baker machine in their households, and can speak from experience. We therefore have no hesitation in saying that we like this machine, and for the following reasons: First—It is more simple, durable, and less liable to derangement than others. Second—It sews from ordinary spools, and no rewinding of thread is necessary. Third—It sews with equal facility all fabrics, the most delicate and the heaviest, and with all kinds of thread silk, cotton or linen. Fourth—Its seam is so strong and elastic, that it never breaks. Fifth—It fastens both ends of the seam by its own operation. Sixth—Its seam, though cut at every sixth stitch, remains firm, and neither runs nor ravels in wear. But, besides the above qualities to recommend the "Grover & Baker," it has a faculty which no other machine possesses. It makes beautiful embroidery without any change of arrangement. —*From the Home Journal*.



RIGHT REV. JOHN TIMON, BISHOP OF BUFFALO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CODDINGTON.



RIGHT REV. JOHN M'CLOSKEY, D.D., BISHOP OF ALBANY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CODDINGTON.



THE WAR IN ARKANSAS—HELENA, ARKANSAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. D. SCHELL.



THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—ACTION AT LEGAREVILLE.—THE REBEL BATTERY ATTACKING THE MARBLEHEAD SILENCED AND CAPTURED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



LIFE'S QUESTION.

BY HENRY ALFORD.

Drifting away
Like mote on the stream,
To-day's disappointment
Yesterday's dream;
Ever resolving—
Never to mend:
Such is our progress—
Where is the end?

Whirling away
Like leaf in the wind,
Points of attachment
Left daily behind,
Fixed to no principle,
Fast to no friend;
Such our fidelity:
Where is the end?

Floating away
Like cloud on the hill,
Pendulous, tremulous,
Migrating still:
Where to repose ourselves?
Whither to tend?
Such our consistency:
Where is the end?

Crystal the pavement,
Seen through the stream:
Firm the reality
Under the dream:
We may not feel it,
Still we may mend:
How we have conquered
Not known till the end.

Bright leaves may scatter,
Sports of the wind,
But stands to the winter
The great tree behind:
Frost shall not wither it,
Storms cannot bend:
Roots firmly clasping
The rock at the end.

Calm is the firmament
Over the cloud:
Clear shine the stars through
The rifts of the shroud:
There our repose shall be,
Thither we tend:
Spite of our waverings
Approved at the End.

LINDA,

The Dancing Girl of the Cafe St. Nicol.

By Mrs. M. A. Denison.

CHAPTER VII.

One day Eugene was leisurely walking towards the café for his dinner when, presto! he stumbled upon Monsieur Louis. That gentleman, being freshly dyed, was got up in the very costliest style. He stopped short, made an immensely civil bow, and smiled grimly. Courtesy demanded that Eugene should stop too, though he would fain have gone by.

"How are you, Monsieur Eugene?"

"How are you, Monsieur Louis?"

"It is an age since I have seen you."

"It is indeed some time."

"Pardon me, but you were going to dine?"

"That was my intention, Monsieur Louis," was the quiet reply.

"I go with you then. I am on the lookout for a quieter café, which I suppose you have found—perhaps a cheaper?"

"Both quieter and cheaper," said Eugene, coloring.

"You do not object to my company?"

"Oh, certainly not," said Eugene, with indecision.

He did not dare, or rather did not like, to tell the truth, which was that he had much rather go alone.

So the two went quietly along together, Monsieur Louis never for one moment losing his ceremonious demeanor, Eugene perplexed and almost angry that they had met again. He was determined, if an opportunity occurred, to give him the cut direct. Monsieur Louis gave orders rapidly, pulling at his moustache almost fiercely. The dinner was brought on with some light wines.

"Tell me," said Monsieur Louis, "have you seen our little friend, the Linda, lately?"

"She is not my friend particularly, and I have not seen her for a fortnight," said Eugene, stoutly.

Monsieur Louis elevated his eyebrows.

"A whole fortnight!" he said, sharply. "What an unlucky man you are! Now, I have had the privilege every day during that time."

Eugene knew in his heart that it was a lie. He looked up and kept his eye steadily upon him.

"I heard that madame and mademoiselle had left Paris for a fortnight," he said, quietly.

"Well, man, that does not place them in the antipodes, does it? Suppose they were only a few miles out; there are the steamcars, if one only has the money to take advantage of them."

"Did you receive a note I sent you on that day?" asked Eugene.

"A note—no note!" muttered Louis, scowling. "I do not remember a note."

"In it I advised you not to call on mademoiselle."

"Oh, you did! Well, the note must have miscarried."

"What! You went there?"

"See the man's astonishment! Of course I went there," he added, with an oath.

"And—and—pardon—but how did they treat you?"

"Like a king, my lord," answered Louis, with ironical voice and gesture. "You should have been there, only it might have made you jealous. Why they even sent out for confections and a most delicate meal. Then the lovely mademoiselle herself, how preciously beautiful she was! It was worth ten thousand francs to see her smile on one. What a smile the witch has got, to be sure!"

For a moment Eugene was taken aback. This man was so cool in his effrontery if he was lying; and he must be.

"You mean to say that madame, the nurse and guardian of mademoiselle, received you with deference and believed your story?" asked Eugene, incredulously.

"Why, of course, man! As to my story: I can always get out of a scrape, even if others draw me into it. I had a very ingenious estape-valve, and that, with money, you see, overcame even the old dragon's prejudices. She consented to receive me as a friend; so, since then, I have been on terms of intimacy with them."

"I believe you lie!" cried Eugene, his eyes ablaze, for the look and manner of this man made him seem infernal.

Louis sprang to his feet. This was all he wanted. Fire flashed from his eyes, all the wrinkles in his forehead were plainly to be seen. He caught up his glass, which was nearly full, and threw it in the face of Eugene. This was unpardonable. The young fellow leaped upon him like a tiger. A furious struggle ensued, which would have ended in blood if they had not been parted.

"Satisfaction for this!" cried Monsieur Louis, hoarsely.

"I am ready," was the reply.

And throwing down his card he rapidly wrote his name and address, took it up again and handed it to Monsieur Louis, who received it with a muttered oath.

The young man returned to his plain lodgings, feeling himself a doomed man. All Paris rang with the skill of Monsieur Louis as a dead shot. Eugene was tolerably skilled in the use of the pistol, but was by no means a proficient. He had never winged his adversary; the other had. Besides, he could not feel revengeful, and beyond a certain amount of cool daring his physical courage was not remarkable. However, here he was with a duel on his hands. He sat down by his pen, his ink, his paper, all nicely folded and cut; he looked over to the busy streets, which could be seen from his little window.

"I shall never walk those streets again," he said, with an involuntary shudder. "This fiend will kill me—I feel it in my heart. He is merciless. He thinks I have fooled him, and he will not forgive. And my poor mother, my poor sister! What would they say if they knew I even contemplated duelling? How often we have discussed the right and the wrong, and I have flattered myself that I dared question the right of a man to kill me for an insult! Yet this was no insult; it was the truth. If ever man lied deliberately and foully that man did. The villain, to implicate us he dared! He ought to be killed. Such a wretch is too bad for the light of day to look upon. But if I killed him! Just Heaven! The thought of having blood upon my soul!"

He bent his head, with both hands he covered his pallid face. Life looked very alluring to him—yes, even if he had lost the sweet object of his first love. He was young, poor fellow, and there was a fair prospect of being famous.

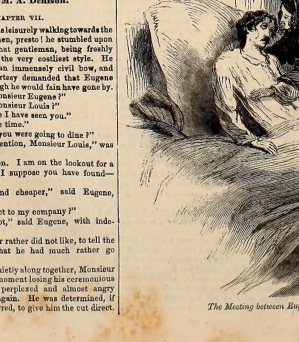
"I won't retract—and I won't fight!" he cried from between closed teeth.

But then he felt that he should be in the power of this vindictive man, who might at any time deliberately spit his venom out upon him. It would ruin his prospects. He, too, wielded the pen. He would brand him as a coward, ridicule him unmercifully, stand in the way of his preferment. In any case, he would be a most dangerous and desperate enemy.

"Oh, what am I to do?" groaned the young man.

On the one hand there was fight, on the other—flight! To run the risk of having a ball put through his heart, or going home to live again on the few francs he could earn at that distance from the capital. His mental manhood revolted at the thought. He who had made such boasts that he could support his mother and his sister, now to retreat ingloriously back, under cover of their protection, instead of their being under his. No, no! he could not for a moment contemplate that side of the question. He must stand by what he had said and take the consequences; there was no other way open to him. After all, what was life? To the Parisian born it seemed an empty thing. Every morning the papers told of some one who had deliberately shut the gates on life and gone out into the unknown future. Perhaps it would be better, weighing the chances; he thought it would. He would write a letter to his mother, his sister and Mademoiselle Linda. The old nurse would get it; but she had found him honorable, and the chances were that mademoiselle would get it. Then she would see that he had died for her, and love his memory.

This plan decided upon, he sat down and buried himself till four in the afternoon, when Monsieur Louis's messenger demanded to see him. That business adjusted satisfactorily, he tried to divest his mind of the strange and thoughts that wrought it as in a cloud, but in vain. Go where he would, do what he might, it followed him. A thousand times he despised himself for his moral cowardice, for conscience demanded its satisfaction. It said, in unmistakable language, "It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong." It busied itself in propounding to him a thousand strange questions concerning that future he was so willing to brave. But, as is too often the case, the moral was ever weaker than the spiritual man. It could not abide the finger of scorn, it could not bear the whisper of doubt; above all, it could not place confidence in that great Being, who always in time or in eternity rewards the welldoer and punishes the ill. Poor Monsieur Eugene!



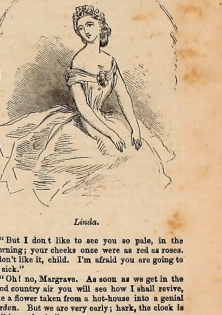
The Meeting between Eugene and his Sister in the Hospital.

CHAPTER VIII.

A COLD gray morning, just after daylight. All the streets of Paris were damp, and moisture streamed from the shop windows. The very few people abroad, workers, both men and women, walked with shrugged shoulders and pinched faces. Paris was cold and the Parisians were cold. There were fires in comfortable dining-rooms, that my lord and my lady might not feel the change in the atmosphere. A carriage drove out of one of the obscurer streets. The driver looked sleepy, so did the horses. Perhaps they, poor things, had hardly been awake all night. Inside the carriage, wrapped in heavy gray shawls, sat two women, one was young and very beautiful, the other was old and much faded.

"Linda, child, your teeth chatter; I must shut up the window," said Madame Margrave.

"Oh, no! The air of the coach would stifle me; besides, it is not so very cold, only raw."



Linda.

"But I don't like to see you so pale, in the morning; your cheeks once were as red as roses. I don't like it, child. I'm afraid you are going to be sick."

"Oh! no, Margrave. As soon as we get in the good country air you will see how I shall revive, like a flower taken from a hot-house into a genial garden. But we are very early; hark, the clock is striking only six."

"I thought it was later. By some mischance my watch has gone forward," was the reply. "Well, fortunately the station-rooms will be warm and we shall not suffer. It is better to be too early than too late."

"How gray the sky looks!" cried Linda, shuddering. "I didn't feel a bit happy this morning. I believe I must have had miserable dreams. Did you ever feel as if something was going to happen?"

"Something is always going to happen, child," replied the nurse, yawning behind her gloved hand.

"Shall we ever come back to Paris?" sighed Linda, looking regretfully after a beautiful promenade they had just left. "Look, Margrave—look at that man. He is running—he seems to be in a desperate fright."

The nurse leaned forward. The man at that moment was coming towards the carriage.

"The villain!" she cried, "what can he want?"

"Why, do you know him, Margrave?" queried Linda, curiously. Can he stop the carriage?"

"No, no, child—but I know him—it is that man whom Monsieur Eugene warned us of. There, he has gone past, but he had the audacity to bow. I hope you did not return it."

"I, nurse? of course not—I do not know him at all. Some one may be ill and he runs for a physician, though in that case he might have taken a horse, or sent for the doctor, I should think."

Speculating about it, they were driven on. Linda had sank back in the carriage, and was dreamily gazing on the objects by the roadside. They were now in the suburbs of Paris, and driving past the pleasant village of Passy. Suddenly the driver halted. On their left were the classic grounds of the Bois de Boulogne; from one of its entrances directly opposite several men appeared, bearing a rude sort of litter, on which, partly covered by a cloak, laid the body of a man, whose lifeless face upturned to the heavens, and long, beautiful hair hanging all uncurled, caused the old nurse to cry out piteously. Linda saw it, and for a moment the terrible vision deprived her of all emotion. Then a long, wild scream rent the still air. The beautiful girl hurried to the carriage door.

"Are you crazy, Linda?" cried her nurse, frightened at her extreme pallor, and the earnestness of her motions.

"No, you know I am not. You know whose body that is. He has been killed—that frightful man killed him. I must get out. Unlock the door or I will jump through the window. Men, set down that litter—he was my friend."

At last the handle of the door yielded, and she sprang out of the coach. The bearers, struck with her youth, beauty and sorrow, paused while she bent above the bier.

"Oh! is he dead?" she cried, wildly, as, brushing the rich hair back, she laid her hand upon the forehead.

"He's dead, sure enough, so the surgeon said," replied one of the men.

"Oh! his poor sister!" sobbed Linda, quite overcome. "Oh! his poor mother, if he has one, what will they do without him? Ah! me—it has broken my heart."

"Linda," cried her nurse, gently, "come, child, you can do no good there."

"No, I cannot put life again in these poor pulses. Oh! to be so foully murdered!"

"We must go on, madame," said one of the men. "People are beginning to come by."

"That frightful wood!" shuddered Linda, as she cast a glance towards the Bois de Boulogne—"oh! I shall never want to see it again. Come, nurse, we will leave Paris, and never, never return."

"My poor child we have left Paris," said her nurse, pityingly, as she assisted her into the carriage again.

"Have we? Then let us go farther, for here my heart was broken."

"Linda, foolish child, this boy was nothing to you," said her aunt, in quick tones, frightened at the rigid look of her young face, the frightened expression of her features. I am astonished that you should expose yourself so."

"Oh! nurse, you don't know—you don't know anything about it," she said, hopelessly. If you did you would not say so—no, you could not. Oh! if I could only die."

"Foolish, unhappy child!" cried the nurse, "to grieve thus over one who gave no more than a passing thought to you. No doubt he has loved a dozen fair faces since."

"No, nurse, I am sure that he died for me. I have dreaded it ever since that day—ever since that frightful man called, and you told him all. From that time I have had this impression, that my poor Eugene would be killed, or that in some terrible way I should lose him."

"Well, well, my dear, all your tears will never bring him to life. You must forget him, and then you will recover your wonted serenity. You shall have beautiful dresses, and I warrant you in time a lover handsomer and richer than poor Eugene."

CHAPTER IX.

The city of Rouen, famous for being the birthplace of Corneille and Fontenelle, is situated on the right bank of the Seine. As lovers of old histories know, it was once the capital of the ancient dukes of Normandy, and a small fragment of the old palace that once overtopped its towers still can be seen. A beautiful and picturesque city is Rouen. Its lovely boulevards nearly encircle it—a street planted with trees dividing the new part from the old. Its cathedral is a magnificent edifice. It was not till within a few years quite completed. It contains the tomb of Rollo and several eminent personages. In its old market-place, in 1431, Jean d'Arc was burned for commencing that revolution that saved France. Her ashes consecrated the river. But I will not go into any historical details—suffice it to say that the traveller is satisfied with a visit to Rouen, and enters and leaves it without losing his enthusiasm.

In a pleasant street of this pleasant city, indeed, nearly upon its outskirts, in a beautiful apartment overlooking the river, two ladies sat. One of them looked scarcely thirty—the other was much younger, having numbered but sixteen summers. Lily Atoile and her mother, for they were the mother and sister of poor Eugene, seemed both busily employed. The elder was knitting, the latter had drawn a beautiful little writing-table up near the window, and was looking over a letter as if meditating an answer.

"Did you read all Eugene's last letter, mother?" asked Lily, shaking back the light, soft curls as she looked up from her employment.

"Yes, my dear," replied the mother.

"What do you think of the part relating to that Mademoiselle Linda?"

"I don't know what to think, exactly, my dear. I know that Eugene is very young and very impulsive, and his good feelings are easily enlisted. She may be very pure and good, but I wish he had never known her."

"That is beautiful poetry in the *Review*—I think, do you know, mamma, that it is addressed to her. I wish I could write like that. Eugene is going to be famous; don't you think so, mamma!"

"Sometimes I hope so, child, but famous people are seldom happy."

"Perhaps not—but then it is something to be famous, even if one is unhappy. One may not know it, and thousands may be talking about and envying one. Oh! yes, I do hope Eugene may be famous. And some time, when he has made a great deal of money, I shall go to Paris and stay awhile and see the sights. That will be so delightful. The dream of my life fulfilled."

"If you keep on talking, Lily, you will never get your letter done," said her mother, gently.

"Sure enough, mamma—there, I have made the important beginning, 'Dearest brother.' Now after the first line or two everything will go straight, I hope."

How little they thought, those two women, seated amidst singingbirds, rare flowers, looking out upon the vines of sunny France, the blue river dimpling and glittering in the sunlight, the distant hills, how little they thought of the gray Bois de Bologne, the damp morning and the fatal shot aimed at the heart of their beloved. They were very happy in their son and brother. He had never given either of them the heartache yet. To them he was the bravest and handsomest creature in the whole world. Lily, poor, foolish little heart, imagined that everybody knew him in Paris by this time—that beautiful women smiled upon him, and men were jealous of his superior good looks and abilities. There is no knowing to what height her ambition attained for him. She never thought of him but with a throb of pride, and she almost held herself aloof from other people on his account. There was a girl named Marguerite who lived in the same street with the Atoiles. She had once been a playmate and somewhat of a favorite with Eugene, but before he went away he roused her anger to the highest point by dropping her acquaintance. Still she loved him, but it was a fearful kind of love, colored by the longings of revenge.

Lily, pitying this girl, had always befriended her, though sometimes she drove the iron deeper into her soul by reading Eugene's letters. The last she allowed her to hear was the one in which mention was made of the lovely dancing girl of the Café St. Nicol. Terribly it roused her jealousy, and she longed in some way to make him suffer the torments he had innocently inflicted upon her.

It happened that Lily had scarcely finished her letter—in fact was at that moment adding a momentous postscript, when Marguerite entered. She was a Rouen beauty, dark, sparkling and piquant. Her face was round and rosy, her shoulders and arms plump, her hair short and curling, her eyes very bright and black, and her form, though a trifle large, still very good. She wore a pretty brown dress, set off by a jaunty silk apron with pockets and ruffles. As she neared the room her face took on a strange look of mingled cunning and caution.

Lily looked up, smiled and nodded, as much as to say: I shall be through, soon. Mrs. Atoile smiled pleasantly and invited her to be seated. So she sat down, holding her little straw hat dangling by its blue ribbons.

"There, it is finished—all but the seal," said Lilly, gaily.

"Have you been writing to your brother?" asked Marguerite, demurely.

"Yes, it will go in this noon's mail. He will get it to-morrow."

"Have you heard from him, lately?" asked Marguerite.

"You saw a part of his last letter," was the reply. "I should have answered sooner, but I was lazy."

"I should think you would be afraid to have him there," said the girl, significantly.

"Why?" asked both women.

"Oh! Paris is so wicked, the curé says, that there are assassinations and duels going on all the time."

"I'm not afraid," said Lily, gaily; "only bad men are assassinated and reckless men fight duels—Eugene is neither."

"Eugene would never fight a duel," said his mother, with confidence.

"Still, it is a dangerous place," persisted Marguerite.

"I have no doubt the city has its temptations and its dangers," said his mother, musingly. "But Eugene was well fortified against both. He cannot forget his early education. He cannot forget the example and prayers of his mother. He may be unfortunate, but I do not think he will be wicked."

"What is that in your pocket?" asked Lily, curiously.

"A strange paper—a sort of Police Gazette," said Marguerite, taking it from her pocket. "Father got it of the police agent at the station. I will leave it for you to look at. I brought it over on purpose."

"I wonder if Eugene writes for it?" asked Lily, as she received and politely laid it aside.

"No, indeed," said Marguerite. "It would be a strange thing to see his name in that. Good morning; I must be going. I hope you'll send my regards to Eugene."

"Certainly I will; I always mention all our friends," said Lily, frankly, not noticing the bitterness in the girl's voice.

After she had gone, Lily lounged over to her desk again. What was that sudden cloud that had fallen upon her spirits?

"I never was happier than I was this morning," she said, "but now, within a few moments, I feel nervous and miserable."

"Go out and walk," said her mother, "the fresh air will revive you."

"I don't feel like walking, or sewing, or in fact anything, I believe I'll look through this delectable paper that Marguerite left. Wasn't she rather strange, mamma?"

"How do you mean, child?"

"I don't know as I can tell myself; I didn't notice it when she was here, but looking back I do. Do you believe, mamma, that she was really very much disappointed on Eugene's account? Do you think he did wrong?"

"I never thought he did," was the mother's reply. "He treated her always as a dear friend—there was no particular tenderness."

"And yet it seems to me of late she acts strangely, particularly when I read her his letters. I have known her to burst out crying."

The words had hardly passed her lips when Marguerite came flying in again.

"Oh! they are putting up great posters all over the walls," she cried, almost breathless. "Do you know we are going to have grand doings in Rouen? It's to be at the great ball to-night—dancing and singing, and everything that is beautiful. See, here is one of the handbills I picked up. Did you ever see that name before?"

"Oh! mamma, Mademoiselle Linda—now we shall see the little *danseuse* over whom Eugene was so pathetic."

Marguerite scowled, but when Lily turned, her face was quiet again.

"I don't know, my dear—I don't approve of these entertainments."

"Oh! I hope you will go, only to-night, for papa says I may if you will. I feel as if I must go," added Marguerite, pleadingly.

"Very well, if the case is so urgent," said Mrs. Atoile, smiling, "I suppose I must give my consent."

CHAPTER X.

"My child, my child! it is almost time for you to dress and you have not started yet. This grief will kill you. I must insist that you give it up."

"I can't help it nurse; indeed I can't," murmured the poor child, with heavy eyes. "I have tried all day, but that same weight keeps upon my heart. Oh! if I had not seen it!"

"Indeed, I wish you had not, poor child; but what possible good can your mourning do? You cannot bring the dead to life."

"No, never—never!"

The apartment was a neat one in one of the most comfortable and best kept hotels. It was taken, with two others, by the mistress of ceremonies—a Madame Rollo, who had been long known as the giver of elegant entertainments. Her little festivals were always crowded, and she counted greatly on the superior beauty and grace of Linda to draw still greater numbers.

As the old nurse was speaking, Madame Rollo entered the room.

"We shall have a splendid house," she said, chuckling. "Some of the very best families have sent for tickets—the D'Arblays, the Bretoignes and the Atoiles, who seldom go to such entertainments."

"The Atoiles!" cried Mademoiselle Linda, the color for one brief moment flushing her face. "Oh! I remember, Rouen was where he lived."

"Linda!" cried her nurse, sternly, as Madame Rollo, half smiling, stood looking at her.

"No, Margrave; but only think, they do not know that he is dead; they are coming to this entertainment. Oh! it is terrible!"

"What does she mean?" cried Madame Rollo.

"Simply that a young man by the name of Eugene Atoile was killed yesterday morning in the Bois de Boulogne in a duel, I suppose. It may not be this family—they may not even know him."

"Oh! yes; it is Eugene Atoile's family—a mother and sister. Eugene dead? Eugene dead?" she cried, in accents of terror. "It will kill his mother. I happen to know them," she added, "because at one of my entertainments in the open air a young girl was fatally injured. This Madame Atoile took her to her house and cared for her till she died. She had a son, Eugene, who was a poet. It must be the same one."

"Oh! cannot you send word!" cried Linda, piteously.

Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"That is not my task," she said, "besides it is too ungrateful. She will not very likely be here to-night, for it will be in the *Evening Gazette*, which probably they read before supper. Come, come, mademoiselle, this will never answer—what! tears? I am astonished—and pale cheeks. They must not come on any stage of mine. If she looks this way, madame, by evening, I insist that you use rouge plentifully. But then it would be be a pity to spoil her skin; she must recover her good looks. As for the Atoiles, let them alone; you need not suffer for them and yourself too, so wash away the tears, and look as happy as you can."

It was morally impossible for Linda to look, or even try to look, happy. To please her old nurse, who was really distressed on her account, she bustled about, hiding her face all that was possible, but constantly seeing before her that pale, dead face, and the despair of the now happy family when they should know the worst. She pictured them reading the ghastly news, till her heart was sicker than before. She need not, that time, for Lily was so absorbed in her preparations for the entertainment that she did not even unfold the evening paper when it came, and as for reading it, she did not think of such a thing. Very blooming and beautiful she looked in her pretty white hat and gauzy shawl.

"You look so much like Eugene to-night!" said her mother, fondly.

"I always do, in this hat, you know," said Lily, "and I am glad I do. I can see the likeness myself, now that my curls are cut off. Isn't it a comfort to you to have a Eugene and Lily all in one."

"Both my children are a comfort to me," said Madame Atoile, softly. "But there comes Marguerite; it is time for us to go and secure a good seat."

"How much she looks like Eugene!" cried the new comer, apparently startled. "If I had seen only her face at the window I should have thought he had come home."

"He ought to come soon, mamma, ought he not?" asked Lily.

"My dear, if he kept journeying back and forth it would cost him all he could make. No child, I think he had better stay there a year."

The two girls were very fortunate on reaching the hall. Half the students rose the moment Lily's lovely face came in view, and they were soon supplied with the most desirable seats. A gorgeous curtain shut the stage from view. Several good musicians surrounded a pianforte, which was to be played by one of Rouen's best performers, and the raising of the curtain was looked forward to eagerly. The first scenes were pantomimes, and very cleverly acted. Then came singing, then juggling, performed by Madame Rollo herself, in a nondescript sort of crimson velvet dress, with a long golden sash, and a glittering turban on her head. After this an intermission of ten minutes was accorded, and the students gathered in little knots about the hall.

One or two were talking with Lily, for she was a famous belle in Rouen, though she wore her honors very modestly, and telling the story that always preceded and accompanied the little dancer. Lily was extremely interested, and anxious to see the beautiful creature, around whose life were thrown such threads of romance. At last the tinkling of a bell was heard. The students hurried back to their seats, and in a very short time complete order was restored, and everybody waited in breathless expectation the rising of the curtain.

"Oh! how very very beautiful!" cried Lily, in a loud whisper to her mother. "I never saw anything half so lovely!"

Indeed her enthusiasm was justified, for the girl came in more like some ethereal spirit. Her large eyes, brightened by excitement, had not lost the look of melancholy that had deepened their lustre all day. Never had she seemed so radiant—never so childishly lovely. She took all hearts by storm, and her smile so sad, her attitude so unaffected, elicited round after round of applause. She had already been called before the curtain twice. Madame Rollo suggested that in answer to the noisy call, that she enter again, and dance the length of the stage, bowing as far as possible to all sides of the house. The child-woman obeyed, notwithstanding her heavy heart—she had gained the centre of the stage—there she paused; her eyes became fixed; they were immovable, resting upon Lily's sparkling face. She gave one gasp, threw her arms wildly up, essayed to speak the beloved name, and fell white and motionless upon the stage.

"Oh! she has fainted," cried Lily.

There was great confusion. The old nurse came out and lifted her darling, then hurried behind the curtain. It some time before the entertaiment could go on. Madame Rollo shrugged her shoulders as she looked at the senseless form, and muttered, "better after the dancing than before. Then all would have been ruined."

"I don't know what we shall do with your foolish little charge," she said to Madame Margrave, as the two chafed the hands of the unconscious girl. "Do you happen to know the cause of this illness?"

The old nurse shook her head, but would say nothing. She only thought as she looked at the slight figure, so much the image of death, and cast her thoughts back to the ghastly vision of yesterday, "My child will die. Oh! would she had never seen that man."

Meantime all the gossips were busy. "Would she appear again? Had anybody noticed how strangely she looked at Lily Atoile?"

CHAPTER XI.

On the next morning Lily sat again in her old place. She had been very busy, for they kept but few domestics. Her cheeks were flushed with exercise, her eyes sparkling with health. She had never looked more lovely or more like her poor brother, Eugene. Her mother was in the next room, cutting out some coarse cloth, and the jar of the great scissors upon the table could be distinctly heard. Lily sat thinking, thinking, sometimes of this beautiful little dancer, sometimes of her brother, weaving their fortunes together, pitying the poor child, and fancying her come to her fortune, and her days of toil all over, when suddenly there was heard a gentle tapping at the door.

"Come in," she said, thinking it was Marguerite. The door opened softly, and as noiselessly as a spirit came Mademoiselle Linda into the room. She did not advance, but stood with clasped hands, and piteous, imploring glances. Lily, after her first surprise, arose from her seat, smiled, went forward, holding out her hands. Linda placed hers confidingly in them, and by this time the great tears were standing in her eyes.

"You are his sister," she said, softly.

"If you mean Eugene, yes. He is my darling, glorious brother." The little figure still stood there till forced gently into a chair. She seemed bewildered, but after passing her hand across her eyes, she said again—

"I wanted to walk out this morning—I wanted to see you. I saw you last night, and oh! I was so startled! It seemed for the moment as if it must be him. It seemed to take my life all out, for when I saw him last, you—" She stopped as if the words had frozen on her lips, then bursting into an irrepressible sob, she cried, "Oh! I am so sorry for you! so sorry that you don't know yet."

"I'm sure I can't tell what you mean," said Lily, more surprised than ever; "you seem to feel very badly about something. I hope—I hope my brother was always kind. You know these poets are so different from other people. They often write things that would make one think they were dying of disappointment, or for the love of somebody, when they are not. They put themselves in other people's positions, you see."

"Yes, yes, I see. I know all that," said the girl, painfully. "He never wrote poetry to me or about me, but oh! he was kind—he was very kind. You did not perhaps read last night's paper."

"Last night's paper," cried Lily, more and more bewildered.

"I feel wicked—oh! you cannot tell how meanly I feel telling you these things—telling you that one terrible thing, I mean—and yet I have not told you."

You hint at some terrible misfortune, I am sure, There is something in your words and manner that chills me. I don't know what it is."

"Has—has anything happened to Eugene? Is he ill? he was always so much afraid of the hospitals. Oh! don't tell me he is sick."

"If there was only any way I could comfort you!" cried the young girl, distractedly.

Lily was silent, but it was an agonising silence. She felt as if all the blood in her body was congealing.

"Something dreadful, and you will not tell me," she said, at last, as poor Linda slowly turned away from her. "Listen—my poor child—has he—oh! has he been so wicked—"

"Stop!" cried Linda, with the air of an injured queen. "He wicked? I don't believe he ever did one wicked thing in all his life. No—he is the soul of honor, as good as he is beautiful—as innocent as you his sister are. Oh! could you think he would do anything wrong?"

"What am I to think at all?"

"I cannot tell you," sobbed Linda. "I only felt as if I must come round to show you that, if you were in trouble, I felt sympathy for you, and would console you if I could—but oh! I cannot—I cannot even tell you."

"Mamma," cried Lily.

Mrs. Atoile came from the next room. She started at sight of the new visitor—at sight of her, sobbing and almost crouching.

"What is it my child?" she asked.

"Will you tell mamma?" queried Lily.

The young creature raised her soft eyes, brim-

ming with tears. She sobbed, opened her lips, caught her breath—seemed irresolute—then wringing her hands cried piteously, "I can't—I can't—God help me! You must recall it. It is in last night's paper. Only remember this! I felt for you—that I would die if only he—oh! I cannot tell!—and with one more appealing glance, she hurried from the house.

Then Lily and her mother looked at each other, a moment's dread chilling them both.

"Mother," gasped Lily, "I never read last night's paper; oh! what can it be?"

"Where is it?" asked her mother, through dry lips.

"Up there:" Lily designated the place. Her mother brought it, and adjusting her eyeglasses, prepared to look it over.

"No, mother," said Lily, quivering all over as she spoke, "it is my place—I am stronger than you."

"Promise, child, that whatever it is, you will not hide it from me. I cannot bear suspense."

"I promise," said Lily, huskily.

She sat down. The paper rattled with every touch, her fingers trembled so. Up and down the first page, up and down the second, still her startled eye took nothing in of any terrible import.

Suddenly she glanced with glaring eyeballs at one paragraph in the corner of the page, uttering a heartrending shriek, she threw the paper from her, as far as it would go, and falling on her knees, hid her face desperately, clutching at her mother's hand with an almost death grasp.

"What is it, my child—what is it? I must know. Oh! what has heaven in reserve for me? Great God, help us both!"

"Oh! mother—mother—he—is—dead!" cried Lily, gasping at every word, and tightening her grasp on the delicate hands that almost supported her. "Mother, God has deserted us."

The girl lay there entirely overcome. She knew not how time passed. She did not heed her mother's silence, till something in the hands she grasped caused her to look up, and with the cry, "It has killed her too, and I am alone," she sprang to her feet. Happily the poor mother had lost all consciousness. The shock had fallen upon her sensitive heart, and—heaven knew—perhaps, had broken it. It was an hour before the stricken life returned to the unhappy woman. They carried her into her bedroom—for Lily had called help—and laid her upon her own bed. There, till midnight, Lily sat like a ghost. She had once summoned courage enough to read that dreadful paragraph:

"KILLED IN A DUEL.—A young man of promising talents, whose letters were postmarked Rouen, fought yesterday, in the Isle de Boulogne, with a citizen well-known for his sporting and other proclivities, by name Louis l'Etourle. The younger man was by no means a match for this cool duelist, and was, in consequence killed. He fired his own pistol in the air. Cause of the quarrel unknown."

This was the cruel stab that seemed to end her life, and it was dealt to her by her lover. She scarcely breathed during the time she sat watching her mother. A dull, heavy weight oppressed her. It seemed as if she could only wait for her brother, she cared for nothing else here, or hereafter.

And now that the extent of this dreadful calamity was known, what was to be done? Lily forces her duty to claim his body. She had heard that such were kept a certain number of days, until friends were either notified or learned of the event.

"Yes, I must go to Paris," she said, and would not hear the suggestion that any friend should go. Her mother, pale and silent, looked at her with beseeching eyes.

"Mother, I must go," she pleaded so plaintively. "Mother, do not say 'no.'"

It was not in the poor woman's heart to gainsay anything now. She was conscious that the death of her idol was almost a deathblow to herself, certainly to all her hopes. She never dreamed how devotedly, how absorbingly she loved him before, and now that he had fallen, and by such a cruel death—death in which there was no hope of atonement—oh! it was too terrible to bear. She could not bear it, and yet she did. She could not live, and yet she lived on.

CHAPTER XII.

THE sun shone splendidly. On all the squares in every part of the city of Paris where there was a bit of green grass, nurses were sauntering with their charges. Your Parisian baby seems always good-natured. It revels in the sunshine, it lives out of doors. It is happy with a bonbon or a drop of sweet water. Everywhere the city seemed to have donned its holiday attire. Everybody looked gay, jubilant. Everybody, that is, there were some sad hearts in that merry-seeming place, some deathbeds, some broken hearts.

Among the latter might be classed Lily Atolle. She had been in the city now two days, and as yet had heard no tidings of her brother. She had travelled patiently from station to station, but as the young man's name had not been given in full to those officials, they could do little beyond directing her from place to place. At last she thought of the surgeons, and procuring a list of their names, she took a carriage and went the rounds, anxious, pale, disheartened; yet, still in all her suspense and trouble, beautiful and patient. Every few hours she wrote home. She had not been successful yet, but she would be, she certainly would be before a great while.

At the house of one surgeon after another she stopped, invariably receiving the same answer, "not at home," until she was thoroughly wearied out, and could have wept bitterly, but that she needed to keep her sight clear.

At last the carriage stopped before a splendid edifice. It was getting dark, but the marble front loomed up grandly; the door seemed solid rosewood, touched here and there with glittering silver; splendor shone out everywhere, for the silver curtains seemed to cover a frostwork of shining webs, so fine and costly were the festooned curtains seen under the rich plateglass.

"It's of no use as I know," she said languidly, when the coachman opened the door, "he will be hardly likely to be in."

"But he's always in, mademoiselle," said the coachman, touching his cockade, "that is, always to the poor people of the city, though he does live so grandly. I'm almost certain he'll see you, mine." She took the hint. The house was taken up with alacrity, and then the smiling servant ushered her into a great, grand room, which was divided from another as large and grand, by folding doors, the parts of which were immense plates of glass, a square in each.

"The doctor will see you in a moment, mademoiselle," said the servant; "you will please be seated."

Lily had leisure to look around her, though abstracted as she was, and as if nothing however splendid or miserable, could arrest her attention. She saw the doctor—she supposed it to be he—seated in a large armchair, talking to a gentleman of fine presence, a man somewhere between thirty and forty, with a singularly handsome face. As she gazed, the features of the visitor seemed to be familiar to her. Whose was it now, whose those eyes, only more tender? whose the gentle curve and outline of lip and face? Again and again she asked herself, but the memory was more and more perplexing. She could not tell, and was just giving it up when the doctor turned his head and saw her. Instantly he rose, and dismissed his visitor's attention, though not himself, he beckoned for her to come in. She entered timidly, and in a low, trembling voice, asked the errand that had come upon. He turned a surprised glance towards his visitor.

"It must be our singular case, Belmont," he said.

"It seems so," said the latter, looking at the young girl with curiosity and not a little admiration.

"Oh! sir, what can you mean? Have I found my poor, unfortunate brother at last? It will be good news to my mother—she is almost heartbroken."

"You heard, young lady, that your brother was killed in a duel?"

"Yes, sir," her lips quivered, her glances fell, the tears began to drop one by one out of her eyes; it brought the miserable reality so home to her; she could see the mother and the loneliness in a brother in his miserable grave, when he should have been so happy, so beloved, so honored!

"My dear young lady, if you had read the next evening's paper, perhaps—"

She looked up so eagerly.

"But I did not, I came away before I thought; I had an unusual hurry; but I ought not have dared to hope. If I could only see him once more, though he is dead."

"You shall see him, my child; you shall see him now—that is, as soon as we can drive to the hospital."

"The hospital!" gasped Lily, turning paler than before.

"Yes, my child; can I depend upon your perfect self-command?"

"I—I don't know," murmured Lily, still wondering, still in a strange maze.

"For, my child, your brother is not dead; please God—with his blessing—not likely to die."

"Not dead—not dead!" whispered Lily, her lips growing very pale indeed. "Oh! doctor, I cannot realize it!"

"There, there—no fainting," exclaimed the good man, passing her a stimulant in the form of a golden smelling-bottle. "Come, come, you will want all your strength."

"Oh! sir, how shall I send word to my mother? Oh, mother, mother, this will restore you to life again."

"Your mother is in Rouen!" said the stranger. I saw the young man this morning, and learned that much of him. I intended going to Rouen to-night. If you will give me her address, I will endeavor to break the news to her as gently as I can."

"Oh! thank you—thank you," cried Lily, tearfully, yet joyfully.

"It is settled then," said the doctor, smilingly; "shall we go to the hospital?"

(*To be continued.*)

A LITTLE DRAMA.

THE New Orleans correspondent of the Boston *Courier* gives the following dialogue between Gen. Banks and a wounded Secessionist, who wished to obtain a pass to New Iberia, doubtless for purposes of speculation:

Enter an ex-Colonel of a Massachusetts regiment, and after waiting for an interview, a colloquy something like the following ensues:

Ex-Col.: "Good-morning, General."

Gen. B.: "Good-morning, sir. What am very happy to see you?"

Ex-Col.: "General, I called to ask you for a pass to go to New Iberia."

Gen. B.: "Your name is ——?"

Ex-Col.: "Yes, sir."

Gen. B.: "You were Colonel of the Massachusetts —— regiment?"

Ex-Col.: "Yes, sir, I did command that regiment."

Gen. B.: "And you, sir, I did command that regiment." Gen. B.: "And you, sir, I did command that regiment." Gen. B.: "And you, sir, I did command that regiment." Gen. B.: "And you, sir, I did command that regiment." Gen. B.: "And you, sir, I did command that regiment."

Ex-Col.: "Why, General, you would not suppose I should continue in the service when I saw a chance to make twenty or thirty thousand dollars in a few months?"

Gen. B.: "Sir, I did not come here to make money by speculation; and it is because men like yourself are willing to see my command broken up, if they can accomplish their own purposes, that this Department is in no better condition to-day. I give no passes to New Iberia, sir, and, especially, I shall not grant one to you. Good-morning, sir."

Left ex-Colonel, apparently considering how he shall get to New Iberia without Gen. Banks's pass.

THE REPROACH OF THE SEASONS.

The springtide hour
Brings leaf and flower
With songs of life and love;
And many a lay
Wears out the day
In many a leafy grove;
Bird, flower, and tree
Seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part,
In it there is no spring.
Dews fall upon,
The dews of grace,
Upon the soul of sin,
And love divine
Delights to shine
Upon the waste within;
Yet, year by year,
Fruit, flowers, appear,
And birds their praises sing;
But this poor heart
Bears not its part—
Its winter has no spring.
Lord, let thy love
Fresh fruits prove
Soft as the south wind blow,
Call forth its bloom,
Make its spring-time,
And bid its spices flow;
And when thy voice
Makes earth rejoice,
And the hills laugh and sing,
Lord, make this heart
To bear its part
And join the praise of spring.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

WHEN that spectacular abomination was first introduced at Wallack's Theatre, we felt misgivings that it would prove a direct attack to the traditional skeleton in every man's house. Before a month was passed our fears were realized, and we were all compelled to breathe, in private and study with the Ghost paraded glaringly before us in every shape. Secondly to this nuisance is the present style of brazen hair adopted alike by the gray and wrinkled, the fat, forty and not fair, the blooming witches of Broadway and the children of the street. Not what they do. The first time we saw one of these nondescript things was at a fashionable concert up-town. It was worn by a celebrated Italian singer, whose proportions are a delightful, and whose upper finish requires a little tapering off to embody perfect symmetry. Contrasted with this squat, inelegant chaspeau imparted additional breadth, and made the whole appearance as a solid, oblong square. Then, again, it is worn by women of sudaci us carriage upon taste and common sense, but they were not so *outre*, nor so universally ugly in their varieties. But when we see their shapes, with some exceptions of course, their trimmings border upon caricature, and when added the horse-shoe bend of cockades, enlarged them and stuck up a lot of long gaudy feathers, bolt upright, in front, as signs and tokens of a style more than usually vulgar, we feel an appeal against this wanton outrage of all that is pure and lovely in female appearance. We, of course, are not to be denied that ladies can wear almost anything and still be *sans pear*, *sans reproche*: and that youth and beauty can transform what would be odious and unbecoming in others into a saucy and coquettish mien that fascinates. It is not of these exceptions that we complain, but of the myriads of imitators, who throw an air of exaggeration over everything; and especially when the combination of their touch.

Some rare gems of art are now on exhibition at Snedecker's store up Broadway. His gallery is quite extensive, and comprises specimens from the studios of the most distinguished artists of this country. There is a small picture there by George Jones—a rich, golden sunset, that possesses a bold, and at stormy sky, which, in tone, treatment, truthfulness to nature, and finish, we have never seen excelled or excelled. It is a firm step in the right direction, and will undoubtedly be followed by others will be induced nearer to nature by adopting the style of one who has evidently profited by a study of nature. Then, the fine masterpiece brought at private sale the extravagant price of $5,000, the subject of the Cid Campbell sides chased by a British fleet is admirably and effectively treated. Kensett has a picture, a very little snow piece by Murvilier, a striking landscape by G. L. Brown, and a magnificent representation of the mord r scene in Macbeth by Fredericks, and the Jeremiah, picture by Inghram, are among the others, with a large number of beautiful little pictures, which will undoubtedly be followed by well to imitate.

The German opera has recommenced its performances at Niblo's Saloon, and is greeted by a very, very crowded audience. The management is evidently determined to give a first-class performance of "Trauhauser," a work which has created more enthusiasm in Europe than any opera for years. It is a remarkable work, containing thoughts of rare beauty and originality, and of great depth and originality. It should attract every musician and amateur in the city.

The Harrison English Opera Company will appear at Niblo's Saloon this week. It shall notice it in our next.

It is said and sober old England, where customs are honored for their age, and adhered to through a superstitious respect to their hoary antiquity, they are agitating with considerable earnestness the question of abolishing hoop skirts or ladies' costumes. They are ultra-radical in their views, and are determined to completely revolutionize the whole structure of ladies' dress. The Queen, a lady of worldly prudence and intelligence, combines many able articles upon the subject, in which the evils of the present fashionable dress style are severely and fully stated in terms so clear, and illustrated by such an array of facts, that it is difficult to controvert even so prejudice and scepticism. The style of dress, which is pronounced the most exquisite taste, and and every variety of rich and costly material. The skirts are distended by hoops, and are richly trimmed or adorned in this city by Richard Sisters Wells. In his article he describes the present style of dress as follows: "The trousers should be full Mamlouk, made of silk, satin, cashmere, cloth, or any material that might be preferred. These should be gathered in with an elastic band over the boot; and if the wearer thought fit, a pair of anklets could cover the band which meets the boot; the latter should be very prettily made, embroidered, or finished off with fur, fringe, or any other trimming at the top. For indoor wear, slippers could be worn if preferred, and the trousers made long enough to fall over them. A thin bodice should be fastened on the trousers at the waist, so that wearer might choose what would be suitable according to the shoulders. Above this should be worn a tunic, fitting almost tight to the figure, as far as the waist, then falling like a full petticoat to the knees, or, if the wearer so fashion occulant, nearly down to the ankles; and could be confined round the waist by a wide scarf. Over this dress, either for house or open air, could be worn almost any kind of jacket, scarf, or mantle. The sleeves could be either open or tight, the tunic not high or low in the neck; indeed this dress could, and undoubtedly would, if adopted, go through the same variations and changes that our present costume has undergone."

To give our readers an idea of the appearance of a lady in such a dress, we copy Mr. Fanelli's description in his "Dancer," of an Eastern beauty.

"She wore another vest of pale cashmere of silk, fitting closely to her shape, and fastening with buttons of pearl—some three rows of these to the waist, there opening like a tunic, so that her limbs were free to range in her large, balmoral trousers, made of that white cashmere, a shawl of which can be drawn through a ring. Her trousers were tied at the ankle with clasps of rubies, full again over her small slippered feet. Over her upper vest she had an embroidered pelisse of violet silk, with long hanging sleeves, which allowed occasionally an arm bare; from the cuffs jewels that embraced it; a many-colored Turkish scarf intertwined her waist; and then, worn loosely over all, was a pelisse of amber Cashmere, lined with the fur of the white bear. At the back of her head was a cap, quite unlike the Greek and Turkish caps which we are accustomed to see in England, but somewhat resembling the red dress of a mandarin, round, not flexible, almost flat, and an ivory ornament in the centre that it was impossible to detect the color of the velvet which covered it. Beneath it descended two broad braids of dark brown hair, which would have swept the ground had they not been turned up behind, up, and there fastened with bunches of precious stones. Here, too, crowned the hair, which fell in rich braids on each side of her face."

What will come next in the ugly revolution! Who will have the courage to begin this radical innovation, and give fashion the first downfall, when the hooped women of the present day?

Among the performers worked by the sun there is probably none more striking than that displayed in the photographic art, which is rather more or less than a photographic picture on steel, produced solely by the agency of the sun's rays, without any chemical preparations. The specimen exhibited represents a luxurious nook in a park. The plate is nearly all touched, and it is stated that 5,000 impressions can be taken from it without any perceptible wear.

During last year many prominent members of the theatrical profession died. Among the well known were William Rufus Blake, John J. Frazer, the tenor of Chanley, whose real name was Hamilton; Vere Foster, Kate Saxon, Albert Marietta, Mary Booth Mrs. Jo. Cowen, Jr., Joe Cowell, Junior, Mrs. Cowell, well-known manager of the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, Mrs. Drake, Henry Fox, Henry Fox, Tom Hill, Annie Wilkes, John Wood, Marie Nielsson, Rosa Rowe, Mrs. Rowe, and F. Marshall, Mrs. Marshall and Andrew Lebman.

Vestris is said to have made extraordinary improvement both in her acting and in her pronunciation of the English language. Her successful engagement in Philadelphia last week, appearing in "Lalage," was a triumphant success. She was appeared as Alexandre Mazzaroni in "The Brigand," playing all the principal music. She is said to have taken to suit her admirably. We hope soon to see her in New York city.

A new candidate for public favor, named Madame Rachel Scullin, is to appear at Wallack's Theatre on the 28th inst. She is said to have great dramatic powers and the voice of Jenny Lind, and is now singularly beautiful. The piece chosen for her *début* is a thrilling story of love, life, and death.

It is pretty generally understood that the lessees-ship of Wallack's Theatre will pass into other hands in April next, Mr. A. W. Jackson's lease expiring at that date. Mr. Wemyss, the present lessee, will open and spend ten thousand dollars to render it more beautiful and commodious. We should say that Mr. Stuart take the reins of management once more.

Laura Keene, who is now at engagement in Chicago. Her success through the West has been triumphant. She returns to New York to fill an engagement at Wallack's.

Every mail from Europe brings some fresh item of news, touching the movements of the various members of Adelina Patti. The manager of the Opera Italiens at Paris has offered her services for the sum of thousand dollars from subscribers for the next season, for which he is engaged. Mr. Maretzek, we presume, applied to, to take his old box, refused to do so unless he received that Adelina Patti formed part of his company.

The Bostonians are going on dreadfully about MAX MARETZEK and his opera company. The Academy of Music is not large enough to accommodate all those who would like to attend the performances. Every seat in the house for last Friday night was sold some days before the performance. It is said that the receipts for the rest of the season at the Academy will be very large.

The Gottschalk concert party has been caught in a snowstorm, not in a body, but in parts. Gottschalk and Max Strakosch were caught in a storm on the Pequonnock at Rockford, Ill., leaving Reignolf, Mrs. Strakosch and Carl Rosa to follow in the next train to Milwaukee, where all were to unite for a grand concert. But Max and Gottschalk, not finding Mrs. Strakosch were, at last accounts, embedded in three feet of snow at Minneapolis. Meanwhile, the expect to reunite at Cleveland, and concertize their way to Pittsburg, Wheeling, &c. The latest advices from Gottschalk are that he has left Minneapolis, and will be on to this city, when we hope to have some more of his delightful concerts.

They are still running "Rose Dale" three times a week at Niblo's Saloon, but the attendance is very scanty. Nothing can drive these nights to brilliant success.

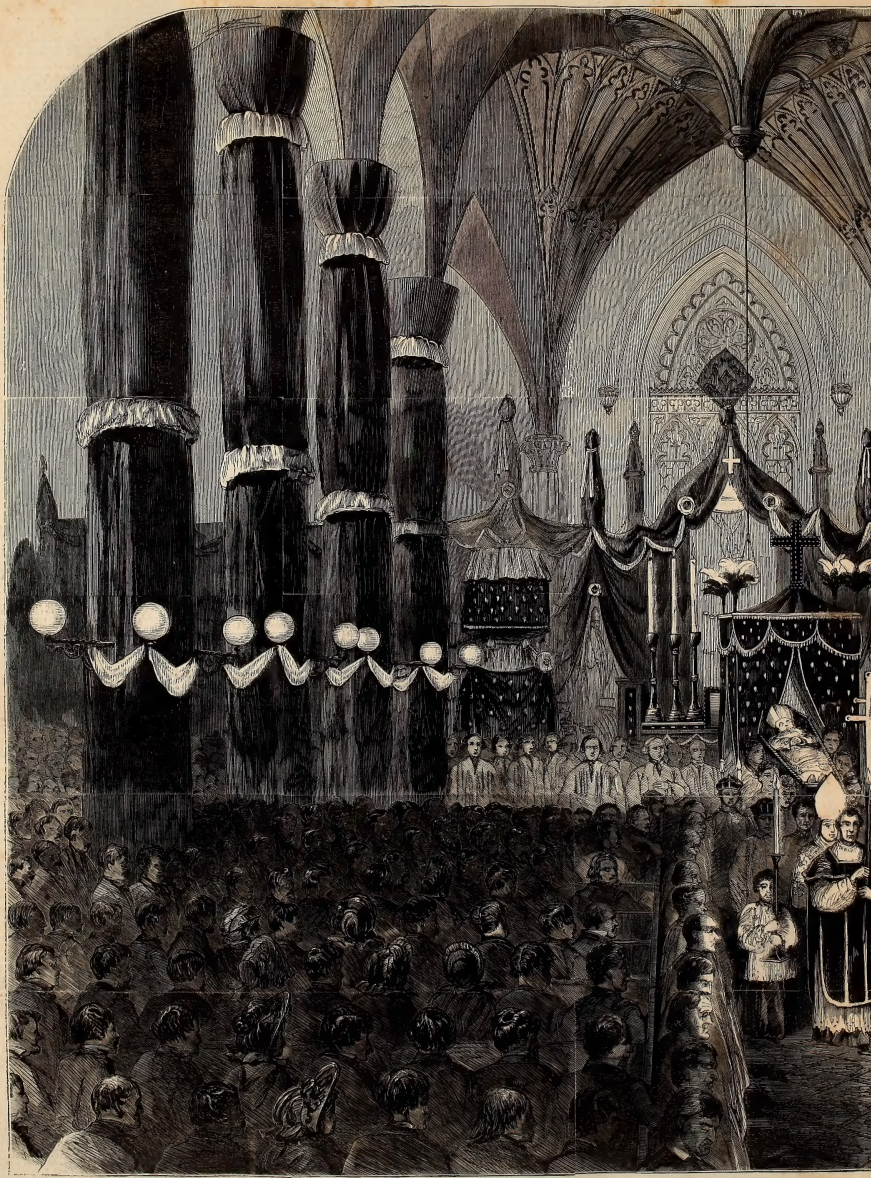
The "Ticket-of-Leave Man," at Winter Garden, is the best known piece on the stage at present. Night.

There is an entire change of performance at the Olympic Theatre this week. Joe Cowell first produces a new comedy called "A Bull in a China Shop," which is receiving the greatest praise from the press and in London, together with that pretty comedietta, "Cousin Joe."

The French Theatre, at Niblo's Saloon, continues to be well patronized, but certainly the quality of attendance is large and fashionable, and the performances are excellent in every particular.

Barnum is an artist among showmen; he has a fine eye to contrasts. He will, no doubt, have thought of making his giants look taller by contrasting them with dwarfs or midgets; his dwarfs look smaller by placing them side by side with giants! He has done it well, and the Museum is crowded. The Japanese Musicians and Herr Zirom with his wonderful Enmechanicals are still in the Museum. Meanwhile, applications from all parts of the world. The thrilling drama, "The Two Orphans," attracts overflowing audiences in the lecture-room. It is well acted and finely put upon the stage.

MURDER AS ONE OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.—The shot for the Armstrong rifled guns is made of cast iron, and then coated with a coat of soft metal, to make it fit the bore. This is not put on by casting the metal around the shot, but by forcing the cast iron shot, but by a process of galvanizing and sapping. The cast iron shot is placed in the hands of soft metal upon them; but these were placed in a bath, and a small battery of zinc and lead discharged. According to the new and improved process which is now in use for coating the cast iron shot is turned in a lathe to the required gauge, then loaded in an oven nearly to the temperature of molten zinc, dipped into a solution of sal-ammoniac, and transfe red into a bath of fused zinc. Thus a galvanized surface—a coat of zinc—is secured. From the molten zinc vessel the shot is immediately transferred to a bath of molten soft metal, consisting of lead and a very small quantity of zinc. This soft metallic alloy adheres perfectly to the zinc surface, but will not hold to the iron directly. It will also adhere to the zinc surface, whether the shot is dipped in the molten metal, or the latter cast upon the shot in a suitable mould.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE ARCHBISHOP HUGHES AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK, JA



7.—THE CLOSE OF THE IMPOSING CEREMONIAL.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR STAFF OF SPECIAL ARTISTS.

THE TUNE AT TWILIGHT.

BY ADA YROOMAN.

I FLOAT adown the murmured tune
In dreams of other days—the room
Grows high—a monarch's grand saloon.

I hear the little pages call,
I hear the silver fountains fall,
And happy voices over all.

Fair dames and splendid cavaliers,
Sweet smiles whose short and happy years
Have never known the blight of tears;

And royal banners, torn and old,
From conquered foes, that lie a-cold—
And suits of armor red with gold;

And over all, a princely form
In crimson robes the hue of morn,
The noble lord—the sovereign born.

Of this and all the happy land,
For many a mile; at his command,
The people give with open hand.

With breathless gaze I turn to see
The swaying throng pause in their glee
To let him pass—he comes to me.

Oh, wondrous strange! his royal eyes
See not my plain, unseemly guise,
He only smiles at my surprise.

With gentle air and gracious men
He leads me to his throne—a queen.
Ah! sure this is no fading dream.

And yet, what magic change—the tune
Has ceased, the monarch's grand saloon
Is gone—I sit alone in gloom.

LADY LORME'S STRATAGEM.

By Annie Thomas,

CHAPTER XI.—"SINFUL SISTER, PART IN PEACE."

WHEN such a tragedy as that recorded in the last chapter is enacted in a country neighborhood, especially where it concerns the magnates of it, it takes that neighborhood some considerable time to recover the shock. Every one was intensely sympathetic, and they bowed to the sensibility of their sympathy to Combhurst and offered it to the bereaved wife and sister.

For a short time the widow had "horse-up," as people called it, wonderfully; and poor Audrey had given way to the wildest and most passionately uttered reproachful bursts of grief. But after a period their emotions were changed, and why they were became a problem that their friends and acquaintances would have forfeited a good deal to solve.

The Combhurst estates were entailed on a female, in default of a male heir; so, after the reading of the will, Lady Lorme was legally a dignitary, but a burst, and Audrey was lady of the soil and mansion. But these were not the circumstances, even their greatest detractors admitted, which elevated the spirits of the sister and depressed those of the wife.

When "poor Lorme's sad fate" ceased to be so all-absorbing a topic, men began to talk about a mysterious rumor that had arisen with regard to the Earl of Evesham. He was spoken of as having turned Catholic and pronounced the world in some way or other; and many-tongued Rumor multiplied herself, and assigned all sorts of causes for such a proceeding, amongst which madness and murder found a place.

Lady Lorme began to droop just after this rumor arose, not that she believed it, but she was frantic with impatience at her ease from or see him; and he neither wrote nor came.

Corbyn Castle was just about the same time the scene of a domestic disaster, for Lady Grace's temper became soured by Mr. O'Brien's repeated absences, frequent visits to Combhurst and other signs of profound indifference to her own and honorable charms. Her sisters, with the proverbial amiability of that particular class of kith and kin, lost no opportunity of probing her wound in this respect, "only to heal," in fact, as only jealous, spiteful women can.

Lady Grace's must be acknowledged to be a hard fate. She had shown herself, not alone to him that would not have mattered, for Dillon O'Brien was a gentleman every inch of him—but to her family, perfectly willing to forget her claims to honor and glory, to come down from her high estate and marry the poor, landless, penniless secretary. And now here her heroic willingness and readiness were thrown back upon herself, for Dillon O'Brien clearly did not want to marry her.

It was indeed mortifying without her mother and sisters persisting in moralising over it perpetually. But as Lord Corbyn forswore handsome secretaries for the future, his daughters knew that an opportunity was not likely to arise for their weaknesses to be tried, so they lashed their youngest sister's unmercifully during the period that elapsed between Dillon O'Brien giving the agreed upon notice to quit and quitting.

It was hard and mortifying when so many people were awaiting the opportunity of bearing down upon her remorselessly, with censure severe and cutting, that Miss Lorme should have left her home about this time to go and travel on the Continent with the family of an uncle, thus depriving friends and foes alike of subject-matter for conversation as far as regarded "Audrey Lorme's extraordinary proceedings." Some had hoped she would have married the young Irish secretary, with whom she appeared so strangely and unaccountably friendly, and thus give room for, and rise to, scandal for so soon forgetting her old love and her brother's horrible fate. But Audrey did not do this; and to the few who saw her before she left Combhurst she gave no hint of it in being her intention to do it. Neither did she rail against or avoid all mention of Lord Evesham's name. On the contrary, when one kind and clever relation, in the person of Lady Julia Corbyn, pressed her on the point with pungent indelicacy, she said that his conduct seemed strange and dishonorable to her, but must not be for all that. She could not even be induced to be severe in her judgment on Lady Lorme, or to utter suppositions as to her possible present and future destiny. Lady Lorme had elected, immediately on her jointure being secured to her, to go off on a pilgrimage alone.

So Audrey's time went away to join her uncle, her mother's brother. Mr. Audrey; and the grand suite of room on the groundfloor were closed, the servants holiday, and my lady's artistically-shaded boudoir was darkened and shut-up, and Combhurst was left to the care of servants, and to its memories and the rats. And so months passed away, and the horror of these things passed away too.

"Poor fellow! His whole life sacrificed to an idea!"

The speaker was Dillon O'Brien. The time was the July following the sad December when the last of the Lormes had gone to his account, and found all his death in the Devil's Dyke. The place was the drawing-room of Mr. Audrey's house in Park lane, and the one addressed by the whilom secretary was Miss Lorme.

"Poor fellow! Poor fellow, indeed!" said Audrey bitterly. "But everything has been tried, Dillon. I have wept, and prayed, and implored; my uncle has commanded and intreated him to come out of his seclusion, but it's all of no avail; we only prove by asking, he says, and the sooner I am married the happier he will be."

"Then all my scruples ought to vanish," replied Dillon. "But it seems rather a cruel thing to ask you to jump into such happiness as mine will be through the circumstance of another man's utter defeat and downfall. What a devil that woman was to love Lorme!"

From which short and jagged bit of conversation it will be perceived by the intelligent reader that Audrey Lorme and Dillon O'Brien had arranged matters so satisfactorily that they had no longer any occasion to give a sigh when they looked back or wandered in memory through the alley of lilacs.

The marriage ceremony was solemnized in that edifice where every fashionable bride and groom, by royale, must, St. George's, Hanover square. The bride looked lovely, as a matter of course, in white *moire antique*, and the eight bridesmaids were a perfect illumination of pink and blue, with May blossom wreaths—typical these last of their extreme juvenility and surprising innocence.

The collation to the bridal party and guests, a large concourse of people assembled to see the wedding of the lady who was such a great heiress there, at Mivart's establishment. An heiress—a mere item, she was so fragile and slender—in the crowd seemed to think it the reverse of a sad sight to see a "good fortune" given by her maiden name for a name and for a rig;" for when the last works were spoken, and the knot that only Sir Cresswell Cresswell could untie was tied, there was a general exclamation of passionate pleasure, and clapped her hands till they sounded and made people look at her, seeing what a child she was, and she ran down the richly-appointed little broughham, drawn by a horse whose paces fully entitled him to have been paired for a nail-paring with "Old Jack" to come to "Bow bells." "Home!" she said, "Home, quickly!" and home she was driven to a bijou house in Old Brompton lane, which looked a mere cottage of content, and was a miniature palace of luxury.

She was a pretty woman this owner of the broughham and bijou house, with a pretty name, Mrs. Sam, a pale, haggard, careworn one. Her face was lovely as to form and feature, but terrible in its cold, wan pallor, its deep-sunken eyes. Her dull eyes were painfully large and glittering, painful in their look of long unrest, painful in their ceaseless expression of watchfulness, pain and fear all in the brilliancy of their misery. She had suffered evidently, the Venus of this abode of bliss—suffered much and long, and "what about?" her servants wondered, and, slightly roused, her husband.

It was about one o'clock when she reached the bijou house in the Old Brompton lane, and there were dainty delicacies, chiefly rosaceous, awaiting her on a hotwater dish, on the luncheon-table. There was a tempting pate, too, and a marvellous pudding, for the cook was a German and prided herself in rare confectionery. But she turned from all these succulent morsels with impatient loathing, and drank eagerly some sparkling wine that stood at her elbow, and her eyes, and new life into her veins, and courage to her heart. Woe for the woman if she had come to this.

She was dressed in black silk, this lady—in rich, lustrous, yet not shiny black silk. It was made long, full, sweeping like the garment of a queen, yet admirably suited to the slender proportions of the garb of an anchorite. There was nothing to relieve its black surface, no plain white collar or transparent gauzy neat-edging, nothing, in a thing, save a dead gold cross, suspended from a black velvet round her throat.

So, while the bridal pair were speeding away on that eternal tour which is being taken daily by deluded pairs, as a precursor to long years of calmer domestic felicity, the lady who had wished them from behind the pillar, sat and waited with impatient yearning for the shades—the tender, soft shades of summer evening—to come on.

"Unless his burial in the church has made him less of a man than he was in the world," she said at last, when she had entered her brougham, and directed it to the chapel, "he will hear me now—hear my confession, absolve, and be to me once more what he was when I risked my soul to gain him."

There was a beautiful, soul-subduing, gentling influence in the atmosphere of the chapel when she entered it. We Protestants do wrong, I think, in coming from all these things that soften the heart through touching the taste. Surely none are further from heaven through finding the odor of incense and sweet wines very sweet on earth. In another respect, too, we undoubtedly are wrong, and are wronged: why should we be condemned to sit through five-and-twenty or thirty minutes of boring platitudes dorsed out frequently in a bad voice, and with a bad style of pronunciation? It is an insult to well-educated people, and those who are refined as well as religious, to have to sit and listen to what may be pious and virtuous, but is unquestionably priggish and vulgar.

But the chapel, splendid, excited, greatly wrought upon during her drive hither, but now when she entered the church where this old religion was celebrated, a sense of holier influence fell upon her, and soothed her into unnatural quiescence.

All all unnatural as it was it rested and calmed her, ceased the throbbing heart and the beating brain, and the frightfully gnawing excitement, for a time at least, and when the calm had regned for a few minutes, this penitent went into the confessional; the moment was come when, strong in her recently gained knowledge of an important fact, she could face with fresh hopes and fresh courage her priest, and former lover.

Could he who had fanned the flame of her love to false and cold to her now? Could the hot heart that had burned, and the hot words that had been uttered in the dead buried "long ago" be as nothing to him? Or had cold uttered them? Perish the dread of such perfidy! perish since it could never be justified! Or had—oh terrible thought—years and the holier influences of Mother Church been found sufficient to work the change that should cause him to think of his soul with more anxiety than of himself?

We know how women cling to the straw while a splinter of it remains where their hearts are engaged; we know how they hope against hope, and close themselves up against despair. We know how they will excuse to others and to themselves, with equal volubility, any shortcomings in the one they have loved. But we also know how bitterly they will feel these shortcomings, and yearn for a kinder era to dawn for them and their idol's sake.

Now there had been nothing ennobling about the mad, hot-headed, ambitious passion Lady Lorme had felt for Lord Evesham. But such as it was it had been powerful and fierce enough to call forth an equally strong one from him in return. Honor, friend-ship, all, everything had fallen in despair before her fascinating presence, when he discovered to what audacious lengths she was prepared to carry her schemes for first protracting and then terminating her unhappy marriage engagement with Audrey Lorme. He had seen through and despised her for the transparent deception practised upon them in all that concerned the trousseau; but at the same time (the race of Evesham were, as he had said, almost invariably unhappy or wicked), he had in his nature the germs of goodness and increasing love for her. Then, like even bolder, better, braver men, he had taken the one course open for him to pursue when he found himself entangled in—he had run away. Away! from all these earthly trials and temptations which ever beset unwary, weak, sinful man while he is in the world; away from his self-made responsibility, his love and his bane, his shame and his sorrow; away, to bury them all in the bosom of the church.

Yet would love pursue through many a harsh and trying ordeal, reader, but have you ever passed through one after which there is, you find (oh! how sad that it should be), no more pain and suffering for you; an ordeal, coming out of which you find that everything has decreased in value and importance, from gold to starvation, from temptation, and wretchedness, and is, therefore, nothing; that health means only a fuller and stronger power of feeling, and is, therefore, little worth; that success means only a shortening of the time you may be compelled to live in the world that has used you so harshly; that riches mean only the power to get the one thing you needed, and that grief and anguish attained their full and lasting sway on that day when you passed through the ordeal of confession, and were absolved or added to, let what will come? If you have, you will understand and sympathize with the feelings of this penitent who quitted the priest on that fair July evening.

The brougham had come for her again at the time appointed by herself, and was waiting before the entrance and make her plea. The handsomely appointed brougham, lined with fawn-colored and blue silk, with its pockets for wine bottles, and its silver cruets for books, with its soft, luxurious cushions and splendidly working springs. Never a jolt nor a jar could be felt by its occupant, no matter what the road over which it rumbled. Many eyes followed the little brougham in which reclined gracefully so passing fair a woman, and between the shafts of which was placed so magnificently actioned a horse.

The coachman, without thinking that aught could exist to retard his journey course desirable, did as was usual, and turned into the Park till seven. No curly white-haired dog looked from the window, nor were the silken blinds lowered to attract attention; yet many a glance was levelled with inquiring admiration at that "neat turn-out," and its occupant. But the sun there still in the prime of her youth, dead, lost, stonily indifferent to everything. On the clear evening air were borne to her murmurs from the gay, well-modulated voiced crowd around—borne to her, but not to her ears and senses. Blind to the sight, deaf to the sense, deaf to the sounds of the park, and ring, and promenade, she saw but one thing—a tortured head bowing low, in a cheerless agony than even she would have inflicted; heard but one sound, the voice of a man signing the death-warrant of her heart and life in the words, "Sinful sister, part in peace."

CHAPTER XII.—SUNSHINE AT COMBHURST AGAIN

I DOUBT the fact of there ever having lived a man so accursed by fate, whose life has been so utterly desolate, but what he has found one woman in the world to love him—not for what he has, but for what he individually is. No matter what his personal appearance, some woman will be found to adore a baboon with a soul in it.

But when a man's fortune and station in youth have been the mark at which many crafty and designing women have aimed, however the while they did it, most tactlessly, that they, were indifferent to himself; and when, added to this, a woman, fair without and within, has been adored by him in his maturity, and has used that adoration for her own fell purposes—a man, when he arrives at the age of forty, may be excused for deeming himself that one singular accursed one on whom the heart of woman has never been set.

In a house about eight miles from London, on the old Dover road, about six months after the sentence recorded in my last had been passed by the priest on his penitent, a family party of the three members of which we have met before, were assembled in earnest conclave. The master of the house, a tall, careworn man, robed, though it was evening, in the dressing-gown of habitual and sluggish seclusion, occupied a seat on the left side of the fire; close to his elbow a lady was seated, pleading in accents of heartfrangle accents for boon to be granted her, and while she sits and pleads thus fervently, we will look leisurely at the reformed master of the house, and cursorily at his guests.

I have said that he was a tall, careworn man; this expresses little, for every other man one meets in the world is tall and careworn—or short and the same. This was a sorrow-worn man, a disappointed, a shocked man, a man who had sadly not attained the noble height and broad, powerful, massive form under the influence of the "something" that none but his head low with such reckless abandonment. Forty is the worst to have such deep, pallid wrinkles round its lips and under its eyes, and forty has no right whatever with such a dreary thing, when it is.

A man "broken" early in life is always a sad, miserable spectacle—so is a woman for that matter, but through the latter having been originally stronger you feel that the breakage must have been caused by a worse fall than would have sufficed to mar the delicate surface of a woman's soul. But this man was "broken," broken, you read that he was so in the drooping, almost crouching attitude, the long, nervous, sensitive hands, the downcast look, in his inert ways and disconsolate tone. The habit of twisting, twirling his fingers about as if they were too many for him and he wished they would drop off, and with it the feeble remembrance of the half-slippered feet, in the uninterested eye, and in the giving up of all things which characterised his under-current.

In addition to the mental languor which was preying upon and threatening to devour him, you would see at a glance that physical prostration must have long frightfully in that not long ago stalwart form. He was thin and attenuated, besides which his left brow was scarred, and the whole of the left side of his face seamed as with fire or a fall.

Will one of my readers be prepared from this second sketch to hear that the man who sat by the fire in the room of the house on the Dover road was the one whom all alike down in Warwickshire had mourned, and, indeed, dead, buried for ever in the bottom of the Devil's Dyke?

Yes, it was Sir Robert Lorme himself; and how he came to be there, and what he was to be told—accidently perforce, but truly nevertheless.

Dillon O'Brien, wandering about that December afternoon in the pauperising and unsettling manner to which indulgence ill of a heart-wound are prone, found himself strangely attracted to the vicinity of Combhurst. Now, when it is borne in mind that Combhurst was dear for him, nothing wonderful will be discovered in this by sensible people who understand the unsettling tendency to be—but still, taking all things into consideration, it was marvellously lucky that he should have gone where he did.

Walking in a desultory way through an alley in the plantation on his car ad vanitatem he had been caught by the sound of horses' hoofs and human voices. Pursuing his investigations further, he discovered that the horses were the property of Sir Robert and Lady Lorme, and that the voices proceeded from them (from the baronet and his wife, that is to say, not the horses).

They were riding down the gulley to the fatal leap when he saw and heard them first; something in the demeanor of the groom, a certain mischief, flashed upon him that caused him to conceal himself as he followed close up—close enough to hear the words she said, to divine her fatal intention, and to see her give the cut with control poor Fanchon's talent had taught her, but not near enough for the exclamation of horror he gave to reach the ear of the excited woman who leapt the chasm, and then looked back exulting nothing but escape from the fate she had grown to loathe.

He had faced many dangers and overcome many difficulties in his life; Irishmen are proverbially hot-headed in everything but danger; so now it was now with an unfaltering step and a cool, firm hand that Dillon O'Brien let himself down, when my lady galloped off, the side of the dark chasm at the bottom of which he anticipated finding the mutilated dead body of the brother of the girl he loved.

Pantaloon was stone dead, with his neck broken; the poor horse was nearly, but not quite, immersed in the water, a projecting piece of bank had caught his flank and propped it up, and along over the horse, bleeding and senseless, lay the master. To get him up by dint of earnestness and strength combined, such as man but seldom brings to bear upon anything—to stay with him till speech and sense returned faintly and partially—to then procure assistance from a surgeon friend of his (Sir Robert's), on whose prudence the latter declared he could rely—these were a few of the things Dillon O'Brien did for Audrey's brother.

One thing at first, only, Sir Robert's terrible weakness and prostration induced him, in mercy to the poor, betrayed, half-murdered man, to consent to, and that one thing was the observance of profound secrecy. "You don't know how I loved and trusted, and worshipped that woman," he said, while they sat by his bed in his friend's house that night, expecting the lamp of life momentarily to go out. "You don't know how I loved, and trusted, and worshipped that woman. I can't expect you fellows to know it, for you're younger than I am, but I never touched a woman's hand with warmth before! After that, oh, my God! even now, how the thought of her breaks me. I couldn't proclaim her what she has proved herself; I couldn't shame her by letting her read in my eyes that I know what was in her heart when, when—"

You see how it was? He could not go back to life, because he could not shame the woman he had loved—he still loved—by the sight of him alive, and knowing her after she had striven to compass his death. He could not go back and be as he had been before to her, for he was true, and could not have lived a lie. He could not go back to the world and proclaim her for what she was, and claim his release from one who had broken his heart, but who had been so dear to him.

So for an "idea," but the idea was honor—the honor of his name and of her who had been his wife, he desired that no one but Audrey should know he still lived. And that was the reason Audrey had brightened and recovered after her first interview with Dillon O'Brien; for in that interview Dillon O'Brien told her all about her brother and a good deal—the circumstances must be his excuse—about himself.

No I must go back to the special pleading alluded to by me in the opening of this chapter, and see how it has progressed during the retrospective and resuscitating flight.

The lady who leant on the arm of the broken prematurely old man was his sister Audrey, Mrs. O'Brien. With all the force of her old love for him, the sister pleaded that he should come out of his retirement and resume his proper place in the world. She used every argument seemingly that affection could devise, and she failed; he only shook his head and said he could not, he could not. What agonies she would suffer, poor lost thing, if she knew that her guilt was patent to him.

Then Mrs. O'Brien rose and signalled to her husband to leave them, which he did, taking with him a guest they had brought up from Combhurst, Blanche O'Brien, Dillon's sister, a golden-haired beauty, with laughing, surprised blue eyes.

When they were alone Audrey's purpose, whatever it had been, seemed to fail her. At last, with a great effort she gasped out—

"Robert, she knew it—she knew that you lived."

"Knew?"

"Yes; after my marriage—long, long after, a Roman Catholic priest came to see me; can you not guess who he was?"

"Evesham?"

"Yes, Evesham, Father Gabriel, now Lord Evesham no longer. On the evening of my wedding-day he learned enough under the seal of confessional from your erring wife to justify his seeking me, vilely, vilely as he had formerly insulted us. He told me nothing—no priest would peril his soul by betraying his penitent—but he came to give me the assurance for the sake of the honor of his family, he said, that never again, even in the church, would he see or hold converse with her. I guessed from that what she had told him; so then—forgive me, Robert—I told him that you lived."

So far Sir Robert had listened patiently; now he raised his head, and asked quickly:

"You said 'knew.' What do you mean? does she not know now? Don't try to puzzle me, Audrey—don't, I can't bear it."

"She knows all things now, God have mercy on her soul!" said his sister; and then she flung her arms round her brother's neck and sobbed, and Sir Robert Lorme knew that his wife was dead.

He acknowledged with contrition how faulty his idea had been when he emerged at last many weeks after this scene from his retirement, and heard the popular roar of indignation against the course he had pursued, and the popular rumors as to the reason why he had pursued it. The soft, genial, invigorating air of Italy was requisite to restore his mind to its healthy tone; it did this partially, but the cure was completed after all at Combhurst, where his sister, her husband and Blanche O'Brien continued to reside for some time after his tour in pursuit of health had ended.

When Sir Robert Lorme came back to dwell in his old family mansion, a free man, a widower, "without incumbrances," and in all respects, it is hoped, improved and chastened by the great sufferings he had undergone, many a fair bosom heaved high with hope. He would surely act on the lesson given him, and not the second time marry a "nobody," said the ladies. Men even went so far as to say that the lesson would be thrown away if a second time he married at all! However, that remained to be proved; so, on the chance of proving it, the Countess of Corbyn stopped another subscription (commenced in a weak hour, when the star of an archdeacon was in the ascendant with Lady Margaret) and gave a ball.

As it turned out, this ball was the worst thing the unfortunate lady and devoted mother could have given, for at it appeared Blanche Dillon in a blaze of youthful charms that put out everybody else as effectually as moonbeams do a tallow candle. Sir Robert Lorme had got used to seeing her at home at Combhurst; she excited no surprise in his mind then, for he had grown accustomed to seeing her; but at the ball the case was different.

He marked with astonishment how lovely she was, and he marked with displeasure how lovely all the men seemed to think her. He tried to remember the blackest portions of the horrible ordeal he had passed through pleasing his taste and his heart in his choice of a wife, even when he was younger and keener than he was now. And he could not remember anything clearly, for Blanche was constantly whirling past and dazzling him.

He called himself an old, blighted man, and scoffed at himself for looking at her, and carried himself, by a gigantic exercise of will, out of the ball-room, and into the midst of a body of politicians, who directly made a set at him and bored him, and drove him back incontinently into the ballroom, where he fell to staring at Blanche harder than ever, so hard indeed that she caught the glance and blushed. Altogether he was fain to confess to himself that night, in the solitude of his own room, that he had had many tussles with the spirit that was urging him on to defy fate a second time, and that in every tussle he got a fall that rendered him weaker and more open to the attacks of the sweet enemy who had been hitherto so disregarded.

Blanche O'Brien was one of those fair, delicately handsome women with *retroussé* noses and graceful ways, who carry their point by dint of sheer fascination. With a tender frankness that belonged entirely to her character, she had allowed Audrey to see that Audrey's brother was dear to her in the very early days of their intercourse. "It would be good for him to marry me, because I love him so," she said, with true womanly logic. And in time Sir Robert came to think that it would be good, too, and to struggle against his golden-haired fate no longer.

They were married at Combhurst church, as was right and proper for a Lorme to be. There was no mistake about Blanche's *trousseau*, though her sister-in-law had the entire management of it. The bride went from her brother's house, for the O Briens had hired "a place" close to Combhurst and gone into it a short time previous to the wedding, in order that the Lady of Combhurst might not go to her husband from her husband's roof.

Lady Lorme wanted to raise a little monument of thanksgiving and commemoration close to the spot where her husband's life had been so providentally saved by her brother. But loving lord as he was, in this one thing he was stern, that never, by look, word or gesture, should the "present" refer to the crime of the "late" Lady Lorme.

So the little monument was never raised down by the Devil's Dyke. However, in spite of this solitary prohibition, there was sunshine again of a rarely golden order down at Combhurst. The young, beautiful wife, whose only subtilty was her love, renewed the life which the former one had so nearly blasted. He was gray-haired, 'tis true—nothing but dye, not even happiness, restores the color of the locks when once it has fled—but his face soon ceased to be pallid and grief-seamed and despair-furrowed. He had another vast comfort, too, putting all others out of the question—his wife was less clever than himself! When the reverse is the case, when the early love glamour is over the man, even if his wife be devoted to him, will rue the day he took steps towards perpetually supping sorrow by the spoonful.

Here we will take leave of them and of each other, reader. "My dream is passed, my hour of pride is over." I have told my story poorly enough, I know. Its object has been to amuse, and if in that object it has succeeded it has fulfilled its mission.

But before the book is closed, bear with me and bear me company a moment longer. The scene shall close in a far-west of London cemetery. A grave, grass-covered but devoid of flowers, is visible under the silvery moonbeams, through which I stand and look at it. A small headstone, with just the letters "L. L." on it stands out clearly and distinctly, and a form is kneeling by the grave—the form of a man, robed in the straight, long garment which covers and closes in so many proud, loving, aching hearts. And as he lifts his clasped hands aloft in passionate, prayerful appeal to the "Lady of Heaven," his tones ring out in genuine agonized entreaty the words that all who live and may sin will join in—"God assoil her."

REBEL SALTPETRE WORKS IN CAVE NICKAJACK, AT SHELLMOUND.

Among the valuable spots which the successes in Tennessee have thrown into our hands is the remarkable Cave Nickajack, in Raccoon mountain, a few miles below Chattanooga. The entrance to it is in Alabama, about three quarters of a mile from Shellmound station, on the Chattanooga railroad, but most of the cave is in the State of Georgia. Its name Nickajack, is said, though perhaps on little authority, to be a corruption of Nigger Jack, a bandit whose rendezvous it formed for a considerable period. The entrance is a magnificent rocky arch some 60 feet high, and 100 wide. Just beneath is a little lake formed by a stream, which comes out from the mouth of the cave, and after a glance at the blue heavens, again plunges into the mountain side, to return once more and wind quietly down to the valley.

Formerly the only mode of entering the cave was by a canoe, but since necessity has compelled the South to work its treasures, a road enters on the left side, the stream coming out on the right.

Entering now about 60 feet you come to the ruins of a mill, now only a few timbers, and to the left of it lie broken fragments of the kettles used in the manufacture of saltpetre. For a mile and a half are tiers, three and four high, of leach tubs filled with clay, from which the liquid containing the saltpetre is drained into hollow logs. The ceiling runs in flat for a time, but soon rises to a fine arch, the side where the water oozes through sparkling with crystallized saltpetre. The stream runs far below, a canoe, once the only mode of entering the cave, floating lazily on it. After passing over the mass of leach tubs you descend into the widest part of the cave, where a sense of danger is imparted by the sight of a number of leach tubs crushed under a mass of rock from the roof. Passing to the right, a small apartment appears with a ceiling arched most gracefully. Immense stalactites meet you at every step, and make the scene romantic. The length of the whole cave is unknown. It has been explored for about seven miles. Now, when this great work of nature is strewn with ruins of human industry, the impression made on a visitor is beyond description.

THE WAR IN ARKANSAS—HELENA,

Duvall's Bluff.

We present sketches to-day of two important points in the operations of the army of the Southwest—Helena, in Arkansas, and Duvall's Bluff. The latter is 160 miles from the mouth of White river, and being the depot of supplies is guarded by gunboats. A convalescent camp is also formed here. It was the rendezvous of Gen. Steele's army before his march on Little Rock last September. Since our occupation of that place the railroad runs to it from the Bluff.

Helena is a more important place, being the capital of Phillips co., and is on the Mississippi, 80 miles below Memphis. It contains a court-house and jail. During the present war it has several times figured in the operations of the army and gunboats.

GEN. GILLMORE'S SOIREE DANSANTE.

The monotony of camp life on the sandy isles of Charleston harbor was relieved on the 23d of December by a *soirée dansante* given at Folly island. A hall, 90 feet by 40 feet was raised and decorated in 48 hours, under the direction of Capt. W. L. M. Burger, and tastefully decorated with bunting and flags. The guests, both ladies and gentlemen, enjoyed themselves greatly, and the dances were followed by a visit to a large and well-arranged supper-room, where delicacies little expected awaited them. There were 50 ladies present, and gentlemen innumerable.

ATTACK OF THE REBELS

On the U. S. Gunboat Marblehead.

At daylight, on the 25th Dec., the rebels opened fire upon the gunboat Marblehead, Capt. Meade, at a range of 1,000 yards, with two heavy siege guns and six pieces of field artillery. The Marblehead sustained a hot fire for some time, replying rapidly. The Pawnee, which was stationed a mile below the Marblehead, moved into Kiawah river and obtained a cross fire on the rebels. The mortar schooner C P. Williams, slipped her cable, and with great promptness came down the Folly and entered the Stono river, firing her broadside guns as she sailed up, with an occasional shot thrown from her 13 inch mortar. The rebels were finally driven off, with a loss of, as we found by examining the ground, one man killed, two guns dismounted, caissons destroyed, &c. How many more were killed or wounded we, of course, cannot tell. The Marblehead lost two killed and four slightly wounded. The dismounted guns were spiked and the next day carried off by our men.

CONSCRIPTION OF CAMP FOLLOWERS AT VICKSBURG.

It is a curious fact that in these days of conscription, the safest place has been around the armies in the field. Many actually fled here to avoid the draft in their own States, and the motley group that follow an army all rejoice in pleasant security, and enjoy with great gusto the caricatures of those who tried to "dodge the draft." But "all that's bright must fade," and Gen. Sherman rudely disturbed the bliss of this elysium by a general order from his headquarters. Gen. McPherson re-echoed the peal of thunder in his special order, No. 41, authorising division and brigade commanders to arrest and put immediately into the service all persons not provided with proper passes. At Vicksburg the scene was unparalleled. Guards were stationed throughout the city, and pedlars, cotton speculators, gamblers, rogues and all sorts of illegitimate camp followers were gathered in, and are now keeping step to the music of the Union instead of following in the wake of the army to gather "old clo'" and greenbacks.

FUNERAL OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES.

When we read of the impressive ceremonies with which the mortal remains of some great and venerated prelate in a Catholic country, some Archbishop like Mgr. Affre giving up his life to his flock, is committed to the earth, the mind of the reader sees it dimly as some scene of the Middle Ages, some lingering trait of the forgotten past. But New York has felt that such things are real, actual living facts in our midst. Archbishop Hughes "stood forth as the great prelate of the church in this country, as the stable and heroic champion, as the defender of its principles, as the advocate of its rights, and the jealous guardian of its honor. He was not only a great prelate, but a great man, one who has left his mark on the age in which he lived, and who has made an impression that could never be effaced." And he not only stood forth in the public gaze as a great representative man, but by the force of his character seemed to raise up all his people to the elevation which he occupied. Whatever storms may have raged around him in the earlier years of his administration, he was for many years before his death regarded here and abroad by all with a respect seldom accorded to the prelate of any church.

This feeling was strikingly manifested at his death. The courts adjourned, flags were lowered to half mast, places of business closed, and from every quarter of this vast city thousands poured to the cathedral to take their last look at the great Archbishop. On his own flock the impression created by his loss was, of course, keen, deep and vivid. Profound grief, an overwhelming sense of irreparable loss and affectionate sorrow filled every heart. No building reared by human hand could have held the thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands that gathered around his bier. The trustees of the cathedral could but select a few for admission; the church, large as it is, held but a small number of those who wished to witness the funeral rites. We have endeavored without sparing toil or cost, to bring it faithfully before those who were so disappointed as well as before the thousands throughout the land who desire to behold mirrored the solemn obsequies of which the daily papers have spoken.

The body of the Archbishop was brought from his residence on Tuesday, and laid in state beneath a canopy or dais in the middle aisle, just where the altar formerly stood at which he received episcopal consecration 26 years before. He was robed in his episcopal vestments, his mitre on his head, his cross and his crozier by his side. The canopy was supported by four pillars, and surmounted by a cross. Heavy silver fringe relieved the sombre tint of the black cloth, and spots and nails of the same metal made alike contrast in the roof and cross. Of the Archbishop as he thus lay in state we present an extremely accurate sketch, made by one of our corps of artists soon after the body was placed in the catafalque. Silver candlesticks stood at the head and foot, with lighted tapers, and a cross and wreath of pine and flowers lay at his feet.

The whole interior of the church up to the top of the columns was draped in mourning. The walls were hung with black cloth, the pilasters alone being white, with a festoon of white between the capitals. The pillars in the nave were enveloped in black with white ruffles at the joints; the gothic work of the sanctuary and the high altar were similarly draped, while the pulpit and the vacant archiepiscopal throne were dressed with exceeding taste, the black cloth contrasting with the ruffles, fringes and spots of white. Of all this drapery our readers will form a correct and striking idea from our engraving.

On Thursday, the 7th, about ten o'clock, the church had become densely filled. The sanctuary was crowded with clergymen in surplices, and a long line also extended across the church, in front of the communion railing, and down the middle they sat, two by two, in chairs, from the catafalque to the door. The pews were filled with men of rank and position. Members of the State Legislature and Government, and of the Common Council, the Mayor of the city, Judges of the various Courts, officers of the army and navy, men whose names now fill the world, McClellan, Sickles, Meagher, Hayes, foreign officials, delegations of societies, filled the centre of the building, and the side aisles were densely packed with the great number of those successful in obtaining admission.

At half-past ten "The Dirge; or, Office of the Dead" began, chanted in the solemn Gregorian tones by the many white-robed clergy. At its close, from the sacristy came forth the acolytes, followed by the Rev. Christopher Farrell, assistant master of ceremonies, Rev. Francis McNeirny, master of ceremonies, Rev. Thomas Preston, as sub-deacon, Rev. William Quinn, as deacon, the Very Rev. W. Starrs, as assistant priest, all robed in black, in the peculiar vestments of their order. Then followed Bishops Bayley, of Newark; Loughlin, of Brocklin; De Goesbriand, of Burlington; Fitzpatrick, of Boston; McFarlan, of Hartford; and Wood, of Philadelphia. Bishop Timon, of Buffalo, the celebrant, closed the solemn line. The mass then began, and the "Dies iræ," that wonderful chant, pealed forth its thrilling strains from the choir, seeming, as it rolled beneath the gothic arches like the pleading of the suppliant soul. When the mass had ended, Bishop McCloskey, long the coadjutor of the Archbishop, and then, on the division of the diocese, a coadjutor still as Bishop of Albany, ascended the pulpit, robed in a violet vestment, and delivered a short but impressive address. "*Bonum certamen certavi cursum consummavi, fidem servavi*," was the text, which, he aptly said, seemed to be echoed back from the lips of the illustrious dead, not in a spirit of boastfulness and self-praise, but with that sense of relief which one long charged with a heavy responsibility lays it down, conscious of an honest and persistent endeavor to discharge it fully. He did not attempt to sketch the life or portray the great labors of the Archbishop, much less to develope the important events in his career and show their influence on his time; but he drew a picture of the Archbishop's character of artistic power, full of true and striking points, that mirrored the whole man. The funeral ceremonies were then resumed, and the absolution after mass by Bishops McCloskey, Timon, Bayley, Loughlin and De Goesbriand ended the solemn rites. The coffin, still opened, was then borne down the aisle between a double row of clergy, by members of the priesthood, preceded by the sub-deacon, with the cross, and by the attendant Bishops in copes and white mitres. This scene, impressive and striking in the highest degree, is before our readers. It was the closing scene of the rites paid to the memory of a man, of a churchman indeed, but one who stands now in history as one of the great men of our time and country. The coffin, closed from human gaze, was then borne into the vault below the cathedral, where the two deceased Bishops of New York lie.

METAMORPHOSES.

A writer in the *Lutheran* gives the following amusing account of the belief among the Germans in Pennsylvania that certain persons had the power of transforming themselves:

It was, at one time, pretty generally believed that certain persons possessed the power of transforming themselves into animals or inanimate objects. It was said, and believed by many, that David Zehner frequently changed himself into a log of wood and thus escaped the vengeance of his Indian enemies. So perfect was the transformation, that on one occasion one of the savages sat down on the log and cut tobacco on Zehner's forehead, without discovering the deception. His children, also, firmly believed in their father's supernatural powers. Many years ago, one of his sons, then a very old man, told my informant that he had once seen his father in the form of a bear. It was on a Sunday, and the boys had gone hunting, notwithstanding their father's express command to the contrary. They had gone but a short distance when bruin came out of the woods to meet them. They tried their best to shoot him, but their guns refused to do their duty. Suddenly a light flashed on their minds, and they became convinced that it was not really a bear, but that their father had assumed this shape in order to punish them for their disobedience. Having come to this sage conclusion, they hastened homeward, where their father gave the trembling boys a severe reprimand, warning them never again to go hunting on a Sunday, "for if they did the bears would surely catch them."

They needed no further admonition, but ever afterwards implicitly followed their father's directions, greatly fearing that the old gentleman might, some day or other, take it into his head to become a bear again, and give them an embrace which would be more intimate than fraternal.

Stories like this might easily be multiplied. An old gentleman lately told a friend of the writer, with the greatest apparent sincerity, that his grandfather had been a Tory during the American Revolution, had often transformed himself into a bush, when he found himself in danger of being captured by the Federal troops.

An old soldier, named Ruprecht, also claimed to possess the power of metamorphoses. He pretended that once, when pursued by a company of Hessian cavalry, he had suddenly transformed himself into a rock, and that the whole company had galloped over him. He professed to have escaped without serious injury, but acknowledged that he had been scratched by the sharp points on the shoes of the horses, and that these wounds were exceedingly painful.

Such were the wild stories that were related at the firesides of our German ancestors. Most of them were believed to be literally true, though all the wonderful deeds therein recorded were necessarily performed without the presence of witnesses. I doubt not that there are many persons, even at this late day, who are inclined to the opinion that such things might have been.

The *Sunday Dispatch*, of San Francisco, says: "At the Adelphi, one night, we were struck with an exciting incident which took place on the stage. Mr. Mitchell sprang over the bulwarks of a pasteboard vessel and discharged a rusty musket at three supernumeraries, who were standing on different parts of the stage. To our astonishment, all three reeled and fell dead! We know not whether the more to admire this miraculous shot or to be horrified at the result."

Why is the polka like bitter beer? Because there are so many hops in it.

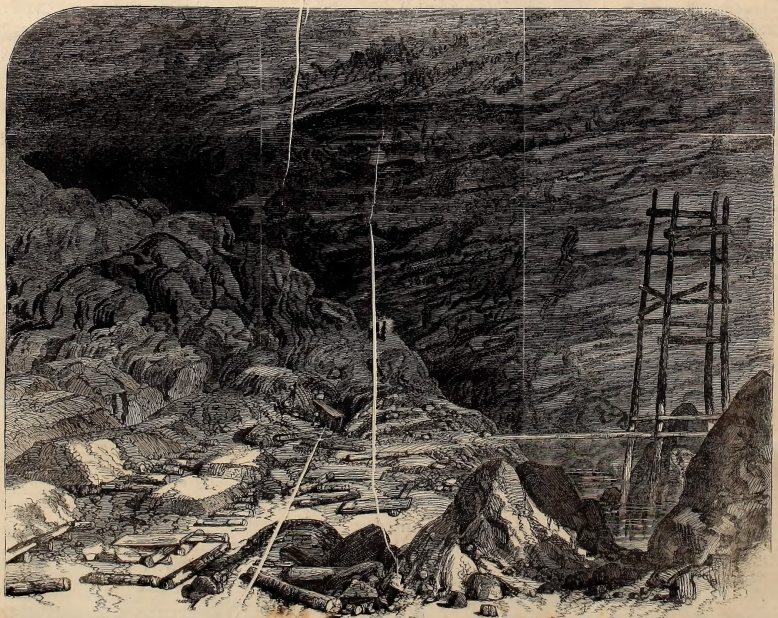


GRAND BALL GIVEN BY GENERAL GILLMORE AT HILTON HEAD, S. C., DEC. 23.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI—ARRESTING CIVILIANS FOLLOWERS WITHOUT PASSES AT VICKSBURG, UNDER GEN. M'PHERSON'S ORDER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED B. SCHELL.





EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR OF THE CELEBRATED NICKAJACK CAVE, IN ALABAMA, NEAR CHATTANOOGA, WITH THE RUINED REBEL SALTPETRE WORKS.
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. E. HILLEN.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

MR. JONES called upon the gentleman who advertises to restore all paintings, and requested him to restore a seaside landscape, which was stolen from his two years ago.

A YANKEE speedthrift recently said:

"Five years ago I was not worth a cent in the world; now see where I am through my own exertions!"

"Well, where are you?"

"Why, I owe more than $3,000!"

"YOUNG ladies are like an arrow; they can't be got off without a beau." Another reason why they are like an arrow: We as they get into your heart, they won't be got out "till death."

"I SHOULD think these omnibus wheels would be fatigued after running all day," observed Sam.

"Well, yes," replied Seth, taking a squint at them, "they do appear to be tired."

TEETOTALISM forbids a man to touch anything that can intoxicate—except a pretty girl's lips. You may touch the article, after signing the pledge, if you'll only do it discreetly and with moderation.

AN English judge being asked what contributed most to success at the bar? replied: "Some succeed by great talent, some by a mistake, but the majority by talking without a shilling."

A YANKEE writes from San Francisco to a New York paper: "A spanish girl is the best grammar in the world; and since my arrival in town I have been studying grammar." We suppose he'll "conjugate" soon, if the girl don't "decline."

IT is a musical fact that every orchestra contains at least two musicians with moustaches, one in spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat, who, from force of circumstances, you will always observe, plays on a brass instrument.

A MILKMAN may have a habit of stopping daily near the river and not excite suspicion; but when you find a little boy fishing for minnows in the milk pans, we begin to have our doubts.

An English newspaper recently says as follows: "Stolen, a watch, worth ten guineas. If the thief will restore it, he shall be informed where he can steal one worth two more, and no questions asked."

AN innocent young sportsman here about, to order the head of a squirrel on the top of a tall tree, climbed another one near by, and on being asked his reason for such a freak, said that he didn't want to strain his gun by a long shot!

THE farmer whose pigs were so lean that it took two of them to make a shadow, has been beaten by another, who had several so thin that they would have to run round the pump in the rain for a family stoppel that fun by tying knots in their tails!

A LAWYER once pleaded with great ability the cause of his client for nearly an hour. When he had done his antagonist, with a supercilious sneer, said he did not understand a word the other said, who merely replied: "I believe it; for I was speaking law."

BEMUS asked Jemima, a few days since, if she had seen her "vegetable friend?"

"My vegetable friend? Who's that?"

"Why, the young man I met you with yesterday, who has carrots for hair, reddish whiskers and a turnip nose."

IT is quite a prize pattern if a lady can "hem" a refusal without there being a single crossstitch in it.

A MANCHESTER poet has commenced a new epic, which begins well. It opens with an invocation to the Nine Muses, bursting forth with these words: "Ye femi-nines!"

Hawkes's Diamond Pointed Gold Pen

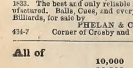
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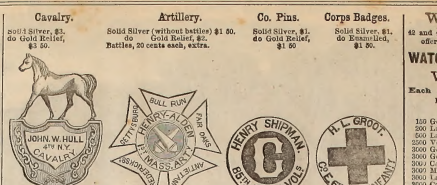
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NEW YORK WEEKLY

is now publishing a splendid romance, entitled WHITE EAGLE, THE AVENGER; OR, THE BRIDE OF SUNSET CANYON, by Prentiss S. Smith, and another most exciting serial, entitled MARIE BERTRAND; OR, THE FELONS DAUGHTER, from the pen of Harry Hazle, Jr., Author to all which it gives weekly from EIGHT to TWELVE finished sketches of different varieties, a large number of fine POEMS, and a variety of departments of a useful and entertaining character, including PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS, MIRTHFUL MORSELS, KNOWLEDGE BOX, ITEMS OF INTEREST, etc., etc., the whole going to form a family newspaper which, as it freely admitted by all who take it, has not its equal either in this country or the old Price Five Cents. For sale by every News Agent throughout the Union.

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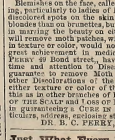
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3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00
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3000 Silver Thimbles	2 00 to 4 00
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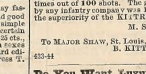
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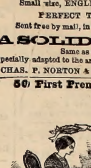
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No. 435—Vol. XVII.] NEW YORK, JANUARY 30, 1864. [Price 6 Cents.

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AUTHOR OF "FASHION AND FAMINE," "THE REJECTED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

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Commences with this number.

THE FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT

In the Church of the Compania at Santiago de Chili.

AMID a civil war of unparalleled carnage, when the telegraph often sends to us from various points of our vast country accounts of battles fought at the same moment, when the idea of death in fearful form has become so habitual that the death of thousands seems to lose its terrible reality, the news of an accident in Chili comes with such frightful details as to fill all with horror.

The month of May, elsewhere celebrated in May, is in Chili, made a preparation to the great Spanish festival the "Immaculate Conception," on the 8th of December. Among the associations which in Santiago attended these devotions with the greatest zeal was a well-known one of ladies and girls called the "Children of Mary," who assembled at a church which, prior to the suppression of the Jesuits in 1763, belonged to that order, and has retained the name of the church of the Compañia. Next to the Cathedral it was considered the finest ecclesiastical building in the city. The roof was lighted by stained glass, as were the windows around the cupola above the high altar. The altar and paintings were in good taste and by far the best in the city. The building was most favorably known in Chilian annals as the spot where gratuitous instruction of the poor was commenced by



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the Jesuits in 1592—62 years after the founding of the city.

We give in this number a view of the church in flames, from a photograph by Mysbos, of Santiago, forwarded to us by the steamer Callao. We shall give further illustrations from the same source, and a thrilling account of the fatal scene in our next.

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Notice to Contributors.

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Contributors will be good enough to write legibly, on one side only of the paper, and give their address distinctly. Comic sketches for engraving, or hints for such illustrations, are also acceptable.

Summary of the Week.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Gillmore began to shell Charleston with Greek fire, and set fire to several houses.

On the 12th and 13th the rebel papers state that 471 shells were fired into the city.

VIRGINIA.

The rebel guerilla McCown was captured on the 8th, near Sperryville, by a regiment of New York cavalry. But a rebel party dashing into the camp of the 1st Massachusetts cavalry, near Warrenton, captured 17 men and 35 horses.

Gen. Early is falling back up the Shenandoah valley.

The rebels admit that Mosby was badly whipped in the recent affair at Harper's ferry.

On the 14th about 200 rebels undertook to capture a small body of Union cavalry at Three Mile station, near Bealton; but after losing three killed and 12 wounded retired.

TENNESSEE.

On the 10th a cavalry fight took place near Strawberry plains, in which the rebels were repulsed.

On the 12th a part of McCook's cavalry met the 8th and 11th Texas regiments at Mossy creek, killed 14 and took 41 prisoners.

OHIO.

Gen. Terry is at Sandusky, to prevent any movement by the rebels on Johnson's island, or their friends in Canada, who are preparing to attack the island.

ARKANSAS.

The rebel army west of the Mississippi is said to be 34,000, half of whom are cavalry, under Gens. J. D. Lee and Ferguson, and all of whom are sadly demoralized.

NAVAL.

On the 7th the rebel steamer Dave was destroyed off Wilmington by the U. S. steamers Montgomery and Aries.

On the 9th the Fahkee and other vessels destroyed the blockade-runner Bendigo, at Lockwood's Folly inlet, near Wilmington.

The British authorities at the Belize on discovering the Eureka to be the Gerety seized her, stopped the payment for cotton and endeavored to arrest the pirates.

At Halifax the Admiralty Judge gave his opinion that the seizure of the Chesapeake was piracy.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 11th Jan., a joint resolution was introduced relative to the French occupation of Mexico, which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs; also a bill to set apart a portion of Texas for negro colonization; Mr. Wilson's motion for the expulsion Senator Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, on account of his recent disloyal speech, as he termed it.

In the House, Mr. Fernando Wood moved for a general investigation of all affairs, civil, military and naval during the present Administration. This was negatived by 77 to 63.

In the Senate, on the 12th, the House bill to continue bounties to the 1st March was passed. A message from the President on the cruel treatment of Union prisoners was then received; and a bill reported for the appointment of a second Assistant Secretary of War.

In the House there was nothing of public interest.

In the Senate, on the 13th, Garrett Davis made a speech, defending himself against the Wilson charges.

In the House, there was a spirited debate upon Pennsylvania claims for damages suffered by her citizens, in consequence of rebel invasions. A resolution was adopted to inquire into the nature of them.

In the Senate, on the 14th, petitions were received from Wisconsin and Minnesota, requesting permission to extend their boundary line.

In the House, the Senate resolution respecting the management of the war was referred to the Military Committee.

In the Senate, on the 15th, amendments were agreed to, altering the amount of commutation from $300 to $400; prohibiting enlisted men serving as substitutes in regiments from any other States than those in which they originally enlisted; providing that persons exempted by physical disability, whose annual incomes amount to $1,000, shall pay $300 into the Internal Revenue fund; and making persons who have resided one year in the United States, and who have voted at any election, subject to the draft.

In the House there was nothing of any public interest. It then adjourned to Monday.

In the Senate, on the 15th of January, a petition was presented from New York praying that denaturalized foreigners might be made liable to the draft.

BOOK NOTICES.

CUDJO'S CAVE is the name of a new novel about to be published by Messrs. Tilton & Co., Boston. The author, Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, is also the author of Neighbor Jackwood, and some of the most popular contributions of the *Atlantic*. This story is of rebel despotism and Union patriotism in East Tennessee.

The orders for this book, on the reputation of the author and interesting locality of the story, have been so numerous as to delay the publication till a much larger edition than was first contemplated can be prepared.

ALEXANDER SMITH, whose poems, a few years since, created so much sensation, has just published a volume of Essays, under the title of Dreamthorp. It has reached the sixth edition in England, and is receiving great attention and commendations. Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, republish the book in their attractive style.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

How to pack the largest crowd of perspiring humanity into the smallest amount of space has been experimented upon so extensively in New York, that it may be now said to have arrived at the dignity of an exact science. We crowd our cars as herrings are packed in a barrel; we crowd our ballrooms so that dancing is impossible; we crowd our iceponds so that to cut a pigeon's wing would floor half a hundred adjacent steelclad immovables; and, lastly, when we give a private picture exhibition, we crowd the saloon so densely with the fashion, beauty and talent of the city that only the outside edges can get a sight at the gems of art. The principle is altogether wrong, and was very plainly manifested at the last Artists' Reception at Dodworth's Hall, in the Fifth avenue, on Thursday evening last. The crowd was so dense that comfort was impossible, and one of the objects was defeated, because the pictures could not be seen. All those who receive the compliment of a ticket feel gratified, but we are certain that of those who attend many go away dissatisfied. It is a great pity that the number of invitations issued is not based upon the width of crinoline and the size of the hall, for these reunions are really delightful, and are calculated to do great good to art, by bringing the purchasing amateurs into social connection with the artistic genius of the city. Even though some desirable guests should be necessarily excluded now and then, a judicious limit to the invitations will be found beneficial both to hosts and guests. We found most of our best artists represented on the walls, and the contributions were fresher and of a higher character than usual. Gifford sent a masterpiece of color, a wood and sunset, which stood foremost among the best of the pictures. A cattle piece, by Shattuck, was distinguished by marked fidelity to nature. Gignoux sent two pictures; one, the rapids below Montreal, is among his happiest efforts. Cranch, Coleman, Bellowes, Hart, Huntington, Edwin White, Cropsey, Vedder, J. G. Brown, Eastman Johnson, McEntee, Durand, Kensett, Brevoort, Launt Thompson, Bristol, and other of our first artists, contributed some of the rarest specimens of their talent, but which we are unable to mention in detail.

After we had "done" the Artists' Reception we strolled into the Academy of Music, where the Light Guard Ball was in spirited and active operation. The house was tastefully and beautifully decorated, and the rich and costly dresses of the ladies, mingling with the gay uniforms of the dashing soldiers, made the scene one of almost fairy brilliancy. The music was capital, well marked, sonorous, and so full of dash that even the lookers-on felt the dancing mania strong within them. The little canary birds in their gilded cages gave way to the spirit of nocturnal dissipation, and instead of standing on one leg, with their heads under their wings, they fluttered about the cages joyously, and did their best to drown the orchestra with their full-throated singing. Poor little fellows! they are sadly out of place midst the flaunting lights and merry tumult of a ballroom. Although the "Light Guard" are known as the "Tigers" they were very lamblike on this occasion, for even the youngest and prettiest girls seemed not in the least afraid of them. On the contrary, they trusted themselves with them in the mazes of the maziest of dances, and rested with perfect confidence on their manly arms. Oh! woman, thy weakness is thy strength, for thy gentleness can tame even "tigers." We wished we were two or three "tigers" on the occasion, for we could stand any amount of such training.

We have received several indignant remonstrances, for what is termed our "impertinent meddling with ladies' crinoline." One fair correspondent asks, with something like a sneer and a slight appearance of hope, "if we propose to dress up our women in the Eastern style, do we intend, also, to advocate the establishment of the Hareem?" We reply, the gods forbid! one is enough, at the present price of drygoods and fixings and etc. One specimen of idle loveliness is sufficient, without adding half a dozen other idle lovelinesses to help her to do nothing and dress. Besides, in this land of free speech and rocking-chairs, a man needs all the eloquence and subtlety of a Philadelphia lawyer, to hold his own against one tender and loving being, when she stands upon her rights, and favors one with a piece of her mind. Still we have the temerity to persevere in our opinion that a modification of the present costume is much to be desired. The change proposed is graceful, picturesque, easy, and, consequently, healthy. It would add much to to the beauty of the beautiful, and give the charm of piquancy to those to whom nature has not been liberal of the gift of comeliness.

The continued illness of Mr. Anschutz has thrown the baton of direction into the hands of Mr. Bergmann, a thoroughly competent and most able maestro. "Faust" has been performed three times to very large audiences, and "Fidelio" once for the benefit of Madame Johannsen. Beethoven's music is *caviare* to the multitude; it is too profound, too passionate, too metaphysical. It would grow into public favor by frequent hearing, we feel assured, because of its intrinsic and wonderful beauty, but no management can afford to lose money to teach judgment and taste to the public. Mr. Hermanns, the new European addition to the company, is an excellent actor, and has a voice of great richness and power. The very pleasant opera, "La Dame Blanche," was performed most satisfactorily on Monday to a good house. Madame Johannsen sang well, and Mdlle. Frederici and Mr. Hermanns sustained their rôles so charmingly that we regretted they had not more to do. It was altogether a most successful performance. The far-famed "Tannhauser," by Richard Wagner, is to be performed this week, strongly cast and well put upon the stage. We are really curious to see how the public will receive it, and shall make a note of its reception in our next.

All speculations in English operas, for the last few years, have had to struggle against many difficulties. Fashion has set its face against it, good singers were hard to procure, a fair chorus almost impossible and a proper orchestra could hardly be afforded. The time is coming when all these difficulties will disappear, and we think that the English opera company, organized by Mr Harrison, will go far towards removing them. Not that his company presents a perfect *ensemble*, but because it is an advance upon the past in many respects. There are three thoroughly good artists, Madame Borchard, who is a brilliant and accomplished singer, and an excellent actress; Mr. Castle, whose voice is admirable, and whose style and manner give promise of something really great in the future—a promise which will not fall short of a position as the best English tenor we have had for years; and Mr. Campbell, who to a superb voice adds much taste and refinement, and a fair dramatic ability. In Mr. George Rae we recognise a very valuable member of the company, but he wants toning down before he can be available for the principal rôles. The subordinate members are what might be termed very "shaky" indeed, and should be replaced with competent people as soon as possible. The chorus contained such venerable fossils that profound antiquarian knowledge, which we do not possess, is required to describe it. Mr. Theodore Thomas has selected a good orchestra, and we need hardly add that he conducts the opera with his well known skill and firmness.

The "Bohemian Girl" is hardly an opera to test the vocal strength of a company, and besides, it is very hackneyed, and has always been given in such a slipshod manner, that we should hardly know it if it was once thoroughly well done. It is full of set-scenes, needs dances, processions and other stage effects, which are impossible in Niblo's Saloon, and therefore we shall not criticise the performance. We have mentioned the capabilities of the artists, and we will say further that we expect much from the present organization, and ask for it the warmest support of the public. The two representations at Niblo's Saloon were attended by crowded and brilliant audiences, and we understand that a like result has attended their performances at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, where they first appeared. The next opera performed will be W. V. Wallace's "Maritana," a beautiful and genuine work.

The theatres are running on the same course as heretofore. "Rosedale" and revivals at Wallack's, "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" at Winter Garden, and at the Olympic a slight novelty, which will be doubled this week, in the way of a burlesque, called "Mazeppa, or the Untamed Rocking Horse." Barnum's American Museum is, of course, full of novelties of the most extraordinary character, which, to be appreciated, must be witnessed.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The 8th Avenue railroad will soon be extended to Harlem river.

—— Frederick Douglass, the eminent colored orator, delivered a lecture at the Cooper Institute on the "Mission of the War," on the 13th Jan. It was attended by a large audience.

—— The *Courrier des Etats Unis*, of the 13th Jan., states that the French Government has decreed a measure of vast importance to the maritime intercourse between France and the United States. By an imperial decree of Dec. 20, 1863, cotton is admitted free into French ports, if imported direct from the country where it is produced, in ships carrying the French flag. The same duties hitherto levied will have to be paid on cotton imported under a foreign flag. The *Courrier* thinks that these different duties will probably induce our Government to revise the treaty of commerce made about 30 years ago, and which revision has been urged for the last ten years by the French representatives at Washington.

—— Edmund Kirke, the popular author of "Among the Pines," gave his lecture on "The Southern Whites," in Jersey City, on the 13th Jan. It was a very interesting discourse.

—— Capt. Edward Lott, the present commander of the Cunard steamer Persia, received a present of a set of silver from his friends, on the very interesting occasion of having made his 300th passage across the Atlantic.

—— Carl Benson suggests, in consequence of the high price of champagne and other French wines, that the people should drink cider.

—— Mayor Gunther, of New York, in his message to the City Government, refrains from discussing national politics, and gives the following excellent reasons for his reticence: "In assuming my present duties I have sedulously abstained from all expression of opinion on the exciting topics of political discussion. I claim the right, in common with all my fellow-citizens, to the enjoyment of my opinion on all these questions; but my official action and course will be confined exclusively to municipal affairs and the welfare of the city. To combat corruption and fraud, and prevent, by my influence and in every honorable way, a continuance of those abuses which have been perpetrated out he rights and patience of the public, will be my constant endeavor."

—— Gov. Parker, of New Jersey, has transmitted his annual message to the Legislature of that State, assembled in Trenton. He recommends the restoration of the old Constitution and the reconstruction of the Union on its old basis as the only objects worth fighting for. He says that a conciliatory policy should be pursued towards the rebels, with the view of a national pacification. The emancipation proclamation is, in his opinion, a standing obstacle in the way towards those results. He condemns the amnesty manifesto, and expresses the opinion that the many acts of the Federal Government of which he disapproves, or which may have been prejudicial to the general good, will be obliterated or remedied by the ballots of the people.

—— Great efforts are being made in Albany to get up a petition to the President to put Mr. Postmaster Wakeman in the place of Collector Barney. The reason given is the numerous cases of corruption recently discovered.

—— From all parts of the country come reports by telegraph and mail of terribly severe weather since Friday last. A heavy snowstorm has been prevailing throughout the West, and railroads are blocked up in all directions. In Buffalo a flood has submerged a part of the city, doing immense damage. In Chicago the mercury, on Saturday, fell to 28 degrees below zero; and in St. Louis the cold is unparalleled, the thermometer, on Saturday, standing at 24 below, and the river being frozen so as to permit sleighs to cross. In Philadelphia four persons were frozen to death on Friday night, and it was reported that five rebel prisoners had perished on the cars between Jeffersonville and Chicago, but that story is denied.

—— The Central Park has cost the city nearly $8,000,000, but has increased the value of taxable property in the adjacent wards to the extent of $27,000,000. It has 8 miles of carriage-roads, 5 miles of bridle-paths and 20 miles of footpaths.

—— The assessed value of property in Pennsylvania is about $600,000,000.

—— By the last returns there were 187 banks in the loyal States, and $32,000,000 capital.

—— A spiritualist in Boston asserts that the pirate Semmes is guided in his work of destruction by the spirit of the notorious pirate Gibbs, who was hung some 30 years since, and adds that when Gibbs has exhausted his venom, Semmes will himself come to an untimely end.

—— The grossest irregularity exists in the management of the Hoboken Ferry Company. Their two best boats are laid up disabled, and the immense traffic, which is so much increased by the Morris and Essex railroad, is now carried on by the miserable little tugboat Newark, the John Fitch and the Paterson. The other night the passengers were four hours in crossing from Barclay street to Hoboken. The Jersey city boats are admirably managed, and no delay experienced.

—— The New York *Herald* recommends the removal of the Federal Capital from Washington to New York.

Western.—The St. Louis *Republican* says that 3,000 hogs were frozen to death on Thursday, the 31st Dec., in various places along the line of the North Missouri railroad.

—— In Madison township, Ind., lately, Jacob Schrimer murdered a friend of his for love of his friend's wife, who, in order to facilitate her marriage with her paramour, poisoned Mrs. Schrimer. They were then married. Their honeymoon was interrupted by the discovery of Schrimer's body, with the head split in two. The guilty lovers have been arrested.

—— Gov. Brough, of Ohio, was inaugurated on the 11th Jan., at Columbus. In his inaugural address he takes the highest anti-slavery grounds. He recommends a heavier tax than did Gov. Tod for the support of soldiers' families.

Southern.—The Raleigh (N. C.) *Standard* says: "In consequence of the alleged disloyalty of the extreme western counties of North Carolina to the Jeff Davis Government, they have been deprived of all mail facilities."

—— The Raleigh *Progress* says: "The beauties of secession, but dimly seen at first, are becoming more and more vivid as the revolution advances, and from present indications it will not be long before he who runs may read. The communication of officers of the Army of Tennessee, read in the House of Representatives on Tuesday, shows that there is an alarming state of demoralization and disaffection in that quarter. If there is to be a Dictator, Mr. Foote wants Gen. Lee. We have as much confidence in, and respect for, Gen. Lee, as any man living, but we tell Mr. Foote that the people of North Carolina, who set out to fight for freedom and liberty, will not submit to a Dictator in the person of any living man while the power is left to resist."

Military.—The testimony is unanimous that the 34th regiment of Massachusetts cavalry, Col. Wells, in co-operation with Gen. Averill, behaved with the utmost gallantry. It was their first experience of long marches and perilous service, but they bore themselves handsomely, officers and men, and came back with flying colors. They were successful in occupying the attention of a body of rebels many times larger than their own, until Gen. Averill had performed his work and gone home, when they cleverly outwitted the enemy, who expected to capture them in force, and came back to Harper's Ferry at their leisure. The expedition was every way honorable to the regiment.

Naval.—Another Chesapeake case has occurred. Six pirates, who had, at Matamoras, engaged passage on board the J. W. Gerety, bound to Havana, suddenly rose, mastered the crew, put them into a boat, altered the name of the ship into the Eureka, and then put into Belize. They sold the cargo of cotton to some merchants there. When the news of the piracy reached Belize, the British authorities there seized the ship, and as the pirates had escaped, they have offered a reward of $500 for their apprehension.

—— From a return made to the Navy Department, it appears there were 372 disasters on the Western lakes last year.

Personal.—Gen. Hunter has gone to the South to join Gen. Banks.

—— Madame Anna Bishop is making a tour westward. Her reception has been very flattering.

—— Kit Carson has been appointed Col. of the 2d regiment vols., in New Mexico.

—— Bandmann's "Hamlet" is pronounced admirable by the Chicago critics. One of them says, "It is nearly equal to Shakespeare's Hamlet."

—— The Boston journals give glowing accounts of the enthusiastic reception given to Mr. Bailey on his arrival at Malden, after his triumphal acquittal of the ridiculous charge brought against him by an officious nonentity.

—— Gen. Grant was lately rallied about the persistent and preposterous use, by a New York paper, of his name for the Presidency. The General replied: "I aspire only to one political office. When this war is over, I mean to run for Mayor of Galena (his place of residence), and if elected, I intend to have the sidewalk fixed up between my house and the depot." If Gen. Grant should go on joking in this dry style, he will soon joke Lincoln out of the next nomination.

Obituary.—Dr. John W. Robinson, Surgeon of the Kansas regiments, and formerly Secretary of State of Kansas, died on the 28th of Dec. at Fort Smith, Ark., from over fatigue in the service.

—— Hon. Caleb Blood Smith died on the 6th of Jan. at Indianapolis. He was born in Boston, April 16th, 1808; removing to Cincinnati, he graduated in Miami Union, Oxford, Ohio, and commenced the study of law in 1828 in Connersville, Ind. In 1833 and again in 1840 he was a member of the House of Representatives for Indiana. In 1843 he was sent to Congress. In 1856 he was one of the Presidential electors on the Republican ticket for Ohio, and in 1858 he removed to Indianapolis, where he remained till 1861, when Lincoln made him Secretary of the Interior. In Dec. 1862 he resigned that position for the position of United States Circuit Judge for Indiana. He was a good lawyer and much respected.

—— Col. Edwin Rose died of dropsy on the heart, at Jamaica, L. I., on the 12th of Jan. He was born in 1807, and educated at West Point. He was in the Black Hawk war. In 1837 he resigned his commission and became civil engineer to Michigan. In 1861 he offered his services to the Governor and was appointed Col. of the 81st regiment. He was in the Chicahominy battles. He was much loved by all who knew him.

Accidents and Offences.—A most terrible accident occurred on the 12th at Hornesville. A workman in the large steam sawing mills happening to get entangled in the machinery, was drawn into it, and had his arm sawn clear off, falling from loss of blood upon the circular saw he was cut right in two about his middle. His name was Alonso Lewis. He had been a soldier.

—— Mr. Samuel Sears, a merchant, 23 Park Row, died on the 12th of Jan. from the effects of inhaling

nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, which was administered to him by a dentist to prevent the pain of teeth extraction.

—— Mr. Malcolm Campbell, one of the ablest and most respectable lawyers in our city, was arrested on the 15th Jan., on the Napoleonic pretence that he would not betray the secrets of his client. We shall next hear of the arrest of the Catholic priest for not revealing those of the confessional. Gen. Dix rebuked the action of his subordinates by immediately releasing Mr. Campbell, with a handsome apology.

—— The official return of persons killed during the riots has been made; it amounts to 165, of which 149 were men, 11 women and 5 children.

Foreign.—Some time ago a lunatic named Ashmore, confined in the Richmond (England) Lunatic Asylum, was killed in the night by another patient, not previously supposed to be dangerous. His widow brought an action against Dr. Lalor, the superintendent, which, after two days' trial, was decided in his favor, the jury not considering that she sustained any damage by losing an insane husband.

—— Mons. Eugene Provost, the conductor for years of the opera in New Orleans, is now leader of the orchestra of Mons. Offenbach's popular theatre, Les Bouffes Parisiens, in Paris. He is to bring out an operette of his own during the season.

—— The Geant balloon, in its late aerial journey, performed a total distance of 370 leagues (925 miles) in 16 hours, being at the rate of 58¼ miles an hour.

—— The English merchants and manufacturers are rejoicing in the large increase of their foreign trade the past year. The value of the exported linen goods alone, for the last 10 months, was $23 640,260—the United States taking one-third in quantity and value.

—— Associations called "Steelboys" are organizing in Ireland, whose operations are of a disorderly character, and are exemplified by assisting defaulting tenants to carry off their crops.

—— Not a single person was killed or injured on the Great Western Railway in the year 1862, though eight millions and a half of passengers were carried over it.

—— The number of political journals in Paris and the Departments, at present, is 318, of unpolitical 6,700.

—— The old statue of Napoleon I., from the Place Vendome, has been placed on a pedestal at the Rond-point of Courbevoie, and being only 30 feet from the ground, appears to much greater advantage than formerly at 138 feet.

—— Madame Succa, of the Berlin opera, is such a favorite there that she has been engaged for life at an enormous salary, with a six months' vacation annually to rest herself.

—— The ladies of Paris have adopted a fashion for the winter of wearing their dresses drawn up over colored jupons, light woollen materials of striped patterns, with a band of plaid or narrow plaited flounce near the edge. They have thus given up the practice of sweeping the streets.

—— A letter dated Demarara, Nov. 6, says: "The Eldorado of Sir Walter Raleigh appears to be at last discovered close to the penal settlement up the Cuyuni river; and a company is just starting to work the gold mines, which appear to be the richest and most easy of access in the world."

—— There are 2,116,000 horses in England—600,000 for private use.

—— There has been no rain in Hungary for nearly two years. As a consequence, the crops have come to nothing, and the flocks and herds are dying, disease having followed the drought. The writer estimates the loss at $60 000,000.

—— A French paper has published the correspondence between the Pope and Jeff Davis. It appears the latter wrote to his Holiness respecting the letters sent by the Pontiff to the Archbishops of New Orleans and New York. The Pope acknowledged the receipt of the letter, and advised Jeff Davis, whom he styles illustrious and honorable President, to close up the civil war and live charitably with his Northern brethren.

Art, Science and Literature.—Miss Fanny Kemble has just published a volume in London. It contains "An English Tragedy," in five acts, by herself; "Mary Stuart," a play translated from Schiller, and "Mademoiselle De Belle Isle," a play from the French of Alexandre Dumas. The London critics serve the volume up without mercy. The *Saturday Review* facetiously attributes the dulness of these productions to her residence in America, which stultifies even a Kemble.

—— Mrs. Henry C. Watson gave a private reading in Chickering's rooms to her friends, on Friday 15th Jan. Her programme comprised selections from the best authors of England and America, interspersed with music, which was charmingly rendered. Mrs. Watson has every requisite of a successful elocutionist; a charming presence, a fine and flexible voice, capable of every phase of modulation, great taste and the rare faculty of bringing out the poet's true meaning, without that extra emphasis as unartistic as italicising the point of a witticism, which ought always to be left to the reader's sagacity. The room was filled with an audience at once *recherché* and appreciative. If Mrs. Watson should give a series of public readings, there can be no doubt of her achieving a great success. She sang the following songs: "When Daisies Pied," "Come unto these Yellow Sands," and "Where the Bee Sucks," with great tone and finish. The best recited *morceau* of the evening was Edgar A. Poe's famous "Song of the Bells," to the refrain of which Mrs. Watson's voice was eminently suited, being clear, soft and silvery as a bell itself.

—— "Days and Nights on the Battlefield," a work by the war correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, is having a very large sale.

Chit-Chat.—At the Cincinnati fair for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers, a young soldier gave $5 for a kiss from one of the fair stallkeepers; the beautiful and blushing creature suffered the infliction for the sake of her country.

—— A young lady in Chardon, Wis., has just gained a verdict of $10,000 damages against a gay deceiver, who, after courting her for 14 years, refused to marry her.

—— Here is a specimen of Washington "personals:" "A lady of refinement and education would like to make the acquaintance of a senator or foreign legation. Address, post office, to Florence Benton."

—— There were 2,503 marriages last year in Boston, and 4,693 deaths.

—— The Female Sensation Society has been holding its 47th anniversary in Boston.

—— The amount of gold and silver produced throughout the world, in 1863, is estimated as follows: California, $70 000,000; other portions of the United States, $30,000,000; British Columbia, $6,000,000; Mexico, $25,000,000; South America, $13,000,000; Russia, $22,000,000; Australia, $75 000,000; New Zealand and British Colonies, $12,000,000; other countries, $18,000,000. Total amount, $270,000,000; or quadruple the product before the discovery of gold in California. Nearly all this increase has been in the United States and in the South Pacific islands, including Australia.

—— Among the many curious relics in the Cincinnati Fair is a chip from the Beech Tree Forks of Licking, showing the tomahawk marks of Daniel Boone, which was the corner tree and starting point for his claim to lands in Kentucky. The yearly growth of wood having covered this tomahawk mark, it was necessary, in settling the numerous lawsuits in Kentucky, to produce the mark made by Boone. This was done by carefully scaling off the yearly growth, until the mark appeared corresponding with the year he made it, and the chip being in court and the tree proved from which it was taken, Boone's claim was established. G. Graham was presented with the chip after the trial, and it is now on exhibition at the fair.

THE MARBLE MAIDEN;

OR,

The Sculptor of Florence.

By Ernest Trevor.

CHAPTER I.

The golden day was dying in Florence, as Guido, a young sculptor, stood before the statue of a beautiful girl on which he had just bestowed the finishing touches of his skill. An enthusiastic admirer of the divine art, his delight, as he now gazed on his masterpiece, was transformed into an absorbing passion. It was his ideal of female loveliness, and it appeared as though he had hitherto neglected the living beauties of his native city that he might throw his heart away upon an insensible statue. Never before had he felt such ineffable extacy as now, when he beheld the triumph of his skill complete before him. It was the crowning hour of his life. It had grown by slow degrees from a mere mass of stone into its present bewitching shape; every day as he worked it had caught some new charm, until now the young sculptor felt that, familiar as he was with all that was exquisitely lovely, either in the breathing or inanimate world, it held nothing comparable with this the inspired work of his own hands.

His admiration grew so intense that it became an overpowering infatuation, and as he now gazed upon the beautiful figure, he mournfully regretted that it was but stone after all.

"Oh! that I, having given form to that beautiful creature, could also give it life!" This burst from his lips in a moment of uncontrollable love and sorrow, and overwhelmed with his emotions his head dropped on his breast. As he raised his eyes to gaze once more upon the matchless statue, the sunset's crimson light threw its full flush upon its face, which he, excited to almost a frenzy, fancied smiled lovingly upon him.

Sinking on his knees before a picture of the Holy Virgin, he cried:

"Blessed and Immaculate Virgin, give life to this beautiful statue, and I will henceforth devote myself to thy holy service."

After remaining absorbed in this delicious mood for some time, he slowly rose, and fixed his adoring gaze upon the marble maiden. What was his rapturous surprise when he saw, as the purple flush of sunset died away upon it, that its face assumed the glow of life, and that her lips moved—her eyes returned his glance. So oppressive was his delight that his eyes drooped, and then he saw a tide of sensation throb through the hitherto inanimate statue—it had quickened into life—he heard a deep musical sigh, he saw her bosom heave, and then, as though overpowered by the light, she raised her hand to shade her eyes from the glare of day. Never since Adam saw Eve in Eden had mortal man felt what Guido felt then.

But who can paint his surprise when he beheld the marble maiden, after glancing around her, step from her pedestal, and, without looking at him, walk with the grace of a Hebe around his studio? His first thought was that he was in some exquisite dream, but the evidences of his senses convinced him that he was under no delusion. He was awake, and in his studio; the daylight was slowly fading, but all was clear. He saw his prized sculptures, there was his cast of the Laocoon, there his beautiful copy of the Medician Venus, the Antinous of the Capitol, and there his Apollo de Belvidere. No, all was palpable. Although treading in clouds of golden ether, he was awake—the Holy Virgin had granted his prayer. His marble maiden was endowed with life.

Strange sight was it to see the now living statue pacing gently round the spacious apartment, which was adorned with the most exquisite works of art, and looking on them with a childish wonder, while he, her creator, with clasped hands and speechless extacy, trod step by step after her like a loving shadow. When she walked, so did he; when she stopped, he stopped also; sometimes she paused so suddenly that he almost touched her. To his infinite delight he noticed that when she approached anything he specially prized she remained gazing on it, as though she had inherited his tastes. But when she came to the famous Apollo and paused in admiration before it a jealous pang shot through his heart, and he said in thoughts, "Holy Virgin, preserve her from loving a statue! Preserve her from my fate." After gazing upon it, she went close to the statue and touched it. She recoiled—paused—and walked on. Guido's relief of mind was so great that he drew a deep sigh.

The sound aroused her—she stopped—turned round, and for the first time she confronted her creator. Their eyes met; hers dilated with a strange joy; she smiled, put forth her hand, to meet his, which instinctively offered itself. They touched—the bliss was too much—his sight swam, and he would have fallen had not the marble maiden clasped his hand, and sustained him. By a strong mental effort he overcame the sensation of swooning, and with hand clasped in hand they stood gazing at each other. After a pause he spoke, but she only smiled sweetly, and fixed her eyes so intensely and lovingly upon him, that language has no power to tell his joy. Leading her to a couch he seated himself beside her, and then they sat there, looking at each other in a state of silent extacy. In this trance of enjoyment they remained till the midnight bell tolled. The beautiful creature gave a deep shudder, as though a mighty chill had fallen upon her, and with a rapid but somewhat tottering step she reached her pedestal, and stiffened into marble. Overwhelmed with this terrible calamity, Guido sat immovable until the dawn, when his wearied and overtasked senses found a temporary refuge in sleep.

When he awoke the glorious day was full over Florence; he endeavored to persuade himself that he had been dreaming, but his sense of consciousness was too strong for that. Rising from the couch upon which he had remained stupored with despair the entire night, he advanced to the alcove in which his idolized statue was placed, and gazed fondly upon it. There it stood cold and immovable. With considerable effort to convince himself he put forth his hand. He touched it. It was nothing but marble. He threw himself once more upon his couch; he must have been in a delirious vision. But vision as he had now believed it to have been, it was sweeter than any reality, and he lived over again in a delicious reverie the visionary interview with his marble maiden.

In this dreamy elysium he remained till the bell announced midday, when the same rush of life coursed through the inanimate statue; with a pleasant smile she stepped from the pedestal, and advancing to where Guido sat in breathless excitement, took her seat beside him, and taking his hand in her own, gazed into his eyes with inexpressible tenderness. Another day of joy was passed.

There they were, side by side, communing, for although she had no words for his fond ears, her eyes told more than any language could, and the world had never held a happier man than Guido. As midnight approached a presentiment of sadness fell upon him, and he awaited the sound of the bell with feverish anxiety. As the first stroke clanged the beautiful maiden shuddered and arose as before, and moving to the pedestal on which she had been formed, stepped upon it. Ere the last sound died away she was the dead and rigid marble.

The blow this time, however, fell lighter on her lover than before, for he lived in the hope that noon would once more re-animate her. His impatience as that hour approached may be imagined, and as the clock announced the noon she stepped from her stony root, like a beautiful flower suddenly gifted with life, and walking to where he stood, placed her head on his bosom.

Thus days rolled on; from noon to midnight he sat as though entranced with the mysterious being, the creature of his own hands. Still, in the midst of his most rapturous moments, there was a haunting sadness which prophesied woe. Nothing of the kind, however, seemed to lurk in the breast of the marble maiden, for her eyes were perpetual fountains of smiles.

CHAPTER II.

Early one morning the duke, who had long been a most generous patron of Guido, sent an attendant to announce his approach. The sculptor prepared for the royal visit, and moved his treasured statue into an alcove, which was concealed by velvet curtains. When the duke arrived Guido showed him all his models and works, excepting his marble maiden. As his visitor was about to depart the midday bell sounded, and, to the dismay of Guido, the purple curtains were drawn aside by the beautiful statue, who stepped smilingly into his studio.

Charmed by her loveliness, the duke gave one long and admiring gaze, and bowing to the maiden, pressed Guido's hand and took his leave.

That day and night the duke thought of nothing but the beautiful creature he had seen, and unable to struggle with his passion any longer, he sent the next morning for the sculptor. After some desultory conversation the duke suddenly said, as though it required an effort to speak it:

"Pray, Guido, who was that fair creature I saw in your studio yesterday? Your wife?"

With an embarrassed air the artist replied:

"No, sire."

"I comprehend," returned the duke, with a meaning smile; "she is your mistress."

The sculptor blushed and faltered:

"No, sire."

The duke's face brightened as he said:

"She must be your sister, then?"

"Yes, sire," stammered Guido, hardly knowing what he uttered.

With a delighted air his patron took the sculptor's hand and said:

"My dear Guido, I will make your sister the proudest lady in all Florence. She shall be my wife; and I will put a crown upon the only brow I have seen worthy to rule over my beautiful Tuscany."

He then commanded Guido to repair to his home and announce to his supposed sister that early next morning the duke would come with a gallant escort to convey her to the cathedral, where their nuptials should be solemnised with a splendor becoming her beauty and his state.

Dumb with despair, the wretched artist reeled to his home.

Early next morning the duke, accompanied by his principal nobles, repaired to the house of the sculptor, whom he found in the deepest despondency.

Surprised at his haggard appearance, the kind-hearted prince asked what ailed him and where his sister was.

"Alas, sire, that is the cause of my grief; I know not where my sister is. When I returned home yesterday I discovered that she had fled, whither I know not. Oh, sire," continued the sculptor, "would that I were in my grave!"

The duke's astonishment was great, while his sorrow equalled that of the bereaved brother.

"Have you searched for her everywhere?" inquired the disconsolate lover.

As he said this he threw aside the curtains of the alcove. He there saw the beautiful statue. Uttering an exclamation of surprise, he gazed upon it, affected even to tears.

"How like the peerless maiden I had hoped to have made my bride!" cried the duke. "My dear Guido—I need not ask you—but this, of course, is modelled from your sister?"

"It is, sire," said the sculptor.

"Then, Guido," said his patron, "I must beg of you to let me have it. I will make you the richest man in the city. This will I ever keep in remembrance of her."

It was in vain that the sculptor objected. He offered to make the duke a copy, but nothing would satisfy the mourning lover, and he commanded his attendants to convey the marble image straightway to the royal palace.

Taking from his person a chain of gold, to which was suspended a cross of diamonds of immense value, he threw it around the neck of the bewildered Guido, and bidding him come to the palace to concert measures for the recovery of the missing lady, he departed, taking with him the statue. As they left the studio, the miserable sculptor sank on his couch in the deepest despair.

When the duke reached his palace he commanded his attendants to place the statue in his own cabinet, while he went to council, in the vain hope of dispelling his private sorrows with the cares of state.

It was near midnight when he regained his own apartments. With a heavy sigh he immediately went to look at the marble resemblance of his intended bride. Upon entering his cabinet, to his unspeakable astonishment, it was gone. The pedestal was there, but the statue had disappeared. As he turned to summon his secretary he saw, to his horror, the marble figure approaching him.

"What sorcery is this? The holy saints protect me!" cried the duke, as he fell senseless to the ground.

At that instant the midnight bell sounded, and the maiden, without noticing the prostrate form of the duke, stepped on her pedestal and was once more insensible stone.

The cry of the duke had aroused the household, and his attendants, entering, found their monarch senseless on the floor.

They speedily bore him to his couch, and sent for the most eminent physicians of the city. When he came to himself those around him were astonished at his incoherent speeches.

"Where is my beautiful statue? I saw it walk to me—tell her to come to me—where is my living marble maiden?"

They naturally concluded that he was insane, and the report of his madness spread like wildfire through Florence.

When the sculptor heard what the duke had said he was seized with a mortal terror, and, rushing to the palace, he snatched a battleaxe from one of the guards, and going to the marble figure, dashed it into a thousand pieces.

The effort awoke him; he had fallen asleep before his great work. But, alas! to his intense grief, the remains of his cherished statue were strewn around his studio. He had broken it in his dream!

Overwhelmed with sorrow, he sought his couch. But that very night the marble maiden appeared to him in a vision as an angel, and said:

"Guido, rejoice that thy guardian saint has saved thy soul from being enslaved by an image of thine own creation; for what thy fancy conceived in its dreaming mood thou mightest have carried out in thy waking hours, and thus have perilled thy immortal soul."

WINTER SPORTS AT NEW YORK AND ST. LOUIS.

Those who delight in winter sports had a short carnival at New York. For a few days the Central Park afforded splendid sleighing and fine skating. Thousands, knowing how uncertain the duration of such favors is, availed themselves of the moment. Sleighs of every form and variety glided over the crisp crackling snow; the splendid equipage of the more wealthy or pretentious; the modest vehicle of the more quiet citizen; the clumsy sled of the proletarian, differing from each other no less than the steeds, all gave animation and variety to the Park, as they glided through its serpentine roads, ever and anon passing the lakes where gentlemen and ladies were skating, often in such numbers as to make the greatest skill necessary to avoid mishaps.

At St. Louis the Mississippi is frozen over, and the *Democrat* thus describes the scenes on the river which we portray:

"The icy floor which that skilful joiner, Jack Frost, has laid down on the surface of the Father of Waters, has become the temporary habitation of quite a number of persons, who ply their various vocations in tents and shanties erected opposite the city. On the Vine street road, as it is called, a small village has sprung up. One of the houses on this road has for a sign Lindell Hotel on the Ice, and others have high-sounding names to attract the attention of passers by. These houses on the ice are extemporized dram shops, but several persons, not having the fear of Gen. Fisk before their eyes, have opened gambling hells, where 'chuckaluck,' 'three card monte,' and other games are played.

"The river was alive with skaters, and many persons crossed over to view the romantic scenery of Bloody island, the dyke and Illinoistown. Loaded wagons were crossing in safety, and large quantities of ice were being carted away."

We call attention to the advertisement of the "Rural" in this paper, and especially to the new feature—a Department devoted to Sheep Husbandry by Hon. Henry S. Randall.

Photography in Peru.—We have received from Mr. Richardson, of Lima, Peru, some photographs which are the most exquisite specimens of art we have seen for some time. They have a delicacy, minuteness, clearness and perspective about them which leave nothing to be desired. He is equally excellent in portraits and buildings, as our readers may judge from the portrait of our friend, the Hon. E. G. Squier, the distinguished antiquarian and United States Commissioner in Peru, and which will appear in our next paper. We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Richardson for his promptitude and kindness in sending these most valuable photographs on to us.

Story of a Fieldmouse.—A singular instance of the foresight of a fieldmouse was lately brought under our cognizance. A person clearing the garden ground of Mr. Thompson, Dalkeith, Scotland, came upon a growing turnip, which he pulled up by the root. Guess his astonishment when he found that the turnip was completely hollowed out, as neatly as is if it had been done by the chisel of a joiner, and the interior filled with large garden beans. The work, from the size of the hole whence the inside of the turnip had been extracted, was manifestly that of a mouse, and the object, no doubt, of filling the interior with beans was to provide against hunger in the barren winter weather. Near the place where the turnip was growing there were several stalks of beans, upon which some pods had been left, and it is supposed that the cute mouse had helped itself to these. The beans in the turnip (a small one) were counted, and it was found they amounted to no less than six dozen and two.



SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—THE DOOMED CITY FIRED BY GILLMORE'S EXPLOSIVE SHELLS FROM FORT PUTNAM, JAN. 3.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

NEGRO FESTIVITIES AT VICKSBURG.

THE negroes preserve all their African fondness for music and dancing; and in the modified form which they have assumed here have given rise to negro dances and melodists in our theatres, a form of amusement which has invaded many. But the colored people should be seen in one of their own balls to enjoy the reality. The character of the music and the dance; the strange grading of colors, from the sooty black of the pure breed to those creatures, fair and beautiful, whose position among their darker brethren shows the brutal cruelty of their male ancestors for generations, who begot them to degrade them, and who have that for years been putting white blood into slavery. There is in these negro balls one thing which cannot fail to impress any observer. Coming as they all do from a degraded and oppressed class, they assume nevertheless in their intercourse with each other, as far as they can, the manners and language of the best classes in society. There is often a grotesque exaggeration, indeed; but there is an appreciation of refinement and an endeavor to attain it which we seldom see in the same class of whites.

BOMBARDMENT OF CHARLESTON ON Jan. 3.

ON Sunday, Jan. 3, Gen. Gillmore broke the stillness by hurling into the city of Charleston 20 shells loaded with Greek fire, and prepared by Col. Bell, so as to avoid their too sudden explosion His invention was highly successful, the shells al bursting in the city at the desired moment, and the result was a fire in the southern part of the city. All the lower part of Charleston is now deserted, the warehouses emptied and closed, hotels abandoned, none but the wretched poor, unable to escape, linger in the streets The boasting city lies at the mercy of Gen. Gillmore, and the science of Beauregard has drawn invincible lines of fortifications around a heap of ruins and ashes.



THE GREAT SNOWSTORM ON THE PRAIRIES—SUFFERINGS OF THE PASSENGERS ON THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD, NEAR CALUMET, ON THE 1ST OF JANUARY.—FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER.

The $5,000 Prize Tale.

We commence in this number the magnificent novel by Mrs. ANN S. Stephens, to which the surprise awarded the prize of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, offered last year by the proprietor of this paper for the best American novel. The public mind has been excited with curiosity to read this thrilling and exciting romance, and many readers will find it surpass the most sanguine expectations.

Mrs. Stephens stands in the very foremost rank of American novelists. Her novel, "Fashion and Famine," met with a sale altogether unparalleled in a pure work of fiction. Although "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by its appealing to excited political feelings, obtained an immense circulation, it scarcely surpassed that which Mrs. Stephens obtained for her "Fashion and Famine," which had no adventitious aid to circulation.

"The Gulf Between Them" is in no way inferior to her former great novel. By rare delineation of character, in rapid action, thrilling incident, and sustained interest, it will fascinate every reader, and it will afford our readers the greater pleasure from the fact that it is a novel of our day and country.

This work of singular beauty was formally transferred to us on the 16th of December, as appears from the following:

NEW YORK, Dec. 16, 1863.

DEAR SIR:—Your note, announcing that my story has drawn the prize offered in your Illustrated Paper, has, you may well suppose, given me great pleasure.

With many thanks for your prompt action in the premises, and a sincere desire that you may find as much benefit from the story as your munificence and extraordinary spirit of enterprise has conferred on me, I inclose a receipt for the money, and remain,

Your obliged Friend,
ANN S. STEPHENS.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16, 1863.

Received of FRANK LESLIE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, in payment of a prize awarded to my story, entitled "THE GULF BETWEEN THEM," which he is hereby authorized to publish in his Illustrated Paper.

ANN S. STEPHENS.



Elsie and Mr. North.

THE GULF BETWEEN THEM.

BY

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

DEDICATION.

With a heart full of personal memories of the dear old time when we learned to love each other so devotedly, I dedicate this novel to my friend of friends, Mrs. Lettie Canavan, of St. Domingo.

ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

Music in the Central Park—such music as made the flowering shrubs, covered with late May blossoms, thrill in the soft air and glow out more richly from the sweet disturbance. It was a glorious afternoon, the lawns were as green as an English meadow, and my observations of beautiful things has no higher comparison. All the irregular hills, ravines, and rocky projections were broken up with trailing vines and sweet masses of spring-flowers, that every corner and nook your eye turned upon was like a glimpse of paradise.

This was the still life of the scene, but above and beyond was congregated that active, cheerful bustle which springs out of a great multitude bent on enjoyment—cheerful, luxurious, refined, or otherwise, as humanity is always found. Carriages dashed in and out of the crowd, the inmates listening to the music or chatting together in subdued voices; groups of smiling pedestrians wandered through the labyrinths of blooming thickets, or sat tranquilly on rustic seats sheltered by such forest trees as art had spared to nature. The whole scene was one of brilliant confusion; but out of the constantly shifting groups, forms so lovely that you longed to gaze on them forever were now and then given to the beholder; and equipages vied with each other that might have graced the royal parks of London or Paris without fear of criticism.

Just as the sun began to turn its silver gleams into gold, the music ceased with a grand crash. The final melody was over, and the swarm of carriages broke up, whirled off in different directions, and began to course about the ring again, or drive through the various outlets towards Harlem, Bloomingdale, or the city, which lay in the soft gathering haze of the distance.

Among the stylish equipages that disentangled themselves from the crowd was a light barouche, cushioned with that rich shade of drab which has a pink flush running through it, and drawn by a pair of jet-black horses. The carriage was so perfect in its proportions and so exquisitely neat in its appointments, that it would have been an object of general admiration during the whole concert, had not its inmates carried off public attention before it had time to settle on the vehicle.

The eldest, a woman of thirty-two or three, elegantly dressed and generally recognized, seemed to be the mistress, for it was her gloved hand which gave the signal for moving, and the coachman always looked to her for directions.

A slight gesture indicated home, the moment she saw her equipage free from the crowd, but the lovely young creature on the front seat uttered a merry protest and gave a laughing counter-order, threatening the elder lady with her half-closed parasol, till the point here which covered it fluttered like the fringed leaves of a great pink-hearted poppy.

"Only a short drive," she said; "you can't want to go into the house, dear Mrs. Harrington, such a heavenly day as this."

"But, my love, I have forty things to do!"

"All the more reason why you should neglect every one of them, since it is not possible for you to do them all," replied the young girl, with a laugh and a pretty wilful air that few people could have resisted. "Elizabeth, are you tired?"

The young lady whom she addressed had been leaning back in her seat by Mrs. Harrington, quite regardless of their laughing contention, looking straight before her in a smiling, dreamy way, which proved that the brightness of the day and the spell of the music had wiled her into some deep and pleasant train of thought.

Her friend spoke twice before she heard, laughing gayly at her abstraction, and Mrs. Harrington added—

"Do come out of dreamland, dear Miss Fuller; I am sure I cannot manage this wilful little thing without your help."

The young girl shook her parasol again in a pretty threatening way as she said—

"You are not tired, Elizabeth?"

"Tired! Oh no; it is very pleasant," she replied, in a voice that was low and musical with the sweetness of her broken reverie.

"See, you are in the minority, Mrs. Harrington," cried Elsie Mellen. "You had better submit with a good grace."

"Oh, I know Elizabeth dared not side against you; she spoils you worse than anybody, worse even than your brother."

"But it's so nice to be spoiled," said Elsie, gayly; "and you must help in it, or I shall do something dreadful to you just here before everybody's eyes."

She clenched her hand playfully, as if to carry her threat into instant execution, and Mrs. Harrington cried out—

"I promise! I promise! James, take another turn."

The man turned his horses with a broad sweep, taking the road around the largest lake. Here the spoiled beauty ordered him to stop. She wanted to look at the swans, "such great, white, lovely drifting snowballs as they were." Mrs. Harrington made no objection, but leaned back with a resigned smile on her lips.

A person possessed of far more imagination than Elsie Mellen ever dreamed of, might have stopped on the very road to paradise to gaze on that pretty, Arcadian scene.

The lake was one glow of silver, broken up in long, glittering wraths by troops of swans that sailed over it with leisurely gracefulness, now pausing to crop the short grass from the sloping banks, or ruffling their short white plumage, and stretching their arched necks for payments of fruit whenever they came near a group of children, or saw a rustic from the country, who was sure to delight in seeing the birds feed.

The sunshine came slanting in from the west, cooling half the Park with shadows, and lighting the rest with gleams of pure gold. The paths around the margin of the lake and all the sloping banks were alive with gayly dressed people, and a single boat, over which a flock of gay parasols hovered like tame birds, mirrored itself in the water.

"Now see what you have gained by obeying my orders," exclaimed Elsie, casting her merry eyes over the scene. "I declare the swans look like a fleet of fairy boats. How I would like to sail about on one! There, that will do; James, drive on."

"Home?" inquired the man.

Before his mistress could answer, Elsie broke in—

"Yes, Mrs. Harrington, since you are properly submissive, we will go home, if you wish."

"Oh, I only proposed it because we have so much to do. I should enjoy a longer drive. Indeed, now that you have suggested it, we will take at least one turn."

"That's a darling," cried Elsie; and, without further ceremony, she ordered the coachman to take the Bloomingdale-road, laughing out something about dying for old sheep instead of lambs. "But I want to stop at Mailloreds," protested Mrs. Harrington, "and I then must see about—"

"Oh, never mind, we shall have time enough," exclaimed Elsie. "Drive like the wind, James, the moment you get beyond these horrid policemen. I wouldn't have anybody pass us for the world!"

The coachman obeyed, and directly those two black horses were dashing along the road in splendid style, leaving cars and prudence far behind them.

Elsie was in her element, wild as a bird and gay as the sunset. She talked and laughed incessantly, saying all sorts of merry things in a childish fashion, that kept Mrs. Harrington in explosions of laughter, more natural than she often indulged in, while Elizabeth Fuller leaned back in her seat, listening, absently sometimes, to their graceful banter, glancing at the young girl with affectionate admiration of her youthful loveliness, or the effence losing herself in the pleasant train of thought which had absorbed her all the afternoon.

Three persons more unlike in appearance than these ladies, it would have been difficult to find, but a casual observer would probably have been most attracted by the buoyant loveliness of Elsie Mellen.

She was only seventeen, looking even younger with her fair curls, her brilliant bloom, and the childish rapidity with which smiles chased each other across her face. She looked the very personification of happiness, with a bewitching *naiveté* in every word or movement, that made her very childishness more captivating than the manners of older and more sensible women.

Mrs. Harrington was a stylish, dashing widow, with a suspicion of rouge on her somewhat faded cheeks, and an affectation of fashionable listlessness which a look of real amiability somewhat belied.



Caleb writing the Invitations.

She was one of those frivolous, good-natured women, who go through life without ever being moved by an actual pleasure or pain, so engrossed in their petty round of amusement, that if they had originality faculties capable of development into something better, no warning of it ever touches their souls.

It was not easy to form an opinion concerning the young lady by her side—indeed, even where her personal appearance was concerned, a stranger would scarcely have been able to decide whether she was beautiful or not.

She was three years Elsie's senior, looking somewhat older than that when her face was in repose, from its grave, almost serious expression. The large gray eyes looked out almost coldly from under thin, straight, black brows; the dark hair was banded smoothly away from a forehead that betokened intellectual strength; the mouth was a little compressed, giving token of the reticence and self-repose of her nature, and a classical correctness of profile added to the quiet gravity of her countenance.

But it was quite another face when deep feeling kindled the gray eyes into sudden splendor, or some merry thought softened the mouth into a smile—then she looked almost so girlish as Elsie herself, and one could but wonder at having ever called her cold, or doubted if she were really beautiful.

Her grave or smiling, it was not a face easy to read, nor was her character more facile of comprehension, even to those who knew her best and loved her most.

She looked very stately and queenlike, wrapped in her ample shawl and leaning back in her seat, with a quiet grace which Mrs. Harrington tried to copy; but the effort was quite useless, and only made the ambitious little woman appear more fussy and affected than ever.

"Here comes Tom Fuller," cried Elsie, suddenly. "Was there ever such an ungraceful rider! Just look at him, Bessie, and laugh, if he is your cousin. I insist upon it!"

"Oh, I think he's such a love!" cried Mrs. Harrington. "Deliciously odd."

"I'll tell him you said that," cried Elsie; "he'll blush like a great Scotch school-girl."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed the widow, clasping her



Grantley Meuen's Vale.

hands as if she thought Elsie was about to stop the carriage and inform him then and there. "What would he think?"

The young man at whom Elsie was laughing quite unrestrainedly, rode rapidly towards them, and when he saw who the carriage contained, his face glowed with a mingled expression of pleasure and embarrassment that made Elsie laugh harder than ever.

He made a bow almost to the saddle, nearly lost his hat, and did not recover his presence of mind until the carriage had dashed on, and he was left far behind to grumble at his own stupidity.

"It is too bad of you to laugh so at him," said Elizabeth Fuller, a little reproachfully.

"Why, darling, he likes it," cried Elsie, "and it does him good."

"I am sure his devotion to you is plain enough," said Mrs. Harrington, with a sentimental shake of the head. "Hearts are too rare in this world to be treated so carelessly."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Elsie. "You'll be repeating poetry next! Tom is a nice man, just a great awkward lump of goodness; but I must laugh at him. Dear me, what a groomsman he will make! Bessie, I know he will step on my dress."

"I hope so," Elizabeth replied, good-naturedly; "I shall consider you served quite right."

"Oh," cried Mrs. Harrington, roused to a fear she was fully capable of appreciating, "it would be such a pity to hurt all that beautiful Brussels point torn—do caution him, my dear."

"No," said Elsie, with mock resignation, "Bessie insists upon having him for groomsman, and I shall let him put his foot through my flounces with perfect equanimity, by way of showing my affection for her. Talking of giving your life for your friends, what is that in comparison to giving your flounces?"

Her companions both laughed, but Elizabeth said seriously, "When you know Tom better, you cannot help respecting him; he is my one relative, and I love him dearly."

"Of course," said Elsie, "and I mean to be his cousin, too; but it is my cousinly privilege to laugh at him."

"Perhaps he will not be content with a cousinly regard," said Mrs. Harrington, mysteriously.

Elizabeth glanced quickly at Elsie, with a little

trouble in her face, but the girl laughed, and replied—

"Oh yes, he will; Bessie is his ideal—he will never think of your little me."

"Family affection is so sweet!" added Mrs. Harrington. Elsie made a grimace, and hastened to change the conversation, for there was nothing she dreaded so much as the widow's attempt at romance and sentiment.

"These horses seem perfectly broken," she said. "Brother Grant needn't have been doubtful about them; he sha'n't persuade you to change them, shall he?"

"They are beautiful creatures," Bessie observed, absently.

"Naturally Mr. Mellen was anxious that they should be entirely safe," said Mrs. Harrington, theatrically, "for he has trusted his dearest treasures—his sister and his betrothed wife—to me; and if there is danger, it is for them as well as me."

"What a pretty speech!" said Elsie. "I know you got it out of a novel!"

She had a gay scarf wound about her neck, and began complaining of the warmth.

"I would not take it off," Mrs. Harrington urged, "you will be certain to get cold."

"There is no danger," replied Elsie; "I shall smother, wrapped up in this way."

"But you must keep it on!"

"Indeed, I won't; there!"

They had a playful contention for an instant, then Elsie snatched the scarf from her neck with a triumphant laugh, and held it up beyond Mrs. Harrington's reach.

A sudden rush of wind carried the light fabric out of her hand, and it floated away like a gorgeous streamer. Elsie gave a little cry, but it was frozen on her lips. One of the horses had been restive from the first. The scarf floated over his head, curved downward, and one end got entangled with his bridle. The shy, spirited creature gave a wild bound, communicated like terror to his companion, and away the favorite pair dashed, taking the coachman so completely by surprise, that he was helpless as a child. It was one of those brief occurrences which pass like lightning to lookers-on, but which seem an eternity to the persons in danger. Mrs. Harrington's shrieks rang out on the air; Elsie gave one shuddering moan, and crouched down in the bottom of the carriage, hiding her face in Elizabeth's dress.

Elizabeth Fuller was deathly pale. She realized the full terror of their situation. She uttered no shriek, but clasped her arms around Elsie, and strove to speak a few reassuring words to Mrs. Harrington, which were drowned by the woman's terrified shrieks.

Elizabeth looked desperately down the road over which the horses were rushing like wild desert steeds. The carriages in sight were turned quickly on one side, and their inmates seemed uncertain how to assist them. Any attempt to stop the frightened and infuriated animals threatened certain death.

Elizabeth saw this, and her heart died within her. They were now at the top of a long hill, keeping the road, but hurled onward like lightning. At the foot of the hill was a loaded cart, its driver vainly striving to whip his team out of the way. The brave girl saw this new danger, and fell back with a groan. She knew that the carriage would be whirled against that ponderous load, and dashed to atoms. Effort was hopeless, she could only stretch forth her arms upon Elsie, close, close to her cold heart, and pray dumbly that she might be in mercy permitted to die for *his* sister.

Still, in her anguish and terror, she looked out beyond the leaping horses, as they thundered down the hill. The man had sprung from his cart, and, with his whip in both hands, was lashing his overtasked beasts in frantic terror. Beyond him came a person on horseback, riding furiously. But they were close to the cart now. It was still more than half across the road. Sick with dread, she closed her eyes, holding Elsie close, and turning, as it were, to stone, with the shrieking young coward in her arms.

In another instant there was a shock which threw them all off their seats; and when Elizabeth could realize any thing, or recover from the deafening effect of Mrs. Harrington's cries, she knew that the horses had been stopped—the peril was over.

The gentleman she had discovered through blinding clouds of dust, riding swiftly towards the hill, had seen their danger, dismounted, and with ready presence of mind, prepared to seize the horses the instant the carriage struck against the cart.

One wheel was forced partially off, but there was no other harm done. Elsie and Mrs. Harrington had both flung themselves on Elizabeth, so that she could neither see nor hear; but the widow discovering that she was still alive, made a little moan, and began to shake out her flounces when she saw the gentleman who had rescued them standing by the side of the carriage.

"You are safe, ladies," he said, opening the door; "you had better get out and walk on to the hotel—it is only a few steps."

"How can we ever thank you!" sobbed Mrs. Harrington. "You are our preserver—we owe you our lives!"

He smiled a little at her exaggerated manner, which would break out in spite of her real terror, and helped her to alight from the carriage.

"We are saved," moaned Elsie, lifting her form from Elizabeth's bosom. "I'm not hurt—I'm not hurt!"

She sprang out of the carriage and stood trembling by Mrs. Harrington. For the first time, relieved of their weight, Elizabeth was able to move and look up.

The stranger was standing by the carriage with his arm extended to assist her. She partially rose—looked in his face—then, without the slightest warning, beyond a deep, shuddering breath, sank back insensible.

Elsie and Mrs. Harrington gave a simultaneous cry, but there was no opportunity for the widow to go into hysterics, as she had intended, since the stranger and the footman were fully occupied in lifting Elizabeth from the broken carriage. Elsie was crying wildly, "Bessie! Bessie!" and wringing her hands in real affright.

"She has only fainted," said the stranger hurriedly; "we will carry her on to the hotel."

He raised the insensible creature in his arms, and carried her down towards the inn, as if she had been a child; while her companions followed, sobbing off their terror as they went.

Once in the house, and the stranger out of the way, Mrs. Harrington recovered her wits sufficiently to give Elizabeth assistance, and restore her to consciousness.

She opened her eyes, gave one glance around, and closed them again.

"Are you hurt?" cried Elsie.

She shook her head.

"What made you faint?" demanded Mrs. Harrington. "The danger was over."

Elizabeth made a strong effort at self-control, sat upright, and tried to answer.

"I can't tell—I—"

"Do you know that gentleman?" asked Mrs. Harrington.

"Why, how can she?" said Elsie.

"Well, she fainted just as she looked at him."

Elizabeth controlled herself, found strength to rise, saying in reply to Mrs. Harrington's repeated inquiries—

"How should I know him?—what folly!"

But she was trembling so violently still, that they forced her to lie down again.

"Stay with her, Elsie," said the widow, "and I will go and see how we are to get home."

She went out of the room, and in the hall encountered the gentleman just as she had expected.

She overwhelmed him with protestations of gratitude, to which he listened with no great appearance of interest, though Mrs. Harrington was too completely dazzled by his brilliant appearance and manner to perceive the absent, preoccupied way in which he received her.

"I don't know how we are to get home," she said.

"Your coachman has engaged a carriage from the hotel-keeper," he replied; "it will be ready in a few moments. Your own horses are not hurt, luckily."

"I don't know what Mr. Mellen will say!" she exclaimed. "He warned me not to keep the horses."

The stranger turned quickly toward her, with a sudden flush on his face.

"May I know who I have had the pleasure of assisting?" he asked.

"I am Mrs. Harrington," she replied, with a simper, "of —— street. I am so—"

"And your friends?"

"Miss Mellen, the sister of Grantley Mellen; and the other lady is his betrothed wife."

"She! That—"

"Yes, yes! Dear me, if any accident had occurred, how terrible it would have been! They are to be married next week," continued the widow, hurriedly. "Mr. Mellen is out of town, and will not be back till just before his wedding. Oh, I shudder to think! Dear, dear sir, how can I thank you!"

The servant came up at that moment to say that a carriage was ready to take them back to the city, and the gentleman escaped from her flood of meaningless gratitude.

Mrs. Harrington ran back to call her friends, and found Elizabeth quite composed and strong again.

"He's the most magnificent creature!" exclaimed the widow. "And you don't know him, Elizabeth?"

"Have I not said so? Come, Elsie."

As she passed into the hall, Elizabeth drew a thick veil over her face, and when the gentleman came forward to assist them, she hurried on, leaving Mrs. Harrington to repeat her thanks, and Elsie to utter a few thankful words, to which he listened with more interest than he had done to all the widow's raptures.

They were in the carriage: the door closed; the stranger gave his parting bow, but Elizabeth only leaned further back in her seat, and they drove on, leaving him standing in the road.

"His name is North," said Mrs. Harrington. "Such an adventure! What will Mr. Mellen say?"

"We won't tell him yet," Elsie replied; "it would only frighten him. Be sure and not mention it, dear Mrs. Harrington."

"Oh, of course not,—just as you like. But what a handsome man that was! North—North? Who can he be?"

"Whoever he is, he has saved our lives," said Elsie.

"Yes, yes! But, dear Miss Fuller, how oddly you acted!"

"Do put up your veil, Bessie," added Elsie.

"Elizabeth obeyed, showing her face, pale and shaken still.

"I was very much frightened," she said; "I think my side was hurt a little—that was why I fainted."

She made no other answer to their wonders and questions, and they drove rapidly back to Mrs. Harrington's house.

The stranger stood upon the porch of the hotel, looking after the carriage as long as it was in sight, with a strange, inexplicable expression upon his handsome face.

After a time, he roused himself, mounted his horse, and rode slowly back to the city.

CHAPTER II.

On the shores of Long Island, where the ocean heaves in its whitest and most crystalline surf, a small cove had broken itself into the slopes of an irregular hill, after generations of beating storms and crumbling past, taking a crescent shape, and forming one of the most picturesque bits of landscape to be found along the coast. The two points or promontories that stretched their green arms to the ocean were clothed with thickly growing white-pines, scattered with hemlocks, and a few grand old oaks. The country sloped beautifully down to this bright sheet of water, and swept around it in rocky points and broken groves, giving glimpses of rich grassland, more luxuriantly cultivated than is usual to that portion of the island. As you looked on the scene from the water, a house was visible on the sloping hillside, and came in full view as the shore was approached. It was a noble stone mansion, old as the hills, people were used to say, and solid as their foundations. The house had been a stately residence before the revolution, and, without an earthquake or a ton of powder, would remain such for a century to come.

Whatever the body of the house had been in the good old times, when ornament was little thought of, it had been rendered picturesque by lofty towers, and additional wings with oriel windows and carved balconies in one direction; while the other wing clasped in a conservatory, of which nothing could be seen from the distance but wave upon wave of rolling crystal emerald, tinted like ocean waves by the wealth of green plants they covered.

This was the residence of Grantley Mellen, inherited from a maternal uncle just after his first struggle in life commenced. It was backed by many a fruitful field and broad stretch of timber-land, which altogether went under the title of Piney Cove.

Grantley Mellen, since he became possessed of the estate, had completed the work his uncle commenced when he built the two grand towers, and a more picturesque building could not well be imagined, with its broad lawn, its clumps of forest trees, and that magnificent ocean view, which was broken only by the pine groves on the two points.

This was by no means the only house visible from the cove. As you turned the southern point, a village was seen down the coast; and about half way between that and the pines was a wooden house, brown and weather-beaten, standing unsheltered on the bleak shore. Back of this house, shutting out all prospect but that of the ocean, was a tall cliff, covered with ragged yellow pines and stunted cedars, from which on stormy nights many a quivering flame had shot upward, luring ships to their ruin. Still, with this grim protest against the name looming behind it, the lonely old house was called "The Sailor's Safe Anchor," and was known all along the coast as a fishing-lodge and small tavern.

But once within the cove, you saw no sign of habitation save the mansion house and its appurtenances. Grantley Mellen had been some weeks at the cove, renovating and preparing the house for the reception of his bride; for it was understood that he intended henceforth to make it his permanent residence. But the wedding-day was near, and he had gone up to the city, leaving the last preparations to the care of a singular class of household servants, one of his uncle's philanthropic importations from the South, where he had owned a plantation, emancipated all its slaves except a half dozen, that would only accept liberty on condition that they might follow the old man to his northern home.

Grantley had accepted this sable household with the general inheritance, for, spoiled and pampered as family negroes are apt to be, they had proved generally faithful and obedient.

Though a very reverential and submissive person when her master was present, Clorinda, who had appointed herself housekeeper of the establishment, was apt to get on to a very high horse indeed when there was no superior authority to hold her in check; and, on this particular occasion, she was absolutely what she declared herself—"chief cook and bottle-washer."

This sable functionary was very busy two or three mornings before the time set for her master's wedding, not only in the general preparations for that event, but with a grand idea of her own, which she was earnestly carrying into effect. If the house was going into the hands of a new mistress, the colored persons of the establishment would commemorate the event in advance with a grand entertainment.

To this end, Clorinda, who had appointed herself lady patroness in general, had betaken herself to Mr. Mellen's library with Caleb Benson, the high-shouldered, bald-headed occupant of "The Sailor's Safe Anchor," and the person whose prerogative it had been to supply fresh fish to the family at Piney Cove. Besides this, he performed a good deal of work in the grounds, and made himself generally useful.

This morning he had come up to the house at Miss Clorinda's special request, in order to assist in the literary department of the coming entertainment. Neither Clorinda nor any of her dark compeers could read or write, but invitations must be sent out after the most approved fashion; and Clorinda had a fancy that the neighborhood of so many books would be a great help, so she led Caleb with august ceremony into the spacious library, and laid a quantity of pink note-paper and yellow envelopes, all covered and embossed with silver, on the table before him.

"Jes set down, Mr. Caleb, and write dem tings out special," she said, rolling up a great leathern chair, and patting its glossy green cushions enticingly. "Set down, Caleb, an' write, for I know yer kin."

Caleb laid his cap on one chair, and his stout walking-stick across another. Then he rubbed the hard palms of his hands fiercely together, and sat down on the edge of the chair, that threatened to roll from under him each moment.

"Now, Miss Clo, what is it you want of me? I'm on hand for a'most any thing."

"I knows you is, and ales wuz, Caleb; that's why I trusted yer wid de delicatest part ob dis entertainment. 'Member it's premptory to de weddin'."

"Preparatory, isn't that the correct word, Miss Clo?"

"Well, prepostatory, if you ain't suited, Caleb Benson."

"Wal, wal; don't git out to sea afore the tide's up, old woman."

"Ole woman! Ole woman yerself, Caleb Benson!" retorted Clorinda.

"Jes so," answered the fisherman, seizing upon the largest steel pen to be found, and grinding it on the bottom of a bronze inkstand. Clorinda put both hands to her mouth, and would have cried out; but, remembering how few teeth she had to be set on edge, thought better of it, and stood in glum silence while Caleb made his preparations.

That remarkable functionary had a piece of business before him which threatened to task the resources of his genius to their full extent, but he was not the man to shrink from the responsibility which his desire to retain a high place in the powerful Clorinda's good-will had induced him to accept.

"Now, then," said Caleb, giving his chair another hitch, dipping his pen afresh into the inkstand, and holding it suspended over the paper, with a threatening drop slowly collecting on the nib. "Now we'll get under weigh jest as soon as you give the signal."

"Tak car ob de ink!" shrieked Clorinda, pulling the paper from under his hand in time to preserve it from the great blot of ink that descended on the table-cover instead. "Dat's a purty splotch, now, ain't it; yer a nice hand, Caleb Benson!"

"'Tain't much, nobody'll ever notice it," said Caleb, wiping it off with his coat-sleeve. "Don't raise a breeze about nothin', Clorindy."

"Don't talk to me 'bout breezes," she retorted, in an irritated tone, for Clorinda, I am sorry to say, had not even a fair portion of the small stock of patience which usually falls to our sex. "I 'clar to goodness dere ain't nothin' so stupid as a man. I jis hate de hull sect."

"Oh, no you don't, Clorindy," he replied, teazingly; "you hain't got so old yet but what you can squint as good as the youngest of 'em when there's a fancy mulatter chap round."

"What do yer mean by ole!" cried Clorinda. "I tells you what, Caleb Benson, ef yer only undertuk this job to be a aggrawatin' and insultin' me, you and I'se done! I ain't gwine to stand sich trash now I tells yer! Is dis yer gratitude fur all I'se done? Who got ye de run ob de house, I'd like to know; who sot ye up for selling better fish than anybody in de neighborhood; who nebber said nothin' when de soap-fat all disappeared, and you said it had melted in de sun; who fixed up mince-pies fur you; who—"

There is no telling to what extent Clorinda might have carried her revelations, but the old man interrupted her with all the excuses he could think of at so short notice.

"I was just funning, Clorindy; don't go off the handle. In course I want to obleege you. Thar, thar! Now what do you want to have wrote? We ain't going to quarrel—old friends like us."

"Ain't we!" cried Clorinda, threateningly. "Then jis you keep a civil tongue, dat's all. Times is changed, and der's a new misses a comin'; but you may all onderstand dat I rules de kitchen yet, and I'se gwine to."

"Sartin, sartin! Wal now, about these here billet ducks," said Caleb, cunningly; "I must hurry up, you see, or I shan't get round afore night."

Clorinda forgot her injured feelings in her excitement about the party, and ordered him to work without farther delay.

"Wal," said Caleb, spreading out the paper again, "I'll leave a blank for the names, that'll save trouble. I reckon you want somethin' like this—'Miss Clorindy and Miss Victory's compliments—'"

"What's Vic got to do with it, I'd like to know?" Clo burst in; "it's my party, just 'member dat. It's enough to hev her company, widout her settin' up for a hostage."

"Any thing to suit," said Caleb, patiently. "Wal, then I'll say that Miss Clorindy hopes to hev the pleasure of Mr. so and so's company, and wants to see you to a little tea drinkin' this evening."

"Lord!" cried Clo. "If ye hain't got no more larnin' dan dat, I'd better find somebody else! Do yer tink I got pink paper and silver-sprigged 'welopers to write sich trash on? Tea drinkin' indeed! Why dis here's to be a rigler scrumptious, fash'nable 'tainment! I want yer to say, 'Miss Clorindy consents her most excruciating compliments, and begs to state that, owing to de 'spicious ewent ob de master's weddin', she takes dis opportunity to 'quest de 'stinguished company ob Mr. Otheller Jones for dis evenin', to a reparatory 'tainment; and she would furder mention dat dar will be plenty ob weddin'-cake, wid a ring in it, ice cream in pinnacles, red and white, and a dance in de laundry to fiddles.' Dar, dat's somethin' like."

"Yes," said Caleb, quite breathless; "now tell to me as I get ahead, 'cause it's a mighty long rigmarole."

"Oh," added Clorinda, "den at the bottom you must put—'P. S.—Yaller gloves and 'rocur pumps, if convenient.'"

That last touch of elegance quite upset Caleb, and he began to think that if Clorinda was black, and couldn't write her name, she really was a wonderful woman. Clo was so softened by his applause that they got on very harmoniously, and the invitations were written out in the most remarkable manner, in Caleb's largest hand. As it was an affair of im-

portance, he put capitals at the beginning of nearly every word, and sometimes in the middle, and altogether the writing made such a show, that Clorinda was quite delighted.

"Don't forget the P. S.," said she. "Now, rat rug!"

"Yes," said Caleb, making a tremendous flourish. "P. S.—Yaller gloves and 'rocur pumps, if convenient."

Clo inspected the first note as carefully as if she could read, expressed her approbation, and urged him on, till, with much labor, Caleb completed the requisite number, put them safely in their gorgeous envelopes, and directed them to the persons Clorinda mentioned.

"Now, Jo be as quick as you kin," she said; "I'se got to go back to see to tings—can't trust dat Vie! Wal, I guess Mr. Dolf'll see de difference 'tween folks and folks."

Dolf was a special weakness of Clorinda's, though it was to be feared that it was only her reputation for accumulated wages which induced that dashing yellow individual to treat her with any attention.

Caleb received his last instructions, and started on his mission, which was successfully fulfilled. Then he took his way homeward before going back to the house to acquaint Clorinda with the result, which was equal to her expectations, and that was saying a great deal.

As he approached the little tavern, he saw a gentleman standing on the steps, with a colored servant guarding a pile of guns, fishing-rods, and other tackle, with which idle men frequently come down from the city to endure Caleb's humble fare for a while, and gratify their masculine propensity for destruction.

But this gentleman was a stranger to Caleb, and he looked at him enviously, though with the approbation which his appearance would have elicited from more refined judges.

"I suppose you are Caleb Benson," the gentleman said, throwing away the end of a cigar, as the old man mounted the steps.

"Me, thing call me so, sometimes," replied Caleb; for the instincts of his birthplace had not deserted him, and he never answered a question in a straightforward manner, if he could help it.

"Some friends of mine told me I could find very comfortable quarters with you," pursued the stranger. "I have run down to see the place, and take a day's duck shooting. I want two good rooms if I can, and leave my traps here, so that I can come over whenever I feel like it."

"I want to know?" said Caleb. "Wal, I guess I could fix you up, if you ain't too particular."

"I am not at all particular what I pay," replied the gentleman; "I suppose that is satisfactory."

"I ain't going to say 'bout dat," returned Caleb, his eyes beginning to twinkle at the prospect of a liberal guest, who meant to come frequently.

"I notice you'd like to see what I can do in the way of rooms, Mr.,—Wal, I don't think I quite ketched your name."

"Mr. North," he said, smiling at the man's shrewdness.

He stood for a few moments talking with Caleb, and though the old fellow was not easy to please, he was quite fascinated by the stranger's manner; and, having a very vague idea of princes, he was almost inclined to think that this splendid-looking creature might be one who had strayed over from his native kingdom on a fishing excursion.

"Now let me see the rooms," said Mr. North. "I suppose my name may as well carry the traps up stairs—the place is certain to attract me."

Caleb looked at the stylish colored individual who was leaning, in a graceful attitude, over the luggage, and a brilliant idea struck him.

"I say you," he called, "I've got a ticket that'll just suit you, Mr.——What's your name?"

"If you are redressing me," replied the sable gentleman, majestically, "my name is Mr. Julius Hannibal."

"Want to know?" said Caleb. "Wal, here's an invite that was just meant for a fine-looking chap like you."

He drew one of the notes from his pocket and held it out, and Hannibal took it with considerable dignity, doubtful how to receive such unceremonious compliments.

"You are in luck, Ju," said his master. "What's it all about, Mr. Benson?"

"Why, Mr. Mellen—he's one of our rich men down here—is going to be married this week, so his servants thought they'd have a blow-out to-night, for fear they wouldn't get the chance after the new mistress comes."

"Go, by all means," said North, almost eagerly. "Make all the friends you can, Ju, for we shall be here a good deal—go, certainly."

Hannibal drew himself up, bowed to his master, and said to Caleb in a stately way—

"I shall be most happy to mixture in the festive throng, but would most 'spectfully state to Miss Clorindy that moreour pumps is banished from prime society, and only patting leathers is worn—but these is trifles."

North took the note from his hand, and could not repress his merriment as he read it; but Caleb received that as a compliment, and looked so serious, that it was easy to discover what share he had taken in the matter.

"Flunnies of no cream, and a dance in the landing," read Mr. North." "Why choose the landing, Mr. Benson?"

"Loundry, laundry! I guess its blotted a leetle."

"Oh yes—I see! Upon my word, it is quite magnificent! So Mr.—Mellen, did you call him?—is married this week. Well, well, that's a fete that overtakes most of us, sooner or later. We will go up stairs now, if you please, Mr. Benson."

The old man led the way up to the rooms which he kept in readiness for visitors of the first stamp, and which had been made quite comfortable by the various strides of furniture that the different occupants had presented to Caleb.

The bargain was not a difficult one, as Mr. North appeared quite willing to pay Benson his own price, and the old fellow was only in doubt as to what extent it would be safe to carry his extortion.

When they went down stairs again, the steamboat had just come in to the landing, and Dolf, Mr. Mellen's man, was making his way to the tavern, having come down to the island to see that the house was in readiness, and dazzle the eyes of the females by his wonderful new clothes.

"That's just the ticket," said Caleb; "Mellen's man'll take you over to the place, Mr. Julius, and show you a good time going there and coming. You'll have to fix your master up first, so you can come with Dolf!"

While Julius was going through the ceremonies of an introduction, Mr. North called him away, and seemed to be giving him some very particular directions. When he came back, Dolf, who was greatly rejoiced at his coming, said, anxiously,

"Won't he let you go?"

"Of course," answered Hannibal, but a little uneasily. "It was only about a fishing-rod I left behind."

CHAPTER III.

The day wore on. Every thing was in a state of preparation in the old mansion-house. The last evening of the week is generally an open visit down in the pantry, that its pasted surface might harden into beauty. The ice-cream freezers, ready to yield up their precious contents, were set away in a cool place, and Vic'ry, a pretty mulatto girl, that had come to the house an orphan child, was busy carving red and white roses out of a little pile of turnips and beets, which, shaped blood-beets, intended to ornament divers plates of cold turkey and chicken salad. This pretty fancy work was carried on in the front basement or housekeeper's room, while a little wood-fire glowed in the open stove, and things from the kitchen. Clorinda, the moving spirit of all this commotion, rushed from basement to kitchen, and then to the pantry and store-room, in a state of exhilaration that carried fresh currents of air with her wherever she went. This was the great day of her life, and she felt its importance in every cord of her strong frame.

"Now," she called out, addressing Victoria with a pompous lift of the head, "'cer can come up stairs and help prepare de parlor room an's so bad but that I've seen wuss; but there's 'muff of 'em, so cum 'long o' me, and shut up de drawn'r room winder-blinds."

Victoria ran up stairs, two steps at a leap, and, in a breath, was shutting out the beautiful sunset, and quenching a thousand flashes of arrowy rays that were streaming in from the glowing ocean.

"Now," said Clorinda, as the last shutter was closed, "'cer can take the spy-glass and see if any passon is wobble comin' up from de pint."

Victoria was only too glad. She sprang across the tessellated pavement of the hall, and seizing the glass, swept the shore with a slow movement of the hand, from right to left.

"Nary a passon coming," she said, laying down the glass, with a disappointed air.

"Don't talk," snapped Clorinda, snatching up the glass and levelling it fiercely at the ocean. "Jes like yer, now—can't see yer hand afore yer face. There's a boat put inter the cove whilst yer was looken, and here am Clorindy to tell on it."

"So thar sun," cried Victoria, snatching the glass, "a-comin' full split across the meddler. Now for it!"

The little limited mulatto gave a hop on to the portico, and another to the soft grass of the lawn, whence she ran, like a deer, towards our sorrowing friend, with high shoulders, who was crossing towards the house at a far brisker pace than was usual to him.

"Han yer give the instergations!" cried Victoria, out of breath with swift running. "Am the folks a coming to spend de night?"

Caleb looked wonderfully grave, and attempted to shake his head; but Vic saw, by the gleam in his eyes, that it was all pretence and clapping her hands like a little gypsy as she was, dashed into a break-down on the grass, calling out, "Vic, Vic, I told yer—I told yer so!"

"Well, what will you all dis muss 'bout?" exclaimed Clorinda, sailing out to the lawn with a broad straw flat overshadowing her like an umbrella. "Well, Caleb, I hopes ebbery ting am pernicious 'bout de party."

Caleb, who was an old fisherman, reared at Cape Cod, and not to be put out of his way easily, occupied plenty of time before he answered. The afternoon was warm, so he took the oil-cloth cap from his head, and wiped its baldness vigorously with an old silk handkerchief, then deposited the handkerchief in the crown of his cap, and settled himself into his garments with a shake, sailor fashion.

Clorinda's broad flat vibrated with its wearer's impatience, and Victoria was standing down the grass, and mouncing the old man with her fist during the whole of his slow performance.

"Now," she said, "now!"

"Wal, the long and the short of it is, they're all a-coming, especially from Squir Rhodes. Miss Jessie was very much set at him, I'm sorry to say, and said his colored people hadn't much chance for fun anyhow, and shouldn't be kept back from what come along in a mat'rial way."

"Squir Rhodes was also a passon as I 'spected," said Clorinda. "Let me see how many of 'em will count up."

She made rather bungling work in counting her fingers, going over them three or four times, and getting terribly puzzled in the end.

In the midst of her confusion, Victoria gave a little cry of dismay, and made a rush for the house, where she instantly threw off her apron and tucked it under one of the hall mats.

Clorinda, filled with indignation by this strange proceeding, turned in search of the cause, and so terms was Dolf, Mr. Mellen's own man, crossing up from the lawn, with two other gentlemen of color, evidently from the city.

Clorinda smoothed the broad straw flat from her head, and began to arrange her head-dress turban with both hands, thus unhappily exposing some tufts of frosty gray that had managed to creep, year after year, into her wool. After this rather sweet toilet, she drew herself up with a grand air, and marched down to receive the strangers in a glorious cloud of indignation.

"Mr. Dolf, yer welcome as hot-house peaches—and these gemmen, may I request an interdiction ?"

Dolf had just been informing his companions that the lady preaching there was not to be sneered at in any particular whatever, as she ruled the roost of Piney Cove, and had, everybody said, laid up lots of riches; besides, as for cooking, well, he could only say it was not necessary; they would see what Clorinda was in that line when the supper came on.

This speech had prepared the strangers to receive their sable hostess with great distinction, and when she launched a stupendous courtesy at them in acknowledgment of their elaborate bows, she mutual admiration became among the whole group then and there, was an oasis in human nature.

"Miss Clorinda—Mr. Sparks, of the Metropolitan Hotel; Mr. Johnson, assistant waiter at the upper-crust gentleman, who is going to stop at the Sailor's Safe Anchor."

Clorinda had just recovered herself from one courtesy, when she took the wind in her crimson and fluttered off into a couple more without loss of time.

The neighborhood was obligated to any gemmen as brings sich passons inter de sereicty ob Piney Cove. If yer hasn't had deceived an invite from Mr. Benson, dat white passon yer seen up yander, you'll have to look out."

Clorinda took two puff envelopes from her bosom as she spoke, and gave them to Mr. Sparks, of the Metropolitan, who, like Hannibal, grinned, with a smile that flitted across her face like smoke from a furnace.

"It speaks ob pumps and yeller gloves as bein' indispensible, but I 'spects dat's nonsense as my friends dus, Dolphus, can't be spected ter imply."

The gentlemen smiled in bland thankfulness, exchanging a glance of ivory and second-hand white kids in the operation.

"You didn't expect me," whispered Dolf, joining Clorinda when she turned to conduct the party to the house, "but the last will push, I guess you're not offended at my bringing these fellows?"

"Fended!" exclaimed Clorinda, stepping upon the grass as if it had been egg-shells, that she had resolved not to crush, "when was yer Clo ebber 'fended wid yer, Dolphus?"

"Poor fellows," said Dolf, looking back at his friends, "they see my felicity and are ready to burst with envy."

"Am dey?" exclaimed Clorinda, bridling—"poor fellers; but I guess dey can't help it. Dey'll up inter half a dozen, so dey am bound ter suffer."

The whole group had reached the front portico by this time. Vic, who had stolen behind the hall-door, and watched their approach through a little crevice, came forth now, blushing till the golden bronze on her cheeks burned red. Clorinda flamed up in a moment.

"What 'hab yer done wid yer apron, chile? yes march right 'bout an' get it ter once. Who ebber heam oh chile oh yer age widout apron?"

Victoria looked like the veiled like diamonds; she drew aside, leaning against the wall, with the grace of a bronze figure, half frightened out of her wits, but radiant still. She turned right and left to tell about her apron, or drive her down stairs? She cast an imploring glance at Dolf, but he looked resolutely away.

Come in, gemmen, out oh sight oh dis audacious chile," cried Clorinda, almost sweeping poor little Vic down with a flourish of her skirts.

"I," said Hannibal pompously Dolf, who had a genius for keeping out of storms. "The gentlemen were just saying, as we came up, how much they would like a walk towards the woods. So with your permission, Miss Clorinda, we will leave you to the feminine duties of the toilet; though beauty when unadorned is most adorned."

"Yes, dem de gray hairs will peek out. Hi! hi! look dar!"

These audacious words were uttered by Victoria, whose positing would could no longer be restrained.

The rest of the gentlemen fell to examining their gloves with great earnestness. Dolf made a hasty retreat through the door, calling on them to follow him, and Clorinda in her condescendency defied finger-marks on Victoria's hot cheek before she darted off to a looking-glass, and fell into a great burst of tears over the state of her treacherous turban.

"Now," said Vic, gathering herself up from the wall, and rubbing her cheek, down which great hot tears were longing with passionate violence—"Now I guess and does it, sure; she won't let me—"

"Vic! Vic!"

It was the treacherous voice of Dolf, who came strolling in from the portico.

"Vic, don't be so audacious, you lovely spitfire; go this minute and make up with her, or we've lost all chances of that new cotillion I was learning you."

"I can't! I won't!" burst forth the pretty, bronze fury, stamping down the mat and her apron under it. "She's a—she's fat cattle, thar!"

Dolf snatched the little sprite from the rug, and stopped her mouth with—no, it wasn't with his *palm*. John and I'd rather say no more about it.

Five minutes after, Victoria went demurely up to Clorinda, found her sitting before the glass in utter humiliation, and protested that the whole thing was nonsense. That she hadn't seen a gray hair, and the turban was awry, it must have happened when Clorinda ran up stairs in such hot haste. Victoria was sorry; oh, very, very sorry. Would Miss Clo only overlook it this once, and begin to dress for the ball?

Clorinda's heart swelled like a rising tide under Vic's hypocritical condolence, but she could not be quite convinced about the turban; she was a woman of reason, however, and felt that the evil was not without its remedy. So she kindled an immense quantity of wax-lights, crowded them before her looking-glass, and at once commenced the mysteries of a full toilet. The result was so satisfactory when she took a survey of her pink barege dress, covered with innumerable small flounces, and the gorgeous white gauze scarf, glittering with silver, which formed a turban, with long sweeping ends falling to the left shoulder—that she melted at once towards the girl who had helped to make her so resplendent.

"Jes see what splendiferous idees that chile Miss Elsie hab, Vic," she cried, shaking the flounces into place over her crinoline. "Now 'cerves she never seen dis sumptious dress more an once, but sent it down here good as new; 'sides de turban, jes see it shine. Yes, Vic, I forgives yer, so shut up, and don't look inter yer eyes no more."

Vic darted away, and in a marvellously little time came back, her hair braided in with scarlet ribbons, and a dress of several gorgeous colors fluttering from her in every movement of her graceful form. She was fanning herself before the glass when Clorinda started up.

"What an dat?"

"Dat? why it am a carriage. Oh, golly, golly, they'in coming," cried Vic, wild with delight, and away the two darkies went down the great staircase and into the hall, where the front doors of the house were commenced with astonishing elegance.

Two or three wagons sat down their sable loads, and directly the whole house was in a stir throughout all the basement story, and the laundry floor vibrated to the elastic tread of dancers, whose natural love of music gave grace and spirit to every movement. The kitchen was filled with the euphonious strains of music, and in every particular Clorinda's ball was a success.

At last Clorinda disappeared from the laundry, and Dolf followed her into the supper-room, where he exclaimed in raptures at the gorgeousness of the table.

"Yes," said the housekeeper, modestly, "but how am we to get 'long widout wine: Marza Mellen carried off de keys, and without dat—"

She was interrupted by Dolf producing a key which had been resting in his pocket; "catch me unprepared; I thought about the wine."

Clorinda almost embraced Dolf in her delight, but he did not seem to observe the demonstration in his haste to reach the wine-cellar.

When he came back with his arms full of long-necked bottles, Clorinda's happiness was complete, and directly after there was a rush of feet and an abrupt silence of the two fiddlers. The company were come into supper. After the first rush of food had subsided a little, Dolf placed himself at the head of the table, with a corkscrew in one hand and a bottle in the other.

"Ladies," he whispered Virginia, "I hope dar's lots of pop in it."

A rushing explosion, and the rich gurgle of amber wine ran into the crowding goblets satisfied her completely.

Dolf lifted his glass and prepared himself for a speech.

"Ladies of the fair sect, and gentlemen—"

That moment Mr. Julius Hannibal, who had allowed himself to be crowded towards the door, stole out and went softly down the hall with the stately motion of a cat, he crept along the hall and opened the front door.

A man came out from the shadows of the portico, and glided into the hall. It was Mr. North, Hannibal's master.

CHAPTER IV.

A CROWD of carriages was in front of the church—a throng of richly-dressed people filled the aisles, and the bridal party in sacred veils never witness, save on the occasion of a grand wedding. Mrs. Harrington had done her pleasant work famously. Not a fashionable person among her own friends, or a distinguished one known to bridegroom or bride, had been omitted. Thus the stately church was crowded. Snowy dresses and rare and costly ornaments; lace, glittering silks, and a flash of jewels were seen on every hand, fluttering in the dim religious light around smiling faces and grace-fully bending figures.

A buzz of whispered conversations rose from nave to gallery; for a large portion of that brilliant throng had never seen the bride, and curiosity was on the qui vive regarding her.

In one of the front pews a friend of Mrs. Harrington was sitting with a group of her own set, and conversing in whispers. Of course she knew all about it, and could tell them why Mr. Mellen, the great catch of the season, had chosen a wife so utterly unknown to their set.

Certainly Mrs. Chase knew all about it—had the particulars from her sweet friend, Mrs. Harrington, who was, they all knew, a sort of lady patroness to the affair. Would she tell? Of course—why not? There was no secret about it now, and it might be ten minutes before the bridal party came in.

(To be continued.)



I. THE WINTER CARNIVAL AT ST. LOUIS—THE MISSISSIPPI FROZEN OVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY



H BY G. R. ELLSBURY. 2. THE SPORTS OF THE SEASON IN THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

THE WINDS.

BY W. L. BERTRAM.

Thin winds of the spring—they are heralds bold,
They announce o'er land and sea
The retreat of the winter, weary and old,
The flowers' new birth from the loosening mould,
And the coming of bird and bee;
And the hearts of all rejoice, rejoice,
And the blood of our veins leaps light,
As they trumpet, all day, the queen, their choice,
And the triumph is felt, that swells their voice,
In their loud huzzas at night.

The winds of the summer are lovers true
Of all things bright and fair,
From the tender flowers they kiss the dew,
And sing soft songs at the daily woo,
Then faint in the fields of air.
They fold their wings in the sultry noon,
From the sun confounded night;
But they wake at the cricket's and beetle's tune,
And sigh with the maids beneath the moon,
In the wild, luxurious night.

The winds of the autumn are mourners all
For the beauty passed away;
And they sob and sigh as the dead leaves fall,
While a misty veil, like a funeral pall,
Is hung o'er the dreary day.
They mourn the fate of the fading flowers,
That the frosts have touched with blight;
They wander abroad with the tall cloud showers,
And a strange, wild feeling the soul o'erpowers,
As they moan in the ghostly night.

The winds of the winter are warriors dread,
From the realms of ice and snow;
Terror and death from their wings are shed,
And desolation it is spread,
Wherever their legions go.
The iron ranks of the woods they break,
And the mighty grave down with fright;
From their ire a speedy flight we make,
And, safe at home, how we shiver and shake,
At their terrible shouts at night!

LINDA.

The Dancing Girl of the Café St. Nicol.

By Mrs. M. A. Denison.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was indeed true that the wound which seemed to have endangered life was yet not fatal. When carried to the dead-house, where strangers are generally conveyed, some one of the bearers detected the motion of life. A surgeon was sent for, who pronounced his state temporary suspension of the faculties, and had him sent to one of the hospitals. There the surgeon whom Lily met, distinguished as much for his generous dealings with the poor as his great skill and immense practice, became interested in his case, and Lily, under Providence, was led to the very person who could best relieve her terrible suspense.

The hospital was a large, commodious building, none better in all France. The wards were skilfully constructed, so that each patient could have what seemed the luxury of privacy. The patients in the room where our poor young friend Eugene lay were generally of the better classes, better I mean in purse and privileges. It was late in the afternoon, the sun shone in brilliantly, but its fallen rays were jealously screened, so that it was not too bright for the faint eyes of sickness.

"Nurse," cried a weak voice.

The cleanly, white capped woman was instantly beside him.

"Has nobody been here? Has nobody inquired after me?"

"Nobody but the doctor, dear heart," was the reply, in a cheery voice.

"I thought I saw my sister—I suppose I was dreaming. They must hear of it soon—my mother and my sister—pray God it may not kill my poor mother."

"Oh! no, some kind, good friend will tell her, but keep up your spirits. You I see the doctor coming—and, by-the-way, my dear, there's a lady with him—a young lady, too. Now, don't move, don't speak, don't be excited in the least, because if you do I must tell the doctor that you've not been in a fit state to be seen. Ah! you in a pretty young girl, and surely by her face I know she is your sister."

Lily came forward, but under the doctor's training she was as calm and quiet as if she had but just parted from him.

"Oh, Eugene! Eugene!"—and there she stopped, sat down on the side of the bed, took his wasted hand in hers, and strove to check her emotion. She grew somewhat faint, but after a few moments it passed away, and he was calmly happy.

"What will mother think of me?" he murmured.

"She will only be too thankful that you are spared," said Lily. "Now, you are to be taken to a private house, and I am to be your nurse. Mr. Belmont, a friend of the kind surgeon, says you may stay at his residence, and he well cared for till you recover. He says he knows you very well by reputation, for I told him what you wrote, and what your signature was. Oh! Eugene, if I knew you I'd write under my real name, in case of accidents, you know."

"Not many such accidents as these are likely to come off, I hope," said Eugene, smiling drearily. "Never again, under whatever provocation, will I allow the hand of any man to be raised against me. I feel in the air, thank God!"

"Oh! Eugene, we never dreamed, mamma and I, that you would be a duellist. But never mind, all it is all over. This experience has cured you, I am sure."

"How did you leave mother?"

"Ill, but by to-morrow she will be quite well. That kind Mr. Belmont is going to Rouen, to see her."

"I wonder if it is the Belmont who is so rich?" murmured Eugene. He endowed a college, I believe. He is an Englishman by birth."

"I dare say it is the same one," said Lily; "he must be rich, at all events he is handsome, and a great friend to literary people."

"It is the same one, I think," he said, and sighed a little.

With woman's quick perceptions, Lily interpreted that sigh.

"I have seen her," she whispered archly, "and she is as beautiful as you said."

"Oh! Lily—"

"You know very well who I mean—Madamoiselle Linda. She's a little darling, and looks all good as she is pretty."

"Where did you see her?"

Then Lily had to tell him all; how she first saw the beautiful dancer, her solicitude on his account, her visit to the house, to all of which he listened eagerly, and smilingly.

"That has done me a world of good," he said; "shall I ever be able to rescue her from such a life?"

"Why, doubts that you are to be rich and famous? I am sure I do not, especially after going through such a dreadful experience. You will be careful now; but that awful Monsieur Louis, where is he? she should be rid of the blessed man."

"They say he will not dare come back to Paris," said Eugene; "the police are on his track, for he has been guilty of other and graver crimes, so I think I shall never be troubled with him again. To think what a villain he would have made me!"

Two days after that Eugene had gained greatly. Mr. Belmont had returned, and reported that Lily's mother was overjoyed at the good news, that she left her bed the same day, and was making preparations for her visit. He added also that Eugene should be moved immediately, as everything was prepared for his comfort. Mr. Belmont was a bachelor. Mr. Belmont was encouraging Lily to his heart's content. The child had never seen such splendor as met her eyes in that magnificent dwelling. Everything of the most gold wish seemed ready to her hand. Her brother was placed in a large and most elegant chamber, on a couch fit for the occupancy of a king, and Lily was installed by his self-ordained to be his companion. A good nurse was engaged, and altogether Lily had never been so regally served.

Under this kind nursing Eugene improved rapidly.

Not so poor little Linda. The troupe left Rouen for Paris, and Linda was in the intelligence that her boy was still living reached in the widow's ear. From village to village, and from town to city they carried her, but she failed daily and perceptibly. Even Madame Rodin could not encourage her encouragement such an automaton. The woman went with her company, leaving nurse Margrave at a wretched village, which was also in the first stages of a typhoid fever. The poor nurse was for a time overwhelmed with their misfortune. Her darling's sickness absorbed all her faculties; she did not apprehend or think of other dangers.

Looking over her baggage at the small tavern at which the two were stopping, she found, to her horror and dismay, that they had been robbed of her money and many of her clothes. Her watch, also, which she had put aside as needing repairs, was gone; and in a pamphlet of the latter, the poor creature rushed downstairs proclaiming her loss.

"A pretty story," said the landlord, a hardhearted type of his class, "and a likely one. I'm not so easily taken in."

"But, sir, we were travelling, I and the child, with Madame Rollo's troupe. She will tell you that we are not liars."

"Oh! aye! any of them can trump up a story—ye deserve to be robbed, going among such company. And that child is not yours. It's my opinion that ye'd both better tramp to the poorhouse, for I shan't turn my tavern into a hospital. I can't tell you, so you may pack your trucks, you and the girl, as soon as you can. At any rate, you can't stay in this house another night."

This was discouraging and very cruel. Nurse Margrave knew Madame Rodin, and Linda, Linda, who laid in a feverish sleep, was aroused by her entrance. Her wild eyes turned imploringly to the door.

"Oh! Margrave," she said, faintly, "don't feel bad, we'll get another engagement in a few days. I'll wish I had an accident."

"I don't know, child, where we can get anything," said the nurse, hiding her tears; "I begin to feel discouraged."

"Why, what is the matter, Margrave?" cried Linda, noticing the change in her voice.

"My poor child, we have lost everything."

"What can you mean?" cried Linda, in terror.

"Our money, child—all our money is stolen, and I have only a few francs in my purse."

"Oh, Margrave! don't be very dreadful," said Linda, pressing her slight hands upon her burning forehead. "What are we going to do?"

"I don't know, child; it seems as if Providence had deserted us."

"No, no; you must not say that. It is bad—but—there is the diamond ring—"

"That has gone, too, child. It was in the little box with our money."

"Oh, Margrave! Then we can't stay here. I must get well, indeed I must;" and she attempted to rise from the bed, but, weak and giddy, fell back again. "My head is dizzy," she said piteously, and my hands burn so. Oh, dear! I wish we were in Rouen; those kind people, his mother and his sister, would care for us. Oh, I am sure of it."

"Yes, child, I wish we were in Rouen, for more reasons than one; but we are not, we are thirty miles by railway from Rouen."

"That is not so very long a journey," said Linda, piteously.

"No, not if you were well, poor child."

"Then I must be well!" exclaimed Linda, with decision. "We must go to Rouen. Nurse, how much money have you?"

"Enough to get there and buy food on the way; a little more—we should not perish."

"Then get ready, nurse, and leave me to myself. I know I can get up strength enough to go."

The woman hesitated, but what else could she do? They were evidently on the way to pauperism, while at Madame Atolle's she felt as if they could be received and cared for, at least not turned upon the town, as they were to be here.

"It don't look much like finding your brother, now," said the nurse, almost querulously.

"Never mind, Margrave. Don't you know you have often told me that it is darkest always just before day? And it has been more than once. If God sees fit to find my brother; if not, I am sure he that He is going to take me away. There, don't cry, nurse. I'm sure you would not stay long behind, and for all we know, my poor brother may be in Heaven."

"Child, you tear my heart all to pieces, talking that way."

"Then I am sorry; I won't talk so again," and the little hot hand went caressingly over the withered face of the nurse. "But I'm sure I've been a great care and trouble to you. I've been a poor foolish thing, who would worry over some things and make myself miserable. But you love me, nurse?"

"Indeed, child," she added the woman, bending down and kissing her feverish cheek. "This much I know, I am old and worthless, and should not be missed, but God will take care of you."

"And of you, too, nurse," said Linda, piously. "Now go down and get your dinner, then wrap me up well and call a carriage. Once in the cars, there'll be a soft cushioned seat for me, and sleep. The sight of his sister will cure me, and I know I can rest there."

Poor child! She had to be helped down and placed in the carriage, and when they reached the railway the old nurse carried her in her arms and fed the dear child with slow drops of fire. Still she bore her burden patiently, never once murmuring, hiding her face from observation, lest the passengers should think her disorder infectious, and arrived at Rouen, in a state of restlessness and bewilderment that made her almost incapable of thinking. Calling for a carriage, she threw the money to the coachman and told him to take her to Madame Atolle's. The coach stopped at a splendid mansion, from which lights flashed everywhere, for it was evening, and the nurse was greatly vexed by repeals of laughter and singing voices. The poor nurse had almost got out of the carriage before she perceived that it was not Madame Atolle's.

"Where I wait to go there is little flower-garden in front, and the house is not large and gay," she said.

"Oh, you should have said the widow Atolle's," said the coachman, slamming the coach door to and driving off again.

The baskets in her arms had grown heavier, and the low moans were indicative of pain. When they stopped—at the right house this time—the poor nurse was unable to alight, for the restless strength enough to stagger into the hall and there sank down upon a lounge, her charge in her arms. Madame Atolle came forward somewhat startled at the manner of her visitor's entrance.

"My good woman," she said, recalling at sight of the burden she bore, "you have made a mistake. I do not entertain strangers."

The kindly voice reassured the nurse.

"Oh, no, madame. You do not know me, you never saw me, but I am Linda's nurse, the dancing child. Pity our misfortune, madame, and give us at least a bed for the night. I have been robbed of all her earnings, and we are penniless."

Madame Atolle stooped down.

"Is not this the little dancing-girl?" she asked, startled at her appearance.

"Yes, madame. Your poor son knew her—knew how innocent and good she was. And, madame, I implore you to allow her to lie on at last. She is now worried into a fever."

"Poor child!" said the widow, pityingly. "So she is sick, and you have been unfortunate. You shall not be weary, too. Have you carried her all the journey?"

"In these arms," replied the old madame.

"Then sit still, I will send one of the servants to take her upstairs. She shall be put in a good bed, and I will send for a physician. My child has placed you under my charges, and I would not turn a sufferer from my doors."

"Oh, madame, how can I repay you?" cried the old nurse, joyfully.

"I am repaid, good woman, for all I have ever suffered. My son is restored to me."

"What blessed days, madame, you were dead!"

"Who was thought to be dead," said the grateful mother. "I thank God that, through the kindest care and the best of nursing, he has recovered—or is recovering."

"My poor darling!" exclaimed the nurse, with tearful eyes, "I fear I shall lose her, she was always so dear."

"Oh, no!" said the kind Madame Atolle, as the servant took the light creature in her arms and carried her upstairs, "she is very ill, but not dying. I think we shall save her if we have faith and good attendance. They work miracles."

CHAPTER XIV.

It is no wonder that Lily's eyes were bright and her mouth and cheeks all dimples. Lily was at home again, her brother by her side, though still very weak and pale, and Lily was the promised bride of Monsieur Belmont. Yes, he had wooed and won this sweet pearl, and apparently did he prove his gratitude. Lily had just returned. It was chilly weather now, and her furs had dropped from her shoulders, rich sables they were, a gift from one who prized her above all the world. On a lounge near her brother's knee, looking almost as happy as herself. One might have detected, however, a sadness in the dark eye that told of some secret sorrow.

"Isn't it good to be at home, Eugene? I'm sure I thought I should like Paris, and so it is a good place to stay in for a while. But this dear, quiet home! Herbert says I may stay here six months in the year if I wish to. He intends buying property here—has, he says, for some time. Oh, mamma, have you heard anything about the poor little Linda?"

A look of caution from her mother, which she did not understand.

"Yes, my dear, I have heard from her. Come into the other room and put your furs away. My dear," she whispered, as Lily followed her, "the poor child is in this house, dangerously ill."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Lily, clasping her hands. "Is it possible for me one moment to be completely happy without some misfortune comes. In this house?"

"Yes, my dear. She has been here a week, and is so ill that we despair of her recovery."

"Oh, is not that dreadful! Just when Eugene has recovered."

"He must not know it yet, my dear; besides, I could never have thought of such a consolation as that for Eugene. But he is too weak to bear the knowledge just now."

"Oh! mamma, can I see her?"

"Yes, the fever is not infectious, and you will be careful. Poor child! she raves sadly. She loved Eugene deeply innocently, but too well. Will you go up now?"

"Yes, mamma, immediately," said Lily, sadly. "You will find her sadly altered," said the mother, as they opened the door of the chamber, softly. More sadly than Lily was prepared for. She burst into tears as she saw the thin, sharpened face, the wildly bright eyes, the clustered hair and attenuated fingers. At the head of the bed, grimly wiping her eyes, sat nurse Margrave. She could not look for rest now. Her darling's life was all in all to her.

"Poor little thing!" murmured Lily, correctingly.

"That is Eugene's," said the sick girl, catching the glitter of a ring on Lily's finger. "That was his; it is mine now—my wedding-ring. Nurse Margrave, you shall be married, too, when we will, unless I go to heaven before him. Nurse didn't like him at first, but she likes him now."

Then her mind wandered to other fancies.

"I will wear my beautiful crimson to-night. Is it time? He must be at the café now; oh! how I will astonish him! I will astonish myself, for his eyes will give me triumph. He don't know how I watch for his applause. Is it time?

"He said my hair was beautiful; don't cut it off—will you, Margrave? she cried, plaintively. "It is very thick and presses on my brain, I know; but he will murmur if you cut it off. See how it glitters. Ah! I wish I were a thousand times more beautiful.

"There—it's no use—they will sing that sad song that goes through my heart so. They will cry to me to come back to the old life. I had a dream one day. I dreamed I saw him on the street, and his face was—oh! so white. I touched his forehead, and it was cold. It almost killed me. There—there—stop singing, I am weary and want to sleep."

It's that way she gabbles on from morning till night, poor child," cried the nurse. "It seems a hard fate she was born to from the beginning; the love of father and mother denied her, and many more which others, often the poorest, enjoy. Alas! poor child, I sometimes think she will only find happiness in heaven."

"Not as she is!" cried Lily.

"The doctor says this night will decide. It's the ninth. From four in the afternoon, till eleven or twelve, she goes into a stupor. He says that toward the morning, about three or four, she will drop off and wake well."

"She must not die," said Lily, softly.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, we must spend upon the wishes or wills of mortals, then might we have hope. But, alas!" and she shook her head sadly.

The night came, and with it that time of fear of hope and doubt. Poor little Linda had gone into her strange trance, and the deep shadows settled on her face. Her old nurse watched anxiously and tearfully. Lily, as she was in the chamber, quietly busy about something. She said afterwards that she was finding some nice clothes to have ready for her brother would go for a long ride after the clock struck twelve. The doctor came in at nine—for he took a strange interest in the delicate little creature—and said that there was but little time of extremity, for he hoped to awaken her. He could not do it now, he said, for nature needed a certain amount of rest, and he should not disturb it for more or soon. So the minutes crept on. Eugene was below on the lounge, asleep. He had fallen into a deep sleep, and his mother would not have him awakened him. The hours glided on, and every sense was anxious. Lily had begged to sit up in an adjoining room to read, that she might be near at the slightest warning. More and more exhausted seemed the sleeper to grow, till at last it appeared as her breathing was scarcely discernible.

"It is time to arouse her," said the doctor. The clock pointed to half-past eleven. He went to the bed and gently called her name; then he tried to force down some stimulant; then he touched her, shook her almost roughly. The poor old nurse tried, her voice almost drowned in tears, but not thing seemed of any avail. Lily stood by, with a white and frightened face. Suddenly she clasped her hands, and looked for a moment at her mother, then shook her head, glided softly from the room, and downstairs. There, kneeling by

her brother, she called him. He awakened with a start.

"Why, Lily, child, how pale you look! Is it late?"

"Hush, Eugene. I came here to beseech you to save a life."

"What can you mean, child, are you still asleep, dreaming?"

"I haven't been asleep or dreaming. Oh! Eugene, I must tell you, and I believe you will have strength to bear it."

"What do you mean, sis?" and he started bolt upright.

"Eugene, that poor little dancing-girl is here. She has been—there! you turn so white you frighten me."

"No, no—tell me."

"She has been here several days sick. She is in a stupor now, and if not roused to consciousness, the result will be death. Eugene, darling, I believe you could save her."

"Yes, yes—let me go," he had risen eagerly.

"Stop—you must be cautious, too; mother does not know I have told you—I didn't dare—but, Eugene!"

He was gone.

Still they stood gathered round the bed. The doctor had nearly given up all hope now; not the faintest stirring of the bedclothes could be seen. Suddenly a shrapnel face shone in their midst. Mrs. Atolle saw it and gave a faint cry.

"Let me come," he said, and they made room for him. The nurse clasped her hands, her face grew light and expectant. He went close up to the bed, his handsome face working strongly. He bent down—he whispered close to her ear, "Linda, come to life—Linda, be cured!"

There did seem a rippling of the sluggish current to come into those deathly cheeks. Again he bent, looked at her with all his might, and kissed her lips, this time calling her passionately. Yes, there was the stirring of life—the struggle had commenced. He lifted her head upon his arm again and again he called her, till at length the white lids fluttered open, and she was saved. Eugene cast a triumphant glance about him. The eyes closed—opened again—then, with a long, deep drawn sigh of satisfaction, the girl smiled, and looked freely round.

"Saved!" said the doctor.

"She knows us all," said Lily, triumph in her voice. "Oh! mother, forgive me, but I thought it would be the best."

"My child, you are forgiven; I should have had a nurse fallen. Come, children, we need not be afraid to leave her now, we all need rest," she added, seeing that her son grew pale again.

As for the old nurse, she sat near, taking no part apparently in the rejoicings, only sobbing quietly. Lily was drawn from the chamber, and her darling was better, that there was a prospect, even so remote, that she would get entirely well again. Eugene went slowly from the chamber, and Linda not say what he felt. It seemed as if his only care had at last fallen off—for he had thought continually of Linda—not dreaming that he could be under the same roof with him. That was a happiness that he had not in the least expected. His heart was lighter now that it had ever been, and all his old imaginings came over him again, making him more of a poet than before.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I NEVER thought, child, to see you sitting there again, I'm sure."

It was nurse Margrave, who seemed to be arranging some little things in a trunk in the corner.

"And it is certainly we owe an eternal debt of gratitude to Madame Atolle, and all the kind family. They have treated you as if you were their own."

"God bless them for it," murmured Linda.

"Yes, you may well say that. I wish you could think how we both looked when we first came here. I all dressed and tumbled worn, and you in a heap in my arms (here nurse bobbed her head under the trunk cover). I wonder any decent person would take us in. I'm sure. Would hardly have blamed one for telling us to go. And I shall never forget that cruel landlord. I'll go there sometime when you come to your rights, and give him a bit of my mind."

"He was a very unfeeling man, certainly," said Linda, "but on the whole I am very glad, it has all turned out well—just like a fairy story."

"Except that you have not found your brother, yet."

"Oh! but that will come in good time. Indeed, I wish I might never have to dance again. Oh! there goes Eugene into the garden. Isn't he handsome? I wonder when I shall be well enough to go into the garden?"

"In a week, or two, child—but I fear it will be months before you get your pretty looks back."

"And Lily will be married before that. Have you seen her lover, nurse?"

"No, I've staid by you, child, night and day. I had no time to bestow on rich gentlemen who come a courting."

At that moment in came Lily, her arms full of jewels.

"Oh! are they not beautiful?" cried Linda, with childish enthusiasm. "Someway I always loved jewels. Good nurse seemed shy of them, once, I remember, love them too well. These are lovely. Are they yours? Are they new?"

"Yes, dear. Mr. Belmont sent them to me. I am to have two or three other sets. I do not care so very much for them, but he seems to take delight in giving me such rich things. Wait till I am married, dear, and you shall have a set."

"Oh! how nice it must be!" said Linda, "to be able to give all these things. Do you know I have laid awake nights, thinking who I would make presents to, if I were rich?"

"You may be, child, for you know—oh! the the Lord have mercy!" said the nurse.

"What is it, nurse?" and Mademoiselle Linda grew pale and frightened at the unusual sound.

"Why! my blessing, my darling, here is the diamond ring!"

Oh! nurse," exclaimed Linda, shrilly.

"My child, we are rich again. Now we shall be able to repay these kind people."

"You must not talk of payment," said Lily, gravely. "You know I am going to be very wealthy; and mother would never hear of taking anything."

"But isn't it strange, dear child?"—her old eyes glittered almost as much as the diamonds—"there was a new set of lots come, where it must have slipped when I thought I put it away so snugly. How thankful I am! and how glad I did not find it when we were at that wicked landlord's."

"Why so, nurse?"

"Why, when I told him I had a diamond ring stolen, he began to laugh. 'Look here,' says he, coarsely, 'it's well for you that you can't show that diamond ring, for I tell you I'd had you up for theft. People like you don't generally sport diamond rings.' But your mother's a real lady; she will believe me."

"Besides, Monsieur Eugene knows," added Linda quietly, "he found it on the bouquet," and then Linda told his sister how it was found, omitting some of the particulars.

"I have been thinking a time of poverty might come," said the nurse, "but never allowed Linda to wear it. And she was a good child and never asked for it. For then, you see, we had a home, and he needn't have said it—people like us don't sport diamond rings, unless they are dishonest, and that I assure was now my greatest fear."

"Let me examine it," said Lily, "it is very beautiful, and looks as if it might be of great value," she said.

"Yes, I believe so know," responded the nurse, "for I suppose now I must sell it, somewhere. Of course Linda and I can't stay here for ever. I wish there was a little cottage for us, though, and a little of the rose color in the poor cheeks. Then I know she'll be as proud to work for herself as she ever was."

"Of course I shall," said Linda a little haughtily, "only if it could be something else than dancing. But I wont complain even of that, if I only get my health, I might sing, I think."

"Suppose I show this to Mr. Belmont?" queried Lily, "he will certainly know the value of it."

"Yes, I suppose you may," said the nurse doubting. Soon after he had come, Lily took the ring from a little case in which she had inclosed it.

"How much is a pure diamond worth of that size?" she asked.

"What! have you turned diamond dealer? Good heavens! where upon earth did you get this?" he asked, hitching his chair.

"Why, have you ever seen it before?"

"Seen it," and a strange look came over his face, "it was years ago, and I was a boy. From the five years ago. I never expected to see it again. Where did you get it?"

"Will you tell me honestly."

"Of course, you know I don't doubt that, but I am anxious to learn for very peculiar reasons."

"You know our little dancing girl upstairs. Well, here comes her. She said it was thrown to Linda on a bouquet."

I must see that woman," he said, much agitated, "strange, very strange indeed."

"Shall I send her here?"

He was walking the floor, "If you please," he said, without stopping.

Another moment and the man of wealth was confronted by the figure of nurse Margrave. His only speech was,

"Great heavens! can it be?"

She in turn gazed at him in consternation.

"I should know that face anywhere," she said, in violent emotion. "Oh! can it be that justice will be done my sweet child at last."

"You are nurse Margrave."

"And you are—" he held his hand up warningly.

"Never mind my name, child," it is long since consigned to oblivion. But who is the young lady with you?"

"Your sister Horace," again the hand went up.

"I am Herbert Belmont, now, nurse. My sister! my father must have died years before she was born."

"My poor boy, your father was not dead."

"Not dead."

"No, after that fearful time when his clothes were found, and the supposition was universal that he was still living. Secreted, for eight years he was a prisoner in his own house. This poor babe was born just after his real death. It was given to me to be reared in secrecy. I took it to Italy, according to directions. For a few months I heard from the mother—then she died. You, of course, have nothing about this innocent one; and when I tried to find you the house was broken up—you had disappeared. I then took sole charge of the child, and supposed her dead, since, for more than three years she has taken care of herself and of me. Oh! Mr. Herbert, I should have known you anywhere, though all these years have passed. And is it you that are going to marry Miss Lily, that beautiful angel?"

He turned away again this evening," he said, struggling with himself.

In less than an hour the widow Atolle, Lily and Eugene were called to the nurse's room, and she made no difference to them—Lily merely saying:

"I love you for yourself, if you had neither name nor money."

Thus Linda found the brother she had searched for so long and patiently—and thus was she relieved from a life of care and toil.

Mr. Belmont was married, and took Linda and her nurse, with his wife, to Italy, where they remained three years. During that time Eugene devoted himself to his profession, and when Mr. Belmont returned with his beautiful wife, and yet more lovely sister, no one remembered her, in the glorious bride of a glorious poet, as the little Dancing Girl of the Café St. Nicol.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

We were sitting alone together,
Gertrude of Wyoming was the book we read,
The twilight was softly on the weather,
And the fire was burning bright and red.

On my shoulder her head she rested,
Looked in my face and gave a sigh,
Drooped her grey eyes, and softly murmured,
"Who so happy to-night as I."

Gently I took her yielding fingers,
Lifted them to my lips with zest
Her soft white hand as it fondly lingers,
Like a wearied bird that has found its nest.

Oh! as I clasped her—dearer—dearer—
Twining my arms round her slender waist,
She raised her eyes, which grew nearer—nearer—
Till her fond lips on mine she placed.

Earth and all the stars may perish,
But not the memory of that thrill,
For in my heart I feel it vibrate,
Love's first sweet kiss—I feel it still.

LIEUT.-COL. HORACE P. RUGG.

Commanding 59th Regiment New York (Veteran) Volunteer Infantry.

This officer, leading back a veteran regiment, is the only one now in the State, and probably in the service. He was born in Wilmington, Vermont, on the 11th day of March, 1822. He is a grandson of the late David Rugg, of Vermont, and a descendant of the heroine of Haverhill, Mass., Hannah Dustin, whose statue, after the lapse of years, he came to this city with his parents, and since that time has resided here.

At the outbreak of the war he entered the service of the United States as a private in the 71st regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and served in the 3 months' campaign of Monterey, July 21st, 1861. Soon after return ing home with his regiment he received the rank of Adjutant. On 21, 1861, of the 59 th, there came, added to it, a light and a heavy company, and on the 14th of this, and was shortly after wards attached to the Army of the Potomac, as Major, and on the 4th of August, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel. During the battle of Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862, and Lieut.-Col. Nov. 19, 1863.

Upon the 20th of April, 1863, he left the battle-fields of the army of the Potomac, and arrived in almost all consequence in the city of New York, where he helped to The young officer and his regiment can boast of their gallantry at Malvern Hill, Bull Run, South Mountain, Fredericksburg, Marye's Heights, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness, where they were engaged from the rifle-pit on the fore-front of the battle, and fought with such coolness as to fill up their ranks as fast as they fell in wards. The enemy at between the two fires, and the 59th, with the 140th, were the last to leave every town in a few days, and fix up a little line of breastwork.

A CENTENARIAN REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

John Phillips, of Sturbridge, Mass.

While we are giving every week portraits of the gallant men who are upholding the Government of the United States, it is a source of pleasure to one who remains among us of generations long since passed away.

John Phillips, of Sturbridge, was born June 29, 1760, his father, Jonathan, being the third in descent from Rev. George Phillips, of Watertown, who died in 1644.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary war he was in the age of 16 enrolled into a militia company, and ordered to Providence, but did not long remain in the service. He was after this long career has been spent at the old homestead. He was a member of the General Court in 1815 and 1816, and though a Democrat voted for Lincoln at the last election.

In religion he has always been a Baptist, and has been a member of that church 77 years, and a Deacon 64 years, he taking the place of his father in that office. He married Miss Mary Perry, daughter of Benjamin Perry, who had two other daughters named Mercy and Grace. He was but 18 years old when they were married, and they lived together 64 years, she dying at the age of 82, having had a family of seven children.

His hearing is still as good as that of most old people, but his sight is not so good. He is now in his 103, and used them till he was about 80, when he was called to wear them, and continued to do so without them until within a few years, but is now unable to read at all. When he is in a room he can tell by the noise in Worcester as witness at court, and was able to recognize his neighbors and give his testimony with the utmost clearness.

At the time of his birth Pownal was a province of Massachusetts, and Thomas Pownal was appointed Governor of South Carolina, which Lieut.-Governor Hutchinson was appointed Governor of Massachusetts Bernard was appointed; and he has lived under the Administrations of Washington, Jefferson, and so on under the Constitution. He has lived to see the population of the United States rise from 3,000,000 (including Maine) to 1,231,066.

In the year of our Lord, 1820, his friends and fellow-citizens had a celebration in the part of Sturbridge called Fort Hill, in honor of the 60th anniversary in which he took much interest and pleasure, and of which he was the last survivor. He addressed them then was: "My friends, I give you thanks for this opportunity of seeing you so numerously assembled, and for the attention bestowed upon me; but I feel unworthy to receive it. As I have been requested to offer prayer on this occasion, I will first make a few remarks in order to prepare the way for it. Prayer consists of four particular points—viz., the goodness of God; 2d, our unworthiness; 3d, our need; 4th, the power and reality of revealed religion. 4th, the depravity of man. Here I stand a monument of God's goodness."

He was always a strong vigorous man. At 16 he stood six feet high, and weighed 195 pounds. His weight now is about the same.

His manner of living has always been plain and frugal, temperate in all things, but not to excess, and not to late hours, usually retiring early and rising early. He never has used tobacco in any drinking, sleeping, working and in all things. His beverage have been cold water, tea and coffee and cider, all of which he has continued through life, and still partakes of the regular family meal. He has not drank to the amount of a gill of spirits for over 50 years. Since he was 90 years of age he has laid up and relaid 20 rods of stone wall, laying about two rods in a day. He has used tobacco ever since he was young man. His memory is good, more particularly as with all aged people, of the events of his early life. He told us he remembered his father, his grandfather, and his great grandmother, who died at the age of 96. He has always had a strong constitution, but is not fond of talking, and disposed to narrate his experiences.

GREAT SNOWSTORM ON THE PRAIRIES.

THE great snowstorm which came with the New Year commenced on the 30th on the Illinois prairies. The railroads were blocked up, and on the Michigan Central railroad the suffering of a train was great. As the train left Detroit on New Year's Eve approached New Buffalo, they found a freight train blocked up with snow, unable to get forward or back. After waiting two hours in the hope that the freight train would be able to proceed, they then started back. At Michigan City the second snow-plough attached, but the progress was slow; but after passing Chicago, and near the junction of the Michigan Southern, it was found impossible to proceed. An engine was sent to Chicago for aid.

Meanwhile the passengers waited and shivered. The cars were furnished with a stove above to each. It was as difficult to keep warm four feet from the stove as it was to feel, perhaps. The wood provided was wet or green, or both. Exposed to the penetrating wind, dam with frost, which crept inside the prairie, the condition of the passengers became exceedingly uncomfortable. The silver became pain in the feet, and cold in the head and should a be cold wood and no relief engines came, and the fuel was fast getting out. The passengers thought of, and a sum raised in putting boards in a shanty to feed the stove, which yielded no return of comfort. The flame seemed to leap up the pipe and play on the cold air, and smoke was discovered about the roof of the car, and the passengers fanned the floor because of the heat. One car did burn so as to render it untenable. The fire was put out before it had done much damage, because it was not safe to kindle another in it. And so the night passed. The cold grew more and more intensified and shrieked like mad, the snow filled the air, and the drifts grew deeper. The cars were covered, piercing to the quick women and children, like sharp arrows. Those who had not had a berth to rest each comfy carefully distributed of their stores among the less provided for, and all were cheerful, and even up in nursing mothers and their infants. The men found employment in procuring fuel when it came and the baggage car, and between the latter and the nurses' car.

At last a Michigan Southern train, drawn by three engines, arrived at Chicago. The cars were crowded, stopped and arrangements were made for the transfer of the passengers to Michigan City. Here was to be a distance of 300 yards, more or less, was to be traversed. The passengers were deeply chilled to the core and frost-laden wind was sweeping the path like a storm of hail. Here a lady fainted, and here the passengers would be taken to the city if they would instantly start, or be left to reach it on foot. It was a question in order that the engines might not freeze up before they reached Michigan City. Here the passengers ran with feeling. Few had escaped being frozen, children and women were missing and looking, and inquiring for each other.

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THE RETURNING VETERANS.

SEVERAL regiments of veteran volunteers have recently returned from the seat of war, covered with honorable scars, and bearing their tattered and battered colors through our streets. The people have given enthusiastic demonstrations at every step of their march, clapping their hands, and cheering with all their might and main. Nothing of the arrival has been duly acknowledged in the newspapers, and their deeds have been recorded in prose and verse, but a public welcome home to the troops has not been equal to their merits. No preparations were made by the State authorities to receive them. No place had been provided for their shelter. No tables were spread for their entertainment. No music to welcome them as they marched home.

On the 11th the 69th and 99th regiments N. Y. Volunteers, which have been in the service of the Potomac, on furlough were publicly received and welcomed by the Mayor, the Gen. Sec. Mayor Gunther, Brig.-Gen. Spicer, Gen. Morris and several members of the Common Council. The troops were received on the right of the line of the Park, and marched through the Park to the City Hall, where they were addressed by the Hon. Commissioner Sandford. The Sergt.-Major made a few remarks in which he spoke of the high esteem in which Col. Hammell was held by the men of his command, and paid a tribute to his character as a man and a soldier. Lieut.-Col. Hammell briefly responded, and while thanking his men for their kind thoughts of him, he remarked that he had not done his duty. We give in this number a portrait of Lieut.-Col. Rugg, and shall give in subsequent numbers, portraits of the Colonels of the regiments returned. In honor of the men we see these heroic men, whose names are associated with so much of the glorious victories of the war.



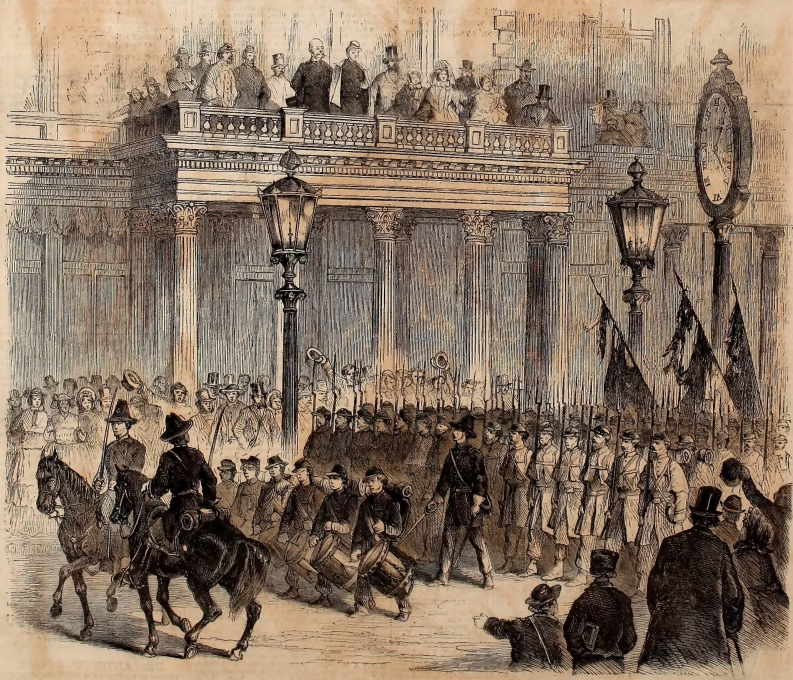
A NEW YEAR'S DAY CONTRABAND BALL AT VICKSBURG, MISS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHELL.



OUR CENTENARIANS—JOHN PHILLIPS, OF STURBRIDGE, MASS., AGED 103 YEARS AND 6 MONTHS.



LIEUT.-COL. HORACE P. RUGG, COMMANDING THE 50TH N. Y. VETERAN VOL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



THE RE-ENLISTING REGIMENTS—GEN BURNSIDE REVIEWING THE 66TH AND 50TH NEW YORK VETERAN VOLUNTEERS AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A GENTLEMAN who had married a second time indulged in recurring too often in conversation to the brunettes and virtues of his first consort. He had, however, barely discernment enough to discover that the subject was not an agreeable one to his present lady.

"Excuse me, madam," said he, "if I cannot help expressing my regrets for the dear departed."

"Upon my honor," said the lady, "I can most heartily affirm that I am as sincere a mourner for her as you can be."

A LITTLE fellow, not more than five years of age, hearing a person name it his father's tabledecanter as the familiar line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," said he knew it wasn't true; his mother was better than any man that was ever made.

BUSY PLACE.—They have a little town "Out West," which appears to have been overlooked by Dickens and other English travellers, and which is "all sorts of a stirring place." In one day they recently had a great fight, a dog-fight, hang a man, rush three men out of the town on a rail, get up a quarter race, and a two-quarter race, a quarter-pulling, a match coughing, and preaching by a circuit rider, who afterward ran a footrace for eggnogg all round, and as if that was not enough, the Judge of the Court, after charging his grand jury at a single handed poker, and whipping a person for saying he didn't owe cents he gave, went out and helped to lynch his grandfather for hog-stealing.

"GOING, going, just a going!" cried out an auctioneer.

"Where are you going?" asked a passer-by.

"Well," replied the knight of the hammer, "I'm going to the Zoological Gardens, to tell the managers that one of their lions is for sale."

An irresolute man's mind, is generally, as Richard III. said of his own body, "but half made up."

THERE are few who are not more solicitous about their wives' conscience than their own.

The following is an Southern army contractors appears in the Chattanooga *Rebel*. It will assist her more distinctly to remember:

To rob the country two contractors come,
One cheats in corn, the other cheats in rum,
While for a rise in leather, if you can scrabble,
A rogue in spirit or a thief in grain!

A ROMANCE OF CURRENCY, BY RHYMED.—They meet in the street and they sigh, passing by. Meet again, and its plain that they're both nothing loth man and wife for the life.

"Dear," says he, "your love me?"
"Yes, I do. *Pray*, do you love me too?"
"Fondly!"
"I'at ask Mamma!"
Off he goes, to propose, and receive mother's leave.
He says "I Yes."
You may guess with what joy he employs various trades, by way of gaining the wife to furnish for his spouse a fit house. When that's done, they're made one by a priest; and have a neat set of soon-honeymoons—Misses, kisses, Mister, Missis—what a tale of true love this is.

HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED
STOMACH BITTERS

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION.—HOW TO EFFECT A CERTAIN AND PERMANENT CURE.—Some occupations of life predispose to costiveness, especially those which allow but little exercise. Persons who construct this unfortunate habit of body, under such circumstances, might possibly be relieved by changing their sedentary employments for others of a more stirring kind; but this is by no means certain. Habitual constipation is a very obstinate disorder. All the ordinary so-called remedies invariably aggravate it. Nothing can be more injurious than the continued use of strong cathartics. They at first irritate, and finally almost paralyze the bowels—rendering them so torpid that enormous doses of cathartic medicines have no effect upon them. A mild aperient, combined with a gentle stimulant, is the true remedy, and a combination to the happiest proportion of these ingredients is found in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. This famous stomachic invigorates the whole intestinal canal, while gently removing from its convolutions all impediments to a free passage through them. No drastic purgative has this double operation. No ordinary stimulant effects the desired object. Cathartics, even when combined in hopeless by distinguished medical men here been cured in a few weeks by this agreeable tonic. Those who have tried all the medicines of the discovery in vain, we say try this preparation, and your recovery is certain. There is no sufficient reason why constipation should be the consequence of any other habit. HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, by supplying the vigor which would otherwise be withheld from the viscera, will in all cases enable the system to perform its excretory functions regularly and healthfully. Even physicians even make it a point to prescribe for the excitement in some cases, but this is wrong, amounting to despair, in others, which are rarely until the accompaniments of the disease are far advanced. It is, in fact, that ladies afflicted with these wretchless often make secret efforts to conceal them from the physician, as they are justly ashamed and corrective as the "Bitters" afford. If the disorders of the digestive organization were better understood, it would be seen that no blame attaches to the sufferer, as a general rule, but, on the contrary, a tiny physician for the object of a tender sympathy and a tender cure.

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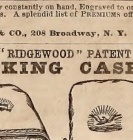
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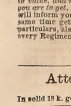
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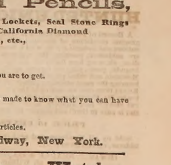
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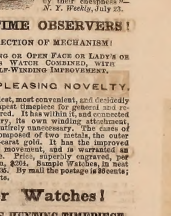
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NEWSPAPER

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THE CATASTROPHE AT SANTIAGO—REMOVING THE REMAINS OF THE DEAD TO THE CEMETERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN AMERICAN RESIDENT.



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Contributors will be good enough to write legibly, on one side only of the paper, and give their address distinctly. Comic sketches for engraving, or hints for such illustrations, are also acceptable.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Gen. Marson, with a large force, recently made a raid from Point Lookout into Westmoreland, Northumberland and Richmond counties, destroying great quantities of grain, pork and bacon, with several tanneries and bridges, and drove off prisoners, horses, mules, cattle and sheep. How much this will be felt by the rebels may be judged, that lately a Richmond paper devoted an article to a drove of swine that entered the city, whose advent caused the people as much joy as that of some Yankee prisoners caused them grief—for Yankees eat.

In the attack on our train at Moorefield junction, the rebels lost 13 killed and 20 wounded.

On the 18th the rebels attacked our pickets at Flint hill, near Fairfax Court-House, but were repulsed. Two divisions of Lee's army have gone to reinforce Longstreet.

TENNESSEE.

On the 14th Jan. Gen. Vance (rebel) made a raid towards Temsville, and captured 23 wagons, but was pursued by Col. Palmer, who retook the wagons and brought in Gen. Vance, with his Adjutant-General and Inspector-General, with 150 horses and 100 stand of arms. Tennesseeans in Bragg's army are deserting by scores.

Great distress is said to prevail in the rebel army, but Longstreet has, it is stated, received heavy reinforcements, and is advancing on Nashville.

Union men in Tennessee are crossing out their accounts without recourse to law, and the hellhounds who murdered men, women and children, and hunted them with dogs through the mountains, are daily cut down.

NORTH CAROLINA.

This State shows great opposition to the Davis tyranny. It wishes to secede from secession, and take the exploded position of armed neutrality or isolated independence. A call for a State Convention has been issued at Raleigh.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The shelling of Charleston continues regularly. The rebels, in despair, are preparing rams to attack our fleet. A naval expedition up Morrell's inlet destroyed a rebel schooner lying there loaded with cotton, turpentine and rosin.

FLORIDA.

A small guard of the 10th Conn. and 24th Mass. getting wood near St. Augustine, were suddenly attacked by superior numbers, losing Lieut. Walker in command, and 25 men killed.

LOUISIANA.

Madisonville or Lake Ponchartrain was taken before Jan. 12, by the 12th Maine and 9th Conn. and some other troops, and is now garrisoned.

Gen. Banks has ordered an election on Feb. 22.

The rebels are concentrating near Baton Rouge, but discontent prevails, and deserters come constantly into Ullman's lines.

TEXAS.

Gen. Fitzhenry Warren has occupied Indianola. Cotton is pouring into our lines, and the rebel cause in Texas is looked upon as hopelessly lost.

Gen. Dana has relieved Gen. Washburne.

On the 29th an affair took place at Matagorda bay, between the 13th Maine and a large force of rebel cavalry aided by a gunboat. Our men under Gen. Herron had landed to cut off the rebel pickets, but were forced to re-embark. The rebels the next night lost their gunboat, the J. G. Carr, by fire.

NAVAL.

The Florida is at Brest watched by the Kearsage. The pirate was to sail in February, and to be escorted out by a French man-of-war, for fear that we should punish her for her atrocities.

The rebel steamer Gen. Jackson was captured Dec. 31, off Mobile, by the Kennebec. She is worth $100,000, her cargo consisting of cotton, turpentine and rosin.

The Ranger, Bendigo and Hero, blockade-runners, have been destroyed off Wilmington, but at the expense of the steamer Iron Age, which ran ashore and was blown up.

On Dec. 24 the schooner Exchange, blockade-runner, was captured off Galveston by the Antona.

On the 31st the steamer Gray Jacket was taken by the Kennebec near Mobile, and on Jan. 17th the John Scott by the same vessel.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 17th January, Mr. Wilson's resolution for the expulsion of Garrett Davis was referred to the Judiciary Committee. A vote of thanks was passed to Com. Vanderbilt for his present of the steamer Vanderbilt.

In the House, Mr. Dawson offered a resolution that whenever a rebel State laid down its arms and submitted to the Government, it should be at once re-admitted on the former status. Rejected by 77 to 56. A resolution offered by Mr. Smith that it was the duty to put down the rebellion at all hazards was carried by 112 to 16.

In the Senate, on the 19th, Mr. Bayard made a long speech, and defended himself for refusing to take the oath of allegiance.

In the House there was nothing of public interest.

In the Senate, on the 20th, a bill establishing an uniform ambulance corps was reported by the Military Committee. Mr. Collamer made a very able speech in favor of members taking the oath of allegiance.

In the House the sitting was consumed in a discussion upon taxing whiskey.

In the Senate, on the 21st Jan., Mr. Reverdy Johnson made a very strong speech in defence of Garrett Davis, in which he made assertions of a very hostile character to the Administration. Mr. Foote, of Vermont, was also opposed to the administering of the oath.

The Senate adjourned to Monday.

In the House the time was occupied in revenue discussions.

In the House, on the 22d, the bill to increase the internal revenue was taken up, the amendments agreed to in the Committee of the whole adopted, and the bill finally passed by a vote of 87 against 68. The tax on spirits is fixed at 60 cents per gallon—an increase of 40 cents—and that all domestic spirits on hand are subject to taxation. The act of July, 1862, acted prospectively, but this bill taxes the entire stock on hand, and when it is considered that the distilleries have for the past year been driven to their utmost capacity, in anticipation of an increase of the spirit tax, the effect of the action of the House on the whiskey speculators may be easily imagined. The bill also levies a tax of two cents per pound on cotton. The joint resolution amendatory of the Confiscation act was debated for awhile, and the House adjourned till Monday.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

There are all kinds of institutions in New York, institutions ranging from the highest intellectual points down to the most vulgar and debased, and there are all classes of persons to honor and patronise them by their presence. But the most curious of our modern institutions is the "Ice Carnival," a sort of general fancy-dress party and masquerade! The idea is new to these latitudes, although it is common in northern Europe, but we think that with perseverance and judicious supervision it will be adopted by our people and become popular. Several of these quaint entertainments have been given in the far-off regions of Hoboken and Brooklyn, but as we should have required several handbooks and a band of trusty explorers to discover their locality, we did not venture on the journey, and have not, consequently, seen them. But we had an "Ice Carnival" of our own last week on the Fifth avenue skating pond, which was lively and spirited, indeed—first-rate as far as it went—but was considerably interfered with by the mild weather and the consequent mushy, cut-up state of the ice. The fact is, there had been such a carnival on the pond all day—over 2,500 people having skated there—that the glassy surface was as badly scored as a Polish prisoner's back after the application of the Russian knout. Still the night carnival was rather a jolly affair. The moon shone as bright as day, so that you could see the faces of the skaters without the aid of the glaring lights which surrounded the pond on all sides. On we dashed towards the ice ballroom behind our spanking grays; we should have heard the band discoursing the most exquisite music, but the wind being unfavorable, somebody else heard it instead. However, we were saluted by showers of very brilliant rockets, which being fired against the wind, insured the return of the sticks as near to the assembled crowd as possible. We narrowly escaped receiving three in our hat, and perchance our head, and the thud they made plunging into the ground close to us made us thankful that they did not favor us direct.

The scene on the pond was very animated. A hundred glow-worm-like lanterns were glancing along its surface with arrowy swiftness, lighting up here and there the dazzling dresses of gold, velvet and laces. There were quite a number of fancy costumes. Ladies in the Highland kirtles, and the still more becoming and seasonable Russian dress, short tunics trimmed with fur; cavaliers of all periods and no periods; then there were sultanas on ice, and, oh, eternal fitness of things, bears on ice! and, oh, anomaly of anomalies, excruciatingly refreshing, devils on ice! An iced devil is not seen every day, and we are grateful to the ice carnival for having afforded us the sight. Every one seemed to be in a blaze of enjoyment. Of course we took the prettiest and sweetest girl of our acquaintance with us. We always do—for we are sensitively organized, and cannot endure proximity with anything short of the beautiful. We assisted remarkably dexterously in putting skates upon the smallest and prettiest feet in New York, and started off with the fleetness of a Mercury and the grace of an Apollo. We are not absolute master of skating; our teeth have a strong sympathy with the outside "edge," only our teeth accomplish more in that way than our feet, but we were decidedly more accomplished in the art than our companion. So we skated and skated, and skated away, until the warm blood tingled in every vein and we both grew excited. Every now and then we indulged our companion in a little show off, doing something backwards, gliding half a yard on one skate while shaking the other in the air as a balance; and once we indulged in our *chef d'œuvre*, the spread eagle, with, we confess it, our toes a little turned in, for our figure is not favorable for exhibiting the royal bird in the necessary right angle-toed position. Still she admired us vastly, and as we dashed off in that graceful, swaying, unisonous motion, we felt emboldened by that admiration, and exclaimed with fervor, "Dearest Ariadne, the propitious moment has arrived," here we swayed off on the right foot, "when the passion of my life must find words," here we swayed off on the left foot; "let me, beloved, lay this heart at your feet;" here a confounded rut caught our heel, and brought us down with a wud on the ice that would have broken a thinner man into pieces. Ariadne, too, the false as fair, sailed off at lightning speed, leaving behind her a little cutting laugh, which hurt us more than the fall. We were wet, very wet, shaken in our person and in our affections, and on after reflection we believe that we merited the endearing epithet of "bear" bestowed upon us by our gentle companion, as we took our surly ride homewards. We called and apologised the next day, but that night on the ice is between us, and the wine of affection has had a cooler that for ever forbids all genial reopening.

The German opera company has produced Richard Wagner's "Tannhauser" at the Academy to crowded houses. It has been received with much applause, for it is the representative idea of young Germany, and young Germany must, of course, sustain it. But the mass of the audiences voted it, as a whole, a heavy bore. We have not space to devote to a critical analysis of this work, we leave that to the dailies and the musical journals. We devoted much space to it when it was first produced in the Bowery, acknowledging in it some grand thoughts and masterly combinations, and its ingenious and brilliant instrumentation, but its ineffable dulness was as striking then as now. Its labored recitatives, its still more labored solos, in which they endeavor to banish any phrase which will possibly interest the ear, has been successfully carried out, and its false theory, which demands that the orchestra shall be perfectly independent of the singers, and that neither shall bear any sustained melody, are probably points on which abstruse German admiration may be deservedly bestowed, but are certainly beyond our loving appreciation. It will probably be asked, why any man should write an opera four hours and a half in length, for the purpose of showing how little he can put into it to please the public. It will possibly be answered that science is more noble than [illegible]—that Euclid's problems were not intended as a jest book. That is it precisely. But Euclid proved something, while Wagner has not.

Max Maretzek opens here on the 3d February, and will carry his season on for three months. This will be, we think, very pleasant news to all. The success of his company in Boston has exceeded the expectation of every one. All his artists became popular favorites, but Mazzoleni became the rage. We shall be delighted to hear them once again.

We regret to learn that the English opera cannot find a place to perform in, until the middle of February. Then, however, we shall have "Maritana" produced in first-rate style, every part having been thoroughly rehearsed. The performances will resumed at Niblo's Saloon.

We have received quite a number of Spanish journals from Havana, and they all contain the most glowingly eulogistic accounts of the performances of Harry Sanderson. The whole city seems to be fascinated by his dashing and brilliant playing, and the critics go into extacies over his execution, which they look upon as superhuman. A humorous and sarcastic journal has published his portrait. It was sketched, we presume, while he was doing some tremendous *tours de force;* for bits of pianos, whole pianos, music, music stools, &c., are being dashed about him in terrible confusion. The same journals speak of his great success in a money point of view, which we are very glad to know.

Two of the most spirited and attractive balls come off within two weeks. One, the Liederkranz Society and the other the Arion Society, both being not only fancy dress but masquerade also. The societies are German, of course, and present a combination of music and art very desirable to be associated with, and the very elements over all others to make social gatherings delightful.

Wallack still runs "Rosedale" three times a week, and presents revivals of old and modern comedies on the other nights. The house is crowded every night; rain or shine, it makes little difference to the habitués of Wallack's Theatre.

"The Ticket-of-Leave Man" every night at Winter Garden. Florence must be making a fortune.

"Mazeppa; or, the Untameable Rocking-Horse," has made a great hit at Mrs. John Wood's Olympic Theatre. The daring feats of horsemanship exhibited by Mr. Drew excite so much admiration that the people grow hysterical, and roar with laughter.

Barnum's Museum is rich this week in human curiosities; the tallest and the smallest men and women in the world can be seen there every day and every evening. Then there are some musical wonders that can hardly be matched anywhere, together with the dramatic performances in the lecture-room, and half a million curiosities in and about the halls.

The Distinguished Dead of 1863.—The King of Denmark, the King of Madagascar and the King of the Sandwich Islands are the only monarchs who died during the past year. France has lost Billault, her leading Government Minister. England's list of distinguished dead is unusually large. It includes the Marquises of Lansdowne and Normanby, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Mulready, the painter, Sir Cresswell Cresswell, Lord Clyde, Archbishop Whateley and Lord Lyndhurst. In this country but very few prominent citizens have died; Archbishop Kenrick was the only great dignitary in the ecclesiastical sphere. In the army our losses have been severe, including among the Generals the names of Berry, Reynolds, Sill, Lytle, Bayard, Saunders, Buford and Corcoran. The navy has lost the gallant Commodores Foote and Rogers. The rebels have lost Stonewall Jackson, Generals Paxton, Tracy, Tilghman, Pender, Garnett, Barksdale, Helm, Smith, Van Dorn, John B. Floyd and Mr. Yancey. Mexico has lost one of her best men, General Comonfort.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Miss Dickinson's address in the House of Representatives, Washington, yielded as follows: Total receipts from tickets, $1,116 50. Expenses—advertising, printing and erection of platform, $85 50; net proceeds, $1,031. A cheque for this amount has been placed in the hands of the Vice-President and Speaker, to be delivered by them, in behalf of Miss Dickinson, to the Freedmen's Relief Association.

—— The Board of Councilmen has received three communications from the Mayor—one announcing that Gen. Dix had taken possession of the Park barracks for the reception of the returning regiments, and that he would have them cleaned; another recommending an ordinance compelling railroad companies to cart away dirt thrown from their tracks to some dumping ground; and a third urging a memorial to the Legislature for authority to issue $5,000,000 to pave with Belgian pavement all the streets below 14th not already so paved. These communications were referred to appropriate committees.

—— The Custom House frauds are being investigated in Washington by a Committee specially appointed. It is generally believed that Collector Barney will resign and Wakeman, of the Post Office, be his successor.

—— The 5-20 loan of $500,000,000 has been all taken.

—— Gold fell to 148 on the 21st January.

—— The ladies of the North Baptist Church, Hartford, Conn., recently invited the gentlemen of the choir to a leap-year sleighride. The latter accepting, the former hired a large sleigh, called for their guests, handed them in, drove them to Windsor and back, gave them a good dinner and paid the bill, taking tender care of them all the time.

—— A sort of spotted fever, very fatal, is prevalent at Carbondale, Pa., six or eight deaths occurring daily. The victims die a few hours after being attacked.

—— Harvey Hutchins has recoved $10,000 from the Syracuse and Binghampton Railroad Company for serious injuries received from an accident on a car.

—— The Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War has been announced in the Senate and the House as follows: Senators Chandler, Wade and Harding; Representatives Gooch, Julian, Odell and Loan. The members are the same as on the old Committee, with the exception of Senator Harding in place of Senator Wright, who took Andy Johnson's place, and Mr. Loan in lieu of Mr. Covode, who was not returned to the present House. The Committee will commence its sessions immediately.

—— E. S. Hayward, Brighton, N. Y., has been awarded by the Monroe County Agricultural Society prizes for the following crops: Rutabagas, 776 bushels per acre; profit, $123 88. Barley, 40 4-10 bushels per acre; profit $23 27. Potatoes, 290 bushels per acre; profit, $74 44. Carrots, 529 bushels per acre; profit, $108.

—— There are six miles of wooden pavements, which, after six years constant wear, are nearly as perfect as when laid down. They are made thus: "Lay down flooring of one-inch boards on a bed of sand, coat the floor with asphaltum, stand on end blocks of wood six inches high by three inches thick and nine inches in length, in rows about one inch apart, divided by strips of boards. Fill in these open narrow spaces with asphaltum."

—— A question affecting the banishment of Clement L. Vallandigham came before the Supreme Court of the United States on Friday. It was originally *ex-parte*, Vallandigham being the petitioner. The motion for a writ of *certiorari* to the Judge-Advocate-General was argued by ex-Senator Pugh for and by Judge-Advocate Holt in opposition thereto.

—— The Union Lincoln Association of this city is now fully organized, Simeon Draper as President, John Quackenbush as Vice-President, S. J. Glassel as Secretary. Resolutions have been adopted strongly urging the renomination of Mr. Lincoln. The Hon. Truman Smith was a speaker at the last meeting.

—— The National Union Club of Philadelphia, on Thursday evening, adopted resolutions recommending the renomination of President Lincoln. The Union League of that city has indicated a similar preference.

—— A barn belonging to Mr. Byron K. Stevens, in Ravenswood, L. I., was burned on Friday evening, with a large quantity of hay. No insurance.

—— W. W. Treadwell, cashier of the People's Bank of Hudson, Mich., absconded on Thursday, with $6,000 belonging to the bank.

Western.—There is an evident disposition of the Western States to avail themselves of the recent proclamation. The Arkansas delegation have had another interview with the President, who, in answer to their proposition, expressed his intention to adhere to the principles as stated in his Message and Proclamation, and his hope that they might be able to comply with the same. The statements made by the delegation are to the effect that the free population of the State is 394 025; slaves, 111,115; total, 435 440. In 30 counties, which have always been in favor of the abolition of slavery, the population is—free, 167,154; slave, 13,690.

—— A notorious character of Morgan's command, named Dick Low, escaped from Camp Morton about three months ago, and managed to get to Owen county, Ky., where his friends reside. The Deputy Marshal of Owen county, hearing of his arrival, immediately arrested him, and he was incarcerated in the county jail. His friends, it seems, banded together to the number of about 15 or 20, and on the night of the 13th attacked the jail, overpowering the guard and effecting the rescue of the prisoner. They carried him off in defiance of the citizens, amid the wildest shouts of triumph.

—— The California State Senate, on the 22d Jan., adopted a resolution recommending the renomination of Mr. Lincoln for President.

Military.—Gen. Schofield has been ordered to relieve Gen. Foster, in command of the Department of the Ohio, the latter officer not being sufficiently recovered from his wounds to continue his duties. Gen. Schofield has left Washington for Knoxville.

—— From every quarter, says the Portland *Advertiser*, we hear of a great rush to re-enlist. A large number of the 5th have re-enlisted. Officers from the Rappahanock report a perfect furor for re-enlisting. It is thought that more than three-fourths of the men in the old regiments will re-enlist. Volunteers are also crowding into the ranks, and bounties on the decline. A week since $400 were freely paid by town agents for recruits, but to-day they are plenty at $300. Any town can fill its quota at this rate.

—— Gen. Spinola has been deprived of the superintendence of the recruiting for the brigade, and Col. Nugent put in his stead. It was at Gen. Spinola's office that the outrages upon personal liberty occurred which would have disgraced Russia.

Gen. Dix is about having his powers enlarged, so as to meet the recent enormities committed at Lafayette Hall, where men were openly dragged from the sidewalk and forcibly compelled to enlist.

—— A commission is now sitting in Fort Lafayette to examine into the cases of the political prisoners there.

Naval.—Assistant-Secretary Fox, of the Navy Department, has addressed a letter to Mr. Oliphant, owner of the fast steamer Kiu Kiang, notifying him that the Government steamer Eutaw will be immediately dispatched to New York, for the purpose of testing the relative speed of the two vessels.

Personal.—N. C. Trowbridge, whose intercepted correspondence was recently published, is a native of Georgia, and was concerned with Lamar in the famous Wanderer and Echo cases. He was arrested in 1862 on suspicion of being a spy, but subsequently released by the Commission, of which Major-Gen. Dix, Judge

Pierrepont and E. D. Webster of the State Department were the members, on principle but not to in any way aid rebellion.

—Grace Greenwood, in her lecture at Chicago to aid of the Old Ladies' Home, related the following bedicut: "S he remembered riding in a carriage by the borders of the Mediterranean, with an intimate friend of Seattle. They talked of the ancient bronze of Rome. In the connection her friend spoke of her ancestors, how they had come to America from Switzerland, and who, she said, was the right of her eyes. She knew that he would not be angry with me provocative and have plenty of friends. Soon after, in a Roman scene, his friend said that he must excuse himself to the service of his country. Grace Greenwood then told how he had only laughed at that conversation for the young man referred to was Col. R. G. Shaw, now of the Fifty-fourth Mass'ch'sett's."

—Mr. McElrath, who retired from the *Tribune* newspaper in January, has returned to the position he held in it.

Obituary.—Mr. John M. Elliott, 80 years of age, and for 60 years a printer in New York, died Jan. 21, at his residence, No. 191 Grand street, Jersey city. Deceased was the only survivor of the celebrated Miranda expedition of 1805.

—Thomas D. Foster, the author of innumerable negro melodies from the very commencement of minstrelsy, died at 31 Spring street, on Jan. 20. His funeral was celebrated on Thursday, and he was laid in the grave with a band was playing "Old Folks at Home," and "Come Where my Love Lies Dreaming." In the hundreds of singers who have profited by his compositions entertain proper regard for his name, few will doubtless indeed it by the construction of a fitting monument.

—S. A. French, chief engineer of the city, died on the 16th of January.

Accidents and Offences.—The trial of John R. Hoskins for the murder of Policeman Gourley, nearly ten years ago, was concluded in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, before Judge Leonard, on Jan. 20, and resulted in the prisoner being convicted of manslaughter in the first degree.

—G. Jones (Count Jonones), who some years ago was a small actor in the Keeney's, was convicted on Jan. 23, at Boston, of being a "common barretor," in other words, a promoter of strife and causeless litigation.

—Henry Caldwell, a recruiting agent of New Britain, Connecticut, had his house burglarized on Jan. 18, about half a mile east of that village. His skull was fractured by a large auger bit, or some such tool, in his head. It is supposed that he was murdered on Saturday night. He had $600 in cash with him, of which he was robbed; but a gold watch and pin were left on his person. Prints in the snow in the garden where the had been a scuffle, and that two men made the attack.

—The Hon. S. P. Barter, of the Kentucky Senate, was brought to the Kentucky Hotel, in Jersey, on Jan. 21. His clothes caught fire, and as he was too weak, from long sickness, to save himself, he died before assistance could be rendered.

—Felix Gill, of Spruce street, Philadelphia, has been arrested on the charge of murdering his wife. Inasmuch as a license of $20 00 was recently left him, and a property insurance, of $3,000 was made payable. This money he handed to his wife, a d said to be supplied by her with what he required. He seemingly dissipated upon the strength to his good fortune. he became a companion with the most abandoned characters, and wound up his career of crime by murdering his wife. Before he left, however, much intoxicated, spoiled for money. The woman, whose blood was curdling, was almost over part of the room, and the furniture of which was broken to pieces, must have struggled hard. She descended by against her fate. She was beaten to death with a poker.

Foreign.—An English hairdresser has had the neither of his establishment fitted with an iron apiarie with three wheels carrying bells rather birds. Under pretence that he must purchase, a lady entered him, and the customers being placed underneath, have their heads washed by machinery.

—Dr. Lyon, of Verviers, France, cures varicose veins with a solution of acetate dipped in a solution of potash of chloride of iron—from 8 to 16 grammes to half a pound of water.

—Coal mines, 150 miles square in area, have been discovered in Brazil. The coal is bituminous, and generally of a good as the best English.

—Pekin, China, has the oldest newspaper in the world. It has been published for 1,400 years, and is printed on a large sheet of silk.

—A Frenchman has invented a way of pulverizing state, and then making it with some substance by which it is converted into a very hard and durable material for building purposes.

—John Pringle, Nelson's coxswain on board the Victory, died very aged 100 years.

—Lyons lace is not always lace. A lady recently bought some elegantly embroidered articles, but unfortunately the pattern was made of a sort of paper, and melted off at the first washing.

—A Canadian has invented a newspaper is in process of incubation. The capital is said to be immense. It is to advocate most liberal principles.

Art, Science and Literature.—The *Herald* says that the finest pictures stolen from the houses of the Londoners of late are now being hawked about the market by Wall street brokers, who have got them for a mere song.

Chit-Chat.—A London optician has invented a "small" opera glass, which squeeze on a sheet of camera writes words &c. It cannot be taken hold of, nor can the writing be rubbed out by ordinary agency.

—Land in the Poultry, a street in the centre of the city of London, is worth a million and a half pounds sterling.

—A Northern English rector used to think it polite to read the service before the arrival of the music. A little while ago he forgot his manners, and began to read, which caused the—"Stop, sir," called out the clerk, "He isn't come yet."

—Frenchmen philosophers have invented a method of making statistics more easy than the old of graphs. The system, which appears to be simple, a mechanical application supposing the chief results of the first observations. The sitter is placed in the centre of a circular chamber. It from sheep or ranged in circles, each chamber are placed at equal distances at 20 seconds, by means of a clock. The sitter is photographed in succession, and by a mechanical contrivance of extreme ingenuity, the images of all the others are traced and noted upon the copy. A short sitting is required, and the result is said to be a perfected resemblance, a model of likeness is insured, and, it is said, an agreeable mark of art.

—The most remarkable chance of opinion ever known occurs in the New York *World*, of Saturday, 23rd of January, where after some remarks upon Gen. McClellan's book, it says, verbatim: "It is to be hoped that Judge Russell will visit upon him the utmost penalty of the law. In the old days the rebels are now have been dragg d through the nearest horsepond, and we are really modern now unless we believe, the infliction of a fine and imprisonment." BY. G OD! we say we want to the law length of shrouding his being drawn through a horsepond.

—The following letter has been received by the principal of a public school in England, in reply to a circular, asking the opinion of the parents upon the practice of flogging: Dear Sir—Your flogging circular is duly received. I hopes as to my son John you will flog him less as often as you like. Hes a bad boy is he. Although I've been in the habit of teaching him myself, it seems to me he will have nothing—his equinity is somthing outrageously deficient. Wallop him well, Sur, and you will serve my hearty thanks. Yours, MOSES WALKER. P. S. Wat accounts for John being sich a bad scollar is that he's my son by my wife's first husband."

—Louis Napoleon is said to have recently observed: "I always gauge my English popularity by *Punch's* representations of me. When I am peaceful he flatter s my physique; when I am in bad odor he makes me ugly. He has made me ugly lately. This is why I suppose I am very much out of favor of *hi-hat* just now."

—At a recent temperance meeting in Scotland, a convert got up to speak: "My friends," said he, "there was a time I was a drunken sinner. (Cheers.) In a month of reward, my friends, I has s severe ion as my pocket to deny I ever had before. (Loud cheers.) In another month, my friends, I has a good coat on my back as any I ever had before. (Cheers much louder.) A fortnight after that, my friends, I has a pocket-book I felt pretty sure to put in think I kept the pledge another fortnight I should want one." (No cheers.)

"MY STRENGTH IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE."

I know not how, I know not why I live,
When all the light within me's fled
To you bright star, in heaven's blue valley,
Where rest the blessed dead.

I know not how, I know not why I'm here,
And yet pursue th' busy round of life—
Perform the task of each day's toil,
Engage new ties, and in the varied strife,

I know not how, I know not why I stay,
When dearest ones have passed for e'er away;
No gladsome smile, no tears for me,
No joyous meeting, no merry voice of glee.

I know not how, I know not why it is
My fate differs in this respect way:
As days, and weeks, and months are fleeting on,
Each seem to beckon me away.

I know not how, I know not why to love
Bright flowers, yet blooming on my way.
Or why new friends should e'er be won gone,
Lending a radiance to each passing day.

I know not how, I know not why I try
To struggle up the rugged steep of life;
Battle for right, perform the task
And hasten on, forgetful of the blight.

I do know how, I do know why I live:
The loving hand of Jesus leads me on—
Whispers, "I'm I be at home with me
In that calm there is no busy throng."

I do know how, I do know why I'm here;
Thy loving voice from Calvary's mount is near;
Patiently run thy race, a little longer wait,
You too shall be within the golden gate."

I do know how, I do know why I bear
The rugged Cross, Thou, on my way, hast given;
For on the Cross thou didst bear my sin,
And, pressing onward, reach the goal of Heaven!

ROSIN.

By Mary Ashe.

THEY had nerved themselves for the terrible crisis, but now John Lockdale and his wife sat down in the small apartments they had hired, and thought refuge in the strangest terms.

Their story was a common one. He had been early a clerk in a large concern in New York, and by his ability, industry and business talent had won his way upward, so that at twenty-three he had been taken into the concern as a partner. He had then courted and married Miss Ormsbee to the modest little house which he had hired and furnished, the gentle girl who now sat broken-hearted on the sofa.

Among the friends whom he had gathered around him was Henry Ulshoeffer, a man of talent, full of plans and projects, always in speculations, and never in one long enough to realize more than a success more than a week, although no one ever knew a project of his of any moment to succeed.

He was dangerous, for he was plausible and really so kind hearted and well-meaning. Lockdale often laughed at his schemes, but in his indignation at the immense gulf which the crash of 1857 contrived to make him pay, and the unblushing impudence with which they extorted an average profit of fifty per cent on every dollar of capital employed, the utterly bankrupt agency.

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"Rosin—forty dollars," said Lockdale, hesitating.

"Well, I know," said the other, "that rosin has ruled high lately, but there's a mighty heap coming in now from the North State, and that will bring it down. Anyhow, I ought to make a little sunthin' out of it."

Lockdale paused, his head swam, but his old business education prevailed, and in a moment he said, in a firm voice:

"What does he mean, Lucy? Rosin at forty dollars? I never heard of anyone who had any."

She, too, looked perplexed, as though some new misery threatened them, and this was part of some plot against her husband, but she thought it shrewd into her mind, and, so with a brightening face, she exclaimed:

"John, what was that paper that Ulshoeffer gave you the day before your regiment started?"

The mystery was here, and Lockdale seemed to recollect something. He sprang from his bed, and, with hands quivering with excitement, endeavored to dress. Lucy at last calmed him, and when he was ready he was completely exhausted. As she laid him again on his bed to rally, he gasped, rather than spoke:

"Quick! get that paper of Ulshoeffer. It is all there; rosin, $40 a barrel!"

Lucy soon found the paper which had never been opened, and began to read it, but he could not hear her words.

"Is there no list, Lucy?"

"Yes; on the back, there is schedule A. 850 barrels of rosin, at 75 cents, in the Atlantic Docks, storage paid to January 1, 1863." $637 50.

"What! Lucy, let me see." And when he was convinced he exclaimed: "Can't have risen from one dollar to forty," and then began to calculate: 850 at $40. "Why, Lucy, that is $34,000; and is it possible I am worth that? and we thought ourselves paupers. I must go down town."

Lucy went out and ordered a carriage, and in constant fear of some great accident from the excitement, she helped him to it, and entered with him. Lockdale ordered the driver to go at once to a large auction house at the foot of Wall street, where he was known.

Here he was received by the senior partner with great kindness and compassion, touched at his altered fortunes. John told his story and asked what rosin was worth.

"Why, my dear sir, I call sell it for you to-day at $75, and, indeed, I would advise you not to hold it. If you wish I will dispose of it for you, and have a cheque for you by three o'clock."

The weak-hearted and assignment he overhanded over, and while Lockdale and his wife drove off to get the refreshment both needed, the rosin was sold for over forty-two thousand dollars.

We need not follow their fortunes. The shock to his system might have proved fatal—it produced a cure. With economy around his wife's cottage in New Jersey, a mind free from harassing anxiety, with his wonderfully acquired little fortune safe in 7 3's, he quickly gained his health and spirits, and when we were last at Rosina Lodge he was preparing to resume his old position as partner in the house of Samuels, Lodge & Co., putting in ten thousand dollars.

Ulshoeffer, to whom he gave three thousand dollars, maintains that he always knew that it would turn out well, and has entered his money in a machine for manufacturing ice.

A CLERICAL GIANT.

ONE hundred years ago, the Rev. Dr. Story, of Boothwyn, apparently accredited to be the strongest man in Eastern Pennsylvania. He stories that are told of him are true, his strength must have been truly gigantic. He is said to have put alive a sack of wheat with each hand almost effortlessly, and to have jokingly asked the farmers "whether they had chaff in their bags."

Now it happened that, at that time, there lived in Philadelphia a man also claimed to be the great champion of the province, and who could not brook the idea of a clergyman should be reputed to be possessed of greater strength than himself. So he made a trip to Reading, with the express purpose of forcing a contest with the giant. The next day he appeared, arriving at his destination he found that the doctor was attending to some pastoral duties in the country, but was soon expected to return.

Overjoyed at this unlooked-for news, he rode forth to meet him, and soon descried a horseman, who, from the description he had received, could be no other than the clerical giant. Dismounting from his horse, he awaited the stranger's approach, and, on coming to the way from Philadelphia? to give him a challenge." Of course, the doctor was glad to accept the challenge, but on consistent with his profession to take part in a fight. The champion of the populist would take no denial, and the clergyman was at last induced to accompany him.

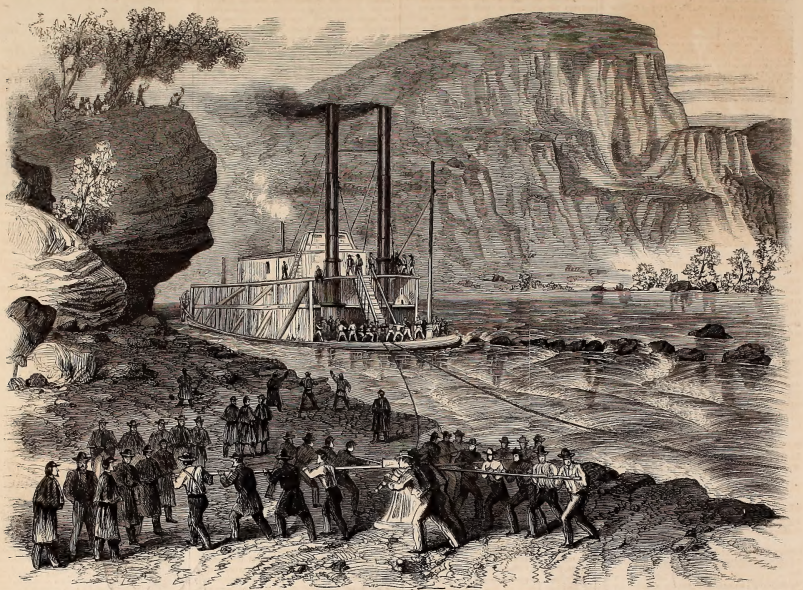
Now, the doctor knew nothing about "the noble art of self-defence," but was sufficiently enough to stand off the first few blows, and then, with a sudden dodge on his opponent, he seized him by the waistband, and, with a powerful effort, lifted him clean over his head into an adjoining field. The champion was perfectly astonished at the feat. He recognized in his grassy resting-place, in that peculiar state that he had been in the hands of an invincible member, and asked the doctor "whether he would not throw him through a hedge?"

Though tradition is silent on the subject, it is most supposed that the doctor was not so ungentlemanly as to thus assault; but it is certain that the champion returned to Philadelphia without daring to boast of possessing greater strength than the Clerical Giant.

DEATH ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

THUS writes an officer fighting in Spain under the Duke of Wellington: "Death gradually hardens us to such scenes, and death, far from creating terror and confusion, is often laughed to scorn. On the evident approach of a general action, we regard its probability to each other by unreflecting remarks as to the state of the weather, 'Shall we have before to-morrow night,' and none of us, even during the action, conduct ourselves with the proper proportion of sober sensibility. I much fear that we view our present people in English and suppose natural, and perhaps think more of the affair of life and death. I have heard some very free jokes escape under fire; and on the field of battle I remember being as much at ease as ever covered with dirt or dust from the splash or blow of a round shot. I recollect having near him a lead place at any absurd accident in common life. On our advance to the attack, I have frequently called out to our centre, and hardly out of common shot of the enemy on the top of the hill. To Grave, the officer of the 3rd division amused themselves by leapfrog, and other boyish gambols. I recollect, on the evening before being gee equited on the superficial aim, of the soldier of the 3rd, I must soon be one of the adjutant-General's department, well known for his gallantry, requiring to see, in the words, the state some of us might possibly be with us before the next day. I recollect the satisfaction of the description made it very dangreeable, particularly as I was not myself in the least apprehensive—in evidence of which I was the first to propose a game at leapfrog. You will be astonished, no doubt, to find yourself one to such cases. But I am convinced that on receiving an invitation to rise, being convinced of the impossibility of your services, you would very unpleasant accident has happened to you. This satisfies me as to your not being wounded, but remaining quiet on the ground, with certain very unpleasant feelings of the mind. I am one of your friends, and I am now a surgeon, who, opening your cot, finds you are shot through the body, and you are bleeding to death very fast. Spit, sir, spit. In the affairs your mouth, and you will be relieved by your medical friend, your medical friend, who is ascertaining who, put a ball through your body, and who is at his wits-end to know you to suffocate, while he goes to congratulate your jealous commanding officer."

During the recent stay of the Russian officers in our midst, they desired their legation at Washington to procure them a chaplain of the Greek denomination. Dr. Mortimer, who is well-known in the capital, though now practising here, was named, and accepted the position, which he has since highly honored with his services. He left long ago N. Y. Wallis, in a leading article in the *Home Journal*, gave his happy experience of the case of cheap rating, and in his no-sacred manner for the benefit of his fellow-medical his delicate manipulations. This may seem somewhat incredible, but the country possesses no such living men of rank and official distinction as a wit case. He is conversant, even at night-or-tete, and so true is his conviction that it is impossible to detect it in a place. Such services may be unusually costly, but, considering his exceptional ability to render them, they are, we should speak as well of his conscientiousness as his ability.



STEAMER PAINT ROCK PASSING THE "SUCK" BETWEEN CHATTANOOGA AND BRIDGEPORT.—FROM AN ACCURATE SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHELL.

THE SUCK IN THE TENNESSEE RIVER.

WE give another striking view of Tennessee scenery, the suck between Bridgeport and Chattanooga, with the steamer Paint Rock drawn through the rapids. The current here dashes along at the rate of 80 miles an hour, forming, as the water boils and foams amid the rocks, a succession of whirls and eddies through which the steamer with a full head of steam can make no progress. Windlasses on shore are manned, and by dint of steam and human muscle the 300 yards are at last accomplished after two or three hours' toil.

Yet this was the best means of communication between Chattanooga and Bridgeport, the base of supplies, and the Paint Rock, whose ample sleeping accommodations we also portray, the crack boat on the river.

DUVALL'S BLUFF, ARK.

DUVALL'S BLUFF was, prior to the war, a place almost unheard of, a little post village on the White river, Prairie county, Ark., till a railroad connected it with Helena. This has made it important now. It is the depot of supplies of our army in Arkansas, and the station of a convalescent camp, being well guarded by gunboats. As Price is said to be raising a new army, it may figure in important events.



SLEEPING ACCOMMODATIONS ON THE PAINT ROCK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE CORNISH MINER UNDER THE SEA.

FIFFULLY the tapers shine
In the deep Botallick mine,
Over which there springs no turf—
Over which there moans the surf—
Hoary ocean seems to chide
Rocks and metals that divide
These dark galleries from the tide.

What can the dreams of the miner be
Sixty fathoms under the sea,
As he breaks the copper ore
Two hundred fathoms out from the shore?
What to him do the mad waves say
As they dash their angry spray
Overhead from day to day?

Perhaps of freedom he hears them tell
In their constant flow and their mighty swell,
While his stirring heart grows sadder and
sadder
Till he longs to mount from ladder to
ladder—
To leave the sounding sea below,
Never again to downward go
Beneath its proud and taunting flow.

Others mine beneath the sand
Or the emerald turf of their fatherland—
But it is not so with the miner here,
He is under the sea from year to year;
The golden luxury of light
Is a blessed thing to his weary sight,
And the breath of Heaven is his heart's
delight.

Eight hours out of the twenty-four
He buries himself 'neath the ocean's roar,
But the sir to him is doubly pure
When he seeks home on the cliff or moor,
Where the golden sunlight has no thrall,
But lovingly rests on the cottage wall,
And the light of day is free to all.

There are happy dreams for such as thee,
Oh, Cornish miner, under the sea!
For the blessings we too little prize
Are living pictures before your eyes—
And the changing hues of the zoolite
Are never fairer to any sight
Than your varied dreams of the golden light.

Jonathan Spear's New Year's Eve.

My conscience, how it snowed! Down it came in a regular fleecy cloud, making the whole air white as—as—well, as white as snow. It was not a half and half sort of snow, a little feathery fall, then a sleeting, drizzling rain for a while, then sleet, then something else, and finally a thaw by way of a finish. It was not one of those kind, but a good old-fashioned snowstorm, in which every drop stuck honestly where it fell, and said, as plainly as it could speak, "There's going to be sleighing to-morrow!"

It was just after nightfall, and still early, when Jonathan Spear was travelling up Broadway. He did not expect to go sleighing on the morrow, yet nevertheless he was glad to see the snow, for nothing does so add to the enjoyment of the New Year's Day as a good swinging snowstorm, one of the olden time. Therefore it was that he enjoyed feeling of wind about the lamp-posts, and pile itself upon the stoops, make heaps upon bat-rians, and great bunches upon the breasts of close buttoned coats, until it fell off of its own weight.

It was a glorious night, too, to see the people enjoy it. To see them run, and laugh, and shout though there was really nothing to laugh and shout at, and to see their eyes sparkle, and their faces glow with the excitement. Then it was so funny to see everybody lose their false pride, and look in the shop windows, and gossip together for a moment, and then run on, wishing each other a "Happy New Year!"

All these things Jonathan Spear saw, and they made him the happier for seeing them. He had just left the counting-house after parting with the clerks and employés, wishing them all a "Happy New Year!" and making them the customary present, and had only stopped to buy one or two little things more than had been already bought, to add to the gifts which he intended to make on the morrow; for Jonathan Spear, though an old bachelor himself, had at least half a score of nephews and nieces, who looked upon him as the very example of goodness and generosity, and would certainly have believed in a sudden ending of the world if uncle Jonathan had failed to remember each individual of them on a New Year's Day.

Jonathan had never married, but from a very early part of his life he had declared his independence of boarding-houses, and become a house-keeper, taking as the presiding deity of his household a venerable widow Watkins, wonderfully skilled in the mysteries of the *cuisine* and in making things generally comfortable. For fifteen years the widow exhausted her motherly care over Jonathan, and then transferred a large share of it, and took to coddling the two orphan children of Jonathan's deceased sister, Nellie and Maggie Warren, who were left to Jonathan's care, and, as both he and the widow concluded instantly, were brought to the home of their bachelor uncle, as the very best place they could be brought to; a conclusion that was warranted by experience, for in years, thanks to the care and coddling of the widow, and the superintendence of Jonathan, they grew up two beautiful and accomplished girls, making for their bachelor uncle as bright and happy a home as waited for any man that New Year Eve in all New York.

"Oh, uncle, I'm so glad you've come! We've been looking for you this hour. Let me unloose your comforter, and Maggie will take your hat. We've got so much to tell you."

This was Nellie, who was talking as fast as her tongue would allow her to, and all the time shaking the snow off her uncle, and helping to divest him of his comforter and overcoat, ending it all off by giving him a kiss and seating him in the great easy chair, in front of one of the cheerfest and brightest fires that ever was built; while Maggie stood ready at the little table that was drawn up to his side, to make his tea and help him to the warm, tender, juicy steak that smoked before him. Jonathan Spear had never known a sick day in his life, and as a natural consequence he was not unblessed with appetite, which found ample employment on the steak and tea; and then while Nellie and Maggie ran away to arrange all the little knick-knacks and pleasant things for the morrow, Jonathan Spear drew his chair up a little closer before the fire, and began to think, and his thoughts ran somewhat in this way:

"Well, here another New Year has rolled around, which makes me fifty-five. Pretty round age that, Jonathan Spear; you're not as young as you were twenty years ago, sir. But, then, what's a few years? Ain't I just as smart as I was then. I'm worth half a dozen of the young men yet. Haven't I got good health? Haven't I got a good appetite, and ain't I got the nicest home in the world? Ah, yes! Jonathan, that's all true; but why ain't you rich? That's it, man, you're getting old, and you're not getting rich. You've missed your chance, Jonathan. It should have been done twenty-five years ago! Now, then! what would you give just to take back that twenty-five years, and have another chance? Give! why, man, you'd give anything that was asked of you!"

"Would you?" said a tiny voice, almost in Jonathan's ear, that made him jump so that he almost knocked over the small table, and then looking all around and seeing nobody he began to persuade himself it was nothing but imagination.

"Now then, what would you give, Jonathan Spear?" and this time the voice came right out from the chimney-back, and Jonathan stared with concentrated force into the fire for an elucidation. Just as he was doing so a little figure stepped daintily over the glowing coals and out upon the hearth. It was not more than twelve inches high, and most exquisitely formed. Its face was red, very red, and so was its hair, while every garment from its shoes to its cap was of the same color, the buttons being carbuncles, and the trimmings scarlet enamel upon gold. Jonathan gazed with bewildered eyes for a moment, and then feeling that he sat by his own hearth and had a right to ask questions, said—

"What's your name, and where the plague did you come from?"

"Never you mind," answered the little red gentleman, "but just attend to what I've got to say, for this is a busy night with me, and I haven't time to waste in talk."

"Oh! then you're Santa Claus?" said Jonathan, in a kind of obtuse way.

"Santa Claus!" shouted the little red gentleman, slapping his hand upon his thigh with a crack like a rifle, and giving a laugh that fairly shook the house. "Now do I look like Santa Claus? Why, man, if ever you'd read 'The Night before Christmas' you'd never be so stupid as to take me for Santa Claus. No; I'm not Santa Claus, and it don't make any difference who I am, but I've asked you a question, and I want it answered. You said just now that you wanted to be twenty-five years younger: what do you want that for?"

"So that I can be rich," answered Jonathan.

"Why, haven't you had every chance," said the red gentleman, "and neglected them? You were once cashier of the Highflyers Banking and Trust Company, weren't you? Why didn't you make money out of that?"

"Ah! why didn't I?" said Jonathan, smiling grimly. "Because I was a fool and didn't use the money of the bank to speculate on and shave notes that the bank could not take?"

"Um! And then you were assignee for the house of Humdrum & Co., when they failed. There was a fortune in that for you—a hundred thousand, at least. What did you do with it?"

"Gave it up to the creditors," said Jonathan, doggedly.

"Um?" said the little red gentleman again. "And you might have had plenty of money, many times, if you had chosen, could you not, Jonathan Spear?"

"Yes," mumbled Jonathan, "if I had chosen to keep what was in my hands and let the rightful owners whistle."

"And why didn't you?" said the little red gentleman, with a significant leer of his left eye.

"Oh, because I was a fool!" responded Jonathan, with a petulant shrug of the shoulders.

"And, I suppose, if you had another chance, you would correct all those mistakes?"

Jonathan was not exactly prepared to answer that question, but he responded with a knowing glance at the little red gentleman that did quite as well as words, and brought forth a new proposition.

"Now, then, Jonathan Spear, I want to ask you plainly which you would prefer: whether to have a quarter of a century taken off your age, landing you safely at thirty and leaving you to recover the mistakes of your life and grow rich, or that you remain at your present age, with such wealth as you may choose to possess yourself of?"

"I'll keep my present age and have immediate wealth," was Jonathan's immediate answer.

"Think well of it, Jonathan Spear; twenty-five years of life is not to be despised."

"Fiddle for the years!" said Jonathan, sharply. "What is life without money?"

"Why, you're not poor, are you?"

"No, not poor."

"And in good health?"



The Little Red Gentleman appearing to Jonathan Spear.

"Capital—never was better."

"And yet you do not enjoy life."

"Oh! I—I—s. But then I'd rather be rich."

"Well, well! So be it then. You shall be rich, Jonathan Spear, but on conditions."

"Name 'em," said Jonathan, in a twitter of excitement.

"I shall present you with three gifts," said the little red gentleman, "each of which will be wealth, but they must be used in the order in which I give them, and you must not disobey my injunctions as to their use, nor use the second or the third until you have surrendered to me the preceding gift. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," said Jonathan, eagerly.

"And," continued the little red gentleman, "when you have once surrendered a gift it can never be recalled. Do you agree to it?"

"Of course! Of course!" responded Jonathan, almost jumping out of his chair for joy.

"Very well, then; let us shake hands on the bargain."

And the little man stretched out his hand towards Jonathan, who seized it with a quick grip, which came to as rapid a conclusion, for Jonathan found the hand one that, if the old saying of "a cold hand accompanies a warm heart," and *vice versa*, be true, then the little red gentleman's heart could have been nothing less than a lump of the purest ice, just from the north corner of the North Pole. When it was over and the little red gentleman had in his place, he addressed Jonathan while that individual was blowing his fingers.



New Year's Eve.

"Now, Mr. Jonathan Spear, the first gift I have for you is a key to the mines of Obfuscation."

"Obfuscation!" echoed Jonathan. "I think I think I've heard of that place before."

"Yes, to the mines of Obfuscation. The most wonderful silver mines of the world, but yet undiscovered. No man has to this time entered their depths, and you, consequently, are the first mortal who has been entrusted with a key. Take it."

Jonathan grasped eagerly at the key, and, looking with curiosity at the thing, scarce a tenth of an inch in length, he asked:

"How am I to find them?"

"You have nothing to do," answered the little red gentleman, "but grasp the key in your hand and go wherever the power that seems to lead you may direct. It will take you straight to the mouth of the mines, and then there is nothing but to unlock the door and walk in. But, remember, you must only visit them on the first day of every month, and then you must only bring away as much as you can carry of the silver you will find there. Remember this, and do not attempt to transgress."

"I think one hack load of silver in a month will be about enough to suit me!" said Jonathan, with a chuckle.

"The next gift," continued the little red gentleman, "is a box, at the bottom of which you will find a single piece of gold. This you can remove and close the box, on opening which again you will find another piece, and so on without end. But you must remember that, between the taking of each piece from the box, you must perform some good act."

"Some good act!" echoed Jonathan. "Why step an long?"

"You must perform some good act," repeated the little red gentleman, emphatically.

"Let me see," mused Jonathan, "some good act. Well, that's easy enough. I can always do some good act apart some of the money for the benefit of the poor. How will that do?"

"Excellently well," was the response. "As long as a tithe of the gold is laid aside for the poor so long will all be right. And now, Jonathan Spear, I have the last and most important gift for you. It is this vial. A drop from it, rubbed in the palm of the left hand, will render you invisible, and in that state give you admission to all the treasures of the world. Understand me, not of the hidden treasures, but all those which have been acquired by men. You can enter banks and treasuries, the safes of merchants, and the secret places of hoarders of gems."

"And what use will that be to me?" asked Jonathan, looking curiously on the vial.

"That's as it may be," answered the little red gentleman. "Time will tell how far you may se fit to use the gift I give you as the last. With this gift I have no charge to make. If you should ever wish to surrender it—as you will perhaps surrender the rest—the way to summon me will be through its aid. A single drop upon the tongue, accom-

panied by the word 'Come!' and I will be with you."

Jonathan took the vial gingerly between his finger and thumb, and looked at it as he would upon some strange object, and then said:

"'Pon my word, I don't think I shall ever want this little article. In fact, I don't see what I want with three gifts at all. I'm quite content, I assure you, with the key to the mines of Obfuscation."

The little red gentleman smiled grimly, and answered drily:

"I think you'd better be careful of it;" and then, after a moment's pause, he continued, "now, then, Jonathan Spear, have you anything further to say?"

"Nothing!" answered Jonathan, who held the three gifts in his hands, and was rather anxious for his friend to go away now, because Nellie, Maggie, or perhaps old Mrs. Watkins might come in, and he was not anxious to have them see him there. Therefore he repeated, "Nothing! I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure."

"I don't want any thanks," said the little red gentleman; "therefore as my business is done, I'll be off. Good-night! and a Happy New Year to you!" and he sprang with one leap right into the midst of the burning coals, and in the most curious manner possible gradually melted down into their glowing bed and entirely disappeared. Just then Nellie and Maggie came dancing into the room as happy as two birds, and just as full of twitter and talk, and Jonathan hurried the three gifts into his pocket, rather disposed to say something sharp to the girls for coming so suddenly upon him; but when he remembered that he had never yet spoken cross to them, and that to-morrow would be New Year's Day, he concluded to smother his ire, which he did by hiding it behind taciturnity. The girls laughed and petted about their uncle for awhile, and then seeing that there was no response, looked inquiringly at each other and at him; for it was not at all Jonathan's way, and still finding that he did not respond to their little jokes and droll ideas became quiet also, and seating themselves on either side of the old man, attempted to interest him with little talk about the morrow, and of the preparations they had been making to receive calls, and the happiness they hoped to enjoy. But Jonathan, whose entire thoughts were in his pocket with the three gifts, and the memory that to-morrow, being the first day of the month, he could visit the silver mines of Obfuscation, only answered, when he answered at all, in monosyllables, until at last the poor girls, fearing that they had dreadfully offended their uncle in some way, were almost ready to burst into tears. In fact, all enjoyment was gone for that evening, and after a solemn hour or two, instead of a story from uncle Jonathan—for Jonathan was a capital teller of stories, and always had something new on hand—they went away to bed with heavy hearts, almost fearing to give him the good-night kiss; and finally, after a long guessing consultation as to the cause, without satisfactory conclusion, laying each her little head on the pillow, to throb itself asleep; while Jonathan, thinking only of his great coming wealth, no sooner were they out of the room than he rushed to the door, and locking it, drew again from his pocket the three gifts. It was the key to the silver mines of Obfuscation that had the greatest interest for him at that moment. In a few hours he could have evidence of its value, and bear away some of the treasure to which he was the first human admitted. How he bemoaned the hours that must elapse before he could bear off his load of silver. Should he wait until to-morrow at daylight? No, indeed! that very night, as soon as the clock turned twelve, he would visit the mines. He would enjoy the New Year's Day better if he had a load of silver in his coffers. Every ten minutes Jonathan looked at his watch, but it still lacked three hours of midnight. He tried to read, but it was of no use, the letters all ran together, and page after page he went over without understanding a word. Then he thought he would take a nap of an hour or two, as it was usual for him to do, in his chair, but that would not do, there was no sleep in him. Every distant cry in the street of "Happy New Year!" rang upon his ears like a jibe or a taunt, and every cinder that fell from the grate made him start and gaze into the fire, as though he expected the little red gentleman to reappear. A most uncomfortable three hours did Jonathan Spear spend; but at last the time was gone, and the city clocks, every one, had rang out the hour of midnight. Then Jonathan seized the key in his right hand, and not without some fear and trembling, grasped it tightly. In an instant he was astonished to find that some unseen power was impelling him forward, not towards the door of the room, but directly at the wall, and a stout brick wall at that. He was more astounded still to find that, as he walked directly at the wall, it gave way at his touch like so much putty, and through he went, and was in the street in an instant. It was still snowing merrily, and the streets were full of people, but none of them seemed to notice Jonathan, who walked straight on without the ability to stop himself or swerve to one side for anybody or anything. Suddenly Jonathan discovered that, in his eagerness to journey to the mines, he had forgotten the very important points of a hat and overcoat, and consequently found himself going through the streets bareheaded and thinly clad, while the snow came down in whirling eddies and gave him the full benefit of its coldness. There was no help for it now, however, and on he went in a direct line, through houses and churches, over streets, and away out to the open country, across fields and through woods, into hills like a mole, and coming out on the other side, until at last, with a dive into a mass of solid rock, Jonathan found he stood before a stone door just tall enough, and broad enough, to admit a man of his size, and having no visible sign of knob or lock, save only a tiny keyhole, which Jonathan knew in a moment was the spot for his key.

In a minute it was applied, and a single turn sent the door whirling on its hinges, and in he walked. Such a sight never before met the eyes of mortal man, and Jonathan could not help standing still and staring with admiration. There, as far as the eye could reach, was nothing but solid rocks and columns of burnished silver. Heaps upon heaps of lumps and masses, from the size of a marble up to the highness of a house. The floor was one plane of pure metal, as bright as a looking-glass, with not a scratch to mar its surface, and from a thousand different angles he could see his form reflected, and thrown from one point to another. All this splendor for miles and for miles, thousands upon thousands of little men, none of them over twelve inches in height, and clad all in silver armor, and silver leather, with long handled picks and hammers, and silver barrels, were digging and mining, carrying and wheeling the lumps about and away. At first none of these little miners seemed to notice Jonathan, but as he stepped forward from the door, one of them, whom Jonathan recognised at a glance as a master, came up, and, touching his cap, uttered only one word, which was,

"Welcome."

Jonathan was delighted to think he was welcome, for it must be confessed he was rather staggered when he saw the crowds of little miners, whom he thought might be guards over the silver and perhaps keep him from taking any away. Therefore when the master miner bade him "welcome," he was so delighted that he shook hands with him at once, remarking that it was very fine weather, asking after his family, and various other little original remarks, by way of opening the conversation, until at last he made a hint or two, in a roundabout way, in relation to the business that brought him there, at which the master miner said, very blandly,

"Walk in, Mr. Jonathan Spear, and help yourself. The entire mine is at your service. Look around and see what you like best, and my men shall put it into proper carrying shape for you."

Jonathan did look around, and in doing so, he saw that every one of the many thousand miners had in the front of his cap, just where the coal miner carries his lamp, a magnificent carbuncle. Now Jonathan did not know much about gems, but these splendid jewels made his eyes water, and he knew enough to know that if he could carry away a back load of them that he would have a burden worth many loads of silver. It did not take long for this to get through his brain, and he followed it up by saying to the master miner,

"Did I understand you to say that everything was at my service?"

"Everything!" said the master miner, in rather a hesitating voice, as though he divined Jonathan's thoughts.

"Then I'll take a load of those carbuncles that I see stuck in front of your caps," said Jonathan, in a feeble voice.

"What!" said the master miner, almost turning a somerset, as he sprang a yard back. "Would you take away our lives? Why, man, every one of these is the warrant for its wearer dwelling in his place, and for his existence!"

Jonathan begged pardon in a stupid kind of a way, feeling guilty all the while, and knowing that if the little red gentleman had intended that he should have carbuncles he would have said something about them in the agreement, therefore he thought the best thing for him to do would be to get his load of silver and be off as soon as possible. To this end he went about with the master miner, trying now this lump and now that, each being, as he declared, too light for him, and at last settling upon a mass that was so big and heavy that with all his strength he could not lift it from the ground. The master miner tried to persuade him to take a small one, as the way was long, and he was rather an old man; but Jonathan would not listen to him, and finally the master miner was obliged to call in sixty-seven of his strongest hands to lift it on Jonathan's shoulder, who, however, at last, staggered away with the load. The master miner politely opened the door for him, and bade him good-night as he shut it, and Jonathan was once more in the open air. He thought, as he passed out, the open door, that he heard a peal of suppressed laughter, as though it came from many thousand mouths, but he paid no attention to it, and staggered on with his load.

The night had become very dark, for the snow had ceased to fall, and though Jonathan had the key for his guide back to his home, the way was very long, and at each step the lump became heavier. Still he tottered on; though he might have sat down by the wayside and knocked off a bit, he was too anxious for the whole to do that. There was but one consolation for him in all his weary, staggering trudge, and that was the comfort of calculating how much the lump would bring and what he would do with the money, though even this little comfort was dashed with bitterness as he thought of all the splendid carbuncles which he did not get. The night was very cold, but yet Jonathan steamed with perspiration from the labor of his burden. Once in a while, when he would be forced to stop and lean against a fence or a wall, for a moment's rest (for he dared not lay the lump down, lest he might not be able to take it up again), the wind would cut him to the very bones, and creeping under his clothes, which were not kept together by an overcoat, would chill him with a deathly chill.

At last, after a journey that seemed ten times longer than that of going, Jonathan landed his lump safe in his own parlor, and threw himself, weary and sore, filled with pains and chattering with cold, into his chair.

There upon the floor lay the glittering mass for which he had so toiled; but one-half the interest was gone, for he was too sick to care for anything. He had barely the strength to huddle the lump away into a chest, lock it and drag himself off to bed, where he tossed about in a restless, uneasy, dozing way, until morning; and then, when Maggie and Nellie came, almost trembling, to wish him a "Happy New Year," to send off instantly for the doctor and make his calculations on passing the holiday in bed, under the ministration of Mrs. Watkins and Doctor Tincture.

It was a week before Jonathan could crawl out of his bed, and with pale face and still sore bones, go about his business. The first thing was to get the chest containing the lump out of the house and into the hands of an assayer. When this was done, and Jonathan realised the cash, he found that his lump had brought him twenty-five hundred dollars; a very pretty sum, but to his now grasping imagination, a mere trifle toward getting rich. His mind could now run upon nothing but how he could hurry up the acquisition of wealth and the next first day of the month seemed years away. Jonathan was no longer the Jonathan of old. In the counting-room he was cross and snappish, so that everything went at sixes and seven, and two of his old clerks, who had been many years in his employ, had gone off because they could not stand his quarrelsome way; while several of the old customers, who, though not large buyers, were safe ones, had transferred their custom to another house because Jonathan had insulted them by making allusions to small customs, petty business, and such like unnecessary remarks; while at home Jonathan was moody and sulky, rarely conversing with his nieces, and when he did ending off the talk with some snarling remark that would bring the tears into their eyes, and make them wonder how it was that their uncle, who was once so kind and so pleasant, could have become so changed.

All this arose from Jonathan's thinking too much about the silver mines of Obfuscation.

At last the first of February arrived, and Jonathan made his second journey. He was wiser this trip, and determined not only to go in the daytime but to wear his hat and overcoat, and take with him a bag. The key was grasped, and as before it led him on through every obstruction to the door of the mine, which was unlocked, and he stood in the midst of the same magnificent scene. The little men went on with their work, not appearing to notice him, but the master stepped forward, with a bow, and bade him welcome.

"Here I am, you see!" said Jonathan, trying to speak in as cheery a way as possible, though all the time he felt rather ashamed of himself. The master miner smiled grimly, and said, as before,

"Walk in, Mr. Jonathan Spear, and help yourself. The entire mine is at your service. Look around and see what you like best, and my men shall put it into proper carrying shape for you."

With that Jonathan went to work to fill his bag and threw in lump after lump until, as before, the master miner was obliged to call in sixty-seven of his men to help get the burden on his back, Jonathan all the time casting greedy glances at the carbuncles in their caps. It was a heavy load, heavier, if possible, than before, that Jonathan staggered out with, and this time he heard the peal of laughter loud and distinct, as he drew his key out of the lock, and knew that it was at him, and for his greed. His journey home was partially a repetition of the past, though now he had time to take it by easy stages, with the advantage of an overcoat and hat, and to consider on his future usage of the key. That night he went to bed with aching bones, but in the morning he was up, though every twinge told him that he was a fit subject for the bed, Mrs. Watkins's hands and those of Doctor Tincture; for Jonathan was troubled with an idea, and that idea he was determined to put in execution. He intended to pay another visit to the mine. There was no reason, he argued, that he should not go there every day, in spite of the injunction of the little red gentleman, and he was determined to try it. The master miner had welcomed him heartily, and no doubt would. A month was too long to wait. Every day now would be something like, and would soon count up, therefore Jonathan determined to go every day and bring away a back load of silver.

As soon as he had his breakfast, in fact before it was fairly swallowed, he grasped the key and was off, and the usual journey brought him to the door of the mine. The door was unlocked, and Jonathan entered, but as soon as the glare of the burnished silver gave him a chance to look about, he was surprised to see that every miner was resting upon his pick, shovel and barrow, and staring directly at him. He stood still, and waited for the master miner to come forward and welcome him; but he waited in vain, for no master miner came, and still the workmen stared. At last Jonathan, having waited what he supposed was a reasonable time, thought it would be best to help himself, which thought he undertook to put in execution by picking up a lump, which he was about to drop in his bag, when such a yell arose as fairly froze the marrow in his bones and stopped him instantly. He did not drop the lump, but stood looking all around him in terror, when suddenly, from every part of the mine, he saw the little men rushing towards him like a swarm of bees. There was no time to think, for the first one that came struck the lump to the earth, and then began such a kicking, cuffing and buffeting of Jonathan as never was seen before at the mines of Obfuscation or elsewhere. One jumped upon the top of his head, while half a dozen more were on his shoulders, and hundreds in every direction put in, each on his own account, a kick or a blow, laughing all the time, as though they enjoyed it as the merriest of jokes, until Jonathan, without an unbruised inch of skin on his body, was landed on the outside of the door and left to crawl his way home as best he might.

The next day, without the power to turn in bed, a mass of bruises, and a head from which everything that looked like a hair had been plucked, Jonathan, having cleared the room of all attendants, took the little vial from his pocket. He was heartily tired of the key to the mines of Obfuscation, and wanted to give it up, because he was afraid ever to go back to it. Now he would try the box with the piece of gold, and consequently he took just one drop from the vial upon his tongue, and shouted "Come!" in a loud voice, which no sooner had he done than a clap like thunder came in the middle of Jonathan's head, and the little red gentleman sprang from nothing on to the table at his side.

"Whew!" said Jonathan, rather taken aback at the suddenness of the whole thing.

"Well, what now?" asked the little red gentleman, with something of a frown.

"Why—you—see," said Jonathan, hesitatingly. "I thought—well—I would like—you see—to—in fact—give you up this key."

"Um!" he grunted. "Couldn't make proper use of it, hey?"

Jonathan hung down his head.

"No matter—all right!" said the little red gentleman. "Anything more to say? No! Then I'm off."

And off he was, leaving Jonathan staring in blank astonishment at the spot where he had stood.

Now came the box, and Jonathan was eager to get at it. He did not lose any time, for though he was so bruised and lame that he could barely lift his arm, he determined to try its virtues. At it he went and lifted the lid, and sure enough there, in the bottom, lay the most beautiful newly-coined double eagle that ever was seen. Jonathan was delighted, and in the excess of his delight declared that one-half of those beautiful coins should be set aside for the poor, at which declaration, made aloud, he thought he heard an audible grunt of satisfaction arising from somewhere; but looking all around the room and seeing nothing, he went on with his operations and opened the box a second time. There was the double eagle, bright and handsome, and once more Jonathan vowed one-half to the poor. Piece after piece Jonathan picked out from the box, laying them in heaps upon the bed, and dividing them into two parcels, one for himself and one for the poor, until, from very weariness, his hands relaxed and he dropped asleep, only to awake the next day. Then, with the first blush of morning, he looked about, and seeing the two piles of gold on the bed, his liberality of the night before was gone like a flash. Why should he give so much to the poor? What had the poor ever done for him? No, he would give them one-half what he had laid out for them, and that was too much; and so he separated the heap of the poor into two parts, and put one of them upon his own pile. He had scarce done so when he was startled by loud knocks, and by what sounded like score of voices in supplication. He listened a moment, and then had hardly time to shuffle away the heaps of gold when Maggie and Nellie entered the room, with alarm on their faces, to tell their uncle that the house was fairly besieged by beggars, each of whom demanded aid as though it was a debt. Jonathan knew in a moment that it was the work of the little red gentleman, but he was determined that he would not be too liberal with the beggars, and so he handed over to his nieces the small pile of gold to distribute among them, with many injunctions not to give too much to any single one, and not to give any more of it than they could help, and then Jonathan went on with his picking of double eagles out of the bottom of the box.

He was still sore and lame from his beating, but that did not deter him from sitting with the box before him and piling up the gold, even though he could hear the clamors of the beggars outside, crying for their share, which he clung to with desperate tenacity. All day this was so, and all the next day and the day after, and again the day after that, until his fingers were worn nearly to the bone and the joints of his arms ached equal to the toothache. And still he kept diminishing the heap of the poor more and more every hour, though they still clamored around the house; and now that he was able to get into the street and drag himself about a little, they followed him with supplications, and when unsuccessful with maledictions and reviling. At last this got to be so terrible to Jonathan that the cry of the poor was never out of his ears, sleeping or waking, and yet his heart grew harder and harder, and more and more he stinted the heap of the poor and added to his own. He would start and groan in his sleep, fighting off the myriads of beggars that beset him in his dreams, and sought to snatch from him his hoarded gold.

Those who had known Jonathan Spear a few months before and had often complimented him by saying what a hale, hearty and good-looking man he was for his age, now passed him in the street and did not recognise him, for his hair had grown so very gray and his eyes had become bloodshot and sunken, while his step was weak and his hand trembled. Jonathan no longer stopped to gossip with a friend on the street, and as to a joke, such a thing never passed his lips any more. He thought that every one who looked at him had a design upon his money, and even in his own home he was suspicious and quarrelsome, until Nellie and Maggie never thought any more of sitting with him of an evening, but would stay either in their own rooms or in that of Mrs. Watkins.

Jonathan saw at once that, though he had gained wealth, he had not gained happiness with it, and yet he was not willing to part with any of his acquisitions. The more he got the closer he became, until his name became a byword among all with whom he had dealings, and got them into a way of calling him such names as "a beggarly old miser" and "an old hunks," and epithets equally unpleasant to reach his ears.

All this time Jonathan was seriously thinking of how slow he was accumulating wealth, notwithstanding he was drawing forth a double eagle every few minutes, and then would come up in his mind that drop from the little vial that was to be rubbed into the palm of his left hand, and give him invisible admittance to all the wealth of the world.

"But," he argued to himself, "they will not be

mine, and, what good will they be to me?" And then the greed of money came up, and Jonathan Spear argued again:

"But if I have admittance to them, what can prevent me from helping myself?"

And then a sharp pang went through his breast at the thought, for so far, however greedy he had been, he had not openly admitted to himself that he was willing to be dishonest. But the gold was at work.

"Pshaw! who will know anything about it? Won't he be invisible? If nobody knows it, nobody is hurt!"

And, again visions of the vast wealth he might so acquire ran through his brain; no trust, that the silver mines of Golconda and the little box was as nothing beside them.

"I can cover more in one load than a hundred from the mines, and nobody the wiser; to say nothing of being obliged to break my back, and be taxed by a parcel of wretched pigmy miners, or worried to death by an army of beggars. I'll do it!"

And do it he did. Every time that a little thought would struggle up in his mind that he was about to commit robbery, he would crush it down, and think only of the heaps of greenbacks the loss of gold to which he could go every day, and every hour, if he pleased; of the grand gems, and articles of wonderful value, not only in this land, but all over the world; and then his very brain would swim with the idea, and he wondered how he could have been so stupid as to spend his time with the key of the mines, and the little box, when he had such riches at his disposal. There was no time to be lost, so he clapped a drop from the vial upon his tongue, and said, "Come!" though it must be confessed not in a very confident tone of voice, for after assuring the little red gentleman so positively that he had no use for the wish, he felt somewhat ashamed to send for him in such a hurry. With the word he came like a flash, this time not with a frown upon his face, but with a sneer. He spoke quick and sharp.

"So soon?"

Jonathan was terribly bothered, and for a minute was speechless.

"Speak up man! What are you afraid of? Haven't you called me?"

"Yes!" stammered Jonathan, "I want—to—"

"To give up the box. Why don't you say it outright? Where is it? Hand it over!"

Jonathan was only too glad to get over the matter so easily, and eagerly thrust the box into the little red gentleman's hand, without a word. The little red gentleman poked it into his pocket, with an audible "Fiddlesticks!" and then turning to Jonathan again, he said:

"Now, then, Jonatsan Spear, I'm going to leave you, and remember you have only one time more to call for me."

Jonathan nodded assent, but spoke never a word, for he felt dreadfully ashamed of himself, and could not look the little red gentleman in the eye, so down sat he instead.

"So consider well before you do it, and when you have done it, if I ever hear a word of regret uttered about you, my dread there will be trouble between us. Good-night!"

And pop he went into nothing, like a patent ghost, and Jonathan was left alone.

That night he resolved he would sleep well, and the next day should be a jubilee. He would go to a bank or two, and look into the state of their deposits; visit one or two large diamond merchants, and perhaps select a few score of such as ran over five or six carats each. He might call upon the United States Treasury, perhaps crop in at some of the large broker's offices. There was no hurry just yet, and he would see where he could bestow his attentions with the greatest profit. Thinking upon this, he went to bed but instead of dropping away into that comfortable sleep he had promised himself, he tossed and tumbled about hot and feverish, wishing all the time for the morning, that he might start upon his tour.

When the next day came Jonathan, being determined to test the matter before he went out rubbed a drop of the liquid in his left hand, and boldly uttered into the presence of Gold the name of Maggie, and was delighted to find that they were utterly unaware of his presence, but scarcely had he entered the room when he saw that they had both been crying, and that they were talking of him and his unkindness. Jonathan could not stand this, in his wish to exultant enjoy, and consequently went out upon his errand. He was bent for Wall street, but he thought it would do no harm to stop into Messrs. Griffey and Co.'s, the great jewellers, on the way. He did so, and walked from one end of the great shop to the other without being seen, and then, just as a trial, he took up a dozen or two of fine large diamonds, and putting them into his pocket went out. After this he went into Wall street, and dropping into the Ethereal Bank, amused himself for awhile by handling the bundles and piles of bills, and then gathering together as many of them as he could conveniently carry, wended his way home.

"Now, how much better this is," mused Jonathan, "no breaking of one's back, or running the risk of being beaten and killed. Two months like a mill horse, picking twenty dollar pieces out of a box. Here I have as much in a few hours as I could have got out of the box in a month. I don't think I shall ever want to see the little red gentleman again."

Our journey was enough for the day, for Jonathan wanted to count his morning's work, and admire his diamonds, which he did until the darkness came. Nellie and Maggie never came into his room now of an evening, and Jonathan was glad of it, for he never could have looked them in the face. The next morning he was ready for another journey, but, of course, he must get some breakfast, and read the papers—he always read the papers, that he might see what property or stocks was for sale to invest his money in. This morning he had scarcely opened the sheet when his eye lit on a paragraph headed "Great Robbery!" and went on relating the disappearance of the diamonds from Griffey and Co.'s, and ending off with the announcement of the arrest of the clerk, who had them in charge, and his committal to prison on suspicion of the theft.

"Where! here was a pretty business, a business that Jonathan had made no calculation on. What was to be done? Nothing. Absolutely nothing! The man must get out of the scrape the best way he could, and Jonathan went off on his walk. This day he contented himself with carrying off a few bundles of greenbacks from a dozen brokers, and stripping the safes of a merchant of all the funds intended to pay imperative obligations that day, and for the very next day of the week himself, who was alone in the office and busy counting it. Now, then Jonathan congratulated himself, nobody could be suspected of the theft, for nobody was there but the merchant himself.

The next day he looked in the paper to see if any mention was made of the disappearance of the broker's or merchant's funds, but there was none, though there was something that made Jonathan's very hair stand on end with horror. It was an account of the disappearance of $240,000 from the Ethereal Bank, and the arrest of the teller, who had blown out his brains in the bank parlor, while awaiting the coming of the officer who was to convey him to prison. He had always heretofore borne an irreproachable character, and left a wife and four young children, the papers said.

Never before had Jonathan's hand shaken so, or his teeth chattered so fearfully. Never before had he known his limbs to grow so suddenly cold, or the money to burn so in his pocket. For the terror of the moment he clutched it out, and flung it across the room in an agony of horror. He saw before him the stark, bloody corpse of the man who had shot himself in the bank parlor, and he felt as though his brains had bespattered everything he touched. He saw the hideous face open at home and the four weeping little ones. He could stand it no longer, but rushed from the solitude of his room into the street. He had gone but a few yards when he met Dr Tincture.

"Bless, me! Mr. Spear, how very ill you look! You must really be more careful of yourself. If you don't, I will not insure your life a week more. Life is very uncertain, Mr. Spear. I've just got an instance of it on hand now. An old lady friend of mine I am going to call on, Mrs. Hardcastle, who hasn't had a sick day for twenty years, until yesterday, when she was struck with apoplexy on hearing that her son had been arrested for robbing Griffey & Co.'s store. I think she must die tonight. Nothing can save her. Very mournful indeed, very! and the old lawyer walked off, without noticing the look of the rigid, deathly pale man he left behind him. For many minutes he stood there staring at nothing, and then, without knowing the way, walked rapidly on, and stood in front of the store of the merchant from whom he had the day before taken the money. The store was closed, and Jonathan stood gazing at the shutters for hours. How long he had stood there he did not know, but he felt a touch on his shoulder, and turned to see an old acquaintance.

"How are ye, Spear? Love anything by Hitchcock? Very remarkable failure. They say he's gone crazy because his daughter has run away with a story about the money that he says was spirited away. Very odd, indeed! Very sorry for his family! Fine people! Fine people! Good-day, Spear! you don't look well. Hadn't you better go home and nurse yourself up a bit?"

Yes; he would go home and summon once more the one who had put it into his power to rise above this misery. He had brought it, and he must relieve it: and soon Jonathan Spear stood once more in his room with the little box in hand, and from drop upon his tongue, crying hoarsely, "Come!" and the little red gentleman jumped before him with a bang and a flash, and a mushroom on his clothes glowing fiercely. This time he did not speak, but awaited for Jonathan, who cried, chokingly:

"You have ruined me!"

"Weak, whining fool!" said the little red gentleman. "I ruin you! It is your own greed that has ruined you! Look at your course. Fifty-five years of your life you have come to me. I have served and respected. I entrusted you with wealth, but you were not content with plenty in the key of the mines, but your greed must have more. I was gratified in the golden box, but even with that inordinate wealth, which properly used, would soon have made you the richest man in the world, you desired more, and saw fit to use the third gift, not as I gave it to you, merely for admission to the treasure of the mines, but to take what was not your belonged. You have summoned me to return this gift, and demand from me the repairing of those evils which your greed have occasioned. I have no power to repair them, but there is a power given me over one who has abused the third gift, and I am about to use it. Come!"

Jonathan sat petrified with horror. He tried to speak, but his tongue had grown to his mouth. The little red gentleman was growing larger, and flaming all over like a solid mass of terrible anger. A second time he cried in a fearful voice, "Come!" and Jonathan essayed to beg for mercy, but not a word would pass his lips. At the third time the fatal summons was pealed forth, "Come!" and he sprang at and caught the throat of Jonathan, who——

"What's the matter, uncle? You cried out so loud that we came right down to see what was the matter?"

"Oh, bless my heart! Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear! Where has he gone?"

"Where has who gone?" said both Nellie and Maggie with one voice.

Jonathan was standing bolt upright in front of the fire, rubbing his nose, and looking all round the room wildly.

"Don my word, girls, I think I've been asleep! How long is it since you left me?"

"About ten minutes," says Nellie, looking at the table and at her uncle. "Don't you think, uncle, you have eaten too heartily, and fell asleep from it?"

"That's it!" said Jonathan. "That's the little red gentleman, girls!"

"The little red gentleman!" said Maggie, her eyes dancing with eagerness. "Oh! uncle, tell us about the little red gentleman!"

And then shall be our story for the New Year's Eve. And as long as my name's Jonathan Spear I'll never wish to be rich again.

MARGERITA.

BY ADA. VROOMAN.

I LOVED you long and I loved you well,
Margerita,
Loved you better than words can tell—
Hark! the solemn midnight bell,
Margerita.

Only an hour of earth is mine,
Margerita,
Who breaks the goblet spills the wine,
Before I go let lips of thine,
Margerita,

Undo the cruel wrong you did,
Margerita,
Griefs are not less for being hid;
You know I went because you bid,
Margerita.

I dared not hope to call you bride,
Margerita,

And yet, as careless mariners glide
Into a whirlpool deep and wide,
Margerita,

One fatal day I spoke, to hear,
Margerita,

These cruel words fall cold and clear
Upon my pained and startled ear,
Margerita,

"For ever leave me," then I knew,
Margerita,

The very breath I sadly drew
Was only drawn for love of you,
Margerita.

Only a year ago, and yet,
Margerita,

A hundred years lies in the real have set
Upon my heart—then count regret,
Margerita.

But I—oh, hark! the clanging bell,
Margerita;

Methought I heard an organ swell—
Ah, now I know that all is well,
Margerita.

CURLING AT THE CENTRAL PARK.

HAVING shown in No. 434 what some imagine the Scottish game of curling to be, we give them a real view in this paper, from the fine painting by J. G. Brown, N.A., of Scottish gentlemen, in a case of strength and agility, and the unrolling of the stones to the goal, the sweeping and invigorating exercise for those who have strength and dexterity to perform it, and the pleasure it yields.

It is a favorite sport in Canada, where the long winter gives abundant opportunity for its practice on the frozen lakes, and we trust only a little more time to gain admirers among us.

BATTLE MONUMENT AT ST. FOYE.

WHILE we are in the midst of a great war, our Canadian brethren have been erecting a monument to commemorate wars of the last century. On the 13th of last June, the 69th anniversary on which Canada inaugurated a monument erected at St. Foye, a village near Quebec, where the second battle of Quebec was fought, in which the English general Murray, defeated by Lévis and driven back into the city. For a moment the action was by Wolfe was in danger, but an English fleet appeared and dared at the mouth of Canada. The ceremonies that day were composed of English and Americans, French and Canadians, and a thousand other races to come memorate all who fell.

It is composed of cast iron, bronzed, and rests on a stone base. It is eighty-six feet, and is crowned by a figure of victory. The inscriptions, sent to Canada from France, a present from Prince Napoleon. The pedestal is encircled by a colonnade, composed, on one side, the name of Murray, the General who led the defeated, and on the other that of Lévis, commander of the French troops. M Charles Baillargeon was the architect.

A PLANTATION ON THE TECHE.

THE finer plantations of the South, those owned by high-minded persons, full of a true Christian idea of the great responsibility imposed upon them by the existence of slavery, and who strive to be enshrined in history. They are rapidly disappearing with the great revolution which is sweeping revolution, like a flood from the land.

The Teche country is the loveliest in Louisiana, and on other days we have noticed it copiously enough. But misfortunes have come upon it. The terrible catastrophe at Iberville seemed swept away many of the wealthier planters, and blighted the blooming Bayou with mourning widows and fatherless child ren.

The Bayou Teche, which Acrise has depicted in detail is that of Mrs. Porter, known as Oak Lawn. It is on the Bayou Teche, about five miles above Franklin, St. Mary's parish. It has a fine park in front, and is of the house comprises about two acres, and is finely shaded with live oaks, magnolias and other trees.

The house itself is a finer old-style building, erected by Judge Porter, the brother-in-law of the present owner, to whose brother it descended on his death. The Porters were Irishmen, sons of the Rev. James Porter, who emigrated to Louisiana in 1798.

Mrs. Porter, who resides part of the year at Newport, R. I., has not been here, but has made of greatly from our troops. Her plantation is in good condition, twenty gangs of all of sabres, in the cane rows, which were formerly kept very tidy and well weeded—washed, a limehouse standing near. The slaves were well kept, but are now thoroughly demoralized; some 300 still remain, but all idea of labor has been lost. They do not even cultivate the patches allowed for their own use, on which of old they raised large quantities of tobacco and vegetables, not all of this market or in the neighborhood, often indeed to their hilarious.

Provision was made for the spiritual instruction of the negroes, a neat brick Episcopal church being erected for their use, and a hospital stood ready for the time of confinement.

We show also the gate and porter's lodge, the overseer's house, the mill and still by the bayou, the sugar mill, where for nearly 1,200 or 1,800 barrels of sugar were made each season.

PICTURES OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

The Snuff Dippers.

THE pictures of Southern life drawn by Northern press and pencils are generally prized by the lovers of the sensational or romantic, and we give in this number a picture of the Snuff Dippers, drawn by a German officer on the staff of General Bragg.

Nothing can be more surprising than to see young women shown down to the very verge of the last refinement descending to do so disgusting a practice as this snuff dipping, which in the old days of chewing tobacco is the very weakest for the coarsest use of the narcotic plant. This mode of using tobacco, in preference to chewing or smoking, seems genuine to our Southern ladies, but ought certainly to be cured by a full account of the mischief which usually is prepared.

THE TERRIBLE CALAMITY AT SAN-TIAGO DE CHILE.

WE gave in our last a fine and correct view of this fatal church from a photograph by Mydans. To-week we give sketches of incidents in the horrid calamity from drawings by an American resident.

The gaze of the church at the time of the late fearful accident was the Señor Ugarte, who wished to come down from the altar by lighting up the stage, a masque entirely unprecedented. Over the high altar a frame was put up, on which the painting was encircled by gas-lights, and thousands of other lights ran down the sides of the column and over the nave. It is said that many of those were complete lamps a thousand times, and that the house was on some great forgetfulness of its dangerous inflammability.

The church had filled 3,000 women, comprising the fine, gay, rich and poor—the fashion of Chile, and the others, those to bear a remen from the talented Eva Garcia, one native Indian or Chilo, when the crowd of fire at the foot of the pigeon's longer to the virgin over the altar, and the flames rose to the top of the mask in drapery and pasteboard device to the wooden roof, which is tinder of dome.

The sudden cause of the fire was awful. The dense mass of women, appareled in their gay costumes, were fainting, and all entangled by their long swelling dress, and those in those were burning. Each was at their heels, to the main door shown in our sketch; those men become choked, and the small side doors opening into vestibules were also filled by those who had at once trodden down in the fearful struggle for life. Fire was everywhere, streaming along the roof, and the cries of the dying from those hung is rom there among the struggling women.

Of the 3,000 present within the pile, but few escaped, and most of them wounded, scorched and naked. The walls were strewn with clothes, and fainting with heat, terror and pressure, and the ability to take the measures of escape that all those who risked their lives to save them. It was only almost supernatural efforts that some of them were dragged from the tightly packed mass of women in the front of the burning church and by those few, a great majority only lived a few hours.

The reserves, approaching the scene of the conflagrations of victims, were time and again stirred by the heart-rending cries of unknown, and followed by their own desperate struggles, saved by their coolness from being killed. It is said that the most unfortunate gestures of those who, upon the very threshold of safety, saw a fearful, staggering death swiftly approaching.

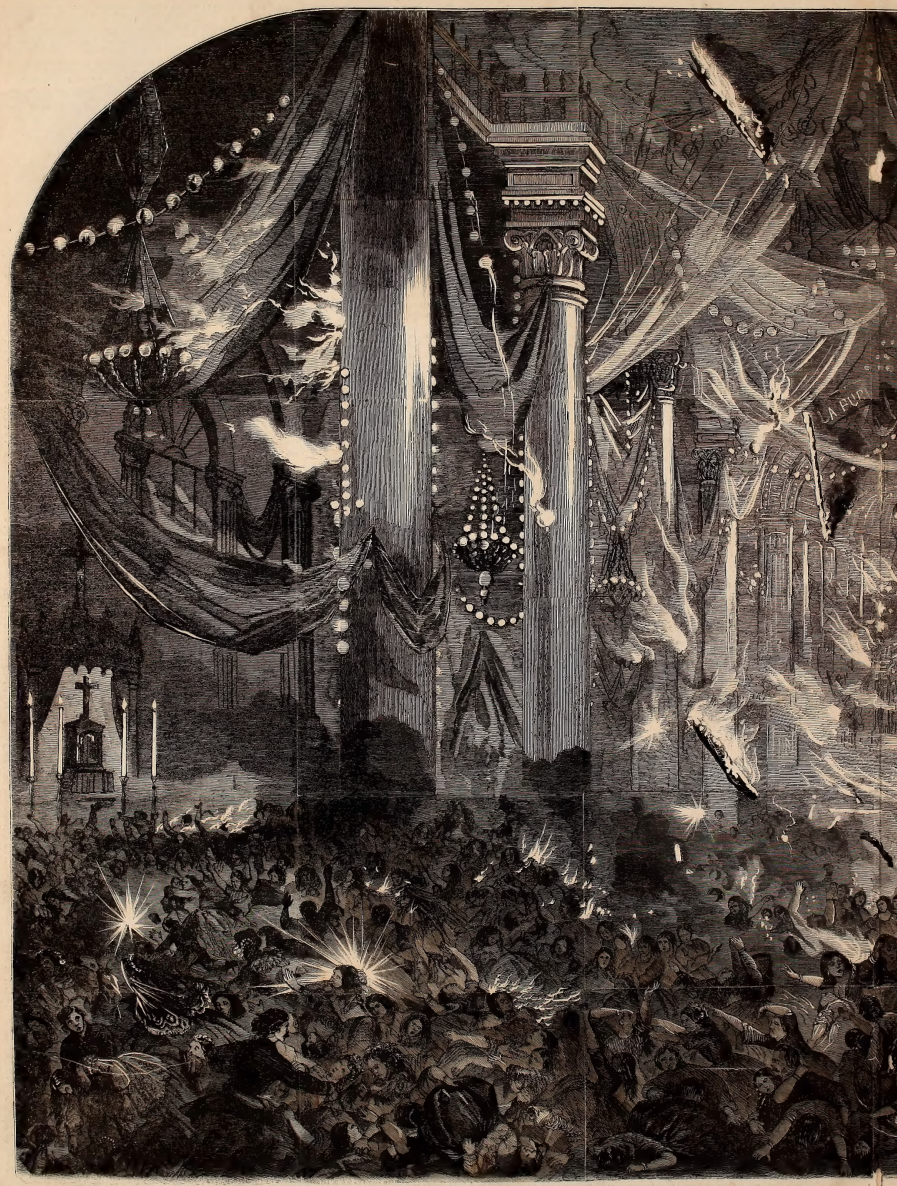
The scene within the church, at the steps of the main door, fronting upon the plaza, was one of fearful agony. The white-dressed and wretched women to the infant of tender age, all in the one mass, locked in a beautiful girl of some 17 years, as yet untouched by the fire, and in a period when dresses above, and by her and her sister and mother, locked in a dreadful struggle, and a struggle for their lives without, who ever and again dashed recklessly through the scorching doorway, and those cruelly grasped the clothing or limbs or the nearest. Within the church, the struggle was for life, and it was fire, the weaker gradually sinking forward and trampled to death by those again, and the stronger battled with desperate energy to reach the swing doors, and in a desperate struggle to gain them. But all was in vain, and in an awfully brief space of time the fire had done its work. Those who lay on the floor of the church was a sea of fire, fed by the combustible decorations and clothing of the worshipping ismas. The roof fell in: the towers followed, and the whole was an awful mass of ruin, where the doorway.

Here scenes of sublime daring have not been wanting. Enduring gratitude has been excited in every heart by the noble action of Señor Don Pedro Nelson, the Minister of the United States, his countryman, who, when the fire broke out, was in the house. He was generous man who risked the fury of the flames to save the lives of others. Those others were to their remembrance. An Englishman or an American, it is not known, but he was a young man, who, from the flames, to save in his powerful arms a lady, risked with her life to save her, and the two fell back in a blaze, and locked with smoke fall back into the volume never to be seen again. A young man, who, after having in vain implored some bystanders to save her mother, rushed into the fire, and shortly after miraculously issued forth with her parent in her arms, and fell at the feet of her preserver, and then, just before the smoke suffocated her, and the presence of mind left her, she threw herself down upon the body her body might be protected.

The scene of horror surrounding the dead followed. Over 2,000 bodies were conveyed to the cemetery, and all so disfigured that they required the aspect of recognition. Sadness was plunged in grief; some were identified by their clothes, and by other things, thousand of others bewailed the loss of the fond ones, and the carriers of sorrow, and the sad night have been saved but for the police who took advantage of the confusion to plunder the dead. An American was badly wounded in the attempt, and saw in my person who he might have rescued.

No stone or extra epithet is on record; but it is said that the Señor Ugarte was buried with all the honor our dramatic and ecclesiastic to present the memory of those who, in the concert, lament, locusts, in nature, the extreme to which is only by a sense of sorrow of the mass, that in a sacrifice, woe of bewildered, and renew the scene of bathing, in spite of all our literature.

A LEARNED young lady defines a thimble as a domestic, ingenious, truncated cone, covered on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations.



TERRIBLE CONFLAGRATION AT SANTIAGO DE CHILE—INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE COM



HE COMPANIA, WITH THE CONGREGATION WRAPPED IN FLAMES.—From a Sketch by an American Resident.

THE WIDOWED SWORD.

THEY have sent me the sword that my brave boy wore,
On the day of his young renown—
On the last red field, where his fate was sealed,
And the sun of his days went down.
Away with tears
That are blinding me so;
There is joy in his years,
Though his young head be low;
And I'll gaze with solemn delight evermore
On the sword that my brave boy wore.

'Twas for freedom and home that I gave him away,
Like the sons of his race of old;
And though, aged and gray, I am childless this day,
He is dearer a thousand-fold.
There's a glory above him
To hallow his name—
A land that will love him
Who died for its fame;
And a solace will shine, when my old heart is sore,
Round the sword that my brave boy wore.

All so noble, so true—how they stood, how they fell
In the battle, the plague, and the cold;
Oh, as bravely and well as the story could tell
Of the flowers of the heroes of old.
Like a sword through the foe
Was that fearful stroke,
That so bright ere the blow
Comes so bloodily back;
And foremost among them his colors he bore—
And here is the sword that my brave boy wore.

It was kind of his comrades, ye know not how kind,
It is more than Indies to me;
Ye know not how kind and how steadfast of mind
The soldier is ever on the
They knew well how lonely—
How grievously wrung,
Is the heart that its only
Love loses so young!
And they closed his dark eye when the battle was o'er,
And sent his old father the sword that he wore.

THE GULF BETWEEN THEM.

BY

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS

(*Continued from page* 295.)

"Well, this was it. Mr. Mellen was—"

Oh they all knew about Mr. Mellen; he had been in business down-town for years, a rich worthy old gentleman his uncle died, and left him so enormously rich that there was no guessing how many millions he was worth. But then poor Miss Elsie! Of course, what a sweet pretty creature she was! Strange that the old uncle forgot to make her an heiress. Left every thing to the brother, and she had nothing on earth but her beauty. But the bride, the bride, what about her?

"Well," said Mrs. Chase, coming out of this storm of whispers and questions, "there is no great mystery in the bride. Indeed, so far as she was concerned, every thing was rather commonplace—such people had been done up so often in romances that was foreseen. Just

what a sweet pretty creature she was! Strange that the old uncle forgot to make her an heiress. Left every thing to the brother, and she had nothing on earth but her beauty. But the bride, the bride, what about her!

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"You don't mean to say that she was that eternal governess who is continually travelling through magazines and marrying her rich young gentleman of the house?" cried a voice, almost out loud.

"No, no, nothing quite so bad as that," answered Mrs. Chase, with a low soothing "hush," and shaking her head till the pink roses on her bonnet fluttered again. "She came from somewhere in New England. The father was thought to be a rich man. At any rate he gave her a splendid education, and travelled with her in Europe nearly two years, when she was quite a missish girl. He also educated her cousin, the young man who is to be promoted to a clerk in a handsome setting out in life; but when the father died there was nothing left—all his property mortgaged or something—at any rate Richard never got a cent, and her cousin would have been poor as a church-mouse but for the few thousand dollars that had set him up in business. He wanted to make that over to her at once."

"Generous fellow!"

"You may well say that," continued Mrs. Chase, brushing down the enthusiasm of her friends with a wave of her white jewelled hand. "She would not take a cent of his money, but came here to the very school where she had been educated, and hired out as a teacher."

"Is it possible!"

"Dear me, how noble!"

"But how did she get acquainted with Mr. Mellen?" cried a voice, that, for the heart, or they will be upon us before we know a word about it."

"His sister, Miss Elsie Mellen, was a pupil in the school. Their love for Miss Fuller was perfect infatuation. The brother worshipped her—sweet creature, who could help it?—and so the acquaintance began at the parlor of a boarding-school, and ends—Hush, hush!"

There was a slight commotion at the door, followed by the soft rustling of silks and turning of heads. Then a gentleman of noble presence, calm and self-possessed, as if he were quite unconscious of all the eyes bent upon him, came slowly up the broad aisle with the object of all this conversation leaning on his arm.

Certainly the bride gave no evidence of her low estate in that rustling white silk, which shone like crusted snow through a sheen of tulle; or in the veil of Brussels lace that fell around her like a fabric of cobwebs overrun with frostwork; but she was deathly pale, and seemed chilled through with fright. You could detect intense emotion from the shiver of the clematis spray, mingled with snowy roses, in her black hair; but otherwise she seemed quiet as marble.

Following close upon this noble pair, came a tall, brass-jointed young man, glowing with pride of the lovely creature on his arm, and, really, any thing more beautiful, in a material sense, could not well be imagined than that youthful bridesmaid. Like the stately girl who had passed before her, she moved in a cloud of shimmering white, with just enough of blue in the golden hair and on the bosom to match the violet of her eyes.

Once or twice Tom Fuller missed step as they were going up the aisle, when Elsie would make a pause, look rapidly at her companion's skirts, and only seem relieved when her partner stumbled into place again. Then she followed the bride, her cheeks one glow of roses and smiles, dimpling her fresh, young mouth, as if she were the Queen of May approaching her throne.

The bridal-pair knelt at the altar, and a solemn stillness fell upon that brilliant multitude as the vows which were to unite that man and woman for all time were uttered. Even Elsie looked on with earnest sadness in her eyes; and so Mr. Tom—why, the noble-hearted fellow made a fool of himself; and was compelled to shake the tears surreptitiously from his eyes, before he dared to look up from the long survey he had been taking of his patent-leather boots.

It is almost frightful to remember how few moments it takes to bind immortal beings together in a union which may be for happiness, and, alas, may be for such misery as eternal bondage alone can give. The feeling of awe befitting that sacred place had scarcely settled on the gay assembly, when the altar was deserted, and Gramley Mellen led his wife out of the church. The chill had left her then. Agitation had given a faint glow of color to her cheek, softened the mouth into its sweetest smile, and whenever the clear gray eyes were lifted, one could see the timid, shrinking happiness, which made their depths so misty and dewy.

Gramley Mellen was a proud, somewhat stern man, and at the church-door he betrayed, in spite of himself, some amount of the old relief which Mr. Harrington had given to the affair, in spite of his express wishes. But whenever he looked into the lovely face at his side, or felt the clinging touch of her hand upon his arm, his features would soften into an expression of such tenderness that its whole character was changed.

Elsie Mellen stood close, dexterously keeping her dress from under Tom's feet; indeed, she looked so lovely and fairy-like, that it made the awkwardness and embarrassment of her great, honest-hearted companion more palpable.

Tom Fuller knew that he appeared dreadfully out of place playing the part he did in this imposing ceremony, but he had not the courage to refused a request that Elizabeth made, and during the last three months, the mischievous sprite by his side had kept his blundering head in a state of such constant bewilderment, and so bewildered, that about in his great, manly heart, that he would not have minded in the least if he had been stumbling over all hot ploughshares for the pleasure of walking with her.

The group had reached the porch and lingered there a moment, waiting for the carriages to draw up. The shadows were from Gramley Mellen's—Elsie's face now; he bent his head and whispered a few words, that made Elizabeth's cheek glow into new beauty. Suddenly her eyes encountered those of the crowd on the left—a sudden pallor swept the roses from her cheek—her hand closed convulsively on Mellen's arm; but in an instant, before even he had noticed her agitation, she had recovered her color on to the carriage graceful and queen-like as ever.

Standing among the throng at which she had escaped, each one grave, stood his own old rascal, her from danger only a few days before. He was gazing eagerly into the faces of the newly made husband and wife, with an expression upon his features which it was not pleasant to encounter. But after that quick look, Elizabeth never again turned her head, and the stranger shrank back among the crowd with disappointment.

The guests were gathered about the sumptuous table which Mrs. Harrington had prepared, and the fair widow herself, in a dress which would have been youthful even for Elsie, was the cynosure of her entertainment which baffles description.

She was gay and coquettish as a girl of sixteen, but there was enough of real kindness of heart and nature to make those who knew her forgive these airs and graces, and the little delusion under which she labored that thirty-five could be dressed to look like eighteen.

I doubt if there ever was a wedding reception that did not prove a somewhat dull affair, and though this was an exception to the rule, perhaps, Mellen seized the first opportunity to whisper to Elizabeth that it was time to prepare for their departure.

"And so I shan't see you for a whole week," said Tom Fuller, ruefully, as he accompanied Elsie out of the room, as she followed Elizabeth up stairs to change her dress. "What shall I do with myself all that time?"

"A whole week!" repeated she, laughing merrily. "It is quite dreadful to contemplate—I only hope you won't die."

"Oh, you are laughing at me," said Tom, heaving a sigh that was a perfect blast of grief.

"How can you fancy that?" cried Elsie; "I thought I was showing great sympathy."

"You always do laugh at me," urged Tom, "and it's downright cruel. I know I am awkward, and always do the wrong thing at the wrong moment, but you needn't be so hard on a fellow."

"There, there!" said Elsie, patting his arm as she might have smoothed a great Newfoundland dog; "don't quarrel with me now! Next week you are coming down to Piney Cove, and you shall see how nicely I will entertain you."

"Shall you be glad to see me—really glad?" pleaded Tom, red to the very temples.

"Oh, of course," cried she, laughing; "you are a sort of cousin now—it will be my duty, you know."

She danced away, leaving him to pull his white glove in a perplexed sort of way, by no means certain that he was satisfied with being considered a relation, and treated in this cavalier manner.

Mrs. Harrington had run up stairs for an instant, and stopped Mellen and his bride on the landing for a few last words.

"I hope you are satisfied, Grantley," she said; "it have done my best; I do hope you are pleased."

"My dear friend, every thing has been perfect," he answered.

"I don't thank you for all your kindness to me," Elizabeth said, holding out her hand; "but believe me, I feel it deeply."

"My dear, don't speak of it! Grantley and Elsie are like relatives to me," cried Mrs. Harrington, "and I love you so much already! You looked so lovely—what a mercy we came off so well from our fright—"

"There is no time for pretty speeches," broke in Elsie, giving her a warning glance, and pulling Elizabeth towards their dressing-room; "go back to your guests, Mary Harrington."

But Mellen stood still after they had entered the chamber, and detained Mrs. Harrington.

"What fright?" he demanded; "what did you mean?"

She was too thoroughly confused to remember her promise.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" she said; "I have sold the horses, so it doesn't make any difference."

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Have you had an accident?"

"No, no; the gentleman saved us—such a splendid creature! But it was so odd. The moment Elsie looked in his face she fainted dead away—courageous as a lion till then—just like a novel, you know. But she said she never saw him before; it was really quite interesting."

Gramley Mellen grew suddenly pale; doubt and suspicion had been his familiar demons for years, and it never required more than a word or look to call them in.

He controlled himself sufficiently to speak with calmness, and Mrs. Harrington was not observant; but he did not permit her to return to her guests until he had heard the story.

"Don't mention it," she entreated; "I promised Elizabeth not to tell; she thought you would be frightened, and I suppose you would."

Mrs. Harrington hurried down stairs, and Mellen passed on to the chamber which had been appropriated for his use. But his face had not recovered its sternness, and Master Dolf, who presided over his toilet, did not at all approve of such gravity on a man's wedding-day—having drank quite champagne enough to make him feel in as exuberant spirits as were desirable himself.

The leave-takings were over; Tom Fuller had given his last farewell squeeze as Mellen drove off with his sister and his bride towards the home where they were to begin their new life.

The journey was not a long one: the swift train of the Erie Railroad bore them along one of the Long Island railroads, then they left it at a way station, where a carriage waited to carry them to the quiet old house in which they were to spend the honeymoon.

There was to be no journey, both Mellen and Elizabeth wished to go quietly to the beautiful spot where the bride was to make home, and spend the first weeks of their happiness in complete seclusion.

The drive was a charming one, and the brightness of the bridal day would have caused even a deeper gloom from Mellen's mind than the shadow which Mrs. Harrington's careless words had brought over it.

From the eminence along which the road wound, they caught occasional glimpses of the silvery beach and the long sparkling line of ocean beyond; the whole scene looked more lovely than out, and they drove through beautiful groves with pleasant homesteads peeping through the trees, and distant villages nestled like flocks of birds in the golden distance.

The apple-trees were in blossom, and the breeze was laden with their delicious fragrance: the grass in the neighborhood was in freshest green, the young grain was sprouting in the fields, troops of robins and thrushes darted about, filling the air with melody, and over all the blue sky looked down, flecked with its white, fleecy clouds; the sunlight played warm and beautiful about the way, and through the early loveliness of the season, the married pair drove on towards their new home.

They came out full upon the ocean at a sudden curve in the road, and Elizabeth, unacquainted with the scene, uttered an exclamation of wonder at its loveliness.

Below them stretched a crescent-shaped bay, with a line of woodland running far out into the sea; and in the right curve of the extremity of the bay, a little village peeped out, picturesque dwellings were dotted here and there, giving a home look to the whole scene, and over the whole steady ocean to which they had turned, the tall roofs and stately towers of the Piney Cove mansion were visible through the trees.

"The dear old house!" cried Elsie, clapping her hands. "The dear old home!"

Gramley Mellen was watching his wife, and a pleased smile lighted up his face when he saw how thoroughly she appreciated the beauty of the place. He did not speak, but clasped her hand gently in his, and held it, while Elsie uttered her wild exclamations of delight. They drove up to the entrance of the house.

"Welcome home!" exclaimed Mellen, as he lifted his wife from the carriage and conducted her up the steps, Elsie following, and the servants pressing forward with their congratulations, headed by Cousinda, so that for the first few moments, Elizabeth was conscious of nothing but a pleasant confusion.

From the hall where they stood, she could look on the ocean; the grounds sloping down to the water's edge in a closely shaven lawn, broken by stately old trees and blossoming flower-beds. The view so charmed her with its loveliness, that at first she hardly heeded the magnificence of the different apartments through which they led her.

There were quaint, shadowy old rooms, full of odd nooks and corners, and heavy massive antique furniture, where one could also away a morning so pleasantly; and in the modern portion of the dwelling, a long suite of drawing-rooms, with a ball-room beyond, which had been fitted up with every luxury that wealth and refined taste could devise.

"Be happy," Gramley Mellen whispered, when his wife tried to find words to express her delight. "Be happy—let me have peace and rest—it is all I ask."

He looked in her face, eager for the smiling surprise which he had expected to find there. It was pale as death.

CHAPTER V.

Elsie took Elizabeth up the broad flight of steps which led from the hall, and conducted her to the suite of rooms that had been prepared for her reception. "I had them arranged close to my little nest," she said, "because I knew Gramley would never be content unless I was within call. I hope you like them, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth answered that they were beautiful, as indeed they were. But it was a grand, lonely splendor that she looked upon, which almost chilled her. The chamber was large and richly furnished. Every thing was massive and costly. The carpet soft as a flower-bed and as brilliant in tints. Wherever she turned, her eyes fell on exquisite ovirlays reflected by limpid mirrors; curtains of richly tinted satin shut out an imperfect view of the ocean, and Elizabeth could not help remarking that the principal windows faced northward, away from the bloom and glory of the sunshine. Even the dressing-room, which was in one of the octagon towers, looked out on the only barren spot in view—a storm-beaten grove of cedars that stood, ragged and bristling with dead limbs, on the beach.

Spite of herself, Elizabeth was chilled. She loved the morning sunshine like a worshipper, and felt as if all the gorgeous splendor which surrounded her was shutting it out from her own portion of this new home.

"Did Mr. Mellen do this?" she asked in a faltering voice. "Was it his taste?"

"Every bit of it," answered Elsie. "He exhausted himself in fitting up my snuggery. The rest was left to me. I had *carte blanche*, you know, as to money; and it was splendid fun getting about and ordering things. Don't you remember how much I used to be away from school?"

Elizabeth smiled, and made an effort to appear thankful and pleased.

"See what close neighbors we are," said Elsie, lifting a curtain that seemed to drape a window, but revealing a door which she pushed open.

Elizabeth stepped forward, and in contrast with the rich gloom of her own chamber, saw a suite of the brightest, sunniest rooms, that ever a capricious beauty inhabited.

The dressing-room which she entered, was hung with bright, cerulean blue, overrun with what seemed to be the embroidery pattern of pale-lace. The carpet was thick, soft, and almost as white as ermine, with a tangled vine of golden water-lilies and broad, green leaves running over it, as if the water they grew in had been crusted with snow, and the blossoms, soft, fresh, and bright, upon the surface. The couch, easy-chair, and general furniture, were of polished rosewood, upholstered in delicate azure silk, shot and starred with silver. A luxurious number of silken cushions lay upon the couch, chairs, and even on the floor; for two of these were heaped against the pedestal, on which a basket of flowers stood, and upon them lay a guitar, with its broad, blue ribbon hanging loose. A gay table was loaded with every exquisitely feminine object of use or beauty, till the very profusion was oppressive, light and graceful as every thing was.

Two of the windows were open, and their lace curtains light back, one by a marble Hebe that mingled her cold stone flowers with the less; the other by a Bacchante, whose gnarled and snow-white grapes was seen dimly through the transparent folds it gathered away from the glass.

Through these open windows came glimpses of the flower-garden, green slopes on the lawn, and farther off the wind swept up perfumes from a distant orchard, and sifted it almost imperceptibly through the delicate net-work of the curtains. Back of this boudoir was a bed-chamber, and beyond that a dressing-room. Elizabeth could see through the open door a bed with hangings of blue and white, with all the objects of luxury which could please the taste of a pampered and fanciful girl.

"Grantley chose these rooms for me long ago, before he went to Europe," said Elsie, looking around with quiet complacency. "He would not hear of my giving them up; besides I knew you would like something a little darker and more stately," she said. "Are you pleased with the house, Bessie?"

"Very, very much. I did not expect any thing so magnificent," she answered. "It overpowers me."

"I had not seen it for years," said Elsie, "till I came down with Grant to decide about the new furniture. Now you must be happy here. You ought to be! Just contrast this place with that old barn of a school; it makes one shudder to think of it! You must be happy, Bessie, for I hate discontented people."

"I trust so, dear; I believe so; we shall all be happy."

"Oh, you can't help it," pursued Elsie; "Grant is always a darling! But you must love and pet me, you know, just as he does."

"You excessive little thing" said Elizabeth, lightly.

"Yes, but you must," she urged; "you never would have had all this but for me!"

"No," answered Elizabeth; "I should never have known Grantley but for you."

"I told him the moment he came back from Europe just what I had set my heart on," pursued Elsie, shaking her curls about, and chattering in her careless, graceful way. "I said I loved you like a sister, and I should die if I was separated from you. That settled it."

Elizabeth had rested herself in a low chair, with her back towards the window; she looked up quickly at Elsie's words.

"Settled it!" she repeated, in an inquiring way.

"Yes, exactly!"

Elsie flung herself on the carpet at her sister's feet, and caught one of her hands, playing with the rings on the delicate fingers, in her caressing fashion.

"How do you mean?" asked Elizabeth, quietly, though there was a sudden change in her face to which might have struck Elsie could she have seen it. "Settled it: how do you mean?"

"Why, he never had refused me any thing in all his life," said Elsie; "it was not likely he would begin so late! Nobody ever does refuse me any thing: now, remember that, Bess."

"Yes, dear! So you told Grantley you were very fond of me—"

"And that I wanted him to marry you—of course I did."

It was only Elsie's childish nonsense; Elizabeth felt how foolish it was to heed it, and yet she could not repress her self-reproachful question.

"Then was when he first came home, Elsie?"

"Yes; I had written him all sorts of things about you; and you remember when he came to the school he said we had made you go down without telling you who was there."

"Yes—I remember."

"He praised you very highly, and I told him what a dear you were; how good you had been to me in my sickness, and how sad it was for you to have lost all your fortune and be obliged to teach."

She colored deeply deepened as Elizabeth's cheek was it possible that in the beginning Grantley Mellen had been interested in her from a feeling of pity and commiseration?

Her engagement had been a brief one; during it, the days had passed in a constant whirl of excitement and happiness, and she had found little time to question or reflect: up to the last days there had been no shadow on her enjoyment—she had resolutely swept aside every thing but her deep joy.

But it was strange that in the very first hours of her married life this conversation with Elsie should come up. She knew it was only the girl's heedlessness and pretty egotism that made her talk so, she was sure of that; still her nature was too proud and self-reliant, for the idea that Mellen had been first attracted towards her from sympathy at her lonely condition, to be at all pleasant.

But Elsie was going on with her careless revelations, playing with the rings which Mellen had put on one finger, as those delicate fingers during their engagement, making each one precious with kisses and loving words.

"So, when I saw how sorry he was for you, I knew how I could have you my own way. I longed to see this dear old house open once more; it had been given up to the servants ever since he hurried off to Europe; and I wanted you for my companion always, you darling."

It was fortunate for your wishes that Grantley's heart inclined him in the direction you had marked out," said Elizabeth.

"Oh," exclaimed Elsie, with hasty recklessness, and her usual want of thought, "Grant had no heart for any body; all his love was centred on me; after the experience he had years ago, I don't suppose he could ever love any woman again—he is just the child of character."

Elizabeth gave no sign of the blow which had struck her; she drew her hand away from Elsie, lest its sudden coldness should rouse some suspicion of the truth in the girl's mind, and asked in a singularly quiet voice—

"What experience, Elsie?"

"Oh, I don't mean to say that," she replied; "I am always letting things out by mistake; Grant would be really angry with me; don't ever mention it to him."

"I will not; but what experience has he had that prevents his giving his heart even to his own wife?"

"Dear me, I oughtn't to tell you; but you'd surely find it out some time; only promise me not to open your lips."

"I promise," replied Elizabeth, a cold, gray shadow settling over her face, out of which every trace of bloom had faded.

"He had a friend whom he was very, very fond of," pursued Elsie, "and he was engaged to be married into the bargain. This friend treated him dreadfully—ran off with the girl Grant loved, and cheated him out of a great deal of money—money that he could not afford to lose, for he was not rich then. Grant was nearly mad. I was a little thing, but I remember it perfectly. When his uncle died and left me to school, and he started in Europe; he has been there all these four long years."

And of all this grief, this disappointment, he had never told her one word. Elsie spoke the truth—he had married her that his sister might have a companion, and his house a mistress.

A prouder woman than Elizabeth Mellen never existed; and there she sat with her brief dream of happiness full crushed and broken at her feet under this revelation.

"There," cried Elsie, "that's all, so don't ever think about the thing again. What a fortunate creature you are! how happy we shall be, shan't we, dear?"

She tried to throw her arms about Elizabeth in her demonstrative way, but the woman rose quickly, pushing Elsie back.

"It is time to dress," she said; "I am going to my room."

She passed into her chamber with that dreary chill at her heart which, it seemed to her, would never leave it again: that fearful pang of humiliation and self-abasement in her soul, which would grow stronger with every proof of kindness that her husband could give.

No love—no heart to give her under all his goodness and attention. She kept repeating such words to herself—they would never cease to ring in her ears—there could be no pleasure so entrancing that they would not mar it by their whisper—no grief so deep that they would not torture her by the recollection that she was powerless to comfort or aid the man who had made her his wife.

But she would bear it all in silence; hers was one of those deep, reticent natures whose most intense pain is pushed back and carry out her determination to the very end. She would weary him with no sign of affection—some of the playful exactions of a young wife would be as much as she could bring herself to. That was the first thought upon which she settled, even while this earliest shirt of pain and trouble made her head dizzy and her heart so sick.

She heard Elsie's voice going out in a gay song: she went mechanically on with her dressing, hearing that merry song in the midst of her bewildering thoughts like a careless mockery.

If she could have sat down in the midst of her new life, and died without further trouble or pain—that became her one thought! If they could never rise from and find her dead, they might feel regret for a time, but very soon even her memory would pass away from that old house, and out of their hearts, where she had no right as a mating-place, and in the grave she should find quiet.

Then Elsie came dancing in, and exclaimed—

"Oh, you are dressed! I hear Grant on the stairs. May I open the door?"

Elizabeth was perfectly quiet and composed, but the change in her manner would have been apparent to any one less self-absorbed than Elsie.

"Open it," she answered; "I am ready."

Grantley Mellen entered the room, and led them both away down stairs to the fine dining-room prepared in his young wife's hand, the sort of shrinking from his side, and his suspicious mind caught fire instantly. He noted every change in her face, every tone in her voice, and at once there came back to him the conversation he had held with Mrs. Harrington.

Could Elizabeth have known this man? Was there a secret in her past of which he was ignorant? The bare idea made his head reel, but though he might banish it from his mind for a season, the slightest recurrence would bring it back to torture him with an inexplicable fear and dread.

So their new life began with this shadow upon it on a shadow impossible to all lookers on, but lying cold and dim on their hearts nevertheless, to slowly gather substance day by day till it should become a chill, heavy mist, through which their two souls could not look out at one another

CHAPTER VI.

GRANTLEY MELLEN was still a young man, only thirty-three, though the natural gravity of his character, increased by certain events in his life, made him appear somewhat older.

His father had died many years before, and an uncle had left him the possession of a fine property, which had increased in value, till he was now a very wealthy man.

His mother died when Elsie was a girl of about fourteen, and on her death-bed Grantley Mellen had promised to act the part of parent as well as brother to the young girl. He had never once wavered in the trust, and the love and tenderness he displayed towards her were beautiful and touching to witness.

He was never suspicious, never severe with her, though Elsie never failed in the failings of his character. Elsie was to be treated as a child; to be petted, and indulged, and allowed to live in the sunshine, whatever else might befall others.

Although her beauty was good, she had always been rather delicate in appearance, and that made him more careful of her. He was haunted with the fear that she was to be the victim of the same progress, consumption, though in reality she was one of those frail-looking creatures, who are all nerves—nerves, so, as elastic as well-tempered steel; and who always outlive the people who have watched them so carefully.

It was true Grantley Mellen had met with a multitude of disappointments in his early youth, which had embittered all his after years, and increased the natural jealousy of his disposition almost to a monomania. These were the facts of his history.

He had a college friend of his own age, whom from boyhood he had loved with all the strength and passion which made the undercurrent of his grave, reserved character. He had helped this young man in every way—befriended him in college, started him in the world after, been to him what few brothers ever are.

The time came when Mellen found the realization of those dreams which fill every youthful soul: he loved, with all the fire and intensity of a first passion. His friend was made the confident of this love; he shared Mellen's every thought, and seemed heartily to sympathize with his feelings.

It is an old story, so I need not dwell upon it. Both friend and betrothed wife proved false. There came a day when Grantley Mellen found himself alone with a terrible misery, with no faith left in humanity to give a ray of light in the darkness.

The friend whom he had trusted eloped with his affianced bride, and cheated him out of a large sum of money. With that sudden treachery and his bitter grief, Mellen's youth ended.

He left Eden at once, and went away to Europe, wandering about for years, and growing more saddened and misanthropic all the while.

He returned at last to America sixteen then. She had a school-friend, to whom she had been greatly attached; a girl older than herself, and so different in every respect, that it was a wonder Elsie's volatile character could be attracted towards her, or that her liking had been reciprocated.

This was the state of events when Mellen returned from Europe. Elsie's account of her interested him in the unfortunate girl. When he made her acquaintance, that sympathy deepened into a feeling which he had never thought to have for any woman again,—he loved her.

It was a restless, craving affection, which threatened great trouble both to himself and its object. He had no faith in human nature, but his suspicious mind was always on the alert—he was jealous even of her friends, her favorite studies—he wanted every look and thought his own, and yet he was too proud to show his feelings openly.

Elizabeth's character was not one easy to understand, nor shall I enter into its details here. The progress of my story must show her as she really was, and leave you to judge for yourselves concerning it, and the effect it had upon her life.

She was singularly reticent and reserved, but impassioned and enthusiastic in her way—not any thing that the man who loved her dreamed of. He saw her gay, brilliant, fond of society, yet apparently content with the quiet life he was determined to lead. Still there was something wanting. He felt in the depths of his heart that he was not master of her whole being. That sometimes the very kisses seemed frozen on his lips, and that she turned from his protestations of love with sad smiles, that seemed mocking him. And she, also, the woman who believes herself unloved by her husband, is always in danger—always unhappy.

The first weeks of the quiet honeymoon had passed, and Don Mellen began to gratify the chief desire of his honest soul, and rush down to the island to bewilder himself more hopelessly in the spell of Elsie's fascinations, like a great foolish moth, whirling about a dazzling light.

She had never scrupled to laugh at him and his devotion, even to Elizabeth herself, but just now she was not quite so gay. She was listless of the house and the seclusion of those weeks was not at all in unison with her taste, and she was already regretting that Mellen had not allowed her to accept Mrs. Harrington's kind drop. He knew there was a motive for this refusal of the house, and dashed it upon them with such an outpouring of confusion and delight that it might have softened anybody towards him.

"I couldn't stop away another day," he cried, swinging Mellen's hand till it ached for half an hour after.

"We are very glad to see you," replied Mellen; "very glad."

"I am much obliged, I'm sure," exclaimed Tom, "and you're just a trump, that's the truth."

"I suppose you keep him at home to keep him so carefully in your hand," interposed Elsie, laughing.

Tom was instantly covered with confusion, and let Mellen's hand drop. He knew there was a joke somewhere, but for the life of him he could not see it.

"You are beginning to laugh at me before you have even said 'How do you do?'" cried he, reproachfully.

"And am I not to laugh at you if I please?" exclaimed Elsie, with her gay, cross-grained old way, and don't begin to quarrel the moment we meet."

Tom blushed like a girl while he bent over the little hand she held to him, holding it carefully, and looking down on it with a sort of delighted wonder, as if it had been some rare rose-tinted shell that would break if he closed his fingers.

But Mellen was not looking at them; he stood there wondering if this man could have been of any consequence in Elizabeth's past. Could she have loved him, and been prevented from marrying him by the want of fortune on both sides? No, it was impossible; he felt, he knew that it was so; but the idea would not leave his mind nevertheless.

"When you have done examining my hand, Mr. Tom Fuller, please give it back," said Elsie. "It don't amount to much, but, as the Scotchwoman observed of her clergyman's head, 'it's some good to the owner.'"

Tom dropped it as if the pink fingers had burned his palm.

"I'm always the awkwardest fellow alive I'm cried he, dismally. "And how is Bessie, dear girl?"

Mellen roused himself.

"I will call her," he said; "she is quite well, and will be delighted to see you."

He went into the house in search of his wife, and Elsie began to tease her unfortunate victim, a pastime of which she never wearied. It seemed to her the funniest thing in the world, to make Tom Fuller color, stammer, and stutter, to lead him on to do all sorts of absurd things, to laugh at him, to bewilder his honest head; and as for any pain that he might suffer, she never considered it any more than she did the sorrows of a Feejee Islander, or the chirp of her canary.

"Have you come down here prepared to be agreeable?" she asked.

"Remember, I expect you to be completely at my service—to wait on me like the most devoted of knights."

"I'd stand on my head if you asked it," shouted Tom, impetuously.

"How deliciously odd you would look!" cried Elsie; "you shall try it some day; I only hope it won't leave you with a brain fever."

"You may tease me as much as you like," said Tom, "and you will only say you are glad to see me."

"Oh, you will be an invaluable resource," replied Elsie; "I was getting bored with watching other people's love-making. You can row a boat and teach me to play billiards, and be generally nice and useful?"

"Just try me, that's all!" said Tom.

"Don't be afraid that I shall put you to every use possible; you may be quite certain that your position will not be a sinecure."

"Then you'll not scorn me the happiest fellow alive?"

"You don't know what you are saying; you don't know what your words mean," cried Elsie, with one of her bewildering glances.

"Indeed I do! Oh, Miss Elsie, if you only could—"

"Here is Bessie," she interrupted, as her sister came down on the piazza, followed by Mellen.

Elizabeth was rejoiced to see honest Tom; he was the only relative she possessed, and she loved him like a brother. She was thoroughly acquainted with his character, and honored him for the sterling goodness which lay back of the eccentricities of manner which made him an open to laughter and misconception.

"I'm so glad to see you!" cried Tom, shaking hands all round again, and growing redder and redder, to Elsie's intense delight. "I've been like a cat on hot bricks ever since I came away; I just began to feel like myself again. Bessie, old girl, are you glad to see me?"

"I shall always be glad to see you, Tom," Elizabeth said, glancing at her husband.

"Indeed we shall," he said; "you will always find a room at your service, and a sincere welcome."

Tom thought no welcome could have equalled his—the idea was simply absurd—he would never think of it again, never!

"I can't tell you how much obliged I am," said Tom, twisting about as if his joints were out of order, and he was trying to set them straight.

"Your chamber is ready," said Elizabeth; "we expected you back at two."

"He doesn't need to go up now," interposed Elsie: "that checked coat is bewitching, and he is quite fit to be cut to row. Come along, Don Quixote—come this instant!"

She ran off, and he followed, obediently as a great Newfoundland dog.

Elizabeth looked after them a little sadly, and smothered a sigh of anxiety. She saw what Elsie was so heedlessly doing, and knew Tom well enough to understand how acute his sufferings would be when he was roused from his entrancing dream.

So things went on during the whole time of his visit, and there was no help for it. Tom was in a perfect slave, and Tom no more thought of disputing her wildest caprice, than if he had been some untutored fawn, made captive to the spells of a Dryad.

Elsie saw plainly enough that he loved her, but she regarded that part of the affair very lightly. She was accustomed to being loved and petted—it was her right. The idea that it could be cruel or unprincipled to encourage this young fellow as she did, never entered her head. Indeed, if the misery had been forced upon her by any one she cared not to her, she would only have laughed at it as a capital jest.

When Tom Fuller went back to town, Elsie was taken with a strong desire to visit dear Mrs. Harrington. Tom was a sort of cousin, now, and would make a capital escort. Besides, she was sure Grantley and Elizabeth would be about happier alone. Perhaps Mellen thought so too. At any rate, he made no objections, and Elsie went.

The house was quiet and lonely alone. The days were so pleasant—those long, golden, June days!—they might have been so happy in the solitude of that beautiful spot, but the cloud which lay between them grew scarcely perceptible as yet, but widening every hour

Elizabeth watched her husband incessantly. She was conscious of every change of affection into a forced kindness, an attempt on his part to hide from her his want of love; he was trying to make all the atonement in his power, to give her every thing that could make life pleasant, except the place in his heart which was her right. How her soul revolted against the thought!

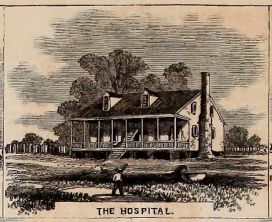
She was proud, stern and grieved that he could have deceived her. If he had only spoken, only left her to decide whether she could be content to accept an outer place in his regard, to make his home happy, to guard and cherish his sister—if he had only left this decision in her hands, the matter would have worn a different aspect.

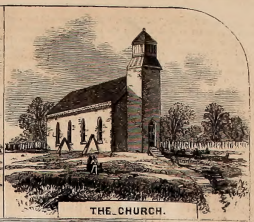
But that he should have been silent—that even now he should guard his secret, practising this daily deception, and meaning to let it lie between them all through life—was a never-ceasing thorn in her heart.

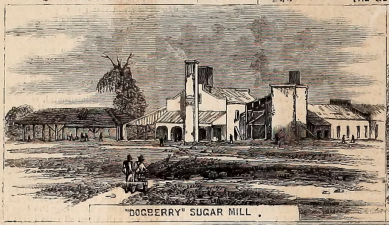
And Mellen, in turn, was watching her; watching her with that morbid suspicion which made the groundwork of his character. Observant of the change in her manner, and trying always to account for it, but only making himself restless and anxious to no purpose.

(To be continued.)


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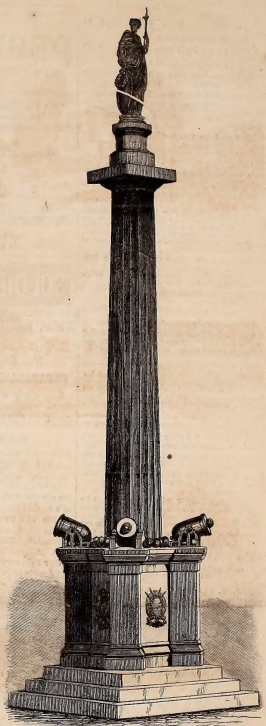

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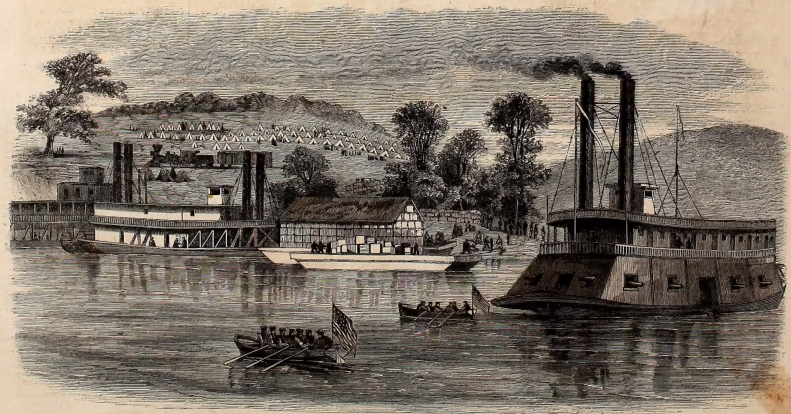
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"Oh, I have taken a sedative."

"I trust you, wife, I have got the plan all clear in my head."

"Ah, then it is all in a nutshell."

SOME women take such delight in scolding that it would be cruel to stop them occasion for it.

THEY debate strange questions down East. The last one is: What is the difference between the Bridge of Sighs and the size of a bridge? The next is to be: The difference between a *fat* *Sizzle* and a *sea* family."

"SAM," said an interesting young mother to her youngest hopeful, "do you know what the difference is between body and soul? The soul, my child, is what you have when you think you've got none, and the body is what you have, though you don't think you have it. Now, Sam, you can feel it now. What is it?" Thing double, ma." And Sam, with a flush of intelligence in his eyes, "thinks my flannel shirt!"

AN old darkey was endeavoring to explain his ancestry to a colleague. "You see, my second father was, it was in dis war as far as I can remember." "Pshaw, my father died, and then my mother married again; and den my mother died, and my father agin; and somehow, I don't seem to hab no parents at all, nor no home, nor nuffin."

OUR children will have the immense tax on their heads," said an American gentleman.

"Oh, horrible!" exclaimed an elderly lady, "what a thing it is to have such children!"

"TOMMY, what does b-e-n-e-f-i spell?"

"Don't know, ma'am."

"What—you little thick-skull—what are you sitting on?"

Tommy (looking sheepish)—"Don't like to tell."

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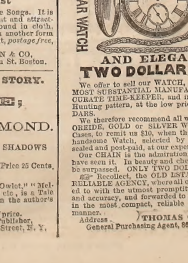
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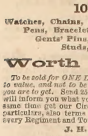
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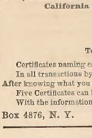
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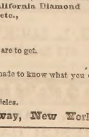
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Contributors will be good enough to write legibly, on one side only of the paper, and give their address distinctly. Comic sketches for engraving, or hints for such illustrations, are also acceptable.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Gen. Graham made a successful raid up James river, with three transports, landed at a point on the peninsula below Fort Powhattan, captured 29 rebels, as many negroes, five Jewish traders, with large quantities of tobacco, oats, corn and pork.

A detachment of colored troops also brought in a number of prisoners and contrabands from East river.

Gen. Butler has determined so to punish the rebel mail carriers as to put a stop to this business.

Disaffection is breaking out at Richmond, the house of Jefferson Davis was set on fire, but saved; the hospital at Fort Winder was, however, set on fire, and completely destroyed with all its stores.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Here, as in other places, deserters come into our lines in great numbers, all reporting general dissatisfaction and a desire to get out of it as soon as possible.

On the 30th a supply train, under Col. Snyder, on their way to Petersburg, was attacked by the rebels, under Gen. Rosser, near Williamsport, but after a stubborn fight Snyder repulsed the enemy, and saved part of his train.

KENTUCKY.

A detachment of 150 men of the 48th Kentucky were attacked at Scottsville by 500 rebels, and finally compelled to surrender. The rebels then burned the Court House, robbed the place and retired.

TENNESSEE.

Longstreet, reinforced from Johnston or or Lee, or both, has assumed the offensive, and again advanced on Knoxville, where a panic at once occurred.

Gen. Sturges and Gen. Parke advanced to Danbridge, but were attacked on the 24th by Hood and Bushrod Johnson, who pressed them so hard that but for a charge of McCook's cavalry at Sevierville they would have been utterly defeated.

Sturges fell back to Knoxville, by way of Strawberry plains, losing heavily in stores and caissons. At the Holston he burned the bridge and quantities of clothing and other stores. Longstreet is at Bull's gap, six miles from Knoxville. Meanwhile much cavalry skirmishing has occurred. Col. Boone, with a force of mounted infantry, attacked and destroyed Col. Culberton's rebel camp.

7,300 deserters from Bragg's army, chiefly natives of Kentucky, have come within our lines since Oct. 20th.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The bombardment of Charleston continues, and all the lower part of the city is deserted.

GEORGIA.

Johnston has fallen back from before Grant, and had already reached Kingston 40 miles south of Dalton, covering his movement by sending detachments of cavalry into Tennessee. It is supposed that he also sent a part of his forces to Longstreet.

ALABAMA.

The rebels announce the occupation by our troops of Horn island, and their gradual approach on Mobile. In the northern part of the State the rebel Roddy, on the 26th, attempted a raid on Athens. He crossed the Tennessee with two brigades, but was engaged with our forces and defeated.

On the 9th a sharp little fight occurred between Fort Morgan and our fleet, the latter endeavoring to destroy the rebel steamer aground on the bar.

MISSISSIPPI.

A fight occurred at Bovina between the rebels and the negroes, in which the rebel papers say several hundred negroes were killed.

NAVAL.

The U. S. barque Roebuck captured the Confederate sloop Marie Louise on the 10th of January, and the English schooner Susan on the 11th. The schooners Fly, William and Minnie were also captured by our cruisers.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 25th January, Mr. Hale's resolution, asking for an inquiry into the administration of the Navy Department, was referred to a Select Committee. The Judiciary Committee was discharged from the consideration of the resolutions to expel Mr. Davis.

In the House the bill for bestowing upon distinguished Major-Generals the rank of Lieutenant-General was referred back to the Military Committee.

In the Senate, on the 26th, Bayard of Delaware and Richardson of Illinois took the oath of allegiance, as required. Bayard made a speech in which he announced his intention of resigning his seat at an early day. Wilson's resolution to expel Mr. Davis was then resumed. Howard moved an amendment substituting censure for expulsion. Debate adjourned.

In the House the Confiscation bill was debated. Fernando Wood made a peace speech, and opposed the Government measure.

In the Senate, on the 27th, the debate on the expulsion of Mr. Davis was resumed. Senators Hale, Lane and Fessenden spoke against it as a partisan motion. They did not advocate even censure.

In the House Mr. Allen made a severe attack on Mr. Lincoln—who was defended by Mr. Arnold. The rest of the sitting was mere routine.

In the Senate, on the 28th, the bill for the payment of the claims of citizens of Peru was passed; also the Pension Appropriation bill for the fiscal year. The bill amendatory of the Homestead act was likewise passed. An amendment giving the benefits of the act to persons in the naval service was agreed to. The consideration of Mr. Wilson's resolution to expel Senator Davis, of Kentucky, was then resumed. After some debate Mr. Wilson addressed the Senate on the subject, and on the conclusion of his remarks withdrew the resolution. The bill to encourage enlistments in colored regiments was then taken up, and Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, made a speech against the clause freeing indiscriminately the wives, children and relatives of colored soldiers, as unconstitutional and unjust to loyal masters. When Mr. Johnson had finished the Senate adjourned.

In the House the vote whereby the enrollment bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole was reconsidered, and further consideration of the subject was postponed. The confiscation question was then discussed till the adjournment.

The Senate, on the 29th, did not meet.

In the House the only question of interest was the joint resolution on the French occupation of Mexico, which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

As we claim for New York the title of The Metropolitan City, thereby assuming that it is the metropolis of the United States, we, all of us New Yorkers, should be especially jealous of maintaining its supremacy on all points where a rivalry has arisen in other cities. We do not allude to mere trade and commerce, or wealth, or size, or population; Nature has settled these points so immeasurably in our favor that we fall into and recognise our position as the result of a pre-ordained state of things that was to be. We allude to the great Fair which is to take place shortly for the benefit of that noblest of institutions, the Sanitary Commission. In the West they have done nobly for the cause, though not a cent of money realised has found its way to the parent society here, all having been absorbed by the necessities of the department there. An immense amount was raised in Boston, and will be righteously expended there, to the best interest of the cause. It is now our turn to stand forward publicly in the cause. Much has been done, privately, in this city; hundreds of thousands of dollars and dollars' worth have been contributed by our citizens of all classes, unostentatiously, as the good ever do their works of charity; but the need has greatly increased, and the fund is nearly exhausted. There is, therefore, a great work on hand, and it should be taken hold of in the spirit of determination to carry it through in the most brilliant and successful manner.

It is certain that every one will joyfully assist in so noble a cause. It has nothing to do with politics. Whether it be the Union, the Republican, the Peace or War Democrats, or any other stripe or party, the cause, which is charity, help and comfort to all who are suffering in the general cause, is sacred, and appeals to the humanity and sympathy of each and all. As it is a foregone conclusion that every one will voluntarily give their assistance, the importance of organising the right kind of people to systematise that assistance is manifestly the first consideration. The cause is, of course, the first and strongest point of attraction, but all that can strengthen the means to subserve that cause should occupy the earnest consideration of the Sanitary Commission.

Among the foremost of these subsidiary attractions must be classed artists, operatic, dramatic, vocal, instrumental and the many popular and excellent lecturers. These, and their names are legion, could be used, and their services so systematised that every day and evening a performance could be given whose attractions would add tens of thousands to swell the total amount of the proceeds of the Fair. To accomplish this end, those who are accustomed to deal with artists, those who are constantly in contact with them, who understand their ways and their rules of professional etiquette in reference to artistic positions, should be selected as members of the subcommittees. It is a great mistake, and one that is often made, to entrust such duties to persons in private life, who are outside the cabalistic circle of artist-life, who know nothing of their prejudices, and are utterly ignorant of the grades of art, the knowledge of which can alone secure the advantageous and harmonious use of the many in reference to each other and the benefit of the cause. We throw out these hints to the Commission, in the spirit of prophecy and warning, in the hope that they will see the necessity of such an arrangement, and because we wish with all our heart that the great Fair may be great in its conduct and grand in its results.

The Academy of Music, the leviathan among the amusement temples of the city, once more resounds to the dulcet tones of the sweet-voiced Italians. Fashion has once more a vent to its luxurious aspirations, and the Goddess of Taste is once more invoked for her most exquisite and expensive inspirations. Maretzek has returned, flushed with the most brilliant success, and flush with the greenbacks extracted from the plethoric pockets of the modern Athenians. The artists are equally jubilant, for they have been petted and caressed by the spokes of that great "hub of creation," Boston, and are just in the cue to do their best for the first public which recognised their excellence, and which, though they let them go away now and then, is their only reliable support. The present season will consist of 16 nights, but we expect that the success will be so decided that a new season of at least double that number of nights will be commenced at its termination.

There are several concerts of interest announced for this and the ensuing week. The first is given on Saturday evening, Feb. 6th, at Irving Hall, by Mdlle. Pauline Canissa, assisted by several eminent artists. The lady is spoken of very highly. The second is given by Master Emil Mollenhauer, on Monday evening, Feb. 8th, at Niblo's Saloon. The young artist is only eight years old, and is an extraordinary performer for his age. He will be assisted by Madame Marie Abbot, Mr. Geo. Lingard, Mr. J. N. Pattison, Mr. F. Mollenhauer, Mr. Wedemeyer, Mr. Carmiencke and Mr. J. N. Abbot, conductor. On the same evening, Monday, Feb. 8th, at Dodworth's Hall, Mr. Alfred H. Pease will make his debut in America. He is by birth an American, and has just returned from Europe, where he has studied for some years, with such success that he stands as a pianist among the first performers of the age. We have not heard him yet, but we are satisfied, from authority on which we think we can rely, that he is an artist of whom Americans may well be proud. We trust he will have a large audience to welcome him.

The Harrison English Opera Company will resume their performances here, at Niblo's Saloon, this week, with the beautiful opera of "Maritana." The operatic performances will be continued at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, from two to four nights per week, according to the patronage accorded by the Brooklynites. The dramatic company of this theatre has been broken up in consequence of the utter want of success of the undertaking, notwithstanding the excellent style in which everything was produced, and despite of the fact that the Park is the only theatre which the city of Brooklyn, with its three or four hundred thousand inhabitants, boasts of and—neglects. Mr. Harrison, while deploring the necessity which compels him to discharge his dramatic company in the dead of winter, with but little chance of getting other engagements, gives the denizens of Henry Ward Beecher's city the following gentle but well-deserved philippic: "In the opinion of the manager, this sad result is not because Brooklyn has not enough of theatre-going public, but simply from the fact that the largest proportion of such a class have got New York on the brain, and in almost every branch of business and amusements pass by better things in Brooklyn to obtain worse in New York; and until Brooklyn takes a higher interest in her own institutions and establishes something to her credit, she will never be looked upon as a great city."

Gottschalk has returned to the city, and expects in less than a week to be sufficiently "thawed out" to feel sensation in the tips of his fingers. If he should succeed in warming up, it is possible he may indulge us with a few of his brilliant concerts at Irving Hall. It is said, by-the-bye, that his English Operetta is very nearly completed.

There is also a rumor, which we believe amounts to a fact, that Robert Stoepel, the composer of one of the most beautiful cantatas extant, to wit, "Hiawatha," is hard at work upon a new opera, and that when completed it will be produced by the Harrison Opera Company.

Herr Grau's Opera Company has met with good success in Albany and Buffalo, and will shortly appear in Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago. Report speaks very highly both of the management and the company.

In a few weeks we may look for Vestvali once again. She has met with the most gratifying success wherever she has appeared, and in her new characters the critics say that she is far greater than in her first rôle of Gamea.

The city of St. Louis, being the possessor of the largest hotel in America, intends to own the largest and most magnificent opera-house in the country. Its arrangements will seat two thousand five hundred people, and will accommodate about a thousand standees. Imagine the New York Legislature doing anything for art! The idea is so preposterous that any one who suggested it would be deemed a fit subject for sanitary care. And yet the Legislature of Missouri (they must be all lunatics there!) has dared to brave the ridicule of practical and disinterested lawmakers, by a vote donating $300,000 towards assisting the enterprise! Oh! wise men of Missouri, how could you do it? The necessary amount to complete the undertaking—$500,000—is to be subscribed by the citizens of St. Louis, and of that amount $300,000 have already been subscribed.

Edwin Forrest commenced a three weeks' engagement at the Boston Theatre, on Monday, Feb. 1st. The off nights will be devoted to Mr. Bandmann, who will produce "Narcisse" as his leading attraction.

Our theatres here are running the same pieces as last week. There is no need of change, for they are all crowded night after night. Wallack's, Winter Garden and the Olympic are on that tide of success which leads on to fortune.

Barnum's four giants and their antipodes, the Lilliputian King, still continue to attract their crowds of astonished admirers. The idea of a six-foot man walking under the arms of those human wonders makes a five-feet-eight fellow feel particularly small But so it is. The deeply interesting drama "Camilla's Husband," will only be played during this week; it will then be withdrawn to make way for a new drama which is said to be the most exciting piece produced for many years. The other extraordinary attractions of the Museum remain unchanged.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The citizens of Hoboken, on the 28th Jan., held a mass meeting on the subject of ferry accommodations. Mr. Stevens, the owner of the ferries, sent them a letter explaining that the Government had taken two of his boats, and that he was now building larger and better boats to replace them. The meeting, however, adopted resolutions expressive of their indignation at the insufficient accommodations afforded them, and appointed a committee to see to it that a reform is speedily brought about.

—— Gen. Viele has gained a verdict of $8,000 for services in laying out the Central Park.

—— The Lelands gave their annual ball on the 28th Jan., at the Metropolitan Hotel. It was a brilliant success, numbering among the guests the most eminent names in fashion, wealth, rank and intellect.

—— A drunken soldier, who was arrested at Providence, R. I., one day last week, was found to have in his overcoat pocket *bona-fide* certificates of 30,000 shares, worth $3,000,000, in a silver mining company. As he knew nothing about them, it is supposed that they were put in his pocket by the thief who stole them from the office, when he found they couldn't be turned into cash without leading to his detection.

—— Since Col. Nugent has presided at Lafayette Hall the enlistments have very much increased; the soldiers receive their full bounty, and those pests, runners and recruiting agents, are banished from the precincts. Under the former management many enormities were committed.

—— According to the City Inspector's report, there were 526 deaths in the city during the past week—a decrease of 51 as compared with the mortality of the week previous, and 56 more than occurred during the corresponding week last year. The recapitulation table gives 3 deaths of alcoholism; 4 of diseases of the bones, joints, etc.; 84 of the brain and nerves; 12 of the generative organs; 18 of the heart and blood-vessels; 211 of the lungs, throat, etc.; 8 of old age; 42 of diseases of the skin and eruptive fevers; 6 premature births; 57 of diseases of the stomach, bowels and other digestive organs; 57 of uncertain seat and general fevers; 9 of diseases of the urinary organs; and 15 from violent causes. There were 345 natives of the United States, 118 of Ireland, 16 of England, 29 of Germany, 4 of Scotland and the balance of various foreign countries.

—— According to the annual report of the Superintendent of Lamps and Gas, the total number of public lamps in use in this city on the 31st December last was 16,117, of which 9,878 are lighted by the Manhattan Gas Company, 3,091 by the Harlem Gaslight Company and 3,178 by the New York Gaslight Company. The total cost of all these is $435 323 or nearly $500,000. It would be an interesting fact to know how much the lighting of our private dwellings, stores and places of amusement costs, in connection with the expense of public illumination.

—— At the fire, the other night, in Christie street, Ponsonby, late a member of the Hawkins's Zouaves, most heroically saved the lives of four persons.

—— On the 27th Jan. an explosion took place at a store in Maiden lane, which resulted in the death of Paul Hoffman, and the fatal injury of Mr. Pluck, his fellow-salesman. The cause of the accident was some new toy pistols, which were let off with detonating powder, falling on the floor, and consequently exploding. The unfortunate youth had that day completed his 20th year, and was on the point of joining a festive party at his father and mother's house.

Western.—In a suit at Louisville, against the Adams Express Company, to recover money seized by John Morgan, it was decided that guerillas are common enemies, and as such, common carriers are not responsible for goods seized by them.

—— Since October last, 9,000 men have volunteered in Ohio, and 12,000 veterans in Ohio regiments, who are counted on the State's quota (29,000), have reenlisted. There are thus 8,000 more men required to clear the State of a draft. A vigorous effort, it is believed, will bring the needed number before the 1st of March.

—— Brig.-Gen. John M. Corse has been relieved from duty in the Army of Tennessee, and assigned to the command of the department for drafted men at Springfield, Illinois. Gen. Corse was badly wounded at Missionary Ridge.

—— A dispatch received at Cincinnati, from Bridgeport, Ala., represents that desertions from the rebel army continue unusually large.

—— Gen. Gantt, of Arkansas, wrote to a meeting assembled in Cincinnati, on Thursday last, that in "four months Arkansas will resume her relations with the National Government, under a constitution excluding for ever negro slavery from her soil."

—— Judging from the tone of the Western papers, Gen. McClellan has lost the popularity he had, and Gen. Grant is undoubtedly the favorite.

—— The restrictions placed on the trade of Missouri and Kentucky have been removed. A pretty good proof that the Government consider them perfectly restored to the Union.

Col. Cobb, of Wisconsin, has presented to the House of Representatives two memorials asking for the impeachment of Judge Miller, of that State. The matter will be investigated by the Judiciary Committee.

—— The lower House of the Kansas Legislature has passed an amendment making St. Joseph's, Mo., the terminus of the Pacific railroad.

—— The great Slievegammon Fenian Brotherhood are to hold a grand fair in Chicago, in Easter week, to raise money for the invasion of England. Donations are requested. So says the *World*.

—— The Nashville *Union* says that President Lincoln has sent to Gov. Johnson a large number of copies of the oath of amnesty, bound in volumes for preservation, together with the necessary certificates to be issued after it has been taken by the voter. These have been received by the Governor, and of course the work of administering the oath will begin immediately.

—— A dispatch from Louisville, Jan. 28, announces the probable election of Gov. Bramlette, of Kentucky, to the United States Senate, to succeed Powell, Democrat.

—— The trial of Charles Noyes, one of the parties implicated in the robbery of the United States Express Company of $60,000, last August, has just ended at St. Louis. The evidence was clear and conclusive against him, and the jury, after an absence of only 20 minutes, returned with a verdict of guilty. The prisoner was sentenced to imprisonment in the Penitentiary for a term of ten years.

Military.—Considerable dissatisfaction has been expressed at the shabby manner in which the returning regiments have been received. The New York *Herald* explains it by affirming that there is already over a debt of $7,000 for music, great part of which is due to Dodworth's band. The Governor ought to see that the brave fellows had a word of cheer.

—— The Hartford *Post* says that a letter has been received in that city from Washington by a prominent military gentleman, which says there will be more troops called for after the 1st of March, certain. Although many of the old regiments are re-enlisting, their number has been so reduced that a call for fresh troops will be made.

—— We have received the report of L. L. Doty Esq., Chief of the State Bureau of Military Statistics. It is a concise and interesting document, full of facts

concerning the efforts which the State of New York has made to aid the Government in suppressing the rebellion. The State furnished 290,602 men between April 19, 1861, and Dec. 31, 1863. Of this number 250,241 were mustered for three years; 30,131 for two years; 2,510 for nine months; 24,963 for three months. Reduced to a common term, the State has furnished the equivalent of 253,949 three years' men. The amount of bounties appropriated from the outbreak of the war to Jan. 1, 1864, is: By Boards of supervisors, exclusive of action by towns, $16,963,753 91; by Common Councils, $6,780,000; by the Legislature, $12,262,496. The total amount paid to same date is $32,227,253 88.

— The Boston *Courier* says that every recruit obtained for New York by the Conscription law costs the nation $1,000.

— Gen. Longstreet having objected to the circulation of Proclamation proclamations, except through his hands, Gen. Foster sent him twenty copies for distribution. The desertions from the rebel ranks have been so numerous lately, that Gen. Longstreet has personally collected officers to command the guard. One night last week 147 rebels came over in one batch. Starvation and dread of engagements are said to be the reasons.

— The considerable anxiety exists in military circles as to the result of the operations in East Tennessee. It is now said that Gen. Joe Johnston's rebel brother-in-law joined Longstreet, and we should not be surprised to hear at any minute of a serious battle in that quarter.

Naval.—A very curious correspondence has been brought to light by the arrest of Mr. Stuart Gowdy, of the Treasury Department, in whose possession it was found. It shows a very complicated but well-planned arrangement between Messrs. Gwynne, J. H. Griffith, Gen. Hunt and others, who, with reference to the construction of gunboats, and so forth, for the New Republic Navy.

— The new Navy overcoat, as adopted by U. S. Navy Department, Dec. 24, 1863, as we are informed by Messrs. Tomes, Son & Melvain, Maiden Lane, New York, is for officers in a civilian overcoat, enclosed of blue beaver or pilot cloth, lined throughout with blue flannel; skirt to extend 4 inches below the knee; cape to be 10 inches shorter; to be double-breasted, pockets in side seams; sleeves to be cut open at the end; cape made so as to remove easily at pleasure, and provided with an extra cloth cape to detach and wear for a separate garment. On each end of the collar of the overcoat shall be worn, by Commodore, one silver star; Captain, silver eagle; Commander, one silver leaf; Lieutenant-Commander, a leaf and silver star; Lieutenant, two leaves; Master, a gold loaf; Lieutenant, a gold loaf and one silver leaf; Ensign, a small gold cord on the front edge of the collar. Staff officers to wear the same as the rank of the officers to the staff. Officers of assimilated rank to wear the same designations. The overcoats of medical officers to be plain.

Personal.—Messrs. Joyce and Richardson, who were Union men in Baltimore in 1861, and were driven for their disloyal articles in the Baltimore *Republican*, have been appointed to the city. They are having rooms here without permission of the authorities. They ran the paper here by way of Nova Scotia and N. Y. They have been sent to Gen. Lockwood. They were on their way to Baltimore.

— Frederick Peel, the second son of the late Sir Robert Peel, has just delivered a lecture in England upon America, in which he proves by his own figures to his own satisfaction, that the United States is a perfect Paradise for the Union in restored order. He is the most perfect bit of red tape living.

— Wallace has written a letter to the *Daily News* of London, denying in the most indignant terms any complicity of the rebels, or knowledge of the event, to assassinate Louis Napoleon. He acknowledges to having a slight acquaintance with Greco, one of the conspirators, but it was nearly a year ago.

— George Jones, generally called Count Joannes, is an Englishman by birth. His title is genuine, having been bestowed upon him by the late King of Prussia. He is a well-educated man, rather too proud of his nobility.

Obituary.—J. B. Clay, son of the famous Henry Clay, died at Montreal last week, in his 37th year. A biographical portrait will be published in our next.

Accidents and Offences.—The Depot of the Camden and Amboy Railway Company in Jersey City was entirely destroyed by fire at six o'clock this morning. The freight cars are a total wreck. Government has three emigrant cars, one hospital car, two cars filled with hay and sheep, and a baggage car with, together with a steam fire-engine waiting transportation to New York for repairs, were destroyed.

— On the morning of the 20th of January a colored woman named Ell Brown shot a colored woman Mary Sharply, in her room in Sullivan street, from the effects of which she fell dead. Jealousy the cause.

— On the 27th January Mr. Haines shot Mr. Williams, the well-known shipmaster, for having invegigle his wife away some four years ago. The man was evidently in a morbid state.

— Mr. McKinley, whose connection with Mrs. Cora Hatch has been a peculiar scene some two Sundays ago, has had his son arrested for the disturbance. The developments were most curious and edifying.

— Some nights since two young men, who gave their names as Wadsworth and Hoswell, got into a house in Irving place, by a trick, and robbed it of the room silver and a dress. Two young ladies out of their beds and outrage them. Their screams brought the watchmen, the owner of the house, to their rescue. He severely punished the ruffians, who were arrested and taken to the police head-quarters.

Foreign.—The official annual return of the number, class, armament, state, and every particular regarding the steam and sailing ships composing the British Navy, is published in the list. The total strength of the effective ships of the navy was 926 of all classes, including a number doing duty on the various harbors at home and abroad, the whole of which would be assembly exercised into battle-ships for the defence of the coast, together with a number one feet of iron and wooden construction, laid up at Chatham. Of this number there are 72 vessels rank-ing as first-class battle ships, each mounting from 91 to 121 guns; 42 vessels of from 60 to 78 guns each; 22 screw steamers and other ships, armament of from 22 to 46 guns each, and the mag nity of which are of tonnage and equivalent to that of the battle ships; 23 screw corvettes, each carrying 24 guns, and 20 vessels of all sizes, from sloops to ships of great power and tonnage, carrying an armament from 4 guns to 16 guns each. Exclusive of the above, there is a squadron of 185 screw gunboats, each mounting one swivelling armstrong gun. The total tonnage of all classes in commission and serving in squadrons of the coast is upward of 300,000 tons. Number being attached to the reserve squadrons at various naval ports, and partially equipped in readiness to proceed to sea whenever their services may be required.

— Seventh had issued a Proclamation to the Hungarians which had created considerable excitement.

— Honay, the notorious spiritualist, had been ordered to leave Genoa.

— A conspiracy against the life of Napoleon had been discovered in Paris, and numerous arrests had taken place.

— An address to Louis Napoleon had been presented by the Corps Legislatif, in which the necessity of peace was urged to the strongest terms.

— The Queen of Exchequer had refused a new trial in the matter of the suspected rebel pirate Alexander. This may be considered as decided in favor of the rebels, but as the Attorney-General was going to carry the question into the higher courts, and finally, if necessary, to the House of Lords, the decision will have no practical effect.

— The Princess of Wales gave birth to a son on the 8th January. The accouchement of the Princess was so unexpected that she was on the ice on the afternoon of the day she was confined. We learn from the London *Times* that the nearly arrived Prince enjoyed the utmost health and vigor throughout her child. This event has given the greatest satisfaction to the English people.

— The imagined attitude of the German people is compelling Austria and Prussia to temporize in the matter of Schleswig and Holstein. Both these powers had wanted the smaller ones from taking immediate steps in the matter. It is said that Denmark was secretly encouraging the Germanic federates to protect the Schleswigers.

— The London *Saturday Review* censures *Macbeth at Sadler's Wells* for producing Mr. Marston's beautiful tribute to the late Robert G. Shaw, who fell before Charleston.

— The Prince of Wales is erecting a private theatre at Sandringham, where plays are to be acted by amateurs. The scheme has not taken well.

— The Duc de Morny has just purchased for 2,000 Napoleons a millinery shop called "Cupid and Psyche." At the same sale a Rembrandt was sold for 30,000f.

— The *Revue et Gazette Musicale* of Paris, announces, authoritatively, that the "Africaine" the opera expected new opera of Meyerbeer will be produced in October, 1864.

— From Japan the last news is that the bombardment of Kagoshima had evidently terrified the Daimios, since the Prince of Satsuma had agreed to pay £100,000 as indemnity for the Richardson murder, and also to punish the murderers if he can find them.

Chit-Chat.—One of the pleasant practices of Philadelphia is the publishing of ballads upon persons whose names may have at any time figured. We give a verse from the last of these *jeux d'esprit*:

Mr. Lippincott's a man of deep thought,
He puts them up when bad, sir)
He rips 'em up when he's got 'em,
As though it had been mad, sir!
And as he stands in the Row
In spite of all he preaches,
His coat is cut in the fashion
A decent pair of breeches.

— Mr. Dow, Jr., is dead. Requiescat in pace, Mr. Dow.

— Thomas Francis Meagher, in his funeral oration on Gen. Corcoran, before the Fenian Brotherhood, in Jersey City, declared that "Keep it the green, green sod, in that land with all its familiar graves, is the duty of the Irish race, and the rights and influences about him, did he wish and pray, and ask for nothing else." The members of the Fenian Brotherhood, Irishmen all, see to it that his wish, prayer, his legacy is carried out to the letter. In the meantime let him rest in the soil that is consecrated to the memory of those who died for the New Republic he so nobly served, and within sight of the flag which floated over the ramparts of the Capitol and him when living, and where his name will never be forgotten by any of those who love the cause of Montgomery and Thomas Addis Emmet are gratefully remembered.

— We are beginning to understand and practise physical education: still appended is a French anecdote illustrative of the system. Mrs. Hawley Gymnasium, 59 West 13th street, is one of the most complete establishments of the kind extant. It is under the supervision of her brother, Mr. Robinson, who has had a long experience in the art of the. His experience as a soldier, having been a captain in the 44th regt. N. Y. volunteers, and his skill as a teacher will prove invaluable.

— Napoleon has just got to a new use in Australia. At Wagga Wagga the telegraph wire broke, and there was no material on hand with which to mend for repairing it, a lady lost kindly her crinoline, which being discovered and used to do the electric wire together, enabled the operators to use the line.

— Punch in the last number has some clean over to the North, side of the Atlantic:

TRUE TO INSTINCT.
The "Times" has put forth its mouth
Praise Jeff. Davis and the South
For all things good,
Our Orangemen were not so wrong
When, in '61, they cried, "Down, down,
Linked "Popery and Slavery."

NEW CHEMICAL AGENT IN WARFARE.

CHLORIDE of nitrogen will, it is said, soon be established as a substitute for gunpowder. Engineers would seem likely to put an end to all war. Mr. Isham Baggs, an English chemist, in announcing his discovery, proposes to employ the substance in balloons, and drop it from the air in the midst of armies and fortresses. "The very mention of this compound," he goes on to say, "will cause a panic in modern warfare, may possibly provoke a similar discovery, and thus render war, which has secretly plished among their number would scarcely dare to encounter the risk. Battalions would form a cross of mustard seed, and even then at a respectful distance, and under guard at the moment of the detonation. And yet not one of those chemists will be bold enough to divulge the secret. The most terrible explosive agent of this terrible compound present in city or fortress, by a mere stroke of the electric wire, and no human us or a single drop of olive oil coming in contact with the world, in one instant, would be the ruin of the place and its inhabitants." Mr. Baggs then proceeds to explain that his discovery consists in compressing the contingent diffusibles, and that he is able to manufacture the chloride of nitrogen in safety, and used in any required quantity, and that it can be safely conveyed to its destination.

A FORTUNE IN A WOODEN LEG.—The *Journal de St. Nazaire* tells the following strange story: "Last week a man, about 70 years of age, a bookkeeper in a commercial house here, died suddenly from natural causes, and was buried on Sunday. A few days after, his sister, who resides at Nantes, came to this town to claim the little property which were left by her brother. Among the three wooden legs, the contents of some years before. Having disposed of such articles as she did not want, she was about to burn which were wooden legs in question, the sister examined her brother's property more minutely, and discovered that among them a letter, dated two years back, containing the following words: "In the left wooden leg, number two wooden leg, and my papers, a sum of 3,000 francs will be found." She immediately drew the attention of the Commissary of Police, who accompanied her to the residence of the deceased. The wooden legs were then mounted with leather or costumed anything. It was in the left wooden leg that the money was found, and in the wooden leg buried with the deceased. Permission having been obtained from the Commissary, the leg was disinterred, and a sum of 1,000 francs in gold was found ingeniously concealed in the cavities of the wood. As two years had elapsed since the note was written, it was probable that the deceased during that interval had either spent the money or deposited it elsewhere."

TONNAGE DISPLACEMENT.—It is calculated that an iron ship of 1,000 tons internal measurement will carry a dead-weight cargo of 1,800 tons, which, added to the weight of the ship, 778 tons, gives a displacement of 2,578 tons. A wooden ship of the same tonnage will carry 1,400 tons dead-weight, displacing 2,378 tons. This displacement, reduced by the weight of the ship itself, leaves a dead-weight capacity of 1,478 tons, being within 3 per cent. of the cargo of the iron ship.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

Would you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie,
Life's dark cloud could not o'ercast,
All but at rest on shore—
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning's lone warning red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—nay.

Where, then, are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear as most dear, though now
Hidden from sight?
Where they rejoice to be,
There is but one to be
Fly, time—fly speedily!
Come life and light!

HOW SHE DID IT.

A Tale of Legislation.

By Theodore C. Wilson.

THE course of life of an attaché to a popular daily newspaper is not only replete with the curious and interesting, but often, when he is called upon to report from abroad or a distance, marked with the decidedly adventurous.

Peter Pepperthorn was one of these attachés, and when, during the session of the Representatives of the XXXIV Th Congress was often sought after by shrewd politicians and grave legislators to publish "important information."

It was on one occasion that a short bill with a brief title came before the House. It was a special act, and had reference to a private claim. An attempt was made to suspend the rules and pass it at once, notwithstanding it authorized an appropriation of money, and should therefore be referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, if only for this latter consideration. The motion to suspend the rules failed, and the bill took the regular course.

That evening, as Peter was walking down Pennsylvania avenue, he met the gentleman from ——, who had offered the bill.

"Ah! Mr. ——, good evening," said the representative, as he shook the other's hand warmly. "I am pleased to see you."

"I feel, sincerely, you that I fully reciprocate the feeling," said the reporter with a cheerful smile and winsome look.

"What do you think of that little claim which I put in this afternoon?"

"Really, I have been so engaged with Mr. So-and-So's bill, that I have been totally unable, up to this time, to attend to anything else."

"You will mention it in to-morrow's paper?"

"My dispatches are already very long."

"That's true, but I've yet put in a few words?"

"I will try to do so."

"But will not promise me that you will?"

"I cannot."

"I will pay all the expenses and make you a present beside."

"If you were to offer me a thousand dollars I should refuse it."

"Well, indeed! that is more than I ever thought a reporter would do. But before you go, you will promise me to do all you can to get it in."

Peter promised accordingly, but the arrival of next day's paper showed that the bill had not been mentioned.

According to the course of legislation, the bill remained for a long time unacted upon.

Two days after the conversation given above our veritable reporter was introduced to the legislator's daughter, by her father, as all three happened to meet in the same locality in the ladies' gallery of the House of Representatives.

The lady remarked that she had just come to Washington for the first time, and was desirous of beholding the wonders of the city, besides the "old" Senators and "pious" M. C's.

Her father remarked that he must go down on the floor for a while, but would do it better if Peter would remain with her.

We will tell so many curious incidents and interesting tales of the "halls" of Congress? As for the lady, she made herself perfectly agreeable, talked, laughed and chatted, as though it "came natural," which no doubt it did. She was a pretty girl, with bright eyes and intelligent looks, and a mode of behavior that was both graceful and elegant.

Peter could make himself very agreeable when it was necessary to do so. You may be sure he did not fall of this performance on the present occasion.

Some were in the habit of saying that Peter was cold, grave and reserved; others, that he was gay, courteous and intelligent; and others again, that he was both careless and indifferent, according to the manner in which he had treated them, or the natural or prejudiced reasons which influenced their judgments, and began to their dislikes. But that as it may, Peter's conversation and course of action evidently pleased the young lady, for when they parted she made him promise that he would be sure to visit her at the National Hotel.

For several days after this Peter's whole time was consumed in attending to business. Night and day he was kept on the qui vive, and when, as the small hours came in their course, he laid himself down to sleep, he gave his whole attention to this "business," that he might gain the most "refreshing benefit," in the least possible space of time.

As he got up one morning from one of these delightful "dozes," the servant handed him a letter. It contained an extract from the ——, denouncing the claim-bill referred to in the most unmeasured terms. Accompanying the extract was a note, requesting that "your kind friend" would publish the obnoxious article, and it all on Mr. ——, who had offered the bill, for any facts that might be wanted in the premises. The letter and its contents put Peter in a state of astonishment. "Things to be looked after hereafter," and left there to be perhaps committed to the flames at no distant day, was added to a bundle of the "miscellaneous" to New York.

That same morning, as Peter took his seat in the reporter's gallery of the House, he received a card, enclosed in a small envelope, on which was written the following:

"Miss —— would be pleased to see Peter Pepperthorn, Esq., Cor. —— at her father's room, No. —, National Hotel, at seven o'clock this evening."

"What has led her to send me this card of invitation?" thought Peter, as he put it carefully away in his vest pocket. "Can it be that I have won her?"

Well, what Peter thought I will be neither ungenerous nor indiscreet enough to detail. Let it suffice that he attended the party.

He called, as invited. The interview was a very pleasant one. Ma and pa left Peter and the daughter to their own amusements, and after both had partaken of a light supper together, Peter bore and wrote a long contradiction to the "unjust" reflections upon the bill, and which contradiction was published in full.

When the paper came to hand containing the contradiction, pa, ma and "baby" (for such was a name by which the youngest grown female parent applied to the young lady in question) were delighted. They seemed so grateful that they thanked Peter over and over again, until at the reporter though he had done the an inestimable service, and looked upon himself as one of the very dear friends of the family. He called every other time, and each succeeding interview made him more and more intimate with Miss ——. He almost learned to love her. When they sat in the streets they walked arm-in-arm. When they went to the theatre to the theatre and to private suppers, and praised and condemned as her companion did, whether the subject was worthy of it or not, according to her pleasure. So infatuated did Peter become with the fair one, that he thought he could never say too much in the paper about the claim bill. This bill he studied whenever opportunity offered. At last, when the bill did come before the house, it was passed without opposition, and a few members who had heard just the claim was, and how of a rightful necessity it was but proper they should allow it.

The next day, in the report of the bill, Miss ——, the gay, lively, intelligent, lovable woman was *non est inventa*.

When Peter inquired of the honorable gentleman, with whose daughter his was, Mr. —— innocent-like, said she had just left that morning for her home in the ——.

Peter was about to cast that part of the body near which his heart ought to be, and felt what can better be imagined than expressed in words.

He afterward learned that Mr. ——, the honorable gentleman from the great State of —— had "the obnoxious article" inserted in "that newspaper" to which Peter is attached, and had thus bring out the other side of the question in a paper that did circulate in all parts of the country.

Peter, of course, never more any other matters than above one, but has ever remained distrustful of the gay and fascinating daughters of "honorable" M. C.'s.

GEORGIA COLONELS.

In the Mexican war Georgia thought she would raise a regiment, and she did—but every man in the regiment was a Colonel. They bossed everything and would have to decide who should have command, and started to reinforce Scott. Previous to marching they consulted a map to see how to get there, and found that they had to march with his "left foot forward." So what did the precious regiment of Colonels but go shuffling all the way from Georgia to Mexico, shoving the left foot forward and dragging the right one after it!

For a long time the Colonels were the pride of the plantations of the State afforded.

"Parade" was a common thing by brigades, when he saw a tremendous cloud of dust in the distance, which showed that Colonel Jones' regiment was coming with banners. Ordering his batteries into position, he awaited the approach of the enemy, but his staff was to see what the matter was.

"Why, Colonel Jones, you, where did you come from, and where are you going to?" he shouted, as the Colonel rode up to his command.

"Georgia regiment of Georgia Colonels, General," the commander answered, and the whole column struck up a tune that set all the war horses dancing, "and going to join General Winfield Scott."

"But what are you marching in that fashion and where?" asked the old veteran, as the column struck up in thundering and wondering tones.

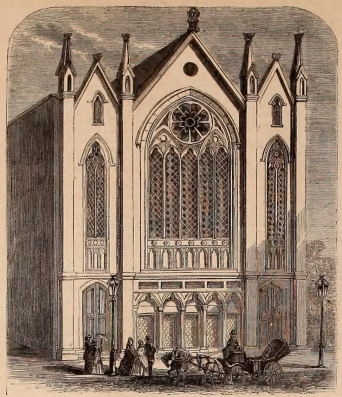
"Why, General," returned the commander, gaily, flourishing the open pages of the book in the air, "Hardee's Tactics, left foot foremost, General."

"And 'till be blessed, gentlemen," said the old General, in telling the story, "if the whole regiment of Georgia Colonels hadn't marched all the way from Georgia to Vera Cruz with their left feet foremost, kicking up the raggedest dust you ever did see."

"LET me collect myself," as the man said when he was blown up by a powder mill.



REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, PASTOR OF THE THIRD CONGREGATIONAL UNITARIAN CHURCH, N. Y.



THE THIRD CONGREGATIONAL UNITARIAN SOCIETY'S CHURCH, WEST FORTIETH STREET, NEW YORK.



LIEUT. BRAINE, THE PIRATE WHO SEIZED THE CHESAPEAKE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BERRY.

BRIG.-GEN. ALFRED PLEASANTON, U. S. A.,

WAS born in Washington, D. C., in January, 1824, and entered the Military Academy in 1840. On graduating, in 1844, he was made Brevet Second Lieutenant in the 1st Dragoons, and won a brevet of First Lieutenant for gallantry and meritorious conduct at the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, in the latter of which he made a splendid charge on the Mexican batteries, giving promise of a great cavalry officer. In 1849 he was sent to California, with the rank of First Lieutenant. He afterwards served in New Mexico and Texas, and in 1854 was ordered to Fort Leavenworth. In 1855 he was made Captain, and attached to the staff of Gen. Harney, first as Assistant Adjutant-General, accompanying him in the Sioux expedition, and then as Adjutant-General, in the Semi-ole campaign, from 1856 to 1860, as well as in his operations in Kansas, Oregon and Washington territories. In March, 1861, he was ordered to Utah, but was recalled in the fall of that year, and in February, 1862, appointed Major of the 2d cavalry, which he had commanded for some months. He served through McClellan's peninsular campaign with the Army of the Potomac, and on July 16th, 1862, was made Brigadier-General, taking command of Sumner's brigade. On the return of the Army of the Potomac he was actively employed, and has since been connected with the brilliant cavalry operations of the war. His ability is so well recognised that he has been spoken of as likely to succeed to the command of the Army of the Potomac.

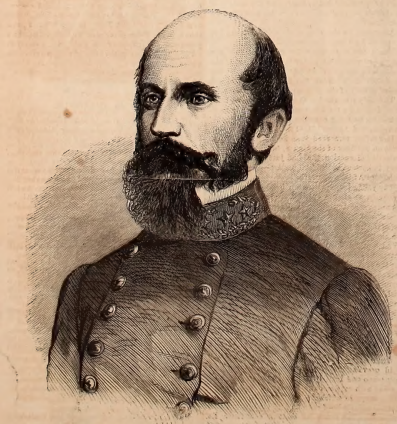


CATHOLIC CHURCH AT OPELOUSAS, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

CATHOLIC CHURCH AT OPELOUSAS.

THE quaint old church at Opelousas, on the beautiful Teche, amid the lands of the descendants of the hapless Acadians, was erected some 80 years since by the Capuchin Friars, who then administered to the religious wants of the settlers. Founded when Louisiana was a Spanish colony, it has seen the banners of Spain, France, the United States and rebellion floating over it. It is at present under the pastoral care of the Rev. Messrs. Raymond, two brothers, natives of France. Near it stands the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, an Ursuline establishment, the nuns directing St. Mary's Academy, in other times a prosperous institution. But the visitation of armies has impoverished the land and many proprietors have fled.

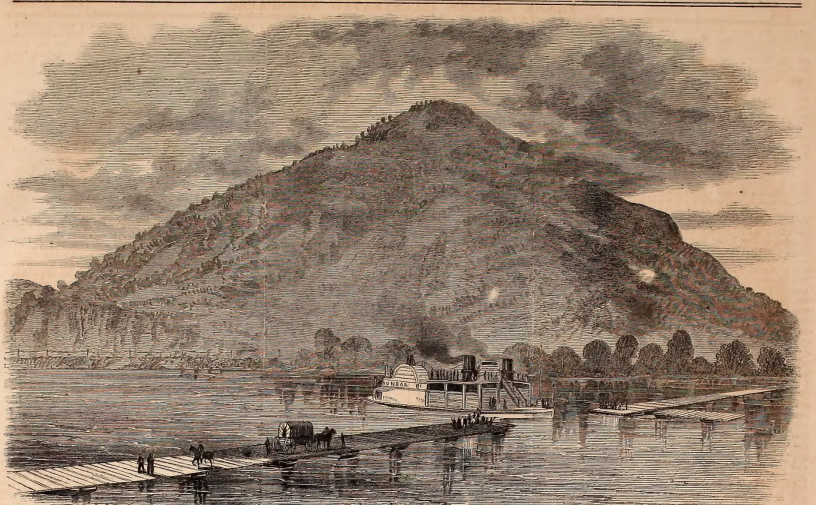
IT is not so pleasant for nations to mingle their blood in battle as by intermarriages.



GEN. R. S. EWELL, OF THE REBEL ARMY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



BRIG.-GEN. ALFRED PLEASANTON, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.



THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—BROWN'S FERRY ON THE TENNESSEE, SHOWING LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHELL.

"FIRE!"

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Out upon the midnight's gloom
Peals the wild alarm of fire,
Startling as the trump of doom,
While the flames to heaven aspire.



And across the clouded sky
Fling their lurid banners wide,
Roofs and walls and pavements nigh
All in scarlet colors dyed.

Hark! the deep-toned, solemn bells
Strike their awful, signal sounds,
And their music grandly swells
In and o'er the city's bounds;
While the engines, ringing clear,
Drawn along by stalwart hands,
Rushing through the streets appear,
Guided by their chief's commands.

"Save and rescue" on their scroll
Blazoned is, in letters bright,
As the glowing axles roll
Swiftly through the murky night.
Naught care they for storm or gale,
Naught for winter's piercing frost,
They have no such word as "fail,"
And they never count the cost.

But, devoted, on they go,
Till they meet, in contest dire,
That unsparing, angry foe,
That relentless demon—fire!
Till they conquer and subdue
His rebellious rage and hate:
For such souls, so brave and true,
Soar superior to fate.

They will drown the surging flame,
They will quell the horrid rout,
While surrounding crowds exclaim,
"Thanks to God, the fire is out!"
Hushed is now the wild uproar,
Bells have ceased their loud alarm,
And the baby sleeps once more,
Cradled on its mother's arm.

SORGHUM MOLASSES.—The five principal States of the West for the production of sorghum molasses are Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. Their estimated production last year, was 10,203,778 gallons. This year only 6,6,8,282 gallons,



The Veiled Lady and her two Husbands in the Picture Gallery.

THE VEILED LADY.

A Leaf from a Physician's Notebook.

By John B. Williams.

I AM an old man now. My hair was silvered with gray years ago. My days on earth cannot be many. My memory begins to fail me. Events which occurred in the early part of my life are fading from my mind. And yet, strange to say, every now and then recollection appears to be lighted up in my brain, as if memory were not extinct but only slept. Perhaps the vehicle for the expression of the thoughts of the soul is becoming dull, age having impaired its usefulness.

Yesterday I was reading in a French journal an account of some recent extraordinary chemical discoveries. How strange it is that a word will sometimes call up a whole flood of reminiscences which have entirely passed from the mind! It would seem as if memory is something material embedded in the brain, and that it is only reproduced when another thought enters that organ and acts upon it



"*She comes!*"

in some subtle manner. Of course this is purely an hypothesis, incapable of proof—but certain it is that reading about the recent chemical discoveries in France awoke in my mind the recollection of an event which transpired many years ago, and in which I acted a subordinate part.

Many, many years ago I almost made up my mind to make the matter public. I remember I debated the matter for a long time, but the fear that the improbability of the history, from the extraordinary character of the events, would convey a reflection on my veracity, restrained me. With age has come obtuseness, and I care nothing about the opinion of the world now. I know what I relate is true—and this is sufficient for me—nor shall I attempt to explain the extraordinary phenomena of which I have to speak. I have no doubt a natural explanation could be given, but I am too old now to attempt it. Without further digression I will relate what I have to tell.

Thirty-five years ago I was practising as a physician in a village in the State of Virginia. It was a rustic spot, and in spring and autumn it was really beautiful. The village on all sides was surrounded by majestic trees, which had braved time for many a long year, and which every summer embedded the white cottages in a mantle of greenery. The village boasted an country tavern, its parsonage, its blacksmith shop, its country store, and other buildings usually found in such places. But the great pride of the place was a large building which went by the name of the Grange.

It was a very old mansion, having been erected in the days of the early settlers of the State. It

was situated about one mile from the village in question, and was at the same time the pride and fear of the inhabitants. It was an Elizabethan structure, rambling, large and commodious. One side of it was completely embedded with ivy, and the windows, around which the evergreen had been trimmed, resembled paths cut through the foliage. The front was gray and discolored; the windows were small, gothic shaped and latticed. It was situated on a beautiful eminence, so that it was a conspicuous object for miles. The Grange was surrounded on all sides by a species of park, which extended at the back of the dwelling for several acres, and was terminated by a beautiful stream of water, which rippled gentle music over its pebbly bed all the year round, excepting a short time when it congealed under the baleful eye of Sirius, the King of Winter. The rooms were lofty, the stairs ease wide, and the oak, so plentifully used in its internal construction, was almost black with age.

When first went to live in the village of Draughton the Grange was unoccupied. The owner had never lived in it for years, but had resided most of the time in New York. One day, however, the whole village was in a state of commotion by the arrival of workmen who had come to put the Grange in a condition of thorough repair. A hundred rumors were immediately afloat, but which all eventually were absorbed into one report—namely, that Mr. Templeman was about to be married, and would bring his bride home to his family mansion. This rumor proved to be a correct one, for in a short time the house was repaired, the old-fashioned furniture was dusted, the cobwebs were removed from the picture-gallery, a bevy of black servants were installed there from one of Mr. Templeman's Southern plantations, the building was declared to be ready, and it received the owner and his bride.

The village was immediately all excitement. Who had seen the bride? Was she pretty? Was she young? Did she seem happy? These and a hundred other questions were asked, but no one could give a satisfactory reply to any one of them. The fact was no one had seen her face, for she was closely veiled when she arrived.

Days, weeks, months passed away, and Mrs. Templeman had never been seen, excepting by persons in her own household. Mr. Templeman, however, often visited the village. It was noticed when he first returned to the home of his fathers, he appeared to be in excellent—indeed it might be called robust health; but by degrees a change came over him; he grew pale and visibly declined. His eyes, too, had a strange expression about them; usually they had a dull, dreamy look, very different from the light of intelligence which shone in them when in his own house, but then again they would suddenly lighten up in the most surprising manner, and he would then seem to be bewildered, and hardly know what he was doing.

One day he called upon me at my house. I was not burdened with many patients at that time, and was generally at home.

"Doctor Maxfield," said he to me, "I wish to consult you respecting my health. I have something the matter with me which is undermining my health, and what it is I know not! All that I do know is, that I am getting weaker every day."

"What are your symptoms, Mr. Templeman?"

"Well, doctor, to tell you the truth, I don't know myself. I only am aware of the fact that I am declining every day. I cannot sleep at night; I lay awake hours for hours together; I do not suppose I get more than three or four hours sleep on an average."

"Do you ever can you ascribe this want of sleep—have you no mental trouble?"

"None at all."

"Is your mind fixed on any one particular subject?"

"I indulge a good deal in chemical experiments, and devote a considerable portion of my time in investigating this beautiful science. But this soothes rather than irritates me."

I examined my patient, and found that every organ of his body was in a normal condition. His heart and lungs were perfectly healthy; digestion was good; in fact it was impossible for me after an hour's close investigation to discover the slightest vestige of disease, and yet he was evidently failing. He was losing flesh, and if some remedy were not discovered he must ultimately die.

"Mr. Templeman," I exclaimed, after I had finished my examination, "your affection is evidently one of the nervous system. You must—"

While I was yet speaking he rose suddenly from his chair, and his eyes which before had been dull and heavy suddenly grew brilliant as two diamonds.

"Excuse me," said he, advancing towards the door, "she is calling me. I must go."

"She!" I exclaimed, "who do you mean? No one has called as yet."

"My wife!" he replied, and rushed out of the house.

I was very much astonished at this strange conduct, and was at a loss how to account for it. I immediately followed him to the door; there was not a soul in sight. My impression was that his brain was affected.

The next day I received a message from the Grange, requesting my immediate presence as Mr. Templeman was seriously ill. I obeyed the summons at once, and was shown into a very large bed chamber, the heavy old-fashioned furniture of which was most strangely out of the modern carpet with which the floor was covered. On a stately four-post bedstead reclined my patient. His eyes were wild and haggard, and his cheek was as pale as a corpse.

"Doctor," said he, as soon as he saw me, "I am glad you have come. I am sick—very sick."

I examined his pulse, and strange to say found that it was quite natural; his respiration too was easy, and had it not been for his wild gaze and pallid face, I should not have thought there was anything the matter with him. I asked him a few questions, to which he responded in a natural manner.

"You appear to be suffering very much," I exclaimed, after he had replied, to all my queries; "is there any fear oppressing your heart?"

"Doctor, your are right, you have guessed it; there is a fear oppressing my heart, one that haunts me night and day; a demon that never quits my side, riding or walking, awake or asleep; it is my constant guest; it is the demon of self-destruction."

"Self-destruction! what do you mean?"

"I mean that I am haunted day and night with the idea of suicide. I feel an almost irresistible impulse to lay violent hands upon myself."

"Have you any reason for this fear?"

"None at all. I am wealthy. I enjoy every comfort. I—"

At that moment his features assumed the same expression I had done the day before in my office.

"O God of Heaven!" he exclaimed, pointing towards the door, "she has just left her room; she advances along the corridor; she stops to adjust her hair; she comes to the door; she is here!"

With that he sank back on his pillow and died insensible. At that moment the door opened and his wife entered the room. I had not time at the moment to observe her, for my whole attention was occupied by my now unconscious patient. In a very short time I succeeded in restoring him to life, but he was raving. I was assisted by a pair of milk-white hands, which, when they touched mine, sent a strange thrill through my whole system.

After we had restored him to consciousness, he fell into a deep slumber, and Mrs. Templeman beckoned me out into another room. It was now for the first time that I had an opportunity of observing the woman about whom report had been so busy. She led the way into the picture gallery, and we sat down on a sofa. She was a tall—very tall woman. Templeman a strange feeling which I could not account for took possession of me. A mist at first appeared to rise before my eyes, through which I could see the dim form of my companion. This, however, cleared away by degrees, and I could gaze on her without emotion. She was gorgeously beautiful, such beauty as I have never seen before or since. Her hair was as black as a raven's plume; her eyes were intensely black, but had a soft and dreamy expression, shaded by gauze. They seemed to enter one's very soul, and when she looked straight at me I felt deprived of the power of speech. Her form was tall and commanding stature, but her form was gracefully moulded. Her skin was white as the purest alabaster; her features were perfect, and might have served as a model for the Titian Venus; her cheek was tinged with the hue of perfect health; and her long curling locks gave a peculiar expression to her face, which it is difficult to describe. It must not be supposed from my description of Mrs. Templeman that I experienced anything like admiration for her beauty. I was fascinated, spell-bound, and even now when I try to analyze my feelings I cannot do it. I felt at the same time attracted and repelled by her presence. I felt a shudder when she gazed on me I felt the influence much more than at other times; when she appeared to be thinking of something else I felt relieved at once, and be in her presence without the slightest emotion.

"What do you think of Mr. Templeman's case?" said she in a voice so peculiar that I could compare it to nothing else than the notes given forth by an Æolian harp.

I told her my opinion—namely, that I considered he was suffering from some nervous disorder, and that a change of scene would be more likely to restore him to health than the anything else. She fully agreed with me, and promised to exert her influence to woke him take a trip to Paris. She then left the room, and I made her fully I was attracted by the pictures, and stood up to examine them. I walked from one end of the gallery to the other, and at the end I came to a picture with a full-length portrait of Oliver Cromwell, but through the canvas was the distinct marks of two bullet holes. I thought it rather strange, and turned round to Mrs. Templeman, and made some inquiry in reference to it. I fancy she appeared confused, for she changed the subject of conversation in a short time after that I left, promising to return the next day.

The next morning I was there early, and was immediately shown into the room of my patient. I found him something better, but still very weak and nervous. I had reflected a great deal on his case since the previous day, but could only come to the conclusion that his wife's presence had a mysterious influence upon him; but how or in what way I could not imagine. After a short consultation, I resolved to converse with him on the subject.

"Mr. Templeman," I began, "Mrs. Templeman's presence appears to have a strange effect upon your nervous system."

"You are right, doctor," he replied; "she is killing me."

"Killing you! What do you mean?"

"I repeat it. She is killing me—not by poison or by any physical means, but simply by the influence of her will."

"The influence of her mind?"

"Yes; my mind is completely subjugated to hers. When she wills me to do anything I am perfectly satisfied if she were to will me to put my hand into that fire, I should be compelled to do it."

"You can scarcely be serious in what you say."

"Alas! it is only too true. Listen to me while I tell you something, for I feel to keep this matter secret any longer would be death to me. I met Mrs. Templeman in New York, for the first time, some three years ago. At that period she was married. I was introduced to her, and was struck with her superb beauty. I lost sight of her for two years, but when I met her again she was a widow. I was attracted by her magnificent appearance, and married her. I had not been married a week before I was conscious that there was some strange influence at work with my mind. Whenever my wife looked fixedly at me thoughts and feelings would arise which did not seem to emanate from myself. It was some little time before I found out the exact truth of the matter; but when I did discover it, when I did find out that I was a slave, that I had no longer a will, mind or power, a terrible feeling of desire to rid myself of life haunted me. With this feeling I have contended for months, and I find each day it becomes stronger and stronger. That it will ultimately end by my committing suicide, if this spell is not broken, I am perfectly satisfied."

"What makes you so satisfied on this point?"

"I will tell you. I find that Mrs. Templeman had been married twice before."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and both her husbands committed suicide!"

There was something very strange and fearful in this revelation. When I remembered the influence the Grange woman had over myself I felt my very blood turn to ice.

"But does she not treat you kindly?" I asked.

"Kindly? Yes. The same kindness that a serpent shows to the victim he is sure of his prey. He does not attack him, but remains at the bottom of the tree until the bird falls directly into his mouth."

"Do you suppose this influence is voluntary on her part?"

"I know it is. When her mind is occupied with something else she loses influence over me, and for that time I feel myself a man again. It is at such moments that an irresistible desire to kill her rises up in my mind. I have thought of a thousand different ways. Sometimes it is poison, at others I will slay her while she sleeps, but she paralyses me in a moment with her eye."

"Hush, my dear sir! Such thoughts as these will lead me to suspect that your brain is disordered."

"But it is not, doctor. I thought I had effected my purpose the other night. I was in my study, reading, when I fancied I heard voices in the picture-gallery. It was near midnight, and the first idea was that robbers had broken in. I took my gun and entered the picture gallery. I saw, plainly as I see you now, my wife stretched on the ground, and the form of her late husband bending over her in a threatening attitude. Although I had a certain will power over him, I could not fire perfectly. The desire to free myself from my cursed thraldom was too powerful. I raised the gun to my shoulder and fired. What was my astonishment when there was no one to be seen, and almost immediately afterwards my wife came running into the gallery by the same door that I had entered. I was convinced that it was a hallucination. The next day I examined the spot in which I had discovered her; I fired the gun. I found the bullets had pierced a portrait of Oliver Cromwell."

"You are right in your supposition," I replied; "that must have been the optical delusion. Such things are common when the mind is disturbed."

"I suppose so. But what course do you recommend me to pursue?"

I then told him that he had better at once leave the country, and recommended Paris to him as the place where he would most likely meet with persons and events that would restore his nervous system to a healthy condition again. He agreed to the proposal, and in a week he started off to New York and left by a packet sailing from that city to Havre.

A week passed without anything occurring, when one day I received a message from the Grange requesting my immediate presence there to see Mrs. Templeman. I thought by the urgency of the message that she must be very sick. I was therefore very much surprised when I met sitting in her boudoir, apparently in perfect health.

"Doctor," said she, as soon as I entered the room, "I have sent for you professionally. I wish to consult you on another matter."

I bowed but made no reply.

"You are aware," she continued, "that my husband has devoted himself a great deal to chemical pursuits. For days together he has been at work in his laboratory with his house—especially was this the case a few days before he left for Paris. Now I will confess to you that I have an irresistible curiosity to know what he has been doing there. As the nurse of his child I feel free from a species of superstitious dread about descending into that cold, dark, damp place. Will you examine the vault for me?"

"Did Mr. Templeman express a desire that no one should enter it during his absence?"

"He gave me no instructions as to that effect, and especially begged me not to visit the vault. It is this very fact which makes me so desirous of seeing it. I am perfectly free from a species of superstitious dread about descending into that cold, dark, damp place. Will you examine the vault for me?"

I would but made no reply.

"You are aware," she continued, "that my husband has devoted himself a great deal to chemical pursuits. For days together he has been at work in his laboratory with his house—especially was this the case a few days before he left for Paris. Now I will confess to you that I have an irresistible curiosity to know what he has been doing there. As the nurse of his child I feel free from a species of superstitious dread about descending into that cold, dark, damp place. Will you examine the vault for me?"

I would but made no reply.

She tried in vain to combat my resolutions, but I was determined, and soon after left her—she was evidently not pleased with my visit.

The next evening a report was current in the village that Mrs. Templeman had suddenly disappeared. I was the first person seen since the evening before when she retired to bed. Search was immediately made in every direction for her—but it was all fruitless. It was then that I suddenly thought about the vault, and suggested that some one should search it—relating the particulars of the conversation I had had with her on the subject.

The necessary search was made, and to the horror of every one she was found on the floor of the vault stone dead. There was no wound visible, and a jury of inquest returned a verdict of "Death by the visitation of God." The result contained nothing particular, and there was certainly no evidence of any occupation followed by Mr. Templeman there. A few bottles and vials containing chemicals was all that could be found. I noticed, however, that there was a strong sulphurous smell plainly apparent.

This sad termination of the life of such a beautiful woman was a nine days' wonder, and a vast variety of opinions were given on the subject. By degrees, however, the matter died away, and in a month or two it seemed to be entirely forgotten.

It was about three months after this occurrence that I was seated in my little parlor one night, resting myself after a long country ride. I was informed by my little boy that a gentleman wished to see me. I gave orders that he should be admitted, and almost immediately afterwards Mr. Templeman entered the room. He was changed, and that I scarcely knew him. He was wasted to a perfect shadow; his arms appeared to hang helplessly by his side; his eyes were sunk deep in their sockets, but still shone with an unnatural glare; his features were pinched, and his face was as colorless as that of a corpse—in fact his whole appearance was more that of a living corpse than anything else. He sat down, and for a minute or two he did not utter a word. At last, in a hoarse whisper he exclaimed:

"She is dead!"

I proceeded to condole with him at his wife's untimely decease, but he interrupted me.

"I murdered her! I killed her! Her blood is on my soul! It has been eating into my heart ever since that fatal night. I have not slept for weeks!"

"Compose yourself, sir," I replied. "You accuse yourself wrongfully; she died while you were on the road to Paris."

"True, but I killed her, notwithstanding. Listen! I will tell you how. You are aware that I have been addicted to considerable chemical experiments. In the course of my investigations I discovered an explosive substance which would ignite by the slightest friction—more than five times more explosive than fulminating mercury; but it also possessed this property, namely, that when it exploded no report was to be heard, but it would shed as if from a stroke of lightning, and no mark or wounds would show how the person had met his death. My wife's death is that of the victim to her nervous system. I prepared some of this chemical and placed it in the vault in such a manner that any person who should open the door would explode the compound and must meet with instant death. I then told my wife on no account whatever to visit the vault, but I knew that the very fact of my telling her this would make her disobey my wishes. You know the result. I am her murderer!"

I tried to soothe him as well as I could. Suddenly he rose up in his chair—his eyes assumed a fearful expression. Stretching forth his hand, he exclaimed:

"She calls me! From the cold dark grave she calls me! I cannot resist—I must go!"

And he again fell back into the chair—dead!

REBELS PEELING THE DEAD.

AMONG the pitiable scenes of the war is the wholesale robbery of the soldiers on the battlefield, which, though at first denied, is now acknowledged, and seems to be an organized system in the armies of the Confederates. Their wretched financial condition, the difficulty of obtaining clothing, seem to be an excuse, but the whole affair is so characteristic of the South, as the examples of their want of finer feelings, that it is stamped as one of the great features of the war.

We know now that bodies of troops are kept in reserve for the purpose, and that before the smoke of battle has cleared away the main march over to their loathsome task and begin stripping the dead and dying. How far this practice is inferred from the remarks of Mr. Joseph P. Townsend, the superintendent of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, who, in speaking of the unrecognized dead, says: "I am quite certain that there are many unknown dead (about one-fourth of the whole), but that was owing to the fact that those who fell in the first day's fight were stripped by the rebels."

JOHN C. BRAINE, THE PIRATE OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

WE give a portrait of this infamous murderer, sent by the so-called Government at Richmond here to Canada, and examined in Port to rebel sympathisers with money and arms to go on board the Chesapeake. Our readers know no doubt well how he had his pretended fellow-travellers seized the steamer and murdered poor Sheaffer, whose widow has since received also a bed of sickness, from those who aided Braine here are unmolested.

The photograph on which our portrait is based was taken by Mr. William Berry, of Amherst, N.S., a few weeks since. Braine was there in disguise under the name of Hay. He was quite popular in the place, and as we are informed by Mr. G. J. Chadwick, to whom we are indebted for the portrait, was suspected of being at all concernes in the affair. "We only found out it was Braine on Sunday last, 17th inst., when J Nollis, Esq., called to take him to Saint Mary's cemetery, followed by the Rev. Thos. Casey, D.D. and D. C. L., of King's College, Windsor. Mr. Braine, or as he called himself, Mr. Hay, was very much affected. After a search for him throughout the hotel, one of the servants informed Mr. Nollis that Mr. Hay or Braine had gone out early that morning, carrying a package seemingly very heavy, and upon examining his room only an empty trunk was to be found, Hay or Braine had left with the Halifax mail coach which Mr. Lawlor was to drive. He, Hay or Braine, after walking seven miles, met the coach, and upon engaging Mr. Stephen Gould to drive him to Fort Lawrence, about fifteen miles, he was taken there and left at the Lawrence House, kept by Stephen Boire. After taking a hearty dinner (and paying for it), he was driven in a sleigh to Cape Tourentine, by Josiah Howe, and sent across to Prince Edward's Island. All traces of him since have been lost."

THE greatest difficulty that an artist has in drawing crowds is to get them to sit.

DAY LILIES.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

O summer day,
Delay! delay!
One waving of thy brooding wing,
One stirring of thy hazy wing,
And noontide light and heat,
Will find my dewy shadow-lair,
And burn the coolness from the grasses
That swathe my feet
In rank and silowy masses;
And to this chestnut twilight bring
The sun's profanest glare.

O summer day,
Delay! delay!
Let naked hill and bare brown field
Parch in thy torrid ray,
So this dim nook be unrevealed,
Where I,
Deliciously concealed,
Among the lilies lie.
The delicate day lillies!
The white and wonderful lilies!
My dark-green haunt so still is
The wildest birdling dare not sing,
Nor insect beat a gossamer wing,
Nor sephyr lift the lightest thing—
Here, where the lustrous lilies,
The clear, resplendent lilies,
Pour out their heavenly-sweet perfume,
And with their snowiness,
In clusters chaste, illume
This dark recess.

Soft-footed Silence, royal nun!
In this thy humble, emerald cell
For ever dwell!
These flowers supernal ever shine.
Pure-flamed, before thy virgin shrine!
Here, one by one,
Tell o'er thy glistering, royal beads.
A rosary strung on tangled weeds,
And bludes and stems that interknit.
The breath of lilies be thy prayers,
Sweet-adored, wafted unawares
Up through the morning's lucent sirs
And evening's pallid mist!
The glittering stars shall o'er thee pass,
Drop-pillowed in their heavy-grass;
There bread, smooth lily-leaves shall be
A glossy coverlet for thee;
Thy prayers and penance done,
O royal nun!
By day or night,
In dark or light,
Thy fragrant shrine shall be the same.
There slender tapers, lambent still,
Nor blazing sun, nor mildew chill,
Shall quench their alabaster flame.

A gleam, as of a crystal wand!
And day pours in with curious face;
The jealous sunshine, stealing round,
Doth warily chase
The cool, dank shadows on the ground.
The cloister-walls no longer stand;
A gerish glory fills the space
And lights the lush grass, loose and long;
While startled by the wild birds' song,
Soft-footed Silence flees space;
But still serene the lillies shine,
Pure-flamed, before her ruined shrine!

Don't be too Quick!

By J. W. Watson.

I SAID this to my friend Searle, after he had been detailing to me some difficulties under which he was laboring, the first being the loss of money, and the second a suspicion that one whom he very much liked was the thief. The story was this:

Searle kept an establishment where he manufactured certain goods, and attached was an office, where sundries they were sold to transient customers who paid in cash. This cash was always entered upon a salesbook, then put in the moneydrawer, whence it was taken once every day on the closing of the office. Of late much of this money had been missing, and in spite of every effort to find out the appropriators, the thievery still went on.

"I am willing to suffer the loss of the money," said Searle, "though it is no small amount, nearly three hundred dollars to the time; but it is the idea that I have a thief about me, that is the trouble."

"And there is nobody comes about the money-drawer, or has the taking of money, you say, but Dale?"

"Not a soul could have a chance but he and myself, and ever since I took him into the office as book-keeper and confidential clerk, the money has been going on, though I had supposed it entirely lost for eight years in every way, and never found a penny wrong."

"It may be, perhaps," I answered, "that the temptation of having money always open to him has been too much of a temptation, but don't be too quick! I know you would rather lose thousands than accuse any one wrongfully."

"That is exactly what has kept me back; but still the circumstances are powerfully against him. At first when I missed the money, always in bills, the gold and silver would not be taken, though I have often marked it to see. I told him of it, and he seemed very much troubled, but afterwards I have said nothing, and have watched. I must say there is nothing to justify my suspicion, except that he has full access to the money-drawer."

"Well," I said, "I will tell you a little incident that occurred to myself some years ago, that made a wonderful impression on my mind, and will always set towards making me give the advice I am now giving, which is never to convict on circumstantial evidence, unless there is something positive to back it."

"Soon after I first commenced business I was sitting in my room one night, and counting out and sorting a large amount of money, some of which was to deposit in bank next day, and some to pay bills, etc. While I was doing this a knock came to the door, and at my response there came in an old friend and schoolmate of mine, Sam Nichols. I had always been on terms of the closest intimacy with Sam, and at that very time was thinking of giving him a confidential position in my business, having great faith in him, though he seemed to be unfortunate in his undertaking in the world, lacking the energy to push into place and position, though when he was once in, serving zealously and faithfully.

"This evening he came in to say that he had an opportunity of becoming cashier for a mercantile house of high reputation, and had come to me for a letter of recommendation. I was delighted to give it to him, for the position was much better than what I could offer, and I was sincerely desirous of seeing Sam do well. He said he was asking me this I was still busily sorting my money and laying it in different heaps about the table. Among it was one five hundred dollar bill on a New York bank, which I laid separate, intending to keep it for an especial purpose.

"I got up from the table and crossed the room to my desk, where I wrote the letter, while in the meantime Sam read one of the books that lay upon the table. When the letter was written I handed it to Sam, who, apologising for having come in on me when I was busy, and saying that he would not stop to interrupt me farther, went away, as I thought, abruptly.

"Sam was scarcely out of the house when, in putting up my money in packages, I missed the five hundred dollar bill. I supposed I had laid it, been shot, and instantly ran through my money again. It was not there! Then I searched the floor—it might have been blown under the setting of the door, for the windows were not open, and no other air could have been made. Not! Then to take everything from the table and make a thorough examination. I put the loose books up in the library and searched every paper and scrap about the office with success. At this time there was a sickening sensation about me, but I could not bear to give it up. I lighted every gasburner in the room, and examined every cranny and every crack, and everything that the most remote possibility of success, and then when morning was about dawning I sat down, and thought of Sam Nichols as a thief! I would have given a hundred five hundred dollars, but I cared very little for the money alongside of the idea that I must look out and remember my old and well-tried friend as a thief. As to prosecuting him, though my evidence would have convicted, I never thought of it; but the most fearful doubt in the world was that I was whether it was my duty to make the thing known, and to openly accuse him of the crime, or whether I had better keep my knowledge in my own bosom and be content with shaking him off abruptly, leaving his own consciences to tell him the cause.

"I went about the last course, and went about my business without mentioning my loss to any one, feeling all the time as though I had an unhealed wound in my breast. I had given my servants instructions that when Nichols called I was not to be never in, no matter how desirous he may be to see me, and at my office I issued the same orders, telling the clerks that even if he saw me in my private office he was to be told that I would not see him.

"About a week after this I was almost driven crazy to hear that Nichols had got the situation for which he had applied, and that it was my letter that got it for him. The idea was a horrible one to me. The letter was a warm one, with almost fulsome praise, and must of course have had great weight. What could I do now? I had my choice, either to see it a matter of duty to go to his employers and tell my story, or let him go on, and as a consequence rob them, as he had robbed me. After a day of confusion and misery, but determined on what I thought was a middle course, which was to get a friend, who, while being private with me, was a friend to Nichols, to the house that had employed Nichols, to go to them, and while telling the story to ask from them a suspension of opinion, and withholding every positive could be known. It was a vain idea, and I may as well have attempted to quench a burning conflagration with a drop of water. Just one week afterwards I heard of the discharge of Nichols, and within a month that he had left the city, nobody seemed to know exactly how or where.

"A year passed over, and one night I was sitting alone in my room, reading, or rather attempting to read, that I might drive away a feeling of gloom that had come over me, and an unconscious sense of the unpleasant things that happened to me in a lifetime. Among those things that came up was that of Nichols, and instantly I resolved to put from mind I could not seem to dismiss it. I tried first one book and then another, and finally took down from the shelves a volume of Browning that had become almost a stranger to me. The instant I drew it from the shelf I saw that something was upon the farther cover. I turned it to the light, and quick as thought peeled off from its varnished side my—five hundred dollar bill!

"Never shall I forget the effect of that moment! It was the most terrible shock to my nerves I ever had. I saw the whole thing in an instant. I had taken down that volume of Browning upon the very night that Nicholl was in the room, and that was the book he was reading while I was writing the letter. In his haste to receive the letter he had laid the book down upon the $500 bill, and covered it. I, not seeing the bill, had laid the book aside, and the bill had clung to the cover, and when I had put all the books upon the shelves, that I might look for the bill, I had put this among the rest.

"This night was a longer one than that upon which I was searching for the lost money. All I thought of now was to seek Sam Nichols, if he was still alive, and do him justice. This was no easy matter, and was only accomplished after a delay of about two months, for Sam had gone off South; but when it was done, and Sam Nichols once more sat in that room with me, I told him the whole story, and implored pardon for my share in it, a pardon which was freely given.

"He never knew anything about it more than he saw and heard that I avoided him, and was determined to cast him off, and he supposed the cause must be from his discharge, though he did not know for what he was discharged.

"I did the best I could for Sam Nichols, and though I could not reinstate him in his old position, I could give him the situation I originally intended for him, and gain the employers and realize the solution of the lost money. I have never forgiven myself for my want of faith in Sam, and from that day of justification until now I have never lost sight of him, but have done to do Sam Nichols some good, as a small compensation for the injury I did him."

Searle rubbed his hands over my story and went away without a word. I did not see him again for nearly three weeks, though I often thought of him, and was anxious to hear of its unravelling. At that one day he rushed into my private office, with signs of high excitement on his face, and spoke in a rapid, hurried way, said:

"It's all out! The thief is discovered! Now who do you think it was?"

I was glad to hear by his way of speaking that it was not Dale, but I did not venture to guess.

"I'll tell you the story," he said, after waiting a moment; "it will be a very short one. I found it necessary to make some alterations in the office, and I had to remove the desk, which, as you remember, connected with the wall. In so doing the drawers were taken out in removing the one next the cash drawer—which has not been open for a year before—he heard the squeak of a mouse somewhere. We could not stop, of course, for Mrs. Mouse, and the result was that, in pulling the drawer entirely out, the lady, who proved to be the mother of an interesting family of six, was executed even unto death. In one of the back compartments of the drawer she had made her nest, and was raising her family, with my money. She had stolen it piece by piece, and had only met retributive justice for the theft. I have got it all back except about fifty dollars, which has been at various times, and is impossible to put together. And now, my dear fellow, let me thank you for your story, for without it I should have been in a dreadful fright about it with a deadly hate that the Mexican never felt.

POINT ISABEL, TEXAS.

OUR ARTIST sends a sketch of a point memorable for the landing of Gen. Banks and his forces, who recalled almost from oblivion this spot so distinguished in the history of the Mexican war, as the place where Gen. Zachary Taylor kept his operations. The chimneys standing, bare and tall, mark the ruins of the headquarters of that old soldier, who, like Wolfe, dreamed, as he looked up to the flag of his country, his own dying fight against it with a deadly hate that the Mexican never felt.

BROWN'S FERRY ON THE TENNESSEE.

WE conclude our series of illustrations of the interesting scenery around Chattanooga, of the spots made for ever memorable by the gallantry of our noble armies, with a sketch of Brown's ferry, on the Tennessee. This is the one week eleven miles the river, is passing through the pontoon bridge, while in the background the Lookout mountain rears its craggy height in solemn grandeur, as though conscious of its new rank among the eternal hills.

GEN. RICHARD STODDARD EWELL, C. S. A.

THE successor of Gen. Jackson, though unequal to that capable officer, is a remarkable man; and like Lee, Joe Johnston and Magruder, another of the Virginians who sealed the doom of their States and of their own by joining the rebellion, and giving it their influence and military skill. Gen. Ewell was born in the district of Columbia, in 1820; was graduated from the West Point military school in 1840; received, like Pleasanton, a brevet for gallantry as captain of dragoons. He was made First Lieutenant in Sept., 1841; became Captain for gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco; Major in '47, and Lieut.-Col. after distinguishing himself in the Indian wars in New Mexico, resigned his commission in May, 1861, to accept a commission of Brig.-Gen. in the rebel army. He was at the battle of Hicksburg, July 16, 1861, and was soon made Major-General. He was long second in command to Stonewall Jackson. Pope's campaign was defeated by Hooker at Bristow station, August 27th, 1862, and Ewell at the second battle of Bull Run. On recovering he resumed his command, although he had to be strapped to his saddle. When Jackson was killed at Chancellorsville, Ewell succeeded him, but has not since distinguished himself.

THE INTERIOR OF THE MONITOR MONTAUK.

ALL have heard of the monitors, and are aware of their exterior appearance. The chesebox on a raft, but few have seen the vehicle in Hampton roads one morning, is now so familiar to the eye as a cheese and loaf. Few, however, have been able to descend into one, or visit the interior arrangements. The series of pictures which we give will enable all to see what they are within. The sketches of the Montauk, now off Charleston, were made with great care by our special Artist, by express permission of Admiral Dahlgren.—While without all seems smooth and clear, giving little idea of immense strength, we see within the complicated works employed to move the vessel and to protect her crew. The interior of the turret shows the two immense guns and their apparatus: the iron wood with its frequent bolts, one of which is another rivet did much fatal injury in the gallant Rodgers. The view under the turret gives a better idea than words will do of the machinery which, propelled by an engine for the purpose, revolves the immense turret on its bronze rail. A smaller one shows the system of brakes, by which these revolutions are guided. The cone-head is shown above separately, and the eight holes, at one of which Lieut. Worden was so badly injured.

The cabin and wardroom need no explanation. The anchor-well, the windlass and the pilot-house with the group of instruments complete the series of sketches. The exposure to the shelterers gives an idea of the strength of that department; but the whole interior is divided by very strong and watertight walls, in important places closing with heavy iron doors that seem to seal up the rooms hermetically.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM'S CHURCH, FORTIETH STREET, NEW YORK.

THE Third Congregational Unitarian Society (Rev. O. B. Frothingham), having completed their church edifice in Fourth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, we give a sketch of their neat and comfortable edifice. The Rev. Mr. Frothingham is one of the most eloquent and popular of the Unitarian clergy in the city, and the congregation very select and refined.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A WIT AT HIS CENSUS RETURN.—An eccentric wag, in answer to the question in a column which he calls a caste, gave the following answers to the marshal of his census paper. Under the heading "Domestic servants, of what visitors," he wrote:—

"Plenty of mice, and lots of rats.

A nice young dog, and two young cats."

Under the head "Age," was written:

"I will not swear that I am fifty,

Though people call me rather thirty."

His caste he describes as consisting of "one room, with winning company, and no scholars." Happy man! He is evidently a philosopher as well as a wit.

SCENE IN A POLICE COURT.—A youth named Daniel O'Brien, whose cadaverous face and cadaverous appearance, when he had passed a sleepless night, was brought before the court on a charge of stealing oysters from the shop of one Watson. The court said that a few days would be necessary for the vengeance of the law, and the sentence produced a groan of horror from the

Irish blood, judge," he said, "have I not suffered enough by seeing what I ate?"

Even his stomach as he spoke, and groaned as though still under the influence of it.

The court said it was one of the penalties of sin.

"Then, your honor," he said, "if I'd suffered as I did yesterday, you would think that you had paid as well as penalties. Hereafter, oysters and me are strangers. We don't agree."

Sighs were heavily drawn with a spasm, and went off groaning.

The court didn't indulge in early vegetables, and it looked after the retreating O'Brien with a smile of compassion, beautifully blended with a pinch of snuff.

ON A PERPETUAL SINGER.

Miss Nasey sings so sweetly, oh!
'Twould almost melt your heart, I know,
To hear the varies that she makes
From her delicious lips.
I know it, for I love her sing
The livelong days her practising.
Would that each bore a heartsloed sting
His finger tips.

Miss Nancy sings more like a bird
Than any lover ever heard;
But when she is by passion stirred
She is a little croaky.
I wish she were a bird (what rage!)
And I her cruel master caged,
I'd put Miss Nancy in a cage,
And there I'd keep her.

AN IRISH PILOT.—A merchant brig got a pilot on board on the south coast of Ireland to take her into port. She was stormy, and the pilot quite lost the reckoning.

"You're a pretty pilot, truly," said the captain, "not to know where we are."

"Sir," replied the pilot, "show me the Old Head o' Kinsale and I'll tell you where we are in an instant."

AN EXCUSE FOR SMOKING.—In one of our neighboring towns the lads of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and resorted to the most ingenious methods to conceal the vice from the masters. At last they were detected, until one evening, when the master caught them at it, and was received with a woful plight.

"How now?" shouted the master to the first lad—"how dare you be smoking?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the ache."

"And you, you rascal, and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

"Sir," said the second, "I have a cough;" and the third, a "cough;" in short, they all had something.

"Then, sir," said the last one to him at the head, boy," what disorder do you smoke for?"

"Sir," said he, "my clothes were smoked; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe after a hearty puff, and blowing out all his remaining fees, said in a whining, hypocritical tone, "Sir, I smoke against the devil."

The master looked at him for a moment in silence, and then ordered him down.

A CHICAGO paper gravely remarks that "the longer the present war lasts the more public opinion seems to incline to settle down to the belief that it will be a short one." The editor is quite right, we believe.

IN the story of the courtship of a loving couple, the course was arranged and matters lined up, the master-stroke

"I suppose it must be on the score of his merit, not on the merit of his score,"

IT is not in brutes that we find most brutality.

"DON'T touch me, or I'll scream!" as the engine whistle said to the stoker.

THE young lady who gives herself away shows her self-possession.

IT is often a nobler work to conquer a doubt than a redoubt.

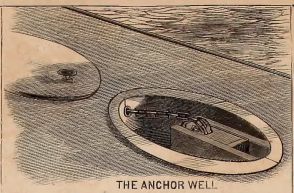
ALL our laws would seem to be bankrupt laws; they are broken every day!

THE worst of all kinds of eyewater is a coquette's tears.

WE are never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless we have it from her own mouth.



REVOLVING THE TURRET



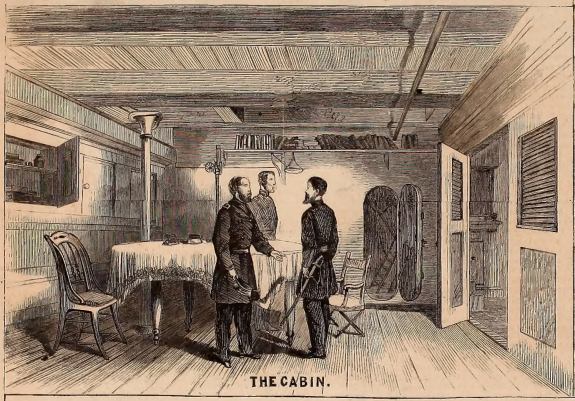
THE ANCHOR WELL



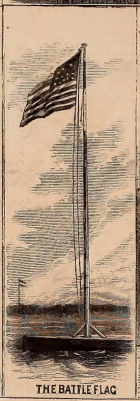
THE PILOT HOUSE



PORT HOLE AND MUZZLE OF 15-IN GUN



THE CABIN.



THE BATTLE FLAG

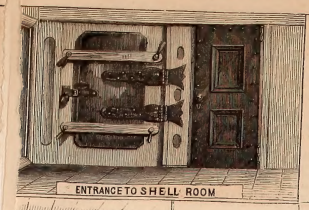


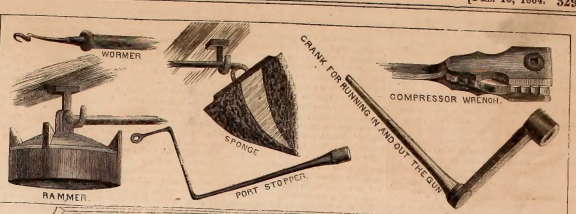
THE WIN



THE BERTH DECK.

FOUR IRONCLADS—INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE U. S. MONITOR MONTAUK, N

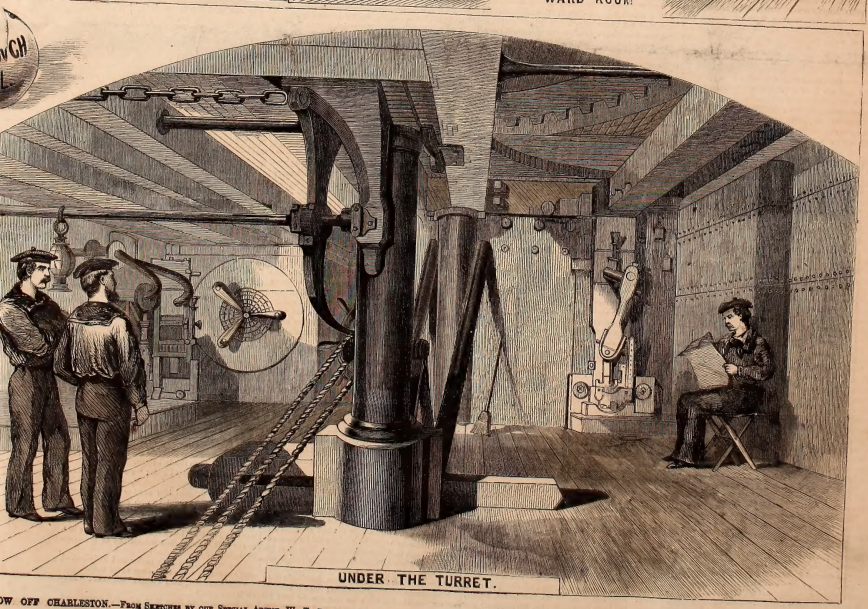

ENTRANCE TO SHELL ROOM




NDLASS


SIGNALING FROM THE PILOT HOUSE


WARD ROOM


UNDER THE TURRET.

OW OFF CHARLESTON.—From Sketches by our Special Artist, W. T. Crane.

THE POET BORN, NOT MADE.

A quiet thinker of sweet thoughts, I waver
Among my dreams, clothing them evermore
With form and flavor;
But Hope, who culls delight for me,
Tuned ofttimes into poesy,
Imbues with her soft light the loving lore
Of contented men before.

And though a mean-clad Fortune oft doth set her
Hard hand upon the singing robe I wear,
I deem it better;
Content with Truth she shall sing
Her shadows o'er the songs I sing;
For she and her twin children, Joy and Care,
Have lent the lute I bear.

Past hours, with all the holier thoughts I treasure,
Move onward to the unity they make,
Flowering to pleasure.
And I linked myself and these,
To love in many melodies;
And I have need to sing for singing's sake,
Until my heart should break!

Thoughts that reseek the bosom whence they flutter,
Laughter and tears that mingle as they flow,
Feelings that utter
Music my heart and soul contain,
Take form and substance in my brain,
Uttering, in sounds of sweetness evermore,
All I have been and know.

When the heart listens and the blood rejoices,
Where Beauty broodeth by herself, and sings—
When unknown voices,
Sow o'er the melancholy hours
Music that springs like grass and flowers—
When Fancy feels the sunlight on her wings—
I am the guest of kings!

Without the Titan world, its truth or error,
Like a lost brooklet, blindly I steal;
Living to mirror
My quiet nights, and house-bred days
In simple rhymes and roundelays,
Which harbor sweet sounds if they reveal
Half I have felt and feel!

THE GULF BETWEEN THEM.

BY

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 315.)

He had loved her, he did love her, and the only reason she was, as he supposed, ignorant of the humiliating story of his past, was because he had put it resolutely out of his mind; and it hurt his pride too much to go over the detail of the deceit…it rested very from which he had suffered, even in his own thoughts.

Stacy's absence was prolonged to a fortnight, and when she returned, Mrs. Harrington and Tom Fuller came back with her.

The girl was in more joyous spirits than ever; more bewitching and beautiful, if possible; and Elizabeth could see plainly that Mellen's love for her had filla stint of absolute idolatry.

She was jealous. Elsie had been her own sister, she could not have become more attached to her than she had grown during their years of companionship. But it was very hard to see of what love her husband was capable, and to remember that no part of it could be won to make sunshine for her; that between her soul and his rose the image of that heartless beauty, whose treachery had barred his heart to ashes.

Tom Fuller was a more hopeless lunatic than ever; but Elsie had begun to grow impatient of his devotion. She often found him cruelly now, and the poor fellow bore it all meekly, and still clung to his beautiful dream, unable to realize that it was a heedless blossom, that would soon wave away with the summer that had warmed it to its prime.

The weeks passed on with all-seeming pleasantness, and in many respects they were so to both husband and wife, though the secret thoughts in the minds of both, kept them aloof from the perfect rest and happiness to which they had looked forward during their days of courtship.

But a sudden change and a great break were nearing their lives, and unexpectedly enough it came.

Mellen received a heavy mining property in California, an immense fortune in itself, and ever since his return from Europe he had been much occupied with a lawsuit that had sprung up concerning the title. He had come out victorious of business, but things did not go on satisfactorily, and letters came for him which made his presence there appear absolutely important.

He could not take his wife and sister; the discomforts to which they would be exposed, the dreadful fears which he knew he encountered, from her apparent delicacy, entirely prevented the idea.

He informed them that he might be obliged to go; he had written other letters by the steamer; the answer he received would decide..

Elizabeth pleaded to go with him, but Elsie frankly owned that she could not even think of a sea voyage without deathly terror. Mellen pointed out to his wife the impossibility of her taking the journey, the necessity there was that she should remain with Elsie, and she submitted in silence.

"He married me to take care of her," she thought; "I will do my duty—I will stay. Perhaps this absence will change him; but no, I am mad to hope it. Elsie says he never changes. That woman's memory must always lie between his heart and mine." So she turned to her dull weary path of duty, and gave no sign.

CHAPTER VII.

OCTOBER comes, and scarcely four months after his marriage, Mellen was compelled to leave his wife and home, it might be for a year. Elizabeth grew white and cold when this certainty was forced upon her, yet she made no protestation, only uttered nothing like regret or complaint. Grantley was chilled through and through the heart by this. He had been so lonely, had longed for the warmth and happiness of love with such intense yearnings, that her calm stillness wounded him terribly. Was she of marble? Would nothing kindle affection in that proud heart? Had he married a beautiful statue?

No wonder Elizabeth was proudly cold. She did not believe in the necessity of this journey. His indifference had first given him dislike, she thought, and now, yielding to inevitable repulsion, he was going away to avoid her.

But Elsie was loud in her expressions of grief. She had floods of tears to give—protestations and caresses without end. Her sweet voice was constantly reproaching Elizabeth for want of feeling. She was forever thanking her brother in advance, in atonement, as she said, for his wife's coldness. But the roses on her cheek were always fresh, and her blue eyes never lost a gleam of their brightness, while Elizabeth grew thin and white beneath the withering ache of a famished heart.

"Oh, the desert of these months! Oh, my God, my God, I shall perish without him! Alone here —all alone with this child—what will become of me! How shall I endure, how resist this wild clamor of the heart?"

Elizabeth had flung herself upon the couch in her own room, her face was buried in the purple cushion, and she strove to smother the anguish of these words, which sprung out of a terrible pain which had no business in that young heart. As she lay, convulsed and sobbing, on the couch, the door opened, and her husband came into the room. The thick carpet smothered his footsteps, and he stood by the couch before she knew it—stood there a moment, then fell upon his knees, and softly wound his arm around her.

"Elizabeth, my wife."

She started up with a cry; her face was wet with tears; her large gray eyes wild with sorrow. He lifted her to his bosom, put back the thick waves of hair that had fallen over her face, and kissed her forehead and her lips with gentle violence.

The pride went out from her heart as she felt these passionate kisses rained on her face. She clung to him, trembling from the new joy that possessed her.

"Is it for me that you are weeping, sweet wife? are you sorry to part with me?"

"Oh, yes, yes! you are my life, my salvation."

"Why how hard you make it for me to go!"

"And you must?"

"It is inevitable; my duty to others demands it; and it is said not for the first time."

The door of Elsie's boudoir was opened, the certains held back, and the sailing young creature looked in. Elizabeth saw her, struggled out of her husband's arms, and dried the wet eyelashes with sweeping her cheek, which was hot with blushes.

"Oh, ho! one too many, am I?" she cried, entering without ceremony. "Mr. Mellen, Mrs. Harrington, I haven't seen you blush so since that day when Mrs. Harrington would insist on it that you recognized a certain person."

Elizabeth was so confused by the sudden rush of joy sweeping through her whole being, that she did not remark this speech; but her husband did, and withdrew his arm from her waist for support. She looked up, and saw that he was changed within the minute.

"I'm glad to find you looking so smiable," said Elsie, going up to the glass, and threading her curls out into a beautiful confusion of hair; "for I've thought of something that would make this place delightful, just as long as you stay, Grant. Besides," she added, looking down and coloring a little, "people will get such ideas into their heads, and say such things. I'm sure Tom Fuller will, if he then see how very happy you and Bessie are together, or they never will believe that you are not running away from her."

"Will they?" demanded Mellen almost sternly,— "What are you saying, Elsie?"

"Oh, it's dreadful; I've been crying about it half the night, but a splendid idea—something of that sort, will put every thing on velvet. Nothing like champagne and the *et ceteras* to stop people's mouths."

"A ball! Why, Elsie, what is your mind running on?"

"The idea is dreadful, I know; and just as you are leaving us, when every moment is precious as a grain of gold. But it's really necessary. If you go off without seeing people, Grant, they will be sure to say that you and Bessie quarrelled, and all sorts of horrid things about her being melancholy, and you—well it's no use repeating these speeches, but the ball we must have. Bessie shall entertain them like a princess; as for poor little me, I'm good for nothing but dancing."

She gave a waltzing step or two, and whirled herself before the mirror again.

"Well, who shall we invite?" she said, gazing at the pretty image that smiled back her admiration. "I've not a list this morning in my room; shall I bring it?"

She ran into her room and came out again with a handful of engraved cards, some of them already filled in.

"I knew, of course, that the ball was to be, so had the cards struck off. Tom Fuller brought them down. Just add what names you please, Bessie, and we will leave the rest to Mrs. Harrington."

"Why, Elsie!" began Mrs. Mellen.

"Well, what is it?"

"How can you think of—"

"Oh, it's settled, so don't discuss it. What! looking cross? Why, Grant dear, I—I did not think you would be offended."

"But I am, Elsie."

She dropped into a chair, pressed both hands to her side, and shrunk away into a crouch, from which little thing, that had been crushed by a single blow.

"Why, Elsie!"

Her eyes filled with tears, and she covered them with both hands.

"I am not angry, child, only surprised."

"But you will be—you will be very angry when I tell you that some of the invitations are sent out. Oh, I wish I were dead!"

Her lips quivered like those of a grieved and half-frightened child. Her cheeks were wet, and their color had left them.

"Oh, Grantley, Grantley, don't—don't look at me in that way. Dear Bessie, tell him how sorry I am."

Mellen was walking the floor in considerable agitation. He had hoped for a little peace in his own home—a few days of tranquil confidence with his wife. Now every thing was broken in upon. There would be nothing but confusion up to the very hour of his starting.

Elsie watched him furtively, and with sidelong glances. She knew how terrible his anger was when once aroused.

"Oh, if my poor mother had lived."

"Elsie, Elsie I will not have that sacred name dragged into an affair like this. Have your way, but remember it is the last time that you must venture on the sympathies of my wife."

Elsie left the room really frightened, and sobbing piteously, but the moment she found herself in her boudoir a smile broke through her tears, and she laughed out.

"Well, I don't care, we shall have the ball. I wonder if Bessie put him up to that. Hateful thing, he never scolded me so before. Her prerogatives, indeed."

As for Grantley Mellen, this untoward intrusion had broken up the happy moment which might have given him new insight into all that his wife felt and suffered. The interview which had promised such gentle confidence only ended in mutual irritation.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE evening of the ball arrived; the house was crowded with all the guests it would hold, and for the scores it was impossible to accommodate, Mellen had made arrangements in his usual lavish way to be conveyed back and forth in a steamer chartered for the occasion.

The old house was a beautiful sight that evening. The long suite of drawing-rooms were flung open, and in the far distance a noble conservatory, half greenness, half crystal, terminated the view like a second South Island fretted with moonlight.

It was not alone that these noble rooms were shaded with richly-tinted draperies, and filled with costly furniture; rare wealthy man's house may boast as much; but Mrs. Mellen had thrown her fine individual taste into the adornments of his home. Antique and modern statues gleamed out of the green perfection of the plants that made your breath come unsteadily broke up the walls, and groups of bronze gave you surprises at every turn. The works of art, scattered around in one long dreary gallery, were here scattered in nooks and corners, completing each room with their beauty.

And all this was kindled up into one brilliant whole. Gems flashed and crowding in those rooms. Each rare object had its peculiar light and appropriate space. A master mind had arranged every thing.

In these almost palatial saloons Elizabeth stood by her husband, receiving their guests as they came in.

She was in her most brilliant spirits that night, and her buoyant gayety formed a singular contrast with the quiet repose of Elizabeth's manner.

But such things as these about everywhere in spite of the cruel rebuffs he received, for he was sadly in her way that night; and when she had refused to dance with him, peremptorily ordering him away to attend to strangers, or perform any similar heavy work, he would take the post she ordered, and watch her with frantic eyes as she floated through the dance, or engaged her wiles on every man who approached, just as she had once thought it worth while to entrance him.

On that evening Tom Fuller woke to a consciousness of the truth; he understood the confusion and bewilderment which had been in his mind for weeks past; he saw that he loved this bright young creature with the whole force of his rugged nature, and he began dimly to comprehend that she cared no more for him or his sufferings than if his heart had been a flower that she trampled, and all sorts of horrid things about her being melancholy, and you—well it's no use repeating these speeches, but the ball we must have. Bessie shall entertain them like a princess; as for poor little me, I'm good for nothing but dancing."

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Her lips quivered like those of a grieved and half-frightened child. Her cheeks were wet, and their color had left them.

"Oh, Grantley, Grantley, don't—don't look at me in that way. Dear Bessie, tell him how sorry I am."

Mellen was walking the floor in considerable agitation. He had hoped for a little peace in his own home—a few days of tranquil confidence with his wife. Now every thing was broken in upon. There would be nothing but confusion up to the very hour of his starting.

Elsie watched him furtively, and with sidelong glances. She knew how terrible his anger was when once aroused.

"Oh, if my poor mother had lived."

"Elsie, Elsie I will not have that sacred name dragged into an affair like this. Have your way, but remember it is the last time that you must venture on the sympathies of my wife."

Elsie left the room really frightened, and sobbing piteously, but the moment she found herself in her boudoir a smile broke through her tears, and she laughed out.

"Well, I don't care, we shall have the ball. I wonder if Bessie put him up to that. Hateful thing, he never scolded me so before. Her prerogatives, indeed."

As for Grantley Mellen, this untoward intrusion had broken up the happy moment which might have given him new insight into all that his wife felt and suffered. The interview which had promised such gentle confidence only ended in mutual irritation.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE evening of the ball arrived; the house was crowded with all the guests it would hold, and for the scores it was impossible to accommodate, Mellen had made arrangements in his usual lavish way to be conveyed back and forth in a steamer chartered for the occasion.

The old house was a beautiful sight that evening. The long suite of drawing-rooms were flung open, and in the far distance a noble conservatory, half greenness, half crystal, terminated the view like a second South Island fretted with moonlight.

It was not alone that these noble rooms were shaded with richly-tinted draperies, and filled with costly furniture; rare wealthy man's house may boast as much; but Mrs. Mellen had thrown her fine individual taste into the adornments of his home. Antique and modern statues gleamed out of the green perfection of the plants that made your breath come unsteadily broke up the walls, and groups of bronze gave you surprises at every turn. The works of art, scattered around in one long dreary gallery, were here scattered in nooks and corners, completing each room with their beauty.

And all this was kindled up into one brilliant whole. Gems flashed and crowding in those rooms. Each rare object had its peculiar light and appropriate space. A master mind had arranged every thing.

In these almost palatial saloons Elizabeth stood by her husband, receiving their guests as they came in.

She was in her most brilliant spirits that night, and her buoyant gayety formed a singular contrast with the quiet repose of Elizabeth's manner.

But such things as these about everywhere in spite of the cruel rebuffs he received, for he was sadly in her way that night; and when she had refused to dance with him, peremptorily ordering him away to attend to strangers, or perform any similar heavy work, he would take the post she ordered, and watch her with frantic eyes as she floated through the dance, or engaged her wiles on every man who approached, just as she had once thought it worth while to entrance him.

On that evening Tom Fuller woke to a consciousness of the truth; he understood the confusion and bewilderment which had been in his mind for weeks past; he saw that he loved this bright young creature with the whole force of his rugged nature, and he began dimly to comprehend that she cared no more for him or his sufferings than if his heart had been a flower that she trampled.

He captured Elizabeth, and there, in the midst of the lights and gayety, he told her of his wrongs, and with such energy that it required her constant effort to prevent him from attracting general attention.

"I love her," he burst out, "I do love her! She might run my heart through with a rusty bayonet, if she would only care for me."

The beginning was not at all coherent, but Elizabeth perfectly understood what he meant. Several times during the past weeks she had attempted to open his eyes to the truth, but he would neither see nor hear, and had insisted upon rushing on to his fate like a great blundering bluebottle into a spider's web.

"Do you think there's any hope, Bessie, do you? I ain't handsome, and I ain't rich; but I'll give her all my heart! I'll work for her, die for her; I'll lay my own soul down for her to walk over, only to keep her little feet dry, upon my honor I would."

Elizabeth drew him into a window recess and tried to soothe his agitation.

"Poor old Tom!" she whispered; "poor dear old Tom!"

"I know what that means," he said, choking desperately; "you don't think there is any hope. You know there is not!"

"I have tried to talk to you, Tom, but you wouldn't listen—"

"Yes, I know, I know! It's my own fault—I'll turn up Jolly in a little while—it's only the first that's hard!"

And Tom blew and whistled in his efforts to keep his composure, in a way that was irresistibly ludicrous. In the midst of his distress the poor fellow could not help being comical. Even in the suffering which was so terribly real to him he made Elizabeth smile.

"I'm a great, long fool!" he exclaimed. "Just as much in and about me like smoke, Bessie, I think it would do me good."

"Only wait till to-morrow," she said, "I will talk with you then—we shall be overheard now."

"Oh, I could bear to help if the whole world heard," he groaned; "I can't wait! The way she's going on with those dashing young fellows drives me mad! Why couldn't I have been a dashing fellow too, instead of such a great live-oak hulk! I can't stir without stumbling over somebody, and as for saying those dainty things, I can't do it. No wonder she scorns me so!"

Tom dealt his unfortunate forehead a blow that made it scarlet for several moments, and cooled him down somewhat.

"What would you advise me to do, Bessie?" he asked. "You're so sensible and so good—just give a fellow a hint."

"Dear Tom, there is nothing for it but to wait—"

"That's pretty advice!" he burst in. "You might as well tell a person in a blaze of fire to wait! No, I shan't wait—I won't, I say!"

Tom ran his hands through his hair till it stood up as if he had received an electric shock.

"Oh, you needn't look so black at me, Bessie; I know just what a hundred I am so to you."

"I wasn't looking black at you; I am very, very sorry, Tom."

"Don't pity me; I shall break right down if you do."

"I must go back, Tom," she said; "I can't stay here any longer."

"I know it; of course you can't. I'll just wait a minute and then——there, go! What a nuisance I am!"

Elizabeth went back into the ball-room, where she saw Elsie whirling through a waltz, looking as happy and unconscious as if she had not just crushed a warm, loving human heart under her pretty foot.

Mrs. Mellen stood a moment arrested; no one seemed to heed her.

She saw Mrs. Harrington facing Mellen to walk through a quadrille, and felt certain that he was as listless as herself.

"But it is for Elsie," she thought; "he will not mind so long as it is for her. None of them will miss me."

Tom Fuller stood in the bay window for some time trying to collect his scattered faculties. Any thing like rational thought was quite out of the question with him; he felt as if a great humming-top were spinning about in his ears, and his brain was in a state of palpitation that utterly defies description.

Finally he passed through the drawing-rooms where people were busy over their cards or their small-talk, and entered the hall-room from which he had rushed in such frenzy.

There was a pause in the music, and Elsie was standing surrounded by a group of gentlemen, not even seeing Tom as he approached. He managed to edge himself into the circle at last, and stood watching Elsie very much like a sheep-dog that wanted desperately to worry something, but knew that he would get himself into difficulty if he even ventured on a bark.

But speak to her he must; Tom had reached that point where his feelings must find vent or explode, and scatter mischief all around.

Finally a brilliant idea struck him, and he got near enough to whisper—

"Bessie wants to see you a moment."

Elsie turned away impatiently.

"Now, Miss Stewart," added Tom, growing very red at his own fib, but followed it up courageously.

He knew very well that the dancies were quiescing him; the fact that Elsie was provoked a little though he trembled in every joint, and his face had heat enough in it to have kept a poor family comfortably warm from the reflection, he resolutely held out his arm, and the young lady absolutely took it.

"My sister wants me," she said, in explanation to her admirers, "I presume, ma'am I'll have a no guessing when she will let me come back."

Tom led her away, but he was dreadfully frightened at the success of his own manœuvre.

"Where is Bessie?" asked Elsie, impatiently, as they walked down the ball-room.

"This way," faltered Tom; "we shall find her in a moment."

Elsie never deigned him another word; she was very angry, as she could be with anything or anybody that opposed her wishes, impulsively. Tom walked on towards one of the parlors which he knew was empty, feeling like a man about to charge a battery single handed, but determined to persevere nevertheless.

They reached the little parlor, and Elsie looked about in surprise—there was not a soul visible.

"Are you crazy, Tom Fuller?" cried she; "Bessie is not here."

"She—shall be here in a minute," stammered Tom; "just wait, please."

"Indeed I will do no such thing," returned Elsie, sharply, snatching her hand from his arm. "Did she send you for me, Tom [illegible]?"

"No," cried Tom, with sudden energy, "I told a lie! I couldn't stand it any longer; I must speak with you; I wouldn't wait."

Elsie turned on him like a little kingbird darting on a hawk.

"What do you mean by this unwarrantable liberty!" she exclaimed.

"Have you no idea of the common usages of society? Don't come near me again to-night; don't speak to me."

She was darting away, but Tom caught her hand.

"Oh, wait, Elsie, wait!" he cried.

"You ridiculous creature!" said Elsie, beginning to laugh in spite of her vexation. "What on earth do you want?"

"Laugh at me?" groaned Tom; "I deserve it—I expect; but I can't live this way any longer! You are driving me crazy. I love you, Elsie! Only speak one kind word—just say you don't hate me."

He was holding on to her two hands, and looking exceedingly energetic in his wretchedness, that Elsie burst into perfect shrieks of laughter.

"You silly old goose!" said she; "don't you know you mustn't talk in that way to me! You have no right, and it is very impertinent! There, go along—I forgive you."

Tom stared at her with his astonished eyes wide open.

"You can laugh at me?" he exclaimed. "Why all these months have let me go on loving you, and never hinted that I was so very disagreeable."

"Now, Tom, don't be tiresome!"

Tom groaned aloud.

"Why I never saw such conduct!" cried Elsie, impatiently. "It's too bad of you to behave so—you are spoiling my whole evening! You are just as disagreeable as you can be. Oh, I hate you!"

"Elsie! Elsie!"

"Let go my hand; suppose anybody should come in! Oh, you old goose of a Tom—let me go, I say."

"Just one minute, Elsie—"

"To-morrow—any time! Don't you know civilized beings never behave in this way at a ball."

"I don't know—I can't think! I only feel I love you, Elsie, and I must speak out. I will speak out."

A few weeks earlier Elsie would only have been amused at this from general lack of amusement, but now it vexed and irritated her. Girl-like she had not the slightest pity on his pain. He was keeping her away against her wishes.

"I am served right for treating you as a friend," she said; "I looked upon you as a relation, and thought you understood it, and now you are trying to make me lose my party. Bessie will be angry, and tell Grant. Oh, you ought to be ashamed."

"I won't make you my trouble," shivered Tom; "I won't distress you! There—I beg your pardon, Elsie, I am sorry! And you don't—you never can, Elsie, Elsie—"

"No, no, you silly old fellow, of course not! Now be good, and I'll forget all about this folly. Let me go, Tom, I can't stay here any longer—let me go."

Tom still held her hand.

"This is cruel!" he said.

"Yes, yes! Tom, if you don't let me go I'll scream! You are absurd—why, you ought to be put in a straight jacket."

Tom dropped her hand, and stood like a man overpowered by some sudden blow.

Elsie only saw the comical side of the matter, and began to laugh at him.

"Don't laugh," he said, passionately; "for God's sake, don't laugh!"

There was a depth of suffering in his tone which made itself felt even by that selfish creature; but it only made her begin to consider herself exceedingly ill-used, and to blame Tom for spoiling her pleasure.

"Now, you have to blame me," he said, angrily, "and I haven't done a thing to encourage you."

"No, no; I don't blame you, Elsie," he said; "it's all my own fault—all mine."

"Yes, to be sure," cried Elsie. "Who could think you would be so foolish. There, shake hands, Tom, for I'm in a hurry. You are not angry?"

"Angry—I!" said Tom, drearily.

"That's right! Good-by—you'll be wiser to-morrow."

Elsie danced away, and Tom watched her float out of the room, and realized that she was floating out of his life forever, that the dream of the past was at an end, and there he was left alone in the darkness.

Poor old Tom! It was very hard, but no one could have resisted a smile at his appearance! When Elsie had left him, he dashed out of the room, and hid himself in the most out of the way corner he could find.

As he crossed the hall, he heard Elizabeth call—

"Tom, Tom!"

He stopped, and she came towards him. One look at his face revealed the whole truth. She did not speak, but took his hand in hers, with a mute expression of sympathy which overpowered him.

"Don't I don't!" he said. "Let me go, Bessie! I'm a fool—I'm all over out! There, don't mind me—I'll be better soon! I've got a chance to go to Europe for awhile, in fact it's to Calcutta. I shall be all right when I come back."

"Oh, my poor old Tom! Elsie is a wicked girl to have trifled with you so."

"She didn't," he exclaimed, indignantly. "Don't you go to blaming her. I won't have it. There's nobody in fault but me. I deserve it all! I'm a blundering, wrong-headed donkey, as I own it!"

"But you won't go away, Tom!"

"Yes, I will. I shan't be gone but a few months. Don't try to keep me. I'll be right as a trivet when we meet again."

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" said Elizabeth.

"Now, be still; that's a good girl; I don't want to be pitied. It's of no consequence, not the slightest."

He broke abruptly away from her, and disappeared, leaving Elizabeth full of sympathy for his distress, and regret at the idea of losing her old playmate—she had depended on him so much during her husband's absence.

There had been a lull in the music, but it struck up again now, and the saloons reverberated with a stirring waltz. Elizabeth stood a moment listening to the crash of sound and the tread of light feet, but her heart was full and her eyes anxious. She went to the window and looked out. It was a lovely night, and the eternal roll and sweep of the ocean seemed to deprive the ball-room of some audible dread. In all that splendid tumult she was alone. As she stood by the window her husband came down the hall sailing upon the light wings upon his arm. He had not missed her, would not miss her. There was no fear of that. She glided away with this dreary thought in her mind. Mellen almost touched her as he turned into a little room opening upon the conservatory, but she past on unnoticed.

Tom Fuller had retreated into the conservatory, and was sitting disconsolately in an iron garden chair, sheltered by a small tree, dropping with yellow fringe-like blossoms, when a lady entered from one of the side doors, and passed out towards the gardens.

Tom started up, and called out, "Bessie! Why, Bessie, is that you? What on earth—"

The lady made no response, but walked over her shoulder, and sprang forward like a deer, causing a tumult among the plants as she rushed through them.

Tom stood motionless, lost in amazement; for over a bull dress, which seemed white, he could discover nothing more. The lady was shrouded head and person, in a black shawl, which he knew to be Elizabeth's, from a broad crimson stripe that ran across it.

After his first amazement Tom sat down again, leaving a deep sigh, and retreating further behind the flowering branches, that no one might look upon his unmanly sorrow.

"Poor Bessie, poor thing," he muttered, "I suppose she feels just as I do, like a fish out of water, in all these fine doings. I'd follow her, and we'd take a melancholy walk together in the moonlight, if it was not that Elsie might happen to get tired of dancing with those fellows, and come in here to rest a minute, when I could hide away and look at her through the plants."

Tom had in reality startled the lady shrouded in that great travelling shawl, for once out of doors she stood full half a minute listening with bated breath, and one foot advanced ready to spring away. Her sound reached her. Then she walked on with less desperate haste, bending her course through the shrubberies, and among the trees that lay between the open grounds and the shore.

It was a balmy October evening, moonlight, but shadowed by boats of white scudding clouds. There had been no freeze from the land, and scattered storms of gorgeous leaves around her as she approached the grove which was still heavy with foliage, particularly in the middle, where it made all shadows and blackness. On the edge of the grove, just under a vast old oak, whose great limbs scarcely swayed in the wind, the lady paused and uttered another sigh—a low, cautious voice.

A spark of fire flashed down among the leaves, as if some one had flung away his cigar in haste, and instantly footsteps crushed in the dead leaves. The branches of the oak beat low, and behind it was a thicket of young trees. The lady did not feel safe, even in the darkness, but moved on to meet the person who advanced in the deeper shadows, where even the edges of her white dress, which fell below the shawl, were lost to the eye.

As she stood panting in the shelter, a man's voice addressed her, and his hand was laid upon her shoulder.

"How you tremble!"

The voice sounded, in that balmy October night, sweet and mellow as the dropping of its over-ripe leaves. The female did indeed tremble violently.

"Look, look! I saw a light," she whispered.

The man stepped a pace forward, peered through the oak branches, and stole cautiously to her side again.

"It is Mellen!"

She darted away, dragging her shawl from the grasp he had fastened upon it,—away under the old oak, and along the outskirts of the grove. She paused a moment in breathless terror at the narrowest point of the lawn, then darted across it, huddling the skirt of her ball dress up with one hand, and sweeping the dead leaves in winrows after her with the fringes of her shawl. She avoided the conservatory, for Tom was still visible through its rolling waves of glass—and, turning to the servant's entrance, ran up a flight of dark stairs into the shaded lights of a chamber. She flung the heavy shawl breathlessly on a couch, where the snowy masses of her dress into decorous folds, and stole to the window-sill to see where she stood, white and panting, but breath, watching the lawn and grove, with wild, eager eyes, as if she feared her deeds in the leaves might have been detected even in the darkness.

CHAPTER IX.

THE evening was passing drearily enough to Grantley Mellen. He was in no spirits for society and the gay bustle; the lights, the music, the constraint he was forced to put upon himself, and the cheerfulness he was obliged to assume, only wearied him.

A strange and unaccountable dread of his approaching journey possessed him. It had grown stronger as the days passed on, and that night was more powerful than ever.

Sometimes he was almost ready to think it a warning; perhaps he was never to return from that voyage; some unseen danger awaited him in that distant land, and he should die there, far from the sound of every voice, the touch of every hand that was dear to him.

He was vexed with himself for indulging in these superstitious weaknesses; but, in spite of all his efforts, the thought would recur again and again, oppressing him with a dreary sense of desolation that made the brilliant scene around absolutely repulsive.

He slipped out of the lighted rooms at last, passed through the hall on to the piazza which looked over the sea.

It was a beautiful evening; the moonlight, escaping from under a bank of clouds, lay silvery and broad upon the lawn, blazed across the rippling waters, lighting them up to wonderful splendor, and trasforming every object in its rays. The air was balmy and soft as spring, the wind ripples pleasantly among the trees, but there was no melody in its tone to his ear; it seemed only a repetition of the mournful warning which had been in his thoughts.

He walked on across the lawn, anxious to get beyond the sound of the music and gayety which followed him from the house, and jarred upon his ears with deafening loudness.

He entered a little thicket of bushes and young trees, in the midst of which rose up a dark, funereal-looking cedar, whose branches waved its branches tremulously, however still the air might be, and seemed to be oppressed with a trouble which it could not utter.

As he stood there, looking into the gloom, with a sense of relief at finding some object more in unison with his dark thoughts, he saw a figure glide away from the foot of the cypress, and disappear in the shrubbery beyond.

It was a woman wrapped in some dark garment—it looked like Elizabeth—could it be his wife wandering about the grounds at that hour?

"Elizabeth!" he called; but there was no answer.

He hurried forward among the trees, but there was only a faint echo in response to the summons he repeated several times.

It might be some guest who had stolen out there for a few minutes quiet; yet that was not probable. Besides, the woman appeared to be slender form appeared familiar to him. In height and shape Elsie and Elizabeth resembled each other; it looked like one of them.

Elsie it could not be, she had a nervous dread of stirring off the piazza after nightfall. It must have been Elizabeth, then; but what was she doing there! His thoughts were in a tumult with some vague thought in his mind, to which he could have given no expression.

He was not in any of the rooms through which he passed, and he hurried into the ball-room. The music had just struck up anew; he saw Elsie whirling away through a waltz; but Elizabeth was nowhere visible.

He got near enough to Elsie to whisper—

"Where is Bessie?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I have been dancing all the while, and have not seen her for some time."

He turned away; but, just then, Mrs. Harrington captured him, and it was several moments before he could escape from her tiresome loquacity.

He hurried through the parlors and up the stairs, opened the door of Elizabeth's dressing-room, and entered. There she was, standing at the window, and looking out. She turned quickly, and in a sort of confusion let fall the window entrance,

"Is it you?" she asked.

"Yes; I have been looking for you everywhere."

"I came up here for a moment's quiet," she answered; "I am very, very tired; I wish it was all over, Grantley."

"Have you been out?" he asked.

It seemed to him that she hesitated a little, as she answered—

"Out? No; where—what do you mean?"

"I thought I saw you in the grounds a little while ago."

"I should not be likely to go out in this dress," she replied, glancing down at her point lace flounces. "Come, sit down on the stairs; our guests will think us very careless hosts."

Mellen felt and looked dissatisfied, but could not well press the matter further.

"Are you coming?" she asked.

"Yes; of course," he replied, coldly. "Don't wait for me."

She walked away without another word.

"She avoids me," he thought. "I see it more and more."

The ball was over at last. Even Elsie was completely tired out, and glad to creep away to her bed when the guests had departed.

With the next morning began preparations for Mellen's departure; and during the bustle of the following week, no one found much time for thought or reflection.

Tom Fuller came down suddenly, and opened his heart to Elizabeth. He was going to Europe; he did not ask to see Elsie; he felt that he had not the courage to meet her again for the present—once more, perhaps, he might meet away; but not yet.

Elizabeth did not reproach the girl for her share in the honest fellow's unhappiness. She merely said—

"Tom is going to Europe on business; he sails next week."

"Oh, the foolish old fellow," replied Elsie; "and he never could learn to speak a French word correctly—what fun it would be to see him."

"You will miss him," Mellen said, quietly.

"Oh," replied his wife, with a forced smile, "I must make up my mind to be lonely. I shall live through these months as I best can."

"It's horrid of you to go, Grant!" cried Elsie.

"I know it, dear; but there is no use fighting the unavoidable."

"Mind you write to me as often as you do to Bessie," she said. "If she gets one letter the most I never will forgive either of you."

She ran up to her brother, and stood leaning against his shoulder, with a playful air, while he looked down at her with such entire love and trust in his face, that Elizabeth crept quietly away, and left them together.

The few days left to Mellen passed in a tumult of preparation. Sad doubts were at his heart, vague and so formless that he could not have expressed them in words, but painful as proven realities.

Elizabeth was greatly disturbed also; her fine color had almost entirely disappeared. She trembled at all sudden sounds, and her eyes rings would turn white when she spoke of her husband's departure. She seemed stricken with a mortal terror of his going, and was unable to rouse herself to detain him. She, too, had presentiments of evil that shocked her whole system, and made her brightest smile something mournful to look upon.

But the husband and wife had little opportunity to observe or understand the feelings that tortured them both. Elsie's cries, and tears, and hysterics, spoons, kept the whole household in commotion. She should never see her brother again—never, never. Elizabeth might not be good to her. Sisters-in-law and school-friends were different creatures; she had found that out already. If she could only have died with her mother!

These cries broke out vehemently on the night before Mellen's departure. The child-wife could not allow her brother to spend one moment from her side. So all that night, Elizabeth, pale, still, and heart-sick, sat in the sweet-scented rose-garden trouble; for Elsie loved her brother dearly, and his departure agitated her more deeply than he could have supposed possible before.

How lovely she looked with the drops trembling on those long, golden lashes, and staining the warm cheek like dew-gems! One arm, from which the muslin sleeve had fallen back, lay under her head, half-buried in a tangle of curls; soba broke at intervals through her parted lips, ending in long, troubled sighs.

Mellen was deeply touched. Elizabeth bent her head against the end of the couch and wept unrestrainedly. Large drops of sympathy fell on her bosom. She shuddered visibly when the first sunbeam fell through the curtains. Only a few moments were left to them. Sick and faint, she lifted her head and looked at her husband with eyes full of [illegible]—eyes so full of yearning agony, that his heart must have leaped through all its doubts to meet them. But he only gazed on her face with coldness. The long, black lashes drooped over those grey eyes when she found their appeal disregarded, and the young wife shrunk within herself, shuddering at her own loneliness.

A servant came to the room, and by a sign announced breakfast. It was the last meal they might ever take together. She arose from the couch both, and brought their hands in contact with a thrilling sleep. He drew her arm through his, and led her down stairs. She felt his head bending against her arm, looked up, and saw that he was regarding her with glances of searching tenderness. Her eyes filled; her bosom heaved; and, but for a wild struggle, she could have burst into a passion of tears before the servant, who held the door open for them to pass into the breakfast-room.

How bright and cheerful it looked—the crusted snow of the linen; the delicately chased silver, and more delicate china; and this was their last meal. She sat down and poured out his coffee. Her hand trembled so much that it sent its smile when he took the cup and praised its aroma. She drank some herself, for the child at her heart was spreading to her face and hands.

Little was said during the meal, and less was eaten. Elizabeth looked at the clock as a convict gazes on the axe that is to slay him. She counted the minutes as they swept away the brief time which was yet, given to them, while he glanced at his watch, nervously, every few minutes.

They went up stairs again. Elizabeth turned from Elsie's door and went into her own dressing-room. With all her magnanimity she could not give her husband up to his sister during the last moments of his stay. He followed her into the room, but directly lifted the curtain and went into Elsie's boudoir, where the young girl lay profoundly sleeping. Elizabeth would not follow. Her heart was swelling too painfully. She sat down, clasped both hands in her lap, and waited like a statue.

Then she had only crossed the boudoir, bent over Elsie, and pressed a cautious but most loving kiss on her forehead. She did not move, but smiled softly in her sleep, and he also went away, blessing her.

Elizabeth's heart gave a sudden leap when he came into her room again and sat down by her. He felt how cold her hand was, and kissed it.

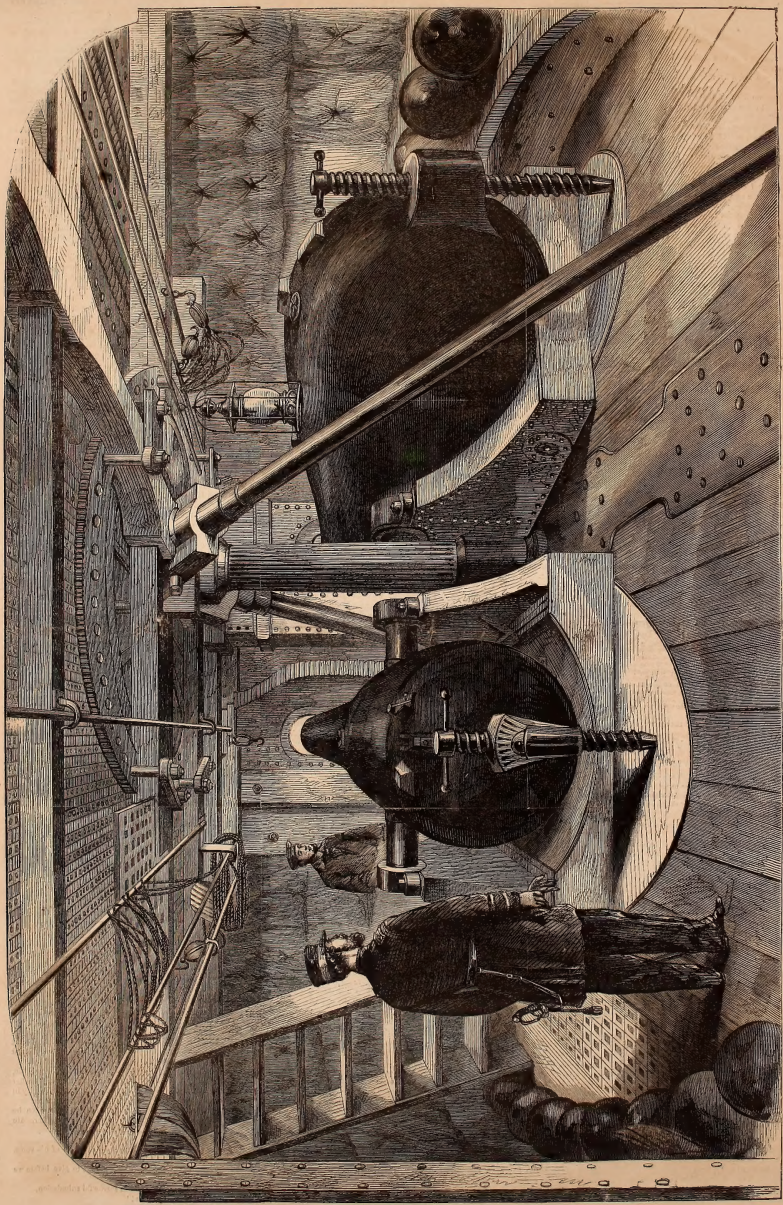
"Elizabeth!"

She turned, frightened by the tone of his voice. It was hoarse with emotion.

"Elizabeth, I have one charge to give before we part."

She bent her head in sorrowful submission.

"Elsie, my sister!"



OUR IRONCLAD FLEET.—INTERIOR OF THE TURRET OF THE MONITOR MONTAUK.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, W. T. Crane.



THE MONEY CRISIS IN THE SOUTH—AUCTION SALE OF A FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE AT DANVILLE, NEAR THE NORTH CAROLINA BORDER.—FROM A SKETCH BY A UNION PRISONER.

AUCTION SALE OF A FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE AT DANVILLE, N. C.

WE hear of extravagant coin sales here sometimes, and the hall of Messrs Bangs, Merwin & Co. often witnesses the eager contest between excited numismatists, who bid dollars on dollars for a 1793 cent or Bond Baltimore farthing, or a New York doubloon; but who ever expected to see an ordinary five dollar gold piece put up and bid for with equal if not greater eagerness? Such was actually the case at Danville, N. C., where a five dollar gold piece was, the North Carolina Times tells us, put up at auction. What a change had secession brought! Who, that had seen the ball at one of its slave sales, the scene of excited competition, would have believed that the darling theory of secession would ever bring a company together to a sale of a half eagle? The bidding was spirited, and the piece was at last knocked down for $150 Confederate money, the people deeming the old Government worth 30 of the new.

COUNTY BUILDINGS AT OPELOUSAS, LA.

OPELOUSAS is an interesting spot in Louisiana, from the fact that it was settled by some of those unfortunate Acadians who were so brutally torn from their homes in Nova Scotia, and after seeing their dwellings and farms given to the flames, driven on shipboard, without regard to family ties, and then scattered helpless and destitute in the Atlantic colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia. Longfellow, in his Evangeline, has made immortal the sorrows of two faithful betrothed; but the miseries of others remain unsung. A large number gradually reached Louisiana, where they were welcomed by the French and settled on the beautiful rolling prairies of Opelousas. Their descendants still occupy it and live a pastoral life amid their immense herds of cattle. The town contains about 2,500 inhabitants, and has a courthouse and jail, which we represent, as well as a church, founded in 1760, by the Capucin friars, and an Ursuline convent.



COUNTY BUILDINGS AT OPELOUSAS, LA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

THE DIVERS AT CHARLESTON.

THE monitors require constant care to maintain their efficiency, and the Government, among other things, employs divers to clean the bottoms and perform other subaqueous labors.

Their principal diver—appropriately named Waters—is so used to this work that he has become almost amphibious, remaining for five or six hours at a time under water. A man of herculean strength and proportions, when clad in his submarine armor he becomes monstrous in size and appearance. A more singular sight than to see him roll or tumble into the water and disappear from sight, or popping up, blowing, as the air escapes from his helmet, like a young whale, can scarcely be imagined.

Waters has his own ideas of a joke, and when he has a curious audience will wave his scraper about as he "looks around" on the water, with the air of a veritable river god. One of his best jokes—the better for being a veritable fact—is illustrated by our Artist. Whilst he was employed scraping the hull of one of the monitors, a negro from one of the up river plantations came alongside with a boatload of watermelons. Whilst busy selling his melons, the diver came up, and rested on the side of the boat. The negro stared at the extraordinary appearance



THE DIVERS AT CHARLESTON—FRIGHT OF NEGRO FRUIT VENDORS AT THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A SUPPOSED SEA MONSTER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

thus suddenly coming out of the water with alarmed wonder, but when the diver seized one of the best melons in the boat and disappeared under the water, the gurgling of the air from the helmet mixing with his muffled laughter, the fright of the negro and his comrades reached a climax. He has not been seen in the vicinity of Station creek since. He cannot be tempted beyond the bounds of his plantation, and believes that the Yankees have brought river devils to aid them in making war.

The diver, when clothed in his armor, is weighed with 185 pounds. Besides this armor he has two leaden pads, fitting to his breast and back. The soles of his shoes are of lead, an inch and a half thick. All this weight is needed to overcome the buoyancy given by the mass of air forced into the armor and dress, the latter of indiarubber, worn by the diver. When below the surface he can instantly bring himself up by closing momentarily the aperture in the helmet for the escape of the air. His buoyancy is immediately increased, and he pops up like a cork and floats at will upon the surface.

The work of scraping the bottoms of the monitors is very arduous. The diver sits upon a spar, lashed athwart the bottom of the vessel, so arranged as to be moved as the work progresses, and with a scraper fixed to a long handle works on both sides of himself as far as he can reach. The mass of oysters that become attached to the iron hulls of one of the monitors, even during one summer here, is immense. By actual measurement it was estimated that 250 bushels of oysters, shells and seagrass were taken from the bottom of the Montauk alone.

The Author of Coningsby.—In an article on the pecuniary windfall which Mr. Disraeli has received, the Philadelphia *Press* says: "Coming back to Mr. Disraeli, we can state that his family certainly emigrated from Spain to Venice more than a century ago, and that the family name was Lara. Its head at that time was a wealthy merchant, who, like Shylock, had vast dealings 'on the Rialto.' In Venice, at that time, there was a greater tolerance of religious opinion than in any other part of southern Europe. No one ever heard of an *auto-da-fe* in Venice. Lara finally removed to London, where he formally appeared as a Christian; he had conformed to that faith soon after quitting Spain, but, proud of his ancient lineage, assumed the name of Disraeli (literally a son of Israel) to perpetuate the fact of his Hebrew descent. The son of this gentleman was the late Isaac Disraeli, well known as a man of letters, and the present representative of the family is the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, Chancellor of the Exchequer—the same to whom Mrs. Brydges Willyams has bequeathed the bulk of her fortune."

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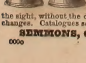


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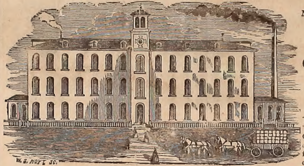
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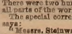
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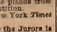
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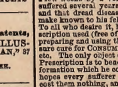
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 438—VOL. XVII.] NEW YORK. FEBRUARY 20, 1864. [PRICE 8 CENTS.

THE MEXICAN TROUBLES AT MATAMORAS.

THE occupation of the line of the Rio Grande by our army, under Gen. Banks, has brought us to the scene of Mexican troubles. Our Artist sends us sketches of the recent battle in Matamoras between the adherents of Cortina and Ruiz.

Cortina is the champion of Serna, whom the people have twice elected Governor; Ruiz is appointed by Juarez. Both parties took up arms, Cortina holding the cathedral, which was full of ammunition; but he at last divided this with Ruiz, and withdrew to the Plaza de Allende, of which we give a very accurate sketch, taking up his headquarters in the little house on the extreme left. The little church, from which the people usually style it Plaza de Capella, may be seen on the background.

On the 12th of January hostilities began. Cardenas, second in command to Cortina, went to the palace and attempted to force the guard; but with his attendants was taken, and almost immediately Cardenas was shot.

Cortina's men at once gathered to revenge this act, and the next day the battle began. Ruiz had about 1,000 men, with two poor cannon; and Cortinas some 800 men and six old guns.

The Calle de Cesar, of which we give a sketch, showing the fight at the Cosmopolitan Hotel, opens into Plaza de Hidalgos. Cortina's men had made a barricade of bagging bales, from which they fired at every Ruiz man driving them from the street and palace balcony. They were, too, a support to the gun shown in our sketch which kept hurling old iron in every shape on the enemy. Near the Texan store stood a Texan sharpshooter, in the middle of the street, firing all day with deadly aim. He tried to get the Mexicans to roll the bales further down the street, but when they would not he gave up in disgust and walked away.

The partisans of Ruiz at last fled, and at one o'clock Cortina and his party took possession of the palace. His cavalry soon brought in a batch of prisoners, and the affair ended.

We give a fine view of the Governor's Palace, which was held by the partisans of Ruiz long after he retreated.

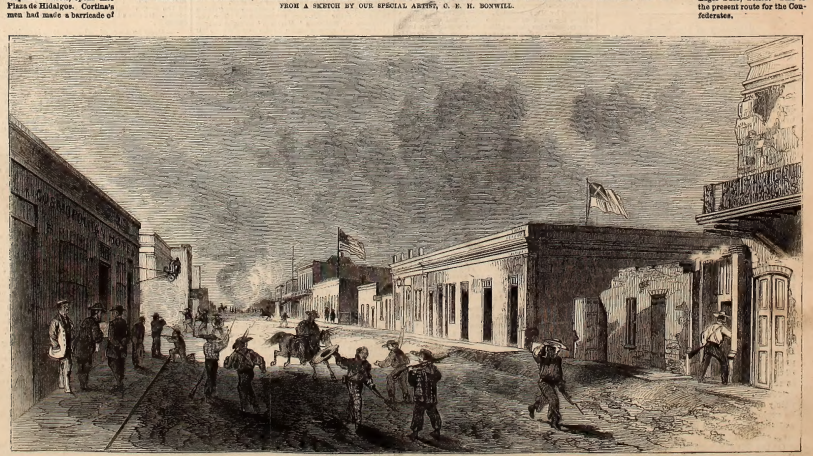
Our Consul, fearing a sack of the town, had applied for protection to Gen. Herron, who sent over the 20th Wisconsin, 19th Iowa and 94th Illinois.

After the fight Albino Lopez, ex-Governor of Tamaulipas, while crossing the ferry to Brownsville, was shot by a boy of 15. He was greatly regretted, and both he and Cardenas were buried at the little church shown in the sketch of the Plaza de Allende.

We give also a view in the Calle de Cesar of wagons loading for Piedras Negras, to be shipped across the river to Eagle Pass, TEXAS. This is the present route for the Confederates.



THE TROUBLES AT MATAMORAS, MEXICO—CORTINA'S MEN FIRING ON THE PALACE FROM A BARRIER ON THE PLAZA DE HIDALGOS, JAN. 13. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.



THE TROUBLES AT MATAMORAS, MEXICO—FIGHT NEAR THE COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL, BETWEEN CORTINA AND RUIZ, JAN. 13.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 20, 1864.

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The value of our paper as an advertising medium has become so generally known, that we are compelled every week to refuse columns of advertisements. The vast increase of our circulation, penetrating as it does into the most profitable channels, renders our space doubly valuable, and justifies us in the course we have determined upon—that of increasing our rates of advertising in the following ratio:

75 cents a line on the outside or last page.
40 " " on the 14th and 15th pages.

Notice to Contributors.

Our paper is beyond all others the journal that offers to the public the greatest number of American tales and poems. Great as are the numbers that constantly reach us, we are always happy to receive tales and poems of merit. If accepted they will be remunerated duly. When declined they are returned without delay.

Contributors will be good enough to write legibly, on one side only of the paper, and give their address distinctly. Comic sketches for engraving, or hints for such illustrations, are also acceptable.

DECLINED.—Amy, Hannah Bell, Miss Stanton's Ward, Under the Rod, The Angel of the Battlefield, A Night of Terror, The Ship, Little Children, Day Dreams, A Story of '76, Else Morton.

ACCEPTED.—A Race on the Mississippi, Dead.

Notice to our Readers.

WE wish to purchase a complete set of FRANK LESLIE'S NEW YORK JOURNAL. Any person desiring to dispose of the same can receive double its original cost by sending it to the office of this paper.

Summary of the Week.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

On the 2d of February Col. Mulligan advanced up New creek and reoccupied Burlington and Moorefield junction, driving the enemy before him. A party of 500 of Rosser's cavalry reached the railroad at New creek at noon and began to destroy the bridges and telegraph wires. They were soon driven off.

On the 2d Gen. Sullivan, in endeavoring to cut off a rebel party, came on a large force in Mechanicsville gap, near Romney, and a fight ensued, in which the enemy were defeated at Moorfield and driven out of Petersburg with loss.

The steamer Levi, with Gen. Scammon and Staff on board, was captured by the rebels on the Kanawha, on the 3d, all on board being asleep at the time.

EASTERN VIRGINIA.

On the 1st of February the Union cavalry made a reconnoissance to Madison Court House. Richmond papers found there contain an address of Gen. Lee to his army, exhorting his soldiers to endure their hardships and short rations a short time longer.

An expedition from Norfolk on Jan. 31, under Gen. Graham, in the steamers Smith Briggs, Flora Temple and Long Branch, proceeded to Smithfield in order to attack Chuckatuck. Some troops landed, but were attacked by the 31st North Carolina and driven to the Smith Briggs, when unfortunately a rebel ball entered her boiler, causing an explosion. The magazine then took fire and the vessel blew up. The whole party were killed or taken.

On the 6th a reconnoitring force crossed the Rapidan and found Lee still in force in front of Meade.

NORTH CAROLINA.

On the 1st Gen. Palmer's outposts at Bachelor's creek were driven in by the enemy, 12,000 strong, and had to destroy their camps and stores. An attack on the south side of the Trent was repulsed.

The enemy took possession of the railroad between Newberne and Moorehead city, and destroyed the gunboat Underwriter. They came within hailing distance of the city, and the Union cavalry being beaten at Fort Totten, the place seemed in no little danger, but the next day they returned to Kinston.

MISSISSIPPI.

Natchez is threatened by rebel cavalry, and the enemy are straining everywhere to blockade the Mississippi.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Gillmore, who has removed his headquarters to Hilton Head, continues to fire on Charleston and Fort Sumter. At the latter place the rebels are busy converting the debris into fortifications. A good part of Charleston is deserted, the people living outside the city in tents and shanties.

Two disastrous fires occurred at Columbia on the 2d, in which 800 bales Sea island and 2,700 upland cotton, worth $3,000,000, were destroyed.

TENNESSEE.

On the 5th and 6th the rebels made an attack on Cumberland gap, but were repulsed by Col. Love.

Longstreet's headquarters are at Russellville, and he has now repaired all his railroads and bridges, and is in full communication with Richmond.

Gen. Sturges, on the 28th ult., repulsed the rebel cavalry at Fair Garden, near Sevierville, with loss, in a hand-to-hand fight.

NAVAL.

The steamer Western Metropolis, on her way to New Orleans, captured, on the 28th Jan., the blockade-runner Rosita, of Havana, 50 miles from Tortugas.

On the 18th Jan. the Stars and Stripes captured the blockade-runner Laura in St. Mark's bay, Florida, and on the 14th the supply steamer Union captured the Mayflower near Tampa bay.

The gunboat Huron, about the 1st of January, captured the British ship Sylvanus near Doboy sound.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate on the 1st of Feb. the resignation of Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, was received, and the credentials of his successor, G. R. Biddle, were presented. Mr. Davis, Ky, explained his action on the question of the expulsion of Powell and Bright, and also his course on the Confiscation question. The death of Senator Noell, Mo, was announced.

In the House a resolution suspending the Conscription bill was defeated by 84 to 42; also, a vote recommending Gen. Grant to the position of Lieutenant-General was passed, 96 to 41. A resolution recommending a more vigorous enlisting of colored troops was passed by 80 to 46.

In the Senate on the 2d of Feb., the amendments of the Finance Committee to the Internal Revenue were reported by Mr. Fessenden. They strike out the provision for a tax of 20 cents additional on rectified spirits, and also that which taxes whiskey on hand after Jan. 12. They increase the tax on whiskey after July 1 and prior to Jan. next to 70 cents, and after Jan. 1, 1865, to 80 cents. The duty on imported whiskey after July and prior to Jan. next, is increased from 40 to 50 cents, and after Jan. next to 60 cents. The House bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General was received and referred to the Military Committee. A long and interesting debate on the corruptions and expenditures of the Navy Department arose during the consideration of the resolution requiring the attendance of agents of departments before investigating committees. The bill to encourage the enlistment of colored troops was taken up, and Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, delivered a radical speech on slavery and the war.

In the House the Army Appropriation bill for $529,500,000 was reported. A resolution calling for information as to whether the supplies for the navy are obtained by contract or purchased in open market was adopted. Mr. Freeman Clark offered a resolution, which was agreed to, instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of raising, by tax on imports and domestic manufactures, the sum of $350,000,000, to pay the interest on the national debt and defray the ordinary and extraordinary expenditures of the Government; also as to restricting the amount of bank circulation, etc.

In the Senate on the 3d Feb. there was no business of the slightest public interest performed.

In the House the Senate's amendment fixing commutation at $400 was reduced to its former sum, $300, and the clause providing that if any drafted men shall pay money for the procuration of a substitute, such payment shall operate only to relieve such person from the draft in filling that quota, and his name shall be retained on the roll in filling future quotas, was struck out by a vote of 79 to 49.

In the Senate, Feb. 4, no business of public importance, and on its rising adjourned to the 8th of Feb.

In the House the Fortifications Appropriation bill of $5,000,000 was reported, of which $720,000 are for New York. There was nothing else transacted of any moment.

In the House on the 5th Feb. the Confiscation Act was discussed, many amendments calculated to weaken its force were made, but defeated by majorities varying from 80 to 70. Frank Blair (Mo.) made a strong speech against it; it was finally passed by 82 to 74. The House then adjourned till Monday.

BOOK NOTICES.

CUDJO'S CAVE. By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Boston: Tilton & Co.

An exciting story of Eastern Tennessee, in which the sufferings of the patriots are graphically depicted. The novel is well written, full of interest, and the characters are well drawn and lifelike. It is certainly one of the best war novels that has yet appeared.

THE INDIAN CHIEF. By GUSTAVE AIMARD. Philadelphia: Peterson & Brothers.

Aimard, who resided many years among the Indians, writes of them from actual knowledge. His romances are well conceived, true to nature, in depicting character. The Indian Chief fully sustains the reputation acquired by his previous works.

THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN; OR, ETIQUETTE AND ELOQUENCE, &c., containing Model Speeches for all occasions, 500 Toasts, Etiquette, &c. New York: Dick and Fitzgerald. 12mo.

This is one of Dick and Fitzgerald's popular works, which in the variety of its matter and its general usefulness cannot fail to meet with a large and merited sale.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

THERE can be no question about the success of the present Italian opera season, for there seems to be, among all classes, an enthusiasm on the subject rarely if ever exhibited before. The first night, Monday, Feb. 1st, was an old-fashioned miserable night, one of the most wretched in the category of abominations, and yet the house was handsomely filled by a fashionable and appreciative audience. The opera announced was "Ione," but in consequence of the sickness of Biachi "Il Trovatore" was obliged to be substituted. The audience took the change with perfect goodhumor, and indeed the opera was so well performed that one must have been very *exigeant* in his demands to have required more excellence than was then displayed. The second opera, "Don Giovanni," attracted an overflowing and brilliant audience on Wednesday evening. It was a subject of general remark that the front of the house never before wore so brilliant an appearance. Diamonds flashed in every bosom, and the toilettes were of the most gorgeous description. If all were not in the most perfect taste, and they certainly were not, there was enough of richness and costliness to produce a general effect of unequalled brilliancy. The performance was of unusual excellence. The character of Donna Anna's music assimilates with the grand, broad style of Medori, and her passionate declamation and energetic acting filled out the perfect idea of the rôle. The Zerlina of Miss Kellogg was a charming and unaffected impersonation, and her singing of the exquisite music allotted the part was worthy of the distinguished applause bestowed upon her efforts. Bellini rendered full justice to the dashing libertine, Don Giovanni, but among the male artists Biachi's Leporello carried off the palm of successful excellence. It was a racy, spirited impersonation, admirable both in the singing and the acting. The orchestra was one of the most enjoyable features of the performance. The exquisite orchestration was done full justice to in delicacy and force and the due observance of light and shade. The performance of this opera throughout reflects great credit upon the conductor, Max Maretzek. On Tuesday evening that delicious work "Faust" was produced before an audience densely packed into every available place. The music grows upon the public love with mighty strides. Its beauty, felt at first but not clearly understood, becomes a perfect fascination after a few hearings, and it may now be said that it is perfectly appreciated by our public, who testify their admiration by crowding the house each night of its representation. Of Miss Kellogg's Margueritta we have spoken before in terms of the warmest admiration, and we can only add to what we then expressed that she made the character her own by her exquisite conception and execution, not only of its broad but of its most delicate and poetic points. Mazzoleni has got the character of Faust more clearly defined than during the few first performances, and now brings out in full relief all its subtleties. Neither in his acting or his singing can we discover a want unsatisfied. Biachi's Mephistopheles is an artistic picture from the beginning to the end. Every intonation of his voice is a sneer and a mockery, and all must recognise in him a choice fiend, imported direct from where he belongs, with a fine brimstone flavor oozing out at every pore. The other characters were ably sustained, and the chorus and orchestra were deserving of all the admiration expressed of them. On Friday evening "I Due Foscari" was performed, and on Saturday an immense gathering of the beauty and the fashion of the city witnessed the performance of "Martha" at the matinée. The opera was charmingly rendered. The nights of performance are Monday, Tuesday and Friday, and a matinée on Saturday morning.

The Harrison English Opera Company are gaining in public favor with each performance. The performance of Wallace's "Maritana" brought out the strength and artistic value of the company to far greater advantage than the "Bohemian Girl," which, while replete with most charming music, is shockingly and ludicrously disfigured by the terrible balderdash put into the mouths of the singers by the poet Bunn. The "Maritana" music is more adapted to Madame Borchard's breadth and force of style than that of the "Bohemian Girl," and, consequently, she feels her power and produces a proportionate effect. Miss Myers, a debutante, made a very favorable impression as the Page. She promises to be a valuable member of the company. Messrs. Castle and Campbell are rapidly acquiring that stage ease which is a point of the first importance, as, no matter how admirable the singing, personal awkwardness or unrest will destroy all its best effects. They have every requisite to win a splendid position in their new line of art, and ninety-nine points in their favor, namely, a decided popularity with the public. The choral department is much improved, and the orchestra works very smoothly. Mr. Theodore Thomas is indefatigable, and with a clear field, without favor, he will bring the standard of English opera up to a higher standard than has yet been reached in this country. "Maritana" will be given at Niblo's Saloon on Wednesday and Friday evenings of this week.

The Artists' Reception at the Studio Building in Tenth street, on Thursday evening, was as brilliant and as crowded a jam as usual. The company chatted and laughed, and tried their best to get a full view of the many beautiful pictures presented for observation, and roved from room to room in a genial spirit of goodhumored gratification. A large number of fine specimens from the easels of many of our best artists were visible on the walls, and excited the admiration of all who were fortunate enough to get a chance of close inspection. Leutze, Gifford, Gignoux, Hays, Hart, De Haas, Wier, Bierstadt, Brown, Kensett and a host of others contributed gems of art, which of themselves would form a gallery of note. We must not omit to mention some fine things in sculpture by Launt Thompson.

All the theatres are doing a "rushing" business. The managers are all making fortunes, and with but very little trouble. The past week presented no novelty anywhere, but the present week will bring forth a new play at Wallack's Theatre from the pen of Westland Marston, called "Pure Gold," and at the Olympic Mrs. John Wood produces Byron's witty and laughable burlesque, called the "Ill-treated Il Trovatore, or the Maiden, the Mother and the Musicianer," in which the whole strength of the company will appear. At Winter Garden "The Ticket-of-Leave-Man" still attracts overflowing audiences, and will, we suppose, until the close of the Florences' engagement.

Barnum produces this week at his Museum a new, startling and magnificent drama, called "Halvei; or, the Galley Slave of Toulon." It will be put on the stage in the most superb manner, and will call into requisition all the talent of the company. The four giants still exhibit their stupenduous proportions, making the smallest possible dwarfs appear still more small. The moving wax figures and a countless number of other curiosities on view make a man ashamed that he has only paid a quarter for such a plentiful banquet of wonder, entertainment and instruction. We forgot to mention the educated seal, which plays on a musical instrument, probably the violoncello.

Intelligence of the artistic successes of Adelina Patti come to us fresh every day. The city of Madrid has gone mad about her, and hardly knows if it rests upon its base, or on the inverted point of its highest steeple. We should not be surprised if the delicate and *spirituelle* Patti became pursy with riches, so readily does the gold fall into her coffers. The Queen of Spain, besides presenting her with a gold medallion surrounded with sapphires and diamonds, has made Maurice Strakosh a chevalier of the Order of Charles III.

They will not allow actors to desecrate the Sabbath in Sacramento, consequently they made an example of Kean Buchanan, Ada Isaacs Menken, T. Maguire, and other members of the company, by fining each and every one $50 for performing on a Sunday.

The "Ticket-of-Leave Man" has become epidemic, and has seized hold of half the theatrical cities and towns, North, East and West. It would be a good thing if the distinguished author, Tom Taylor, could make something out of the work of his brain, at the same time that brainless managers and actors are making fortunes out of it everywhere. By-the-bye, we see it announced, that Mrs. Barrow is about to produce in Boston the "Ticket-of-Leave Woman," a companion piece to the other—let us hope his wife.

Miss Laura Keene will shortly open the Washington (D. C.) Theatre, with a company of varied talent and excellence.

We forgot to notice in our last the receipt of a new and spirited patriotic song, entitled "One Flag or No Flag," published by William Hall and Son; the music composed by Madame Clara M. Brinkerhoff. It is a stirring melody, and contains the well-known element of popularity. We should not be surprised if it meets with great success all over the country.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The vestrymen of Christ Church, Elizabeth, New Jersey, have been improving the property under their charge, and at the same time realising a considerable sum of money by a neat financial arrangement. Finding the pew cushions stuffed with cotton, they had that precious material removed and sold, and the cushions refilled with hair. The net profits to the church by the transaction amounted to $800.

—— The exports of domestic produce and miscellaneous merchandise, including foreign articles re-exported from New York, from 1st July to 1st Dec., 1863, were $79,049,000.

—— The Eastern papers state that never, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, has there been such a demand for operatives as there is now at Lawrence and other manufacturing cities.

—— It is conjectured that the cost of rations alone furnished unproductive contrabands at all the various camps is over $100,000 a day; estimating the daily rations at 50 cents each. In addition to this must be added the salaries of Republican superintendents or overseers.

—— The Springfield armory turned out 25,700 muskets last month, the largest number ever fabricated in a single month. There are 200,000 on hand.

—— A man fell overboard from the Fulton ferry-boat, at New York, Jan. 30, and a man, who nobly threw off his coat and jumped in to save him, found, on his return, that some scamp had meanwhile made way with his coat and $56 in money which was in it. The citizens of Brooklyn promptly subscribed the amount for the gallant fellow.

Western.—The quota of Ohio has been filled to within 8,000; 9,000 volunteers and 12,000 veterans have been obtained in that State since October.

—— The Legislature of Wisconsin has ordered the Governor's Message to be printed in the German, Norwegian, Irish, Welsh, Holland and Bohemian languages.

—— The recent strike of the employés on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad was organised by an association of locomotive engineers calling themselves the "Brotherhood of the Footboard," and was the largest and most powerful trade organization of mechanics in the country. The railroad company claim to have crushed out the "Brotherhood" completely so far as their business is concerned, although at a cost of $100,000.

—— A railroad track was laid on the ice of the Upper Mississippi during the late cold snap, for the transportation of freight from one shore to the other.

—— Abel Stearns, of Los Angelos, California, lost about 7,000 head of cattle through want of food during the last few months. That gentleman is believed to be the largest stock and landowner in the United States. He owns this year 48,000 cattle, besides 9,000 calves.

—— Great numbers of refugees are daily arriving in Kentucky, to escape the new rebel conscription.

—— Columbus county, Ohio, is among the first counties in the United States in the product of wool. The clip this year will, it is stated, reach about 550,000 pounds. About one-half of it has been sold at prices averaging nearly 75 cents per pound. The remainder is held for higher prices.

Southern.—The Richmond *Whig* has a synopsis of the report of the rebel Secretary of the Treasury, in response to a resolution of the Senate. The funded debt is $297,871,000; call certificates, $89,000,000; interest-bearing treasury notes, $102,000,000; non interest-bearing treasury notes, $720,000,000—less the number of treasury notes on hand, $297,000,000.

—— Peach trees are in blossom at St. Augustine, Florida; garden flowers are in full bloom, and bouquets grace the officers' tables.

—— The Richmond *Examiner* sets the question at rest as to the authenticity of the Jeff Davis butler—whose escape from his master, the rebel President, has been duly chronicled in the Northern papers—by lamenting the ingratitude of the man in running away just as he had received a new suit of livery and a sum of money from his benevolent master. What makes the matter worse, being another man's slave, Jeff Davis is responsible for the absconding chattel.

—— The following schedule of prices for making and repairing boots and shoes is charged at the establishment in Richmond, which is generally overrun with orders: "For making boots, $225; for footing boots, $140; for ordinary cavalry boots, $250; for gaiters, $110; for high laced shoes, $100; for Oxford ties, $90; for fixing, half-soling and heeling boots, $62; for half-soling and heeling boots, $20; ditto shoes, $18; for new gores to gaiters, $10; for half-soling boots or shoes, $12; for heeling ditto, $8. If calf-skins are furnished, the charge will be for making boots, $120; shoes, $60. Where it will not be possible to fill an order in the course of four weeks from the time it is taken, no price will be set, but the price will be fixed at the time of delivery."

—— Lieut.-Gen. Polk has issued a circular notifying all paroled men belonging to the garrisons of Vicksburg and Port Hudson to report at Enterprise, Miss., for duty within 15 days, or be treated as deserters.

—— The Mayor of Wilmington has requested the heads of families to have all under their charge vaccinated at an early day, in consequence of the spread of smallpox in that city.

—— The Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail* says that Gen. Bragg proposes living in that city. A dinner has been tendered him, to come off in a few days, at the Exchange Hotel.

—— The sum of $107,590 has been appropriated by the County Court of Mecklenburg, North Carolina, for the support of soldiers' families, with authority to borrow $25,000 more if necessary.

Military.—A major wearing the U. S. uniform was recently turned out of the Washington and Georgetown cars because he was a colored man. The outrage has been brought before Gen. Martindale.

—Up to the middle of last May our armies had lost only 50 per 1,000 a year of the whole forces. The English army, stationed in the Peninsula campaign as small loss of 255 per 1,000, and during three months in the Crimea 511 out of 1,000 perished, mostly by disease.

—A visit to the Pension Office reveals the consequences of this terrible war. The claims for pensions already filed by widows and mothers exceed 100,000. Every anticipated case is not about to die, but every case have been presented. The claims already presented and allowed amount to over $16,000,000 per annum. Suppose, then, but half that exist at the present moment, and it leaves a fair inference that there will be quite $25,000,000 per annum to pay our pensioned slain for a few years that we survive. In the case of widows the pension ceases if the party marries.

—Mr. Buchanan has declined to accept Gen. McClernand's resignation and has assigned him to duty. He has been ordered to report to Gen. Banks.

—Gov. Brough, of Ohio, recently observed a case, written on the streets of Columbus property exhilarated. He telegraphed to the Secretary of War for his services, and by the next day the young man covered his sobriety he found his commission awaited; nor could the persuasions of influential friends change the determination of the Governor, who declared that, as President of a rebellious company, he had used his rule to dismiss any employé subject to intoxication, and no one must deviate from that rule in a case where the offender was entrusted with the care of men.

—The Ladies National Army Relief Association is making great efforts to extend its usefulness. The Executive Committee of New York is composed of Mrs. Rowena, 51st street; Mrs Trow, Cooper Institute; Mrs. Hall, 14 Clinton Place. The object of this Association are—1st. To supply this most important service with an organized corps of good and capable women, to co-operate with surgeons and stewards in the knowledge-ship arrangements of the sick and in the care of the sick and wounded of our army. 2d. To put the expenses of such as are carried on outside of the service now recognised by Government, and give such support and protection as may be necessary to render them efficient.

—Great donations are now being made in New Jersey to rear in that State's contribution to the great Sanitary Fair about to be held in New York in honor of her ancient reputation on. Hoboken is already stirring to do its share, and a good work and a meeting are to be held on Friday in Oddfellows Hall to concert measures to find out the many patriotic persons, both German and American, have promised to attend, and Mayor Zabriskie declares that every will be one of the largest ever held in Hoboken, Miss Isabella Stevens, the Lady Regent of the village, has taken the most interest in this most praiseworthy undertaking. A Jersey woman herself, she is jealous of the honor of her State, and as usual, when any good work is in progress, has put her shoulder bravely to the wheel.

Personal.—Fernando Wood was indebted to Mrs. Lincoln for the flowers and the Grand Ball that added their strictions to his entertainment in Washington last week. Only Republicans were present, and quite a number of the better class of Democrats stayed away.

—Rev. Dr. Tyng, the rector of St. George's church, New York, will visit Europe next spring and pass the summer abroad. He makes the journey in search of his health.

—Joseph Quincey, of Boston, entered upon his 93d year, on the 4th of February.

Obituary.—Gov. Gamble, of Missouri, died on the 30th January, in St. Louis.

—The only child of Gen. Kilpatrick died on the 30th January, at West Point.

—The Rev. Mr. Staples, a well-known Unitarian clergyman of Providence, died in that city on the 8th of February. He was universally respected for his many virtues.

—Capt. George Wallack, of the New York Volunteers, nephew of the manager, died on the 2d of February, at Jersey Branch, after a few days' illness.

—Samuel G. Capewell, the eminent steel plate engraver, died at Hudson City, on the 4th of February, aged 38. He was a kind, genial man, and is much regretted by a host of friends.

Accidents and Offences.—On the morning of the 5th ult., February, a fire broke out in Colt's Arm Manufactory, Hartford, Conn., which destroyed nearly one-half of the entire building, and inflicting a loss of $100,000.

—A mulatto named Daniel Brooks went into a Grocery store in Sixth street, on the 20 February, in company with two other negroes, and upon William S. Hill, the proprietor, refusing to supply them with liquor, Brooks drew a pistol, and shot him, from which wound he died on the 8th. The murderer was arrested.

—Hartgen, the negro, who shot Kane, an Irishman, who invaded his home, has been acquitted, the evidence plainly showing that he did it in self-defence.

Foreign.—One of the leading doctors of Paris, and, in a business way, also, has been making a large fortune by getting the lives of his patients insured, and then poisoning them—a very French way of doing business. But he has been found out, and now he humbles in jail.

—The Halifax *Chronicle* says, that what with the expense of watching and guarding, the charge of Government officers in collecting the goods and dues of, warehousing there, &c., and the frequent meeting of the Vice Admiralty Court, there will not be a cent dear left of the Chesapeake and cargo to dispute about before long.

—The British Government has awarded an annual pension of £75 to Gerald Massey, the poet.

—Quite an excitement reigns at Paris among sporting classes in regard to the fight or fights which, on account of the impecuniosities of the Scientists, are supposed to be imminent between the two Confederate pugilists, the Florida and Alabama, now lying at Brest and Cherbourg, and the Federal gunboats which are watching them. We are being very kind, and gentlemen have even gone to the pains in questioning us for us to see the fight. But there is no intention of fighting on the part of the Confederate boats, and it is hardly probable that, when they make up their minds to run out, the Federal boats can stop them.

Art, Science and Literature.—Modern science is truly "making the desert to blossom as the rose." In the great desert of Sahara, in 1856, irrigation thrives have been opened, around which vegetation grew with great vitality; 30,000 palm trees soon attained their stature, and two thriving villages established. But the depth of Lake Melrir, in the lowest part of the basin, was struck, and from two of these wells 800 litres per second flow up, showing that there is a large body of water underneath.

—The *Evening Progress* publishes the following curious details: "Alexander Dumas, the novelist, is in the city, not for the first time, but by the Yes! the *Sun Police*, which is now being published, is paid for at the rate of a certime a letter. We can guarantee the exactitude of the rate."

—The trial of Bishop Colenso for false and erroneous teaching commenced at Cape Town on the 17th of Nov., before the Metropolitan Bishop and two suffragans.

—Thackeray has left each of his daughters £500 a year, his den £5,000 with when they are married. He has also left his mother a comfortable annuity. In addition to these bequests he has left a good house in Kensington, as a home to all. This is to be sold on the marriage of his daughters and the death of his mother. He has made all the money since 1851.

—The public are not generally aware that the valuable collection of Egyptian antiquities, known as Abbott's, is now to be seen at the Historical Society's building, 11th street and 2d avenue. The rooms are also a fine collection of pictures, which renders a visit very agreeable to the lovers of art. Mr. Moore, the librarian, and his obliging assistants deserve the thanks of the *dilettanti* for their admirable arrangement of these famous curiosities.

—A series of lectures has lately been delivered in Hoboken, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of Hoboken Firemen. The two were upon Bad Books, by John Harvey Lyons, one of the head pursers of the Bureau of Medicine, and Sea on the Majesty of Man, by Justice Whitley. They are both gentlemen of considerable ability, displaying the characteristics of its author. Mr. Lyons's lecture was very appropriate, as the pernicious and sensational literature is as destructive to mind as morals are sandy to the health and digestion.

Chit-Chat.—A gentleman, whose wife is away on a visit, protracted long beyond the promised return, writes to inquire "if he would call on Spence conquers lore, but the longer you stay away the better I like you." He expected to be left a widower.

—The Great Barrington *Courier* describes a culture of Governor Andrew on his shooting excursion with clothing, engaged in shooting an arrow into a target, in which he struck the centre.

—Erra Cornell, of Ithaca, N.Y., had an idea that women could do more with their needles if they did it as with their tongues, and by request of the "Old Soldiers' And Society of the village if it women could be found who would sew all day without stopping, if its candidates presented themselves, and, *suitably* dress, 16 of them, and started in quest of "sewing." They were sorely tempted by various lookers-on, but only two yielded, Cornell.

—The Portland *Argus* asserts that an old lady who was visiting a friend in that city, upon the news of "Saved!" remarked, "It's no wonder that the poor child fainted after pulling that great dog out of the water!"

—In Paris, not long since, an artist painted a portrait of the Emperor, and received from Napoleon donations. The artist invited the gentleman's friends to see it, and they invited it and pronounced it a perfect. One of them, who was rather nearsighted, complained that the Emperor's left shoulder was higher than his position, when the artist exclaimed, "Don't touch it; it is just right." "Oh," said the friend, "I beg pardon, I mistook the gentleman," "it can't be my friend Napoleon."

—The courteous style of official correspondence on which Gen. Butler has been severely criticised illustrated by the closing sentences of one of his letters to Secretary Stanton, dated Fortress Monroe, Va., 1863: "If I have this army now, I tell you plainly that I cannot answer for its safety if any other persons in Washington You have done your duty, and I will do mine."

—It is an interesting fact that the sale of confederated states sealed at Montgomery, Ala., consisted entirely of the remnants of the Edmund Ruffin House, where more than two years ago the Secession Ball had been given over by the very men whose estates now pass under the hammer. At the Secession Ball, the Chairman of the Tax Commission, Dr. William Henry Brisbane, the man who has charge of the sale of the estates of traitors from the State because he would liberate his slaves.

—In 1791 there were four houses where the city of Buffalo—the greatest city in the West—now stands, with its 100,000 inhabitants—now stands.

—Wooden weather vanes have taken the place of tin weddings. The *Union Herald* states that one came off recently in Lewisburg, Pa., when the presents—rockers, clothespins, bootjacks, washtubs and rolling-pins, piano-stashers and pails, with the customary salt and matchesafes, sugar-boxes and washboards, wooden nutmegs, shingle-nails, brooms, woodden shoes and corn wood, etc.

—A writer in *Once a Week* says: "During a residence of some months in Vienna, I never saw a duel between officers or persons of the realm in circulation. You pay your cabman or your omnibus conductor with a two-penny piece, and the omnibus conductor with a twopenny banknote; you get a penny change, and you have two pence more than before after 10 o'clock; you throw a banknote to the driver of a hackney coach, and you have two pence women counting up their paper money when they have finished counting; you see people in the act of stopping it into the crimson collection-box in the church; on every hand you see evidences of the critical state of Austrian finance."

—A Yankee editor thus defines Some surprise is manifested here at the course of British journals in supporting the cause, showing that they are Traitors to the French Government in regard to the exportation to the Southern States. Government, however, is not aware that the concession was made at the request of the French Government, instigated by the express request of the British Government.!!

BARNUM ENDORSES OSCANYAN.

MR. BARNUM, in his lecture last Wednesday evening at the Cooper Institute, "How to Make Money," observed that:

"The rubble will not be humbugged twice. No man ever deceived the public twice. It is the advertising presented to them must be worthy of their confidence. Oscanyan must possess something to support illustration of this, I am happy to observe among the audience the face of an intelligent man who has the largest the patronage of the public—I mean Mr. Oscanyan (applause). I myself had the pleasure of hearing one of his lectures, and witnessing his unique and exceptional illustrations of Eastern characters, and I must say that I was highly delighted with it. And one of the audience, because it possessed the charm of novelty, and originality and truthfulness. I am happy to say Though it is evident that he was not born a showman, he possesses that most precious talent to exhibit himself aside from a liberal offer, but for some reason or other he declined it. Mr. Oscanyan, I am told, does not have already observed about public patronage, and is far better than the ordinary run of lecturers, fully, though doubtless unexpected by him. (Applause.)"

We find Madame C. Mears still at her residence, No. 21 Madison avenue, where she has long been unable to accept all the patronage offered her. She has now secured more spacious and convenient accommodations to receive pupils. Meantime we congratulate ourselves on having so able and accomplished an instructress among us.

AMBOLINE.—This is an admirable preparation for the hair, producing a luxuriant growth, a rich profusion, and possessing in an eminent degree those distinguishing qualities of the best article. It will also promote and its beauty increased. It will always be found beneficial to those who require a healthy action of a gentle stimulant. As it is a compound from the Florida balm of the Everglades, it is entirely free from its use. It is put up in larger quantity than any similar article.—*Civil Service Progress.*

CURIOUS FACTS IN THE HISTORY OF THE POPES.—Of the 258 Popes, not one has reigned 25 years; the longest reign is that of Pius VI., which lacked six months of that time. Most of the Popes died before the 16th year; only 9 have exceeded 20 years. Thirty-two occupied the Holy See only one year, and 18 scarcely a month. Pius III. reigned only 27 days.

The man who went for Southern measures has not returned. It is suspected that he may have fallen into one of them.

PARTING.

AN OLD GERMAN FOLK-SONG.

Morrow must I forth from here,
Forth at dawn to-morrow;
All too soon doth morning come,
Seems it wings to borrow.
Home to leave is sad I find,
But my Love to leave behind.
This is saddest sorrow!

When two folks are right good friends,
They will quarrel never;
Sun and moon would first fall out,
Ere such friends dissever.
How much worse is then the smart,
When two loving hearts must part,
Part perhaps forever!

Kiss thee on the hands or cheeks:
Little breezes playing;
Think that these are sighs of mine,
Out strong lands here straying.
Thousands send I daily o'er
Which go float the house about,
Where my Love is staying.

MY PLAIN LOVER.

I WAS a coquette. Many a lover's heart I had lacerated by refusing their offers of marriage before I had found them on to a "declaration." My last victim was a young man of fortune. He was frank, awkward, homely and ungainly man, but his heart was as true as steel. I respected him highly, and felt pained that I should be his anguish at my rejection of him. But the fact was, I had myself fallen in love with Edward Elliott, who had been accustoming in his devotions to me.

Mr. James Fraser warned me against Elliott; but I had myself penetration enough to see his warnings as an insult.

Time and days afterwards Elliott and I were engaged, and my dream of romantic love seemed to be in a way of realization. I had a week of happiness. Many were the visits that Elliott made to me. Away was from the bright, short dream to find themselves in lifelong duties, and bondage from which there is no escape. Thank God, I was not yet miserable as they!

My mother was a widow in opulent circumstances, but hardly rich enough to be above the use of an easy, listless, credulous nature, hating trouble, and willing to take things just as they might happen to present themselves. She was pleased with my inquiries about Captain Elliott—but fondly believed that inasmuch as he was rich and distinguished apparently as a man of honor also, especially as he had served in the Crimea and in India, and wore medals. His regiment was quartered in the neighborhood, and he had the reputation of being one of the wealthiest, as he was certainly the handsomest officer in it.

I remember as well as possible the day we became engaged; he was an coty, but had managed to ride down to our house on horseback, and while we were walking in the garden he made the tender avowal. I remember I said:

"Oh, mamma!" he hastened to her—returned in three minutes—and I had to her presence to receive the assurance that the maternal consent had been obtained. "Now, I am free. To be sure! My dear mother hated trouble, as I have shown and her moreover loved me tenderly; so that she was well pleased to find a husband for me possessing such a form and manner apparently so eligible for her beloved child as Elliott.

Well, a week passed quite delightfully, as I have said; and at the expiration of this brief period there was to be given a grand ball and supper, a dancing party winding through our old Devonshire woods and quiet country roads, and I had the cavalcade.

I rode my own beautiful brown Bess. Elliott also was mounted on the handsome black horse that had been sent him from Constantinople. Following us was a bevy of merry girls and their cavaliers; and among the last I recall, awkward and silent James Fraser. His presence has marred the pleasure of my visit, and I was glad to be in advance of them all that I might not see him.

And so we rode on through the woods, and I listened, well pleased, to the low but animated words of the gallant Elliott, my affianced knight and lord. A fairy lady of the olden time, that he might go forth to do battle for her, could not all seem to recognise the claims of his peerless love. Very eloquently he spoke of the inspiration of love, of the brave deeds and perilous adventures of chivalry, wishing again and again that he might thus prostrate and maintain his faith before the lady. I pleased me to listen to this and to believe it sincere, though I surely had no wish to put my lover to such a test.

A hot sunlight streamed through the still woods, and a wounded bird, darting past, fluttered and fell at the feet of brown Bess. With a bound and a spring that nearly unseated me, she was off.

Struggling to regain my seat, I had no power to restrain her, and away I flew, in the fear and madness of the moment grew upon her. I could only cling breathlessly to mane and bridle, and wonder helplessly whether I should be killed or saved. She swerved from a passing wagon, and turned into a by-road. Here I felt that I could soothe moreover increased her pace then term from my hands and I could not regain them. I clung to the mane and closed my eyes that I might not see the trees by which we passed. How sweet was life in those precious moments that I thought had gone! And all its joys, its affections, its last crowning love rose up before me. I remembered the pang that would rend Elliott's heart as he saw my lifeless body borne home; and then the thought would come if he were pursuing and trying to save me, even as he had said, at the risk of life and limb.

I remembered no more. I felt a sudden shock, a fearful rushing through the air, and knew no more until days afterwards, I awoke to a faint, weak sensiblness of life in my chamber at home.

I never saw Captain Elliott again. The last words I ever heard were those of sympathy and delighted daring. The last act of his life, in connection with which was he not the author of frightened youths who rode after me, to contemplate the consequences of, and as soon as he saw me lifted from the shallow bed of the river, into which I had been thrown when my frightened horse stopped suddenly on its bank, to ride hastily off. That evening he sent to make inquiries, and learning that I was severely but it was hoped not fatally injured, he thenceforth contented himself with such tidings of my condition and improvement as could be gained from more rumor.

At last it was announced that I would never recover entirely from the effects of my injury, and that very day Captain Elliott departed suddenly from the neighborhood. He made no attempt to see me, nor sent me any farewell. When I was once more abroad, and beginning, though with much unalloyed bitterness, to learn the lesson of patience and resignation that awaited me, I received a letter from him, in which he merely said that he presumed my own judgment had taught me that, in my altered circumstances, our engagement must be at an end, but to satisfy his own sense of honor (his honor!) he must tell me that, while I entertaining the highest respect for me, he declared a former engagement of my claim.

Writing at the bottom of this letter, "Let it be as you wish." I returned it to him at once, and thus ended my first dream of a romantic love.

I had heard ere this of Elliott's cowardly conduct on that day; and now that I had brought me to inquire who had rescued me from that imminent peril, and then I learned that James Fraser, his arm already broken by the fall of his horse, had received my letter from him as he caught at her bridle, had ridden after me and risen me from the fire. Many times daily he made inquiries concerning me, but had been the hand that sent the rare flowers that decked my room; his were the last that brought words of comfort and hope to my poor mother; his were the books I read to me in my lingering days of convalescence; and his, now, was the arm that supported me as, slowly and painfully, I paced the garden walks.

I have loved him for many a year. I have forgotten that he is not handsome—or rather he is beautiful to me, because I see his grand and loving spirit shining through his plain features and animating his awkward figure. I have long since laid aside as useless the "declaration," kept by myself, beautiful spirits dwell only in lovely bodies. It may be a presumptuous supposition that, in denying physical perfection, I am not myself deficient or distorted—but I am more brighter that it is not marred by petty vanity or love of the world's praise.

FOREIGNERS AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

THE English language must appear fearfully and wonderfully made to a foreigner. One of them, looking at the collective of a number of vessels, said,

"See what a flock of ships."

He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, but that a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And it would have been just as reasonable to call a collection of cattle a flock, as that of a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a company of soldiers is called a horde, and a host of worshippers is called a congregation. A congregation of rogues is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of musicians is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlefolks is called a throng, and a throng of rogues and rascals are called the roughs, and the miscellaneous people are called the mob, and the community or the public, according as they are spoken of by the rich or by the poor, is called society.

Now, again, the Hudson River is fast when the ice is fast, and it is open when the ice is not open very fast, for it was loose. A clock is called fast when it is right, and a horse is fast when he can run fast, and when he is secured to remain stationary. People fast when they have nothing to eat, and eat fast, consequently, when opportunity offers.

A friend of a German student attempted to court in English, with the aid of a dictionary. Having occasion to address a lady in an English party, he having recently lost her husband, must be open to new offers, and must be addressed accordingly.

"Highborn madam, since your husband have kicked the bucket—"

"Sir!" interrupted the lady, astonished and displeased.

"Oh, pardon—sine, ten thousand pardon! Now I make the application, madam, then the ice cream?" Madam, since your husband have cut his stick—"

The lady rose from her seat in a state of mettle, and reading as much in the lady's countenance, he hastened to add, "Madam, since your husband have passed away—"

"Madam, since your husband, your most respected husband, have stepped de cross—"

This was his shoe-horn, and as this also "came home," the lady left the room more incensed than ever. It turned out that the dictionary he had used had put the finishing touch to the list with the following worthy series of equivalents:

To die—To kick the bucket.

To cut one's stick.

To be off—To step the cross.

To hop the twig; to hop off the perch into kingdom come.

A French translator of Coopers "Spy" in which the word "whip-poor-will" occurred, thought the bird in question family is called "The Locus a," found the term expressive, and called it "La Soutterelle." The Grasshoppers." But in one place even the dragoons are represented as "whipping" to one of the locusts in the lawn. The translator, not to be confounded the dragoons, gravely informs his readers that the dragoons fastened the bridle of their horses to a huge grasshopper standing before the door of the house.

"Since your husband have departed," a dog one day, remarked, "I love de dogs, de cats, de sheeps, de cows, de horses, de everything but de wolves."

Of course, we make as funny mistakes in other languages as they do in ours.

"Miss Blank, it is known," "I—" seemed to say

Many very queer things—and this queer way.

But all of these are the slips of the tongue and pen Occurred when she called a French modiste modest."

NORTH CAROLINA LEGISLATION.

A LIST of bills taken up in the Legislature of North Carolina is suggestive:

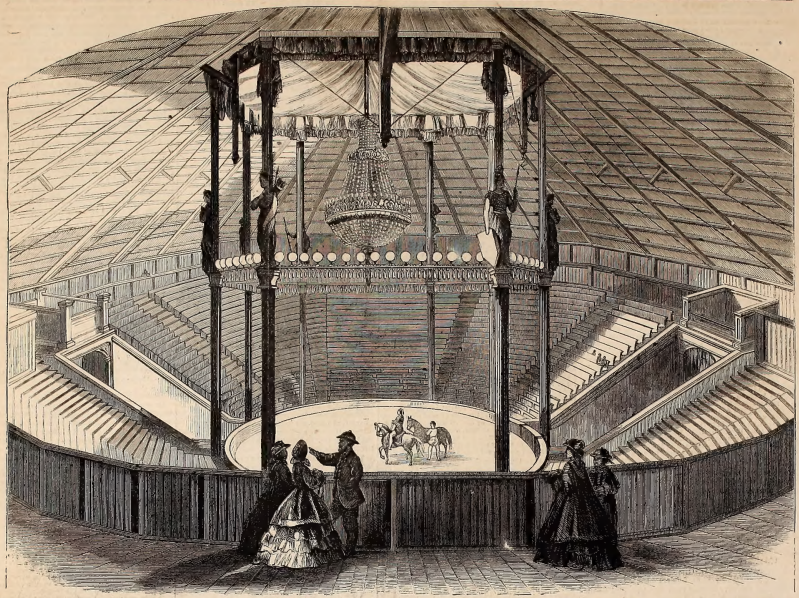
A bill to amend an act authorizing the Governor to impress negroes for the Confederate service, so as to owners for not furnishing their negroes as requisition.

A bill to fix the price of salt to be sold by each county was taken up. Mr. Hoke and he wanted the price put up so as to exclude the concern from the State.

A bill to prevent aliens from trafficking or trading in this State.

Mr. Ellis thought the speculating foreigners should either be put in the army or out of the country.

However, we must give North Carolina the credit of one great act in times like these. Among the bills before their Legislature is one for the establishment of graded schools in North Carolina." If, after this, the State is tolerated in the Confederacy, we cannot understand it.



THE HIPPOTHEATRON AND NEW YORK CIRQUE, FOURTEENTH STREET, OPPOSITE THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, N. Y.



THE DANISH-GERMAN WAR—ENTRY OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS INTO ALTONA, BY THE NORIS THOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN AMERICAN RESIDENT.

OH! WILL THEY HEAR OF THIS AT HOME?

The battle trembled in the scale!
Charge followed charge through smoke and fire.
Strong men stood deathly still and pale,
To see the rebel lines grow nigher!
Our colonel, brave as brave could be,
Rode down our line through showers of flame,
And shouted, "Comrades, will you see
Your well-worn colors blush with shame?"

His voice closed up the broken line,
And from our ranks a stripling flew,
He said, "The task alone be mine
To plant our honored flag anew!"
Then with a cheer he sped away,
He seemed to spurn the ground beneath,
And like a hunted stag at bay,
He waved it in the traitors' teeth.

A storm of bullets round him rained,
As with a shout we onward pressed,
But ere our patriot guide we gained
The lifeblood stained his gallant breast.
We raised him from the shell-ploughed sod,
His white lips full with bloody foam,
And heard amid his prayers to God,
"Oh! will they hear of this at home?"



A MIDNIGHT RACE

On the Mississippi.

"GOOD-BYE, Harry! Good-bye, Frank! Take care of yourselves, and try to bring old Thompson to terms. Leave of absence two weeks sharp. Don't forget."

And as the kind old merchant uttered this parting injunction the huge steamboat, with her living freight, moved slowly through the crowd of floating palaces that environs the levee of St. Louis.

A long standing debt in Memphis, which the firm thought would require the skill of its two most diplomatic clerks to collect, brought us both from the dust of the counting-room on the Rue Main of the Mississippi. Leaning over the bulwark I watched the busy levee recede in the distance, until a slap on the shoulder and Frank's cheery voice aroused me.

"Hallo, mate! what attractions has the old Father of Waters' muddy face, or what griefs do you endure, torn away from your beloved ledger and journal, that you won't condescend to notice your fellow-passengers?"

"Why, have you met any acquaintance on board?" I asked.

"Yes. I have made better use of my eyes than you. You know my cousin, Nellie, that I introduced you to at the last ball?"

"Oh! I remember. A little fairy with sunny curls and laughing eyes, a compendium of all kinds of mischief; a regular——"

"Spare yourself the rest, Mr. Weldon," interrupted the individual in question, emerging from the cabin behind me; "thank you for that flattering description and enviable character."

"Oh! pardon me," I replied, with a bow, while Frank burst out laughing; "the mischief I referred to consists of the havoc made among tender hearts by those charming attributes I mentioned."

"Saved by a close shave," cried my mischievous companion; "of course yours and mine included. But, say, Harry, my cousin here with the sunny curls, &c., is going to Memphis. Now, suppose we constitute ourselves her guardians, ready to annihilate any reasonable number of men who may venture to insinuate by thought, word or deed that she's not the prettiest girl in Uncle Sam's dominions."

"Fully endorsed by me; and for my part I shall be most happy to receive the precious consignment."

"Even if it is a compendium of mischief, and a regular——. Well, then, I hereby consign and entrust myself to your care, and look out for Uncle Nathan if you suffer any one to spirit away his precious niece."

"I'll insure you, lady of the sunny curls and laughing eyes," said the irrepressible Frank, "against all dangers visible and invisible, except my grave friend there, who in a very, very dangerous customer, quiet as he looks. But there is the gong, Miss Nellie, and, as one of your constituted guardians, allow me to call your attention to that most important duty of the day—our dinner."

Nellie Hyatt was a complete antidote against care or *ennui*, and in her society time flew fast.

After she retired to her stateroom Frank tried to ingratiate himself with two elderly females, hailing from the classical regions of Arkansas. He succeeded very well for some time, but while endeavoring to convince them that they were perfect specimens of female loveliness, received an intimation in no dulcet tone, "to shut up and stop chattering like a monkey in a cage."

At this delicate hint, and certain belligerent demonstrations of the backwoods beauties, we arose and went forward to the clerk's office, to take a look at the male portion of our fellow-passengers.

Around the table near the bar were a number of men, as usual, playing cards. Among them was the unmistakable face of that wiest of all harpies, the Mississippi gambler.

What an enigma is man!

Who would think that venerable old gentleman opposite, with his Puritanic face and clerical dress, or the innocent, baby-faced rustic beside him, were professional blacklegs and sharpers?

Yet watch their countenances well for a few minutes, and in spite of their schooled features a gleam of their real character will ever and anon betray itself. One of them looked up.

I started involuntarily, for I knew the meaning of his fierce scowl when our eyes met.

Some years before he was a confidential clerk in the St. Louis firm of ——, where I was then employed. Notwithstanding his long connection with the firm and their trust in him, yet as soon as I laid eyes on him I disliked and suspected him. Certain mysterious disappearances of cheques and unaccountable increase of bills payable made me watch him closely, and after months of patient vigilance, which even a detective might envy, I found that my estimate of his character was correct, and placed the proofs thereof in the hands of the authorities.

Well, Jonas Oakley was accommodated with State lodgings, and allowed sufficient time to ruminate on the evil of his ways in the Penitentiary. He was a sullen, hard-looking fellow, and although I feared him not, yet I felt a natural chill at the heart when his dark, evil eye glared up from the table at me. Whispering to Frank, I brought him up on the hurricane deck, to escape the undesirable company below. The setting sun just sank below the trees when we passed the little village or landing of St. Genevieve.

The air was unnaturally still and close, and the progressive motion of the boat failed to create the faintest breeze.

From the wharf of St. Genevieve a boat was heading down the river as we passed, and as she pushed out further from shore we recognised her at once. It was the renowned Hiawatha, of Memphis, an opposition boat, and reputed the fastest on the river.

Knowing the rivalry existing between both companies, I remarked to Frank that we were in for a race. The captain's voice shouting to the engineer, "to chip on more steam, and show those Memphis fellows what legs the old Ben Lewis had!" confirmed my conjecture.

An angry puff of steam as a challenge, and the increased speed of the boat as an answer, quickly brought out the passengers until the decks were crowded with eager spectators.

As we ran past, a challenge, in the peculiar dialect of the Mississippi, with the usual amount of oaths, passed between the captains on the *fronts* of their respective boats. A deep gloom below us on the river, and the ominous stillness of the air, broken at intervals by the distant moan of the wind, foreboded one of those sudden tornadoes so frequent on the Western rivers.

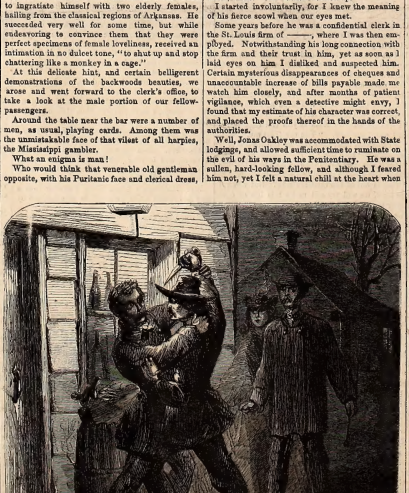
Rounding the next bend, we came in sight of the picturesque town of Cape Girardeau, on the first Chickasaw bluff. Both boats simultaneously directed their course to the wharf boat, to shelter themselves from the tornado, which we now plainly heard crashing its way through the Missouri woods. Scarcely had they done so when it swept across the river immediately below us, and amid the pitchy darkness that ensued we heard the crash of trees and unearthly shrieks of the wind in its mad career.

Had it crossed the river higher up, no one could calculate the consequences to town or boats, for destruction marks the path of a Western tornado As it was, even on the outskirts, our boat trembled violently, and the tall chimneys shook and strained at their iron stays.

But the storm was soon over, and it left a refreshing breeze that the former stifling air made us appreciate. The boats were delayed at Cape Girardeau taking in freight, until far in the night.



HON. E. G. SQUIER, UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER TO PERU.



The Assassin foiled



Fate of the Mississippi Steamer.

Nellie, Frank and I strolled up on the bluff and visited the beautiful little college at the south side of the town. We returned by a narrow street that led down to the wharf and was destitute of houses, except a few drinking-saloons near the river. I noticed, as we passed one of these, a fellow, whose features were concealed beneath a slouched hat, follow us with a noiseless, catlike tread that I didn't like. Telling my companions to walk on faster, I fell back a little and confronted the intruder, when I thought he had overtaken me. Well, for me I turned in time. The glare of a lamp from one of the saloons near us fell on the features of Oakley, as, with uplifted knife, he stood beside me.

"Well met, Harry Weldon! Have you forgotten an old acquaintance? If you have, then by—I have not, and I have an old score, and a long one too, to settle with you this very night. It's owing long enough."

I caught the descending arm by the wrist, and calling for assistance—I had left my revolver in my stateroom—I struggled desperately with him for the knife. How long the contest would have continued was not a difficult matter to decide, for he was my superior in physical strength; but it was suddenly terminated by a gentle tap on my adversary's pericranium from Frank's loaded cane, and he lay stunned at my feet. Leaving him to pick himself up the best way he could, we hastened on board, to avoid the attentions of any of Oakley's ruffian friends. Half an hour after we started.

As the boats moved out together in the stream, the captains seemed by no means forgetful of the trial of speed interrupted by the storm, and soon we were cleaving the dark waters at maximum speed.

I can conceive no grander or more exciting sight than these two monster antagonists, rushing through the pitchy darkness, side by side, the flames leaping over and over, high above the tall chimneys, and the woods resounding with the strokes of the ponderous machinery.

The hurricane and cabin decks were crowded

with passengers, cheering, fighting, betting, with all their attention given to the exciting scene.

Nellie, who sat with us outside her stateroom, got alarmed at the violent jarring of the boats, and although we tried to laugh off her fears, I felt secret misgivings myself, knowing the recklessness of many of the Mississippi captains and engineers. I excused myself for a short absence, and leaving my companions, descended the gangway to the lower deck.

The sight there was not qualified to allay my apprehensions. The fire, fed by nearly the entire force of hands, glowed like the tornado, the boiler trembled beneath the tremendous force of the imprisoned giant, and the engineer, eager only for victory, paused to disregard the warning hand that indicated an alarming increase of power on the dial before him.

I hurried to my companions, and noticing a lifebelt hung over the gangway, I took it with me almost instinctively. Although I tried to laugh away Nellie's fears, Frank saw by my hurried manner and uneasiness that something was the matter.

"What's the matter, Mr. Weldon?" said Nellie, with an anxious tremor in her voice, "and what's that you have in your hand?"

"An article I want to show you how to use in case you should ever need it."

"Oh! a lifebelt! But is there any danger?"

"Oh, no! but it is always better to know how to save yourself if ever you should be in danger on a steamboat."

"Thank God!" cried Frank, springing up, and pointing to a distant light to the left of us, "there's the lights of Cairo, and the race is nearly at an end."

"In a few minutes more we shall take leave of our friends yonder," I answered, pointing to the Hiswatha shead, "and then, Miss Nellie, you may dismiss your fears."

Rounding the point of Illinois, washed alike by the Ohio and Mississippi, we neared the Cairo wharfboat, and our rival continued her course with abated speed down the Mississippi.

"There's the St. Charles and the Illinois Central," said Frank, as we passed them, "and see, yonder is——"

The rest of his speech was drowned in a crash beneath us like an earthquake; the entire deck heaved inward, the lifebelt around Nellie, and the next instant was struggling in the dark waters of the Ohio amidst a perfect Pandemonium of cries, groans and other deafening noises.

The hissing giant below had burst in one bound from his metal prison, and converted the stately Ben Lewis steamer into a floating wreck.

The plunge of huge fragments of the cabin beside me, and the vision of the tall chimneys, like comets, in the air above me, succeeded, and for some moments I could not collect my senses farther than instinctively clutching a passing spar. When I opened my eyes and recovered partially from my sudden immersion, I looked round anxiously for my late companions.

The white face of Nellie rose beside me, and as the lifebelt, though small, buoyed her up, I tried to cheer her with the hope of speedy rescue.

The levee was soon crowded, and skiffs, dugouts, rafts and yawls of every description were on their way towards the numerous forms struggling in the Ohio.

The burning hull now drifted by, covered with people running to and fro in the flames, evidently afraid to commit themselves to the more merciful river. The wind, setting across the waters by the blazing wreck reached us, when a skiff shot into relief from the darkness beyond, and I felt my collar grasped by a stout arm.

Calling to the sturdy occupant to attend first to my companion, I helped her into the boat and swam around to the stern to get in myself. Suddenly a pair of arms encircled my neck, and as I turned round a sickly feeling of terror came over me when the features of Oakley, distorted by every hellish passion, swung beside me.

"Mct again, Harry Weldon, never to part! We'll find the cattish together to-night at the bottom of the Ohio!"

I clung with both hands to the stern of the skiff; I felt my breath leaving me and my throat writhe beneath the pressure of his fingers; I saw the uplifted oar of the boatman and heard his exclamation, "Oakley, by ——;" then followed a shriek from Nellie, a sprinkling of the fingers round my throat, and consciousness forsook me.

When it returned I found myself on the levee, supported by Frank and the boatman that saved me, and as my eyes wandered from one object to another it seemed as if I was in some frightful dream.

The glare of a passing torch fell on a body just dragged in from the river, and I relapsed into insensibility when I recognised the features of Oakley, so dreadfully mutilated with blood and a hideous wound that almost divided his skull.

RAGS.—It is a curious fact that nearly two thirds of the rags annually imported into the United States from all other countries come from Italy. The circumstance is due to two causes. 1st. Italy is in fact the receiving of all the old rags in the Levant. The Turks, the Greeks and Syrians use vast quantities of cotton cloth; and the Archipelago and the whole Levant is swept by Greek and Italian coasting vessels, and the size of boats that bring cloaks to Harford, was made for rags which country produce exclusively. These rags ultimately get to Genoa, Trieste, &c., and are subject to America. 2d. There being no low priced cotton books printed, there is no home demand to work the rags up into paper. The population can neither read nor write, and of course the statistary correspondence is rare. No country where the mass of the population read and write can afford to export rags. Hence rags and customs house returns yield a clue to the actual state of society.

ONE of our Southern exchanges announces, with considerable flourish, that the editor has a fine boy, a promising son, whom he hopes may live to inherit the fortune his father makes by publishing a newspaper.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

DAYDREAMS.

BY JULIE LEONARD.

FAR from the sound of distant rushing battle,
Far from that sound!
Yet do I dream of fort and steel-beat's rattle
Over the ground;
Seeing the starry flag its folds out-flinging
Upon the breeze,
Hearing the sound of martial voices ringing
Among the trees.

The clattering tramp of many chargers prancing
This heavy tread;
The glittering light of shining bayonets glancing
Above the dead.
The shouts, the shrieks, the groans of deadly anguish
Break on the ear;
While on the ground the face of dead and dying
The sun shines clear.

I do not love to read the dark dim future,
Even in dreams;
Above the clouds that rather hover o'er our country
The light still gleams.
And in the hand of Him who yet reigns o'er us
I rest in peace,
Trusting that this but a distant time before us
This war will cease.

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

He did not notice the red flame that shot up to her cheek, or the shrinking of her whole frame, but went on.

"The child is so precious to me. The dearest human being I have on earth—" He hesitated a moment, and added, "Except—except you, my wife."

She was grateful even for this. Was it that she was conscious of deserving nothing more, or did, in the hungry yearning of her heart, seize on this sweet ailment with thankfulness after the famine of her recent life?

He saw the tears spring into her eyes, and drew her closer to his side.

"Be careful of her for my sake, Elizabeth. She was given me in solemn charge at my mother's death-bed. She has been the sweetest object of my barren life. Let no harm come near her—no evil thing taint the mind which I leave in your hands pure as snow. Guard her, love her, and give her back to me, gentle, guileless, and good, as she lies now, in the sweetest and most innocent sleep I ever witnessed."

"I will! I will!" answered Elizabeth, conquering a sharp spasm of pain with the spirit of a martyr. "If human care, or my sacrifice can insure her welfare, She has both to bestow."

Grantley bent down and kissed his wife gratefully.

"Remember, Elizabeth, my happiness and honor are left in your keeping."

Did he mean her honor and happiness both were bound up in Elsie, or had he really thought of her rightful share in his life?

This question burned through the young wife's mind, but she would not accept it in a bitter sense then. The parting, hour was close at hand. She trembled as each moment left them.

"I will be kind to Elsie as you can desire; indeed I will," she said. "You can trust me."

"If I doubted that, harassing as the voyage is, I would take her with me."

"Oh, if you only could take us both! It terrifies me to be left alone, surrounded with—"

A shock on the main-deck cut short the hour of his departure. On the instant Dolf knocked at the door.

Elizabeth started up, trembling like a wounded bird that struggles away from a second shot.

"So soon! so soon!" she cried, wringing her hands. "I had so much to ask; every thing to say, and now there is no time."

Grantley took her in his arms, and kissed her very hurriedly, for the servant was standing in sight.

"God bless you, Elizabeth, I must go!"

She flung her arms wildly around him. Her pale face was lifted to his in mute appeal. Was it for pardon of some unknown offence, or the deep moaning of a true heart for love?

Grantley put her away, and went hurriedly into Elsie's room. Her face was pale and troubled. Elizabeth stood by the door grasping for breath; he wrung the hand she held forth to stop him, and was gone. She heard his steps as they went down the main-staircase, and they fell upon her like distinct blows. The great hall-door closed with a sharp noise, that made her start and almost cry out. Then came the sound of carriage-wheels grinding through gravel, and the beat of hoofs that seemed trampling down the heart in her bosom. As these sounds died off, she attempted to reach the window and look out, but only reached the couch which stood near it, sunk down, and fainted without a moan.

CHAPTER X.

A DAY or two after Mellen's departure Elizabeth, who was taking her solitary promenade on the verandah, was surprised by a visit from Mrs. Harrington, who came fluttering across the lawn between two gentlemen, with whom she seemed carrying on a right-and-left flirtation as she walked. She came up the steps with her innumerable flounces all in commotion, and her face wreathed with insipid smiles.

"I knew that you would be moping yourself to death," she cried, floating down upon Elizabeth with both hands extended; "so I gave up everything and came down in the train. Now do acknowledge that I am the kindest friend in the world."

Elizabeth made an effort to receive her cordially, and with a great effort shook off the gloomy thoughts that had oppressed her all the morning. Mrs. Harrington did not heed this, she was always ready to welcome herself and in haste to secure her full share of the conversation, and before Elizabeth could thank her rather large attempts at a compliment she presented her companions.

Elizabeth had hardly glanced at the gentlemen till then, but now she recognised the elder and more stately of the two as the person who had probably saved her life on the Bloomingdale road.

"I need not welcome you for this gentleman, I am sure," said Mrs. Harrington, clasping both hands over Mr. North's arm, and leaning coquettishly upon him. He is our preserver, Mrs. Mellen, our hero."

North smiled, but rejected these compliments with an impatient flirt of his hand.

"Pray allow Mrs. Mellen to forget that this is not our first meeting," he said; "so small a service is not even mentioning."

He looked steadily at Elizabeth as he spoke. She seemed to shrink into herself, and only faltered out:

"No, no; it was a service I can never forget—never hope to repay."

"Now let me beg a welcome for my other friend," interposed Mrs. Harrington. "Mr. Hawkins. I told him it was quite a charity to come with me and rouse you up a little, because he is dying to see your lovely face again."

Mr. Hawkins, a very young man, was leaning against a pillar of the verandah in an attitude intended to display his every stylish dress to the best possible advantage. He appeared mildly conscious that he had performed a solemn duty in making a perambulating tailor's block of himself, and ready to receive any amount of feminine admiration without resistance. He came forward half a step and fell back again.

"Such a charming place you have here—quite a paradise," he drawled, caressing the head of his cane, which was constantly between his lips. "I trust—you—the other angel of this retreat is visible?"

Elizabeth replied with a little shudder and a faint smile. She had received many similar affectations from Mrs. Harrington's friends, but it was too much that they should be forced upon her just now.

"Where is Elsie?" cried the widow, in her vivacious way, shaking her gay plumage like a peacock in the sun.

"In her own room," replied Elizabeth. "Pray walk in, and I will call her."

"Oh, never mind, I'll go!" said Mrs. Harrington. "Gentlemen, Elizabeth will excuse Mrs. Mellen; but no flirtation, remember that!"

She giggled and fluttered, while the very young man said "Oh!" as if he seemed shocked in the scenery. Then away she flew, kissing her hand to them, and leaving Elizabeth to gather up her weary thoughts and make an effort at entertaining these unwelcome guests.

Mrs. Harrington found Elsie yawning over a new novel, and quite prepared to be enlivened by the prospect of company.

"But I can't go down such a figure," she said; "I must wait a minute. One gets so careless in a house without gentlemen."

"Poor dear! I am sure you are moped."

"Oh, to death. It's dreadful!" sighed Elsie. "I feel this so acutely. If I only had a little of Bessie's stoicism!"

"Yes, it's all very well; but you are made up of sensibility," said the widow. "Change your dress, dear. Oh, you've made a conquest of a certain gentleman."

"What, that Hawkins! He's a perfect idiot!" cried Elsie. "But he'll do, for want of a better."

She had quite forgotten her low spirits, dressed herself in the most becoming morning attire possible, and floated down to greet the guests and quite bewilder them with her loveliness. Hawkins had been mortally afraid of Mrs. Mellen, but with Elsie he could talk, and Elizabeth was left quite stunned by the flood of frivolous nonsense and the peals of senseless laughter which went on about her.

She managed to escape unseen, on the plea that household duties required her presence, and stole up to her room for a little quiet. While she was there she heard Tom Fuller's voice in the hall; she opened her dressing-room door, and there he stood in his usual disordered state.

"I've come to say good-bye," were his first words.

"Then you are really going, Tom?" she said, sorrowfully, taking his hand and leading him into the chamber.

"Yes, I'm off to-morrow," he said, resolutely, withdrawing his hand through his hair and trying to keep his courage up. "A trip to Europe is a splendid thing, Bess—I'm a lucky fellow to get it."

"I shall be all alone," she said, mournfully.

"Oh," cried Tom, it's good of you to miss me—nobody else will! But there, Bessie, don't you set me off! I wanted to say good-bye—I—I—well, I'm a confounded fool, but I thought I'd like to see her just once more."

"And those tiresome people are here," said Elizabeth.

"Who do you mean?"

"Oh, Mrs. Harrington and two men she has brought to spend the day—one of them is the person who checked our horses that day."

"I thought I heard the widow's pipe as I came through the hall," said Tom. "Well, well, it's better so! You see I don't want to make a gooney of myself."

"Tom, you are the best creature in the world,' cried Elizabeth.

"Don't you bless you, no," said Tom, rubbing his forehead in a disconsolate way; "I ain't good a bit! 'Pon my word, I'm quite shocked lately to see what an envious, bad-hearted old toad I'm getting to be."

"We won't go downstairs yet," said Elizabeth; "sit down here and let's have a comfortable talk, like old times, Tom."

"Well, no, I guess not, thank you—it's very kind of you," returned Tom, getting very red. "You see I can't stay but an hour—I must take the next train, for I've lots of things to do."

"Oh, I thought you would spend the day."

"Now, don't ask me—I can't—it wouldn't be wise if I could," cried Tom, giving his hair an unmerciful combing with his fingers.

"No," she replied, pityingly; "perhaps not. And you would like to go downstairs?"

"I'm a fool to wish it," he groaned; "those fine people will only laugh at me, and I know that I see that magnifico and his popiejay friend about Elsie I shall want to wring their conceited necks. But I'll go—no, it's no use telling that! You understand just what a fool I am—I came because I feel as if I must see her once more!"

Tom was twisting his hat in hands, his features worked in a dreadful way in the attempt he made to control his agitation; but Elizabeth loved him too well for any exhibition of his odd manliness—she was entirely absorbed in sympathy for his trouble.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she said, "I do hope absence—the change—will do you good."

"Yes," he replied, with a struggled whistle that began as a groan; "yes, of course, thank you—oh, no doubt! You see, there's no knowing one good thing from another. But there you, Bess, if the old ship would only sink and land me safe as many fathoms under salt water as was convenient, it would be about the best thing that could happen to me."

"Don't talk so, Tom; you don't know how you pain me."

"Well, I won't—there, I'm all right now! Tirol-de-rol!" and Tom actually tried to sing. "I say, Bessie, she never—she don't seem, you know——"

"What, Tom?"

"To be sorry I was going, you know?"

"Elsie? She has been so engrossed with her brother's journey——"

"Yes, of course," Tom broke in; "oh, it's not to be expected—and then that other—founder ever would have asked! Ri-tol-de-rol! I'm a little hearse this morning, but it's no matter—I only want to say I'm not put about, you know—that is, not much."

He shuffled uneasily about the chamber, upset light articles, committed disasters generally; but all the while he looked as resolute as possible, and kept up his attempt at a song in a mournful quaver.

"Well, I can't stay," he said; "I mustn't lose this train! Now, don't feel uncomfortable, Bessie; I'm going to be a man! Good sense to all right—sensible ness is good for my disease, you know," and Tom tried to laugh, but it was a dismal failure compared with his former lighthearteduess.

Elizabeth saw that he was restless to get once more into Elsie's presence, painful as the interview must be to him, so she smoothed his hair, straightened his cravat and led him downstairs.

"Oh, you dear, delightful Tom Fuller!" cried Mrs. Harrington, pleased to see any masculine novice, for Elsie had carried off both her victims into the window-seat, and was making them dizzy with her smiles and brilliant nonsense.

"I am delighted to see you," cried Tom, frantically, thrusting his hat in her face, in a wild delusion that he was offering his hand, so upset was he with all that he had to do as if rapidly going up in an unmanageable balloon.

"I'll just say good-bye as the same time," pursued Tom; "for I'm rather in a hurry, thank you."

"Why, you're not going away directly!" cried the widow. "Oh, you must stay and entertain me."

"Thank you; it's of no importance; I'm not quite on my sea legs yet," gasped Tom, growing so dizzy that he was guessed of a mad idea he was already on shipboard.

"Why, you look quite white and ill," said the widow.

"Ah! oh, not any, thank you," cried Tom, with an insane attempt at a giggle, stepping on the widow's dress, dancing off it and dealing Elizabeth a blow with his hat.

Mrs. Mellen felt herself grow sick at heart; she glanced at Elsie; the girl was laughing gaily, and chatting away with young Hawkins, regardless of Tom's presence. North stood by, looking at her with his deep, earnest eyes, as if searching her inmost soul for the hidden guilt. Elizabeth felt bitterly indignant, and exclaimed—

"Elsie, my cousin has come to wish us good-bye, if you can spare him a moment."

"So you are really going?" called Elsie. "You oughn't to run away so. It's so unkind of you."

Tom spun round like a teetotum, and only preserved his balance by a miracle.

"My lap is so full of flowers," cried Elsie, glancing down at a mass of roses that glowed in the the folds of her morning dress, "I can't possibly get up; come and shake hands with me."

It was well for Tom that Mrs. Harrington seized

hold of him, and afforded him a few instants to regain his composure, while she asked all sorts of questions about his journey and its object.

"Mary Harrington," said Elsie, "just let Mr. Fuller come here; you mustn't assault peaceable men in that way."

"La, dear, what odd things you do say! I was just talking with Mr. Fuller about his journey."

Elsie glanced at North and whispered to his companion, who tittered in a very polite way. Tom knew it was at him, and grew more awkward and insane. Elizabeth recognized the silly laugh, and darted a look of such indignation towards the offender that the youth was quite subdued, although he had no effect whatever on Miss

She rose, dropping her flowers over the carpet, as she did so, put her hand in Mr. North's arm, left Harrington to follow, and across his cane in peace, and moved towards the group.

Good-bye, Tom Fuller," said she, touching his shoulder with the tips of her fingers. "If you bring me a beautiful lava bracelet perhaps I'll forgive you for going away, and some pink coral, don't forget."

Tom was a sight to behold between his confusion, his distress and his superhuman efforts to be calm.

"I'll bring you twenty," said he, recklessly.

"Oh, that would be overpowering," laughed Elsie. "Good-bye. I'm sure you'll look very odd when you are seasick."

"He! he!" giggled Hawkins, as well as he could for the cane.

Tom turned on him like a tiger

"You'll ruin your digestion if you laugh so much while eating," said he, and for once Tom had the laugh on his side.

"Good-bye, Miss Elsie," he continued, determined to get away while he could still preserve a decent show of composure; "good-bye."

"Good-bye, Tom Fuller, good-bye!"

She flung some of the flowers she was holding at him, Tom caught them and rushed out of the room, pressing the fragrant blossoms against his waistcoat, and smothering a mortal pang.

Elizabeth followed him into the hall, but their parting was a brief one, spoken amid bursts of laughter from within, which neither noticed them.

"Good-bye, Bessie—God bless you."

"You'll write to me, Tom? I shall miss you so."

"Oh, don't; it ain't worth while! I'll write of course; good-bye."

Tom dashed down the steps and fled along the avenue in mad haste, and Elizabeth returned to her guests.

It seemed to her that the day would never come to an end. Mrs. Harrington and Elsie scarcely heeded her, but fluttered from room to room with the two guests, doing the honors with great spirit, and urging them to remain some days. Elizabeth was offended at the reckless offer of hospitality; Elsie saw her displeasure and said, "It wasn't my fault; don't blame me, dear; Grant is gone, and if you are cross I shall die."

So Elizabeth controlled herself; perhaps the girl had done all this harm unconsciously. She must believe so, at least; no cloud must come between them and her vow. Three almost strange men were invited, and must remain if they so decided.

As if she had not enough to bear already, Elizabeth's infictions were increased towards the dinner hour by the arrival of a Mr. Rhodes and his daughter, who lived at a easy distance, and had thought it a neighborly and kind thing for them to drop into dinner with Mrs. Mellen, and console her in her loneliness.

THE ROSE'S DEATH.

WHEN the west is burnt away,
All but one long crimson ray;
When the warm dew on the vine
Is distilled to fairy wine;
When the birds sleep in their nest,
And the cattle, brooding, rest;
When night looms in darkening sky,—
Then the rose prepares to die.

When the flowers have fairy dreams,
And white moths sit o'er glooming streams;
When elm branches sway and feather,
Boding of rude autumn weather;
When the warbirds are quite done
Of all the children of the sun!
And a hush comes on the mirth
Of all creatures of this earth;
When that gold light quits the sky—
Then the rose prepares to die.

WHAT CAME OF A VALENTINE.

By Charles F. Preston.

On the evening of the 13th of February, 1850, two young men sat in a comfortably furnished room in a large New York boarding-house. A bright fire glowed in the grate, well-chosen segravings adorned the walls, and a bright light was diffused about the room from an Argand burner.

Let me introduce the occupants of the apartment as Tom Stacy and John Wilbur, young men of twenty-five or thereabouts, who were known in business circles as Stacy & Wilbur, retail drygoods dealers, No. — Broadway. They had not been in business long, but were already doing unusually well. They had taken apartments together, one of which is now presented to the reader.

"Has it occurred to you, Wilbur," asked his partner, removing his cigar and knocking away the ashes, "that to-morrow is St. Valentine's day?"

"Yes, I thought of it this afternoon, as I was walking up from the store."

"So did I, and to some purpose too, as I will show you."

Tom Stacy went to a drawer and drew out a gorgeous valentine, an elaborate combination of hearts, doves, etc.

"What do you think I gave for that?" he asked

"I don't know, I'm sure. It appears to be very elegant."

"It cost me ten dollars."

"Whew!" whistled Wilbur. "It strikes me you are either very extravagant or very devoted. May I know what fair damsel is to be made glad by the receipt of this elegant missive?"

"That's my secret," said Tom, laughing. "I don't mind telling you, however. It's to go to Edith Castleton."

"I presume you feel particularly interested in the young lady?"

"Not at all. But I told her I would send her valentine, *et in vain!* Snan't you conform to the custom of the day?"

"I had not thought of it," said John, thoughtfully, "but I believe I will."

"And what fair lady will you select as the recipient?"

"You remember the poor seamstress who occupies an attic in the house."

"Yes, I have met her on the stairs two or three times."

"She looks as if times were hard with her. I think I'll send her a valentine."

"And what good do you think it will do her?" asked Stacy, in surprise.

"Wait till you see the kind of valentine I will send."

Wilbur went to his desk, and taking out a sheet of foreign paper, drew from its portemonnaie a ten dollar bill, wrapped it in the paper, on which he had previously written, "From St. Valentine," and placed the whole in an envelope.

"There," said he, "a valentine has cost as much as yours, and I venture to say it will be as welcome."

"You are right. I wish now I had not bought this costly trifle. However, as it is purchased, I will send it."

The next day dawned clear and frosty. It was lively enough for those who sat by comfortable fires and dined at luxurious tables, but for the poor who shared none of these advantages it was indeed a bitter day.

In an attic room, meanly furnished, sat a young girl, shivering and thin. She was covering over a scanty wood fire, the best she could afford, which heated the room very insufficiently. She was sewing diligently, shivering from time to time as the cold blast shook the windows and found its way through crevices.

Poorly clad! Life had a very black aspect for her on that winter day. She was alone in the world. There was absolutely no one on whom she could call for assistance, though she needed it sorely just then. Starvation was the end which she saw in her discomfort, "Is it worth while living any longer?" But she recalled from the sin of suicide. She might starve, but, at least, she would not take the life which God had given her.

Plunged in gloomy thought, she continued her work. All at once a step was heard ascending the narrow staircase which led to her room. Then there was a knock at the door. She arose in some surprise and opened it, thinking it must be the landlady or one of the servants.

She was right. It was a servant.

"Here's a letter for you that the postboy just brought, Miss Morris."

"A letter for me!" repeated Helen Morris, in surprise, taking it from the servant's hand. "Who can have written to me?"

"Maybe it's a valentine, miss," said the girl, laughing. "You know this is Valentine's day. More by token, I've got two myself this morning. One's a karakter (caricature ?), so mistress calls it. Just look at it."

Bridget displayed a highly embellished pictorial representation of a female hard at work at the washtub, the cast of beauty being decidedly Hibernian.

Helen Morris laughed absently, but did not open her letter while Bridget remained—a little to the disappointment of that curious damsel.

Helen slowly opened the envelope. A banknote for ten dollars dropped from it to the floor.

She eagerly read the few words on the paper—"From St. Valentine."

"Heaven be praised!" she said, folding her hands gratefully. "This sum will enable me to, carry out the plan I had in view."

Eight years passed away. Eight years with their lights and shadows, their joys and sorrows. They brought with them the merry voices of children—they brought with them the sounds graves—happiness to some and grief to others.

Towards the last they brought the great commercial crisis of '57, which busses that seemed built upon a rock tottered all at once like a house of cards. Do not many remember that time all too well? Many merchants, with anxious faces, ran frantically from one to another to solicit help, and met only averted faces and distrustful looks?

And how was it in that time of universal famine with our friends—Stacy and Wilbur?

Up to 1857 they had been doing an excellent business; they had gradually enlarged the sphere of their operations as it were rapidly growing rich, when this crash came.

They immediately took in sail. Both were prudent, and both felt that this was the time when this quality was urgently needed.

By great efforts they had succeeded in keeping up till the 16th of February, 1858. On that morning a note of two thousand dollars came due. This was their last point. That surmounted they would be able to go on in assured confidence.

But, alas! this was the rock of which they had most apprehension. They had taxed their resources to the utmost. They had called upon their friends, but their friends were employed in taking care of themselves, and the selfish policy was the one required then.

"Look out for number one" superseded the golden rule for the time being.

As I have said, two thousand dollars were due on the 1st of February.

"How much have you got towards it?" asked Wilbur, as Stacy came in at half-past eleven.

"Three hundred and seventy-five dollars," was the dispirited reply.

"Was that all you could raise?" inquired his partner, turning pale.

"Yes."

"Are you sure you thought of everybody?"

"I have been everywhere. I'm fagged to death," was the weary reply of Stacy, as he sank exhausted into a chair.

"Then the crash must come," said Wilbur, with gloomy resignation.

"I suppose it must."

There was a silence. Neither felt inclined to speak hopefully. For six months they had been struggling with debt. What could are shore, but in sight of it they must go down.

At this moment a note was brought in by a boy. There was no postmark. Evidently he was a special messenger.

It was opened at once by Mr. Wilbur, to whom it was directed. It contained these few words only:

"If Mr. John Wilbur will call immediately at No. — Pine Street, he will learn something to his great advantage."

There was no signature.

John Wilbur looked in much surprise, and passed it to his partner. "What does it mean, do you think?"

"I don't know," was the reply, "but I advise you to go at once."

"It seems to be in a feminine handwriting," said Wilbur, thoughtfully.

"Yes. Don't you know any lady on Fifth Avenue?"

"None."

"Well, it is worth noticing. We have met with so little to our advantage lately that it will be a refreshing variety."

In five minutes John Wilbur jumped into a horsecar, and was on his way to No. — Fifth Avenue.

He walked up to the door of a magnificent brown stone house, and rang the bell. He was instantly admitted and shown into the drawing-room, quickly footed by a servant.

He did not have to wait long. An elegantly dressed lady, scarcely thirty, entered, and bowing, said, "You do not remember me, Mr. Wilbur?"

"No, madam," with his politest politeness.

"We will waive that, then, and proceed to business. How has your house borne the crisis, in which so many of our large firms have gone down?"

John Wilbur smiled bitterly.

"Here's a question unusually till to-day," he answered. But the end has come. Unless we can raise a certain sum of money by five, we are bankrupt."

"What sum will save you?" was the lady's question.

"Two note due is two thousand dollars. Towards this we have but three hundred and seventyfive."

"Excuse me a moment," said his hostess. She left the room, but quickly returned.

"There," said she, handing a small strip of paper to John Wilbur, "is my cheque for two thousand dollars, which you can repay it at your convenience. If you should require more, come to me again."

"Madam, you have saved us," exclaimed Wilbur, springing to his feet in delight. "What can have inspired in you such a benevolent interest in our prosperity?"

"Do you remember, Mr. Wilbur," said the lady, "a certain valentine, containing a ten dollar note, which you sent to a poor girl occupying an attic room in your lodging-house, at 8 years since?"

"I do distinctly. I have often wondered what became of the young girl. I think her name was Helen Morris."

"She stands before you," was the quiet response.

"You, Helen Morris!" exclaimed Wilbur, starting back in amazement. "You, surrounded with luxury!"

"No wonder you are surprised. Life has strange vicissitudes which you seem not to have anticipated. I have not forgotten you, however. I resolved, if fortune put it in my power, I would befriend you as you befriended me. That time has come. I have paid the first instalment of my debt. Helen Eustace remembers the obligations of Helen Morris."

John Wilbur advanced, and respectfully took her hand. "You have nobly repaid me," he said. "Will you also permit me the privilege of occasionally calling upon you?"

"I shall be most happy," said Mrs. Eustace, cordially.

John took a hurried leave, and returned to his store as the clock struck one. He showed his delighted partner the cheque which he had just received. "I haven't time to explain," he said, "this must at once be cashed."

Two o'clock came and the firm were saved—saved from their last peril. Henceforth they met with nothing but prosperous gales.

What more?

Helen Eustace has again changed her name. She is now Helen Wilbur, and her husband now lives at No. — Fifth Avenue.

And all this came of a valentine.

THE HIPPOTHEATRON AND NEW YORK CIRQUE.

THE new iron circus, which has just been completed, in Four-teenth street, directly opposite the Academy of Music, is one of the most complete and admirable buildings of the class in the world. It combines elegance with safety, and the amplest space with the most enlarged ideas of comfort. Such an establishment has long been wanted in New York, for the rickety, dingy, uncomfortable tents, pitched only for short times to time, by perambulating circus companies, might do very well for small country towns and villages, but were entirely unworthy the patronage of the citizens of New York. The Hippotheatron is an establishment that will reflect credit upon the city, and will afford a class of amusement, produced in the best style, that was needed to complete the circle of amusements of the metropolitan city.

The following description will give a full idea of the magnificence and beauty of the Hippotheatron and New York Cirque:

The building is constructed of corrugated and ridge iron, and is fire-proof and of pretty strong. It will not only be fire-proof, but combine the essential elements of durability, stability, and handsome and substantial. It is by far the largest, and will be the most elegant circus in the country, of any of the kind ever built in this or any other country, throwing the Niblo's Saloon all the light and air it needs, and Mr. Frank Vivona, Sterling, etc., the seating exactly alone affords a much greater number than the space does, each having a full and uninterrupted view of the entire arena.

The hippodrome proper, or main building, in which the performances will be given, is a square of 120 by 100 feet diameter, the outer iron walls of which are 53 feet high, and the roof rises from these walls in a circle to a height of 70 feet, and is surmounted by a lantern 30 feet in diameter. The roof is of heavy ironed timber, all the most salient supports being of iron. The roof is light, but massive, and is so constructed as to combine both elegance and safety. It is unique and classic-looking also outside, and adds a fine feature to the general effect, to the beauty of the building.

Within the outer mammoth circle there is an inner circle of 42 feet diameter, surrounded by a circle of elegant slender columns, surmounted by a handsomely executed cornice. The interior circle forms the arena or ring, on which several feet of sawdust are strewed for the performances.

From this exterior circle of columns the seats rise, like those of the ancient Roman amphitheatre, gradually to the height of the exterior walls, and extend from the ring to the street on the building, all the dead weight being placed on the solid earth beneath.

One hall of the circle is devoted to the boxes, the parquet, and the orchestra seats to the amphitheatre, as it is styled, a spacious promenade gallery, entered from the box side, encircling the entire building; the amphitheatre has a standing gallery in front of it, and a range of private entrances to the seats, facing each other; these are approached from the outside by spacious and stabling for 10 horses, the latter intended to be used for the performance. The entrances to the seats will be cushioned and covered with scarlet cloth.

The principal entrance will be by an Italian arched passage, with ornamental iron gates, and opening into a spacious cake of iron—this leads down to interior vestibules, which are connected with the boxes and parquet, and also to the box seats—this vestibule has niches for statues, busts, etc.

The building will be heated throughout with steam, and lighted by the most approved methods, by gas and candles; and a separate ring of burners encircling the inner circle of columns 42 feet in diameter, and sufficiently bright, &c.

The principal feature of the decorations is a ground tone of pale pink, picked out in panels with light waved scroll work of gold; the interior domes over the stands are to be hung with rich scarlet cloth, festooned with heavy bullion fringe; eight private exit doors are provided in case of any unforeseen emergency.

The architect is Mr. Laurence B. Valk, who is associated with Mr. C. G. Lord as superintendent of the building, the entire work being under the constant supervision of the proprietor, Mr. James Cooke.

It will be seen by the above description that the building is complete in every department, and that it combines many of the most important points for the comfort of its audience—namely, that every individual who pays for his or her admission to any part of the house can see all that is to be seen. The Hippotheatron will open on Monday, the 22d inst., next February 8th, with a company complete in every department, and with a management which has both the determination and the means to carry on the enterprise brilliantly and successfully.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A GENTLEMAN, a few days since, on his way to Bank's, to have a picture taken, went into Shute's fur rooms, which are on the same floor, and thinking the gentleman in charge of the desk a white head of the house before he discovered that he had mistaken the porter.

A PHOTOGRAPH taker assures his customers that he can take excellent likenesses of their deceased friends.

A NEW sign for a tavern has recently been invented—Drinking in the dining room.

A CELEBRATED philosopher used to say—"The lovers of fortune are like steep rocks—only cupids and goats can find enough moss to nourish them."

"ABRAH, me darlint," cried Jamie O'Flanigan to his loquacious sweetheart, who had given him the mitten, "don't be tearing the heart out of a two bourse ride behind the little bay nage in his oyster cart, simply because you've taken to the divarsion yourself, and are like my noniest friend?"

"Shure, and I suppose they're red, is it?" quoth the blushing bridget.

"Faith and a better reason than that, mavourneen. Because there is one of them each side of a waggin' tongue!"

A LADY residing in the city, who, by the way, was one of the strictest of evangelical church members, recently remarked that she was afraid to let her little boy wash a dancer. On the first Sunday after his birth, a little son of her brother's came running into the house with a couple of eggs, which he had just found in the hen's nest.

"See, aunt," he exclaimed, "what our hens have laid to-day!"

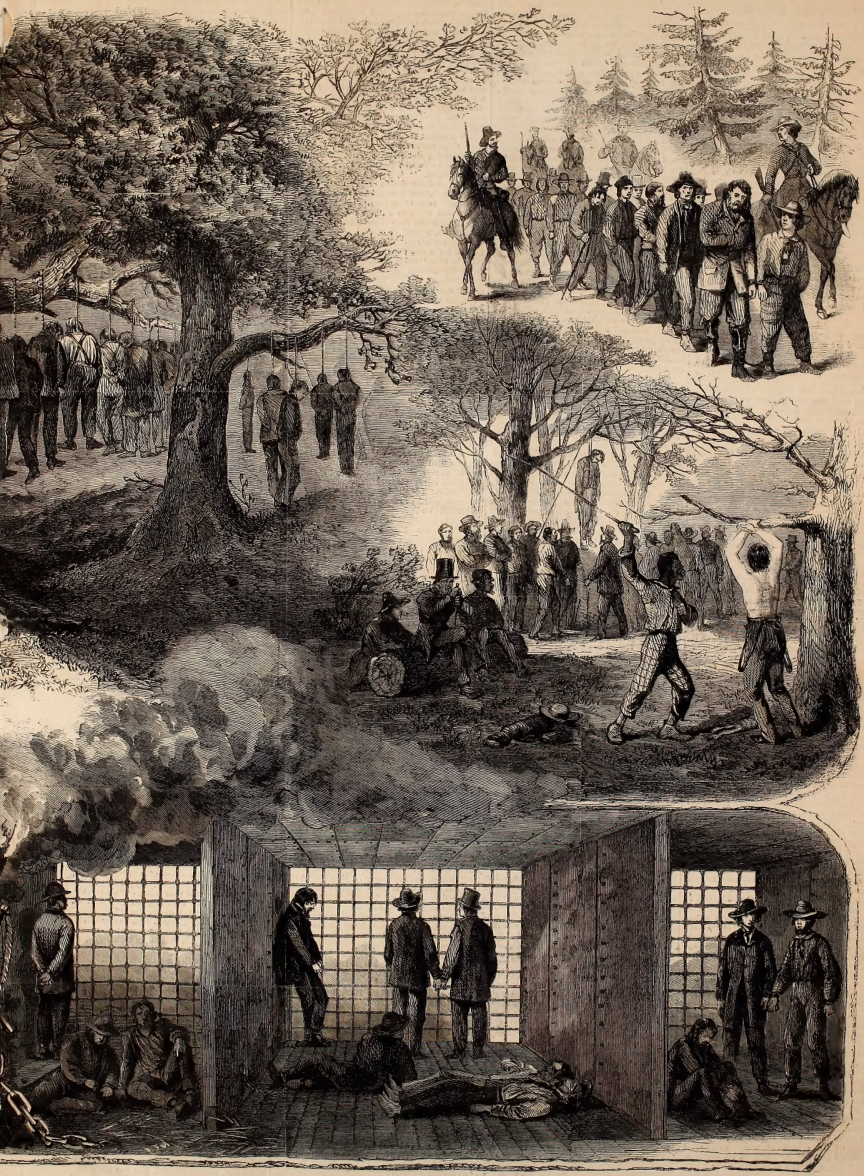
"What!" exclaimed the lady, lifting up her eyes in horror, "is it possible that your father, a grown man and a deacon, allows his hens to lay on Sunday?"

MR. QUIRES, when asked if he ever sleeps talks, she doesn't hurt herself? The desire of Mr. Query for practical knowledge and things is only equalled by his humanity.



1. Hanging of Mrs. Hillier by Men in Disguise. 2. The Stocks. 3. Cages at Little Rock Penitentiary. 4. Hanging

REBEL BARBARITIES IN TEXAS.—Fr



ng of 30 Union Men. 5. Bringing in Union Men. 6. Hanging and Flogging. 7. Prison at Little Rock.
FROM SKETCHES BY FRED. SUDDER.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

[The following lines are based on a coincidence which is portrayed in the three pictures of the group. The men alluded to are brothers of the Hon. F. W. Ferry, of Michigan, who contributed $500 to the recent Northwestern Fair.]

I.—WITH RIVER.

The nation's birthday came. The starry flag,
Kissed by the morning breezes, to the sun
Flung out its folds; the morning gun spoke loud
The people's loyal heart and spirit proud.
Here rose the voice of Edward—youngest son.

He speaks to firemen, on the natal day
When cannon thunder wedded liberty,
In words that burn he thrills those listening souls,
He does not hear this sound of strife that rolls
From the far battle-plain where soldiers die!

II.—VICKSBURG.

The nation's birthday. O'er a vanquished foe
Our army marches into Vicksburg's streets.
Victorious!—sounding music's grandest strains,
Drowning the memory of all battle-pain.
High the strong pulse of loyal triumph beats.

There William—eldest brother—role in pride,
One of the conquering army of the West;
His younger brother's voice he does not hear—
Peans of triumph in the air appear,
And pride and hope swell in his happy breast.

III.—GETTYSBURG.

The nation's birthday dawned upon a scene
Of blood and anguish, where the battle-ground
Of Gettysburg stretched out its soldiers dead
And wounded; for the hour those brave men shed,
Though agony dwelt burning in each wound.

At the same hour when Edward's voice arose—
At the same hour when William with his men
Marched into Vicksburg—soldiers knelt in prayer
Above a river of earth, their idol calmly there
Slept the deep sleep that wakens not again.

'Tis Noah—brother third—that slept the sleep!
In Gettysburg's fierce fight he fighting fell,
Leading his charge, and shouting, "Rally, men!"
What a striking home for native land again,
And there God struck his young life's parting knell!

CLARA.

A Story of Life in Africa.

By John B. Williams, M. D.

CHAPTER I.—NO FOR AFRICA!

Charles Norton was the son of a wealthy New York merchant. Mr. Norton, sen., worked much, spent little and saved money. His son worked little, spent much and squandered debts. This system of balancing his books did not please the old man. One fine day he put an end to it, and Charles found himself his own master at twenty-one years of age, with a small fortune.

He was a handsome young fellow, five feet six inches high, fresh-colored, with a thick beard and solid muscles. He could drink a good deal without getting intoxicated, and strike very hard. In less than three years, what with the expenses of supper parties, cards, &c., he found his fortune singularly reduced. An intimate friend of two weeks' standing advised him to speculate in the stocks with what remained. This friend naturally took upon himself the management of the funds. He managed them so well that young Norton was compelled to look out for some occupation by which he could live. Like many other persons, he desired a large salary and little work. The contrary is generally offered. He was difficult to please, and refused many fine opportunities.

Having nothing to do, and no money to spend, Charles passed the greater portion of his days reading. Records of travels and the sea more charmed him more than anything else. The expeditions of Gordon Cumming and other adventurous hunters had a peculiar charm to the young man. He soon had only one idea, and that was to go to Africa, bury himself in the desert, and live by the produce of the rifle—that is, kill elephants, deal in ivory and amass a fortune.

On the 18th of June, 1845, he sailed for the Cape of Good Hope, with a personal outfit of arms and a large quantity of ammunition. Three months afterwards a Boer (a Dutch colonist who was returning to his own country, situated at the limits of the colony) left the young American in the midst of an immense forest, accompanied by a Hottentot servant. After having paid the Dutchman the cost of the journey, Norton found that he only had five dollars left. But he possessed two guns, a pair of pistols and plenty of ammunition. Christopher, the Hottentot, who had carried all these things, thought they were decidedly more than necessary.

In two days our hero had killed eight serpents, a porcupine and several antelopes. Finding that the serpents were more numerous than the antelopes, and that his master's kitchen was very badly furnished, Christopher quietly stole away while Norton was asleep. He naturally took one of the guns, as all probability as a souvenir of his master, but he had the delicacy to leave almost all the ammunition behind.

Charles found himself alone in an unknown country. In default of other qualities he possessed courage. He continued his course in a direct line, and hunted as he went.

Overcome with fatigue, half-nourished, and with no shelter but the leaves of the trees, Norton grew thin and careworn. To put a climax to his grief, he did not meet a single elephant. A black rhinoceros that he had wounded knocked him down and his fall was so severe that he fainted. Both remained extended on the ground, the rhinoceros dead, and the huntsman unconscious. When he opened his eyes Norton perceived around him fifty hideous little beings, almost naked, with hair resembling sheep's wool. These frightful creatures were armed with bows and arrows of small size. Five or six of them carried javelins. They were Bushmen, a savage race who lived by pillage. They commenced by stripping the unfortunate American, whom they left almost naked. Knowing that the tips of their arrows were poisoned, Norton took care to make no resistance. They then began to cut up the rhinoceros. Their intention in the first place had been to kill the huntsman, but they thought afterwards they would first of all employ him to assist in transporting the rhinoceros to their retreat. At the moment a detachment of Boors from the neighborhood came in search of the Bushmen, who had stolen their cattle. They surrounded, massacred the poor savages, and shot them without pity. Seven or eight Bushmen only escaped by flight.

They carried off the rhinoceros and neither his weapons, clothes, nor money. For the want of anything better he was compelled to use the clothes a gigantic Hollander, killed in the fight.

The chief of the Dutch colonists was named Adam Roschoff. He was a rich proprietor in the neighborhood. He questioned Norton, first in Dutch, then in French. Fortunately the young man comprehended a little of this last language. He told the Hollander a portion of his history, and confessed that he did not know what would become of him. Roschoff listened to him very quietly, refilled his pipe, and offered to the American his services. Norton looked with indignation and refused. The Dutchman sleepily lighted his pipe and retired.

"What will become of me?" asked Norton, when he was left by himself.

At the moment of separating from the Dutchman he had put this terrible question to himself. Not being able to reply to it in a satisfactory manner, he summoned up his courage, and running after Adam Roschoff, he told him that he accepted his proposition.

They arrived at Weisberg, where Roschoff lived. A tall girl with fair hair and blue eyes came to meet the Hollanders. It was Clara, Roschoff's only daughter. She embraced her father, and cast a look of astonishment at the young man who dressed in the fashion belonging to the gigantic Boer. Clara was a spoiled child, badly brought up, as are nine-tenths of the daughters of the Dutch colonists. When she saw Norton's grotesque appearance she laughed heartily. The Boers responded in the same manner; even the Hottentots joined in the peal. He believed that this insulting him on account of his sad condition. In this he was wrong—the Boers laughed from want of amusement—but they had no idea of wounding his feelings.

A tall and handsome young man, named Serous Bergiter, almost split his sides with mirth at the rest by this loud peals of laughter. He conversed with Clara, and pointed with his finger to the poor American. If the latter had been a man weak and irresolute he would have attacked them with his fists. He hung down his head and tears came into his eyes. The Boors, astonished at this emotion of a stranger, looked at each other, the reason for which they could not understand.

Dinner was soon afterwards served. Norton was placed between Roschoff and his daughter. On a glass after glass of wine, as if to make up for their mirth.

About the same evening the stranger Boors left Weisberg. Serous Bergiter alone remained, for five or six days. The young Hollander was evidently deeply smitten with Clara's charms. Norton had taken a great dislike to him. His loud laugh made a disagreeable impression on him. Nor did the Hollander regard the American with any favorable eye. He never lost an opportunity to remark to Roschoff and his daughter the young man's awkwardness.

It must be confessed that Charles made a poor servant; more accustomed to command than obey, he could not get reconciled to his new position. He had hinted at proposing to Clara that he should have been useful to him, Norton, exasperated by his reception at Weisberg, wrapped himself up in his dignity, and occupied himself in cleaning most mechanically the duties ascribed to him. It would have been very easy to have acquired Clara's good graces, instead of which he succeeded in excite peals of laughter, and never addressed a word to her.

Chance came to his aid. One day Charles wrote a letter to his friends in America, and Roschoff ordered him to send several beautiful hands. He was then charged to keep the accounts of the house. They were very simple.

By degrees the young man, a sort of overseer or superintendent, but still Roschoff did not allow him to forget that he was only a servant. Accustomed as Clara was to humor every caprice of her father, she was very much dissatisfied with the want of respect shown her by her father's new servant.

One day Serous Bergiter arrived at Weisberg. Clara received him with charming grace. It was especially the case when Norton was present that Clara showed herself amiable to the Hollander. The latter received Clara's attentions with the greatest calmness, as if it were quite a natural thing. As for Norton, he did not even appear to perceive it.

Whilst Bergiter was still at Weisberg, an English colonist who lived in the neighborhood, that is to say about sixty miles more or less distant, came to invite Roschoff to the wedding of one of his daughters. The guests at Weisberg were naturally included in the invitation, as also was Norton, for he had once or twice done some little services in the way of writing for his neighbors, and he began to be noticed by them all.

On the following Monday, Roschoff, his daughter, Bergiter, Norton and some others left for New Garden, where the bride and bridegroom lived. The travellers left in couples, in immense carriages, each drawn by four horses. They had to travel over frightful roads, but owing to the extraordinary skill of the Hottentot drivers they reached New Garden without any accident.

On leaving the Cape of Good Hope, Norton had left behind him a trunk containing clothes which were useless to him in his expeditions in the forests. A Hollander living in the neighborhood had been kind enough to bring this trunk to the young American. Delighted to possess this souvenir of happy times, Norton loaded the trunk with him to New Garden. He dressed himself like a gentleman. Clara had never seen him excepting in his coarse working clothes. She scarcely recognized him when he entered the room where the guests were assembled.

Norton's appearance made a great sensation. The young girls regarded with curiosity the servant better dressed than his master. The young men sneered and began to criticise the new comer. Clara's elegance drew from Clara a thousand compliments, ironical or sincere. Charles, however, did not pay the slightest attention to her. He put on a cold, grave manner, and like a spoiled child she complained to her father. The old man only laughed at her.

After dinner they had dancing. Their only orchestra consisted of a miserable Hottentot, who played the violin. He had drank so much at dinner that he soon was intoxicated to the play. While they were endeavoring to sober him, Norton, who saw the young girls' despair, took the violin and played several airs. It is true he was not a virtuoso à la Paganini, and that he sometimes played false notes, but African colonists are not so exacting as opera-goers.

Norton's talent put the climax to his success with the girls, and increased the ill-will of the men. Excited by Clara, Bergiter did everything he could to insult the young American. He knocked against him every moment. Naturally endowed with but little patience, Charles soon paid him back, and at last, quite irritated, he pushed Bergiter down by a vigorous blow from his elbow. The Hollander replied by another blow, and then, when Norton raised his fist to strike, Bergiter seized him by his cravat and the waistband of his pantaloons, and raised him from the ground as if he had been a child. The guests began to laugh. Norton, who was fearfully furious, profited by his position to inflict two powerful blows on his adversary's face. The Dutchman released him and struck at him with his fist. Bergiter was a great deal strong er than his rival, and although the latter was more agile, the result of the combat did not seem to be doubtful. But the blows not the only talent that Norton possessed. During his youth he had studied boxing, and he inflicted a deluge of blows on the face and head of unfortunate Dutchman, without the latter being able to return a single blow.

Clary with rage and his face covered with blood, the Boor threw himself on the American, for the purpose of getting him in his grasp, but a well directed knock-down blow sent Sis or seven of the Dutchman's friends surrounded Norton; others interposed. A reaction in favor of the American took place. The men at that moment detested the lieutenants. No sooner had Bergiter got on his feet than he seized a musket and pointed it at his adversary. Roschoff turned away the muzzle. Norton's face was bleeding profusely, and the dancing commenced. In that half savage country a quarrel is such a common thing that it is very quickly forgotten.

CHAPTER II.—JEALOUSY.

The honor of the victory remained, however, with Norton. As a physical strength and skill are the qualities which the colonists most esteem, the young American's conquest brought him much increasing glory.

Norton's favorite partner was the sister of the bride, a young and pretty English girl of seventeen years, named Miss Susan. At the moment that Charles was about to dance with her for the fifth or sixth time, Clara approached him and said, in a supplicating tone:

"Charles, I was to dance with Bergiter. As you are the cause of his not coming, you must place him and dance with him."

"I am engaged," said Norton.

"That is not true," murmured the young girl. "You were about to ask Miss Susan for the seventh time! really believe. But you shall ask her by-and-bye—but come—come!"

Norton followed her, grumbling. The three first couples were already placed without his grasping his lips. It is true that most of the other dancers acted the same, but Clara, who had seen Charles conversing with Miss Susan for the last hour sister, was very much dissatisfied with his silence.

"Really," said she, "I should like to know why you have engaged me to dance except me. It seems to me that you ought to have commenced with your master's daughter."

"Miss Roschoff," replied Charles, "your father pays me to keep his accounts—my duties extend no further, I believe."

Clara beat her foot on the floor with the impatience of a spoiled child.

"So it was your intention not to have asked me," said she.

"I did not dare," said Charles, with a shade of raillery in his tone. "A servant ask his mistress to dance with him!"

"You know that is the custom here," she returned. "That is not your reason. You did not want to dance with me. And the proof is that you do not speak a word to me, although you converse with all the others you danced with. Why do you hate me so much?"

"I hate you!—what can you mean?" returned Norton.

"Yes, you do. At Weisberg everybody tries to be agreeable to me—you, on the contrary, are civil to every one else excepting me. Whenever I approach you always move away."

"That is but natural," replied Norton. "You do nothing but scold or make your father scold me."

"Because you always treat me as naughtily."

"I am melancholy—that is all."

"Why did you not make me the confidant of your griefs the first day you arrived?"

"Your welcome was not of a nature to encourage me to do it."

"How would one of your own countrywomen have received you?"

"On the arrival of the unfortunate stranger, exhausted by fatigue, misery and hunger, an American girl would have spoken a few words of consolation to him, instead of laughing in his face, as you and Bergiter did."

Clara bent down her eyes and blushed. In spite of her want of education in politeness, a secret instinct told her that perhaps Norton was right. She became pensive. Absorbed by these new reflections, the young girl allowed the dance to conclude without uttering a word. When just about to leave Norton, she pressed his hand, and, with tears in her eyes, said:

"Charles, I think I was wrong. I am very sorry to have given you pain, but I assure you I had no intention of wounding your feelings."

Touched by the emotion the young girl showed in the utterance of these words, Norton remained too much embarrassed to reply. A species of self-pride prevented him from showing how much he was affected.

"Can I say anything more?" said Clara, who misunderstood the cause of his silence.

"Certainly not," he replied.

"Really?"

"On my honor."

"And now you will dance and converse with me?"

"With all my heart, Clara. Will you be disengaged for the quadrille after the next?"

"What can do you dance the next? With Susan, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"She pleases you very much, does she not?"

"I think her charming."

Clara was silent for a moment or two.

"I hope we shall leave to-morrow," said she, at last.

"So soon?" said Norton.

"Yes, I am tired of being here. And——"

She paused abruptly, noticing that Charles had turned away his head.

"Go to your partner," said she, making an impatient movement. "Do you not see that Susan is looking for you everywhere? How I hate these English!" she murmured, when Norton had left her side.

Clara wished to leave the next day. Her father opposed her. He signified to her that he expected the arrival of Bergiter at New Garden. The poor girl, whose heart had suddenly awakened, followed Norton like his shadow. The evening of the day after the ball Clara perceived that Susan and the young American and Susan had disappeared. She found them sitting under a large tree a short distance off. Norton was explaining to the mechanical genius, was making a little box for Susan.

"What is the matter, Clara?" said Susan, as the former reached the place where they were sitting.

"Nothing—nothing!" murmured Clara. "I came here—I want—— Charles, the carriages must be got ready."

"Presently," replied Norton; "I must first finish this."

"No, directly," she returned; "father is waiting for you."

"I shall be done in two minutes," replied Norton, going on with his occupation.

Clara stamped her foot. Susan began to laugh. The daughter of Adam Roschoff thought they were mocking her. In her jealous anger she seized the little box from Norton's hands, and throwing it violently on the ground, broke it into a hundred pieces.

"How wicked you are, Clara," cried Susan.

"What shall I ask to Weisberg I will make you a handsomer one, Miss Susan," said Norton. "I will send it to you or bring it myself, if I can."

"Do you intend ever doing so," replied the young English girl, regarding her rival with a mocking glance. "Is it not so, Clara?"

"Yes," replied Miss Roschoff, more exasperated by Susan's provoking tone. "If my father pays Charles his wages, it is not to work for others, but us."

Norton blushed with anger and confusion.

"My engagement with Adam Roschoff expires in four months," said he, making an effort to restrain himself. "Even though I should die with hunger, I will not renew it. I can promise you at least that at that time, Miss Susan, you shall have a new box."

"Do not fear you will not find a situation," returned Susan. "My father, as well as my uncle Henry, wants a man sure, like to take you into their employment."

"Come, Charles!" said Clara, impatiently.

Norton went away with her. They reached the carriage without the young American having uttered a single word. Already repenting of her anger, Clara made many efforts to appease Charles's resentment. Norton silently assisted in getting the carriages ready, and only replied by monosyllables to the indirect questions by which Clara sought to engage him in conversation.

The next day, during the whole journey, he remained somber and mute. Roschoff slept or conversed with another colonist, who was going the same road as they were.

Several days elapsed. The little excursion which Norton had made had had effect on him, for it awakened in his mind recollections and desires

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which made his situation more bitter to him than it had been hitherto. At New Garden, free from all occupation, he had lived like a gentleman. When he returned to Weizberg he again became a servant. Roschoff was certainly not a wicked man, but he was violent and exacting.

Norton's greatest happiness was to retire to some shady spot, to dream of his native land, that he had quitted with so much joy and which he now thought of without ceasing. He was very much annoyed with Clara, who came every moment to disturb him.

Not daring to confess the true motive which attracted her to Charles's presence, she invented the most absurd pretexts to converse with the young American. She had, however, more intelligence than most of the colonists, but she was lazy and trifling. She wanted, especially, that particular tact which can only be developed by mixing in society. She was, moreover, as we have before said, a spoiled child, and her jealousy every now and then betrayed itself by impatience and anger. Norton completely misunderstood her. He felt perfectly convinced that she did everything she could to annoy him. The young girl's awkward timidity served to strengthen him in his error.

One day Roschoff left on horseback early in the morning, for the purpose of inspecting his cattle. Norton hastened to finish the task which the Dutchman had set him when he left. Then taking some American newspapers which a trader had sold him the evening before, he took refuge in a wood near, situated not very far from the dwelling. Ten minutes afterwards he was seated near a spring, and began eagerly to peruse the papers which spoke to him of his country. The weather was of that hot, suffocating character which announces a coming storm, and which influences the least impressionable organizations. Charles had scarcely commenced to read when a human form rose up before him. He raised his eyes and recognised Clara. She held in her hand a brass knob, which she had wrenched from her closet door after much laborious effort.

"What do you want with me?" asked Norton, who could not restrain a gesture of impatience.

This brusque reception disconcerted the poor girl.

"A little while ago," said she, concealing her embarrassment by assuming an abrupt tone, "when I was opening my closet door, the knob came off."

"Well?"

"I have come to ask you to mend it for me."

This was the fiftieth time in eight days that she had exacted some similar service of him. This time, pushed to extremity by this persecution which was incomprehensible to him, he could not restrain his impatience.

"Really, Clara," said he, "you are determined then to torment me and give me no peace."

"But, Charles," murmured Clara, very much confused, "I assure you that this knob—look at it—you can see——"

"The deuce take your closet and the knob," cried the poor boy, completely exasperated. "Clara, if I were not sustained by the recollection that my engagement with your father ceases in three months, and that then I shall be at liberty to leave your infernal country, I think that I should blow out my brains, for you render my life so wretched by your conduct."

He turned his back on the young girl, and clasped his forehead with his two hands, according to the habitual pantomime of exasperated people.

Disconcerted by this rude reception, and struck to the heart by Charles's replies, and perhaps more so by the announcement of his departure, Clara was overwhelmed and could not find a word to reply. When she opened her lips to speak, her tears prevented her uttering a sound, and she precipitately retired. She had scarcely gone fifty yards than she burst into a violent fit of sobbing.

This little scene had an invisible witness in Jacob Oubana, one of the Hottentot servants at Weizberg. Without hearing Norton's words, he had easily comprehended the meaning of his gestures, and the violence with which Charles had cast the knob on the ground. Jacob followed Clara at a distance.

At the moment the young girl, bathed in tears, entered the path leading to the house, she found herself face to face with her father.

"What is the matter, my poor child?" cried he, astonished at the young girl's grief.

Instead of replying, Clara re-entered the wood. Roschoff being on horseback could not follow her. He looked around him, and saw Jacob a short distance off.

"Oubana, do you know what is the matter with my daughter!" he asked of the servant.

A prattler like all Hottentots, and jealous of the superior servant, Jacob related, with much exaggeration, the particulars of the scene he had witnessed. Adam, furious, threw his bridle to the Hottentot and ran to find Norton. It was a wonder in the first impulse of his rage that he did not strike the young American. A sort of respect with which Charles inspired the Dutchman alone stayed his hand; he did not spare reproaches and insults, however, which he heaped on his unfortunate servant's head.

Tears of anger and humiliation came into Norton's eyes, but he did not reply a single word. Exasperated by this silence, Roschoff determined to inflict a punishment on his domestic.

"Charles," said he, after he had exhausted all the invectives and curses, which we cannot detail to the reader, "I told the laborers at the kraal (a kind of encampment for cattle) at Om-Steny, that I would send them implements. Take from the shop the implements you will find ready laid out on the bench, and convey them immediately to Om-Steny. You will make the journey on foot. I shall expect you will be back by seven o'clock to supper."

A distance of at least fourteen miles separated Weizberg from the place mentioned by Roschoff. It was now noon. Norton had then to make a journey of twenty-eight miles in the fearful heat and under an enormous burden. It was enough to kill anybody. Yet Norton made no complaint. He went to the shop, took the implements, and started off for Om-Steny.

WALKS IN PARADISE.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

THE air was clear and keen, before us flowed
The lordly Hudson, silvered by the light
Of the pale moon, which glid through silent night
As one who treads a sorrow-touched abode
And fears to wake the sleepers. Why did this
Mute world, which I a thousand times had seen
Before without emotion, wear a mien
Which steeped my soul in soft entrancing bliss?
Because I wandered with my heart's true queen,
And she, all loving, leant upon my arm,
Gazed in my eyes, and, with a smile serene,
Looked those sweet thoughts which triumph over speech.
From thee, my darling, came that wondrous charm,
No thought can compass and no art can reach.

THE DANISH-GERMAN WAR.

WE present a fine view of the entrance of the Federal troops into Altona, the initiatory step which may lead to a general war in Europe. The advance of the troops of the Federal Diet into the Duchy of Holstein, has been followed and neutralized by the entrance of Prussian and Austrian troops into Schleswig. At any moment we may hear of an actual collision, the step of the Federal Diet having led to others which link by link develop events.

THE MARKET-HOUSE, BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.

THE town of Brownsville bears a Mexican rather than an American look, and was at one time one of the most attractive spots in Texas for the healthiness of the climate, and the low price of all necessaries of life, as well as for the facilities afforded for enterprise.

Our Artist gives a sketch of the Market-House and the groups habitually seen around it. The signs, Spanish and English, no less than the costumes, show the meeting of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin races. The man hauling his water cask around, to sell the pure liquid, is one of the institutions of the place. The jackdaws, black as night, with bright green eyes, are a peculiarity of the place. They are about the size of a blackbird and very tame.

FALL OF THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE NIAGARA.

THE elegant Suspension Bridge thrown across the Niagara at Lewiston was one of the most stupendous works of our time. We must speak of it, however, as past, for it now lies a wreck, most of it having fallen.

Its span was 1,045 feet, and it was carried over large towers of cut stone and secured by anchors firmly sunk into the solid rock. It was supported by five cables on each side, each cable composed of 250 strands of number 10 wire. It was erected in 1850 under the superintendence of E. M. Serrell, Esq.

The great jam of ice in the Niagara at Lewiston carried away the guys, leaving the bridge without adequate support, and the heavy gale of the 1st of February and the preceding night, caused so great an oscillation that at nine o'clock in the morning the floor of the bridge, except about 100 feet, fell with a crash into the Niagara river.

The towers and cables yet remain, and immediate steps will be taken to restore the bridge.

LIEUT. JOHN F. NICKELS,

The Recapturer of the Chesapeake.

VOL. LIEUT. JOHN F. NICKELS, of the U. S. Navy, was born at Transport, Maine, in 1832. He has followed the sea from the age of 15, and at 23 was in command of a fine ship of 1,100 tons. He continued in the merchant service until Aug. 26, 1861, when, placing another master in a barque which he owned, he entered the Naval service as Lieutenant, and was ordered to the command of the U. S. sailing ship Onward, of 900 tons, attached to the North Atlantic Blockading Squadron, under Com. Dupont. He was at the attack on Fort Clinch; was off Fernandina and ran into the harbor with the French flag flying and decoyed on board his ship the rebel Col. Holland (formerly Adjt.-Gen. of Florida) and six men, whom he held until the fleet took possession of the place. He was subsequently on the blockade off Ball's bay, which he entered without a pilot, in a sailing ship drawing 15½ feet of water where there was but 16 feet, and driving the rebel troops from Ball's island, took possession of the harbor and island.

While on the Charleston blockade he was the first man to board the rebel steamer Planter, brought out by negroes. He was next ordered to cruise in search of the pirate Alabama, after which steamer he made two cruises. When at Bahia he blockaded two supply vessels having on board powder, shot and shell, and coals for the Alabama and Florida, compelling them to sell their cargoes.

In Sept., 1863, he was detached from the Onward and ordered to the command of the steamer Cherokee. On advices being received of the capture of the steamer Chesapeake by her passengers, orders were received at the Charlestown Navy Yard to dispatch all the available vessels in pursuit, and Lieut. Nickels was ordered to the temporary command of the prize steamer Ella and Anna, in which steamer he sailed on the 1st of Dec., 1863, proceeding to Eastport, arriving there on the 12th, after a stormy passage. After remaining there one hour he sailed for Halifax, in a heavy snowstorm—experienced great difficulty, from the fact that their compasses were affected, the steamer being of iron, but making fortunate calculations and narrowly escaping shipwreck. On the 15th they entered Halifax, being nearly destitute of coal. By the courtesy of the Messrs. Cunard he was supplied with 136 tons of coal, which was put on board in five hours. When learning that the Chesapeake was at La Hève, 70 miles to the westward of Halifax, he at once started, in a heavy gale from the westward—the gale being so severe that their steamer made but 10 miles in seven hours, the weather being intensely cold.

On the next day at 3 P. M. they entered La Hève and found that the bird had flown. Ascertaining that she was at Lunenburg, 25 miles distant, he immediately started, and at 6:30 P. M. ascertained that she had entered Tambro harbor. He immediately got under weigh and at daylight was off the harbor, at once entered, and at about half-past seven boarded her, striking her on the port boom—found that the crew had all fled on his appearance. He could, in fact, see them landing on the beach. He also took from a schooner which had been supplying the Chesapeake with coals several persons belonging to the Chesapeake, among them one of the original captors of the steamer. The Chesapeake was all steamed up, and had they been two hours later she would have been at sea.

He put on board a prize crew and sufficient coal, and then towed her to sea, where he fell in with the U. S. steamer Dacotah, and was ordered by her commander to Halifax.

REBEL OUTRAGES IN TEXAS.

THE people of the North have been loth to believe the tales of the cruelty and barbarism of our enemies from the very beginning of this armed contest. It has been said that many years must elapse before we can have a true history of this war. For the sake of humanity, we could wish that a true history of it might never be written. The atrocities of the French Revolution, in its worst days, are not exceeded in number and entirely surpassed in brutality by those perpetrated in many parts on Union men. When our troops entered Brownsville they found, still hanging on a tree, the body of Capt. Montgomery, who was seized in Matamoras, carried over and hung.

In Texas they do not pretend to deny the fact. The editor of the Fort Brown *Flag*, speaking of the hanging of a Union man, remarked: "Timely notice was given all who did not indorse the war for Southern independence to leave the State and go beyond the lines of the Confederacy. It is no fault of our people if they have not availed themselves of the opportunity. We cannot fully endorse such stringent measures, but the lesson must be taught that traitors cannot be tolerated among us."

We give in this week's paper a series of views, illustrating the barbarities of the rebels, from sketches by Mr. Frederick Sumner, himself a victim of their cruelty and oppression. Mr. Sumner was a leader among the Union men at Sherman, Grayson county, and when the troubles began these brave loyal men defied the Secessionists and kept a fine American flag, presented by Mr. Sumner, floating over their court house. The fire-eaters were violent. They had already, in 1859, hung a northern clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Bula, at Dalton, on suspicion of being an abolitionist. Yet, on the question of secession, Grayson county gave 280 majority against a separation. But after the war opened the case of the Union men began to grow desperate. Twiggs had betrayed the United States troops into the hands of the rebels, and but little hope remained of immediate help from the Government. The murder of Mrs. Hillier showed them what was coming. Her husband had been brought before the Vigilance Committee of Park county, and ordered to enlist or prepare to be hung; but though he submitted, an incautious remark of his wife led to her arrest. Six of the Vigilance Committee, dressed in women's clothes, went to her house, dragged her out to the nearest tree, and, regardless of her cries for mercy and deaf to the pleadings of her children, hung her. The poor children remained there till next day watching the lifeless remains, when some neighbors came and took the body down to inter it.

The loyal men then formed a secret Union League, but on the 1st Oct., 1862, the president, Jacob Lock, of Cook county, was arrested. A number assembled to rescue him, but the mob was so powerful that they durst not attempt it. Lock, with five companions, were hung the next day. The League had been betrayed and all the leaders suddenly seized. Thirty more were arrested and hung, and in a short time over 100 perished in this way. One night, as Boland and Young, the leaders in these cruelties, were riding near Gainesville, a party of Union men fired on them and Young fell dead. His son, a Captain in the rebel army, in revenge, caused 20 men to be hung the next day before breakfast.

Mr. Sumner, finding it useless to remain, attempted to escape, and though followed for over 300 miles, reached Northern Arkansas safely, and was exulting in his escape when he was arrested on suspicion and sent to Little Rock. Here he was confined in a filthy and sickly prison, in a cage made of iron, the top and bottom being boiler-plates, the sides bar iron. A corn husk mattress and a few ragged blankets were his only covering. His food was of the most wretched description.

He had been here about three months, when, on Jan. 20, 1863, 19 more Union men were marched in, heavily ironed hand and foot, and added to those already confined. To these new comers nothing was given for bedding. As may be supposed, death relieved some from the cruelty of these fiends. They steadily refused to enlist, which was offered constantly as a means of escape, but on the 20th of August were set free, their jailors being themselves anxious to escape from the advancing army of Justice and Right.

The sufferings of the Union men in the Penitentiary at Little Rock were very great. They were dressed like the convicts and placed among them. At the least murmur or violation of rule the poor man, whose only crime was loyalty, would be stretched on the ground, stripped and flogged by a negro with a raw hide. Others were put in the stocks, the cross piece of which weighed 40 pounds. From the small size of the whole, this rested on the back of the neck and nearly suffocated the sufferer. They often became black in the face, and when released fell senseless to the ground. The mode of rousing the victim was a liberal application of the whip.

The sick fared worse than the well. Death was their only comfort. A son of Mr. Payne, of Horsehead county, was seen to shed tears on learning of his father's death in his cell; for this he was taken out and received 75 lashes.

Sixty-six of the prisoners had their legs and feet frozen one night, although there were blankets in sight of them. Many of these had to undergo amputation. This frightful case, with the deaths that followed, seems to have reached the conscience of even an Arkansas Legislature, and an act was passed to prevent men being sent to the Penitentiary, unless convicted by law.

HON. E. G. SQUIER,

United States Commissioner to Peru.

To turn awhile from the many who have by military deeds achieved renown, and occupy almost exclusively the public mind, we could scarcely select one more fitted to represent the true American character than Mr. Squier, who has just completed his labors as United States Commissioner in Peru.

E. George Squier, is of the old Puritan stock, his ancestors, after praying and fighting in the battles of the English Civil War, having come to settle in New England, and finally obtained, with others, a grant of Ashford in Connecticut, that rugged spot which gave a Knowlton to the Revolution and a Lyon to our war for existence. Ephraim Squier, his grandfather, was one of the sturdy band at the fence on Bunker Hill, who alone form as noble a stock as any titled grandee can boast of.

E. George Squier was born at Bethlehem, Albany County, New York, in 1821, on the 17th June, the anniversary of that glorious battle of freedom. His father, a devoted Methodist clergyman, gave his son a common school education, and fitted him for a career which his native powers could not but crown with success. He early turned his attentions to literature and to the great modern engine of power, the press. At Albany he was, in 1841, a contributor to the *Northern Light*, edited by Gen. Dix, and other periodicals, as well as associate in the editorship of the New York State *Mechanic*. This led him to take a prominent part in mechanics' movements of the time; he lectured frequently, and was one of the committee that visited the State prisons, and reported on the labor of convicts.

He next appears in 1843 as editor of the Hartford *Daily Journal*, but soon turned his eyes westward and took charge of the *Scioto Gazette* at Chillicothe, the oldest paper west of the Alleghanies.

A taste for antiquarian and historic research here developed itself. Ohio, a marvellous land for its ancient works, relics of tribes that have left no written history, inspired him. He traversed much of the State, examining, excavating, questioning the mounds of an extinct race, and published, under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution, an elaborate work on the subject, full of accurate data, plates and descriptions, solid reasoning and careful and well weighed arguments. The work at once took rank as the most valuable archæological work ever issued in the country.

Having returned to his native State, in the commercial capital of which he has since resided, he made in 1858 an exploration of its Aboriginal monuments, and drew up a full and accurate report, which was also published by the Smithsonian Institution.

His reputation as an antiquarian was made by these works, which for the first time began in a true spirit and with sound critical research the study of American antiquities.

In the spring of 1849 he was appointed Chargé d'Affaires to Guatemala, with special missions to the other Central American States. In the difficult field of diplomacy, his great native powers, his complete appreciation of the people and governments of those States, of English views and American interests, as evinced in his controversy with Mr. Chatfield and Sir Henry Bulwer, made his services of the highest value. His visit to Central America was not without its fruits in literary, antiquarian and commercial points. His pen rapidly gave to the public, "Nicaragua, its People, Scenery and Monuments," a noble work that appeared in 1861, "The Proposed Interoceanic Canal," "Outline of the Political History of Central America," and "Aborigines of Nicaragua," besides a number of elaborate reviews, sketches and articles. His diplomatic correspondence, published by Government, contains the most valuable material we possess as to those parts. To recruit his health he visited Europe, and was warmly received in every scientific and literary circle from London to Naples, having enjoyed the hospitality of the King of Prussia for several weeks, and made the friendship of the illustrious Humboldt, was elected member of the Society of Antiquaries of France, of the Royal Society of Antiquarians of Denmark, Fellow of the Society of Antiquarians of London, and of the Royal Society of Literature.

On his return he resolved to carry out a project which he had conceived, of establishing a railway through Honduras, from Puerto Cabello, on the Atlantic, to the Bay of Fonseca, on the Pacific. In April 1853, he proceeded to the spot with an engineering expedition, explored a feasible route, obtained a charter from the Honduras Government, and returned to organise a company.

The moment was inauspicious, as the Schuyler frauds had thrown suspicion on such investments; but Mr. Squier visited Europe and secured the co-operation of capitalists in England and France, the Government of those countries giving special guarantees for the road. While there he drew up the treaty between England and Honduras for the retrocession of the Bay islands.

Mr. Squier then superintended the final survey of the road, and published "Notes on Central America" (1854), "Waikna" (1855), "Question Anglo-Americaine" (Paris, 1857), "Report of the Survey of the Honduras Interoceanic Railway" (London, 1859), "The State of Central America" (1857).

His last public appointment was that of Commissioner to Peru. One of the leading inducements with Mr. Squier for accepting the Commissionership to Peru was the opportunity it would afford him to prosecute his archæological studies in that wide and interesting field, in which are comprised some of the most remarkable aboriginal monuments of the Continent. He would thus be able to connect the ancient remains of the United States, Central and South America in a comprehensive whole, with exact data, and a judgment formed from personal study on the spot. No sooner, therefore, had his labors as Commissioner ended, in November last, than he started on his cherished scheme of exploration, directing his steps to the central and most important seats of Inca power, the islands of Lake Titicaca, the classic city of Cuzco, Huanuco and Cajamarca, where shadowed over by the two great mountain ranges, the Cordilleras and the Andes, exist some of the grandest results of aboriginal art. From Mr. Squier's observations and explorations, the world may expect a work as elaborate and exact, in regard to Peru, as those which have inseparably identified his name with the monuments of the United States and with the States of Central America. The aspiration of Prescott that some competent hand, without credulity and with a judgment supported by scientific zeal, should illustrate the antiquities of Peru seems now on the point of realization.

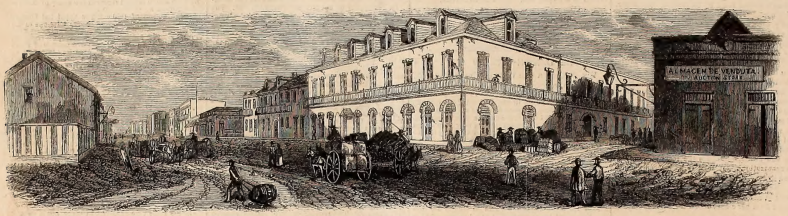
Besides the works already mentioned, Mr. Squier has written "The Serpent Symbol; or, Worship of the Reciprocal Principles of Nature in America" 8vo., "A Monograph of Authors who have Written on the Aboriginal Languages of Central America" (1861); "Letter of Don Diego de Palacios to the Crown of Spain, in 1857, on Guatemala, San Salvador, etc., with a Translation and elaborate Notes;" "Tropical Fibres and their Economical Extraction (1861);" a "History of the War of 1861." His minor articles, contributions to the "British Cyclopædia," to "Appleton's New Cyclopædia," as well as to reviews and other periodicals, and papers read before learned and scientific bodies, are of great number and no less importance.

NORTON & CO., 102 Nassau street, have lately introduced in this country a useful and convenient novelty in the form of a reliable watch for army use. It is an imitation of the celebrated timekeeper so much in use among the British Army officers, and is calculated to meet the wants of our soldiers in the field. The name adopted for this watch is the European Timekeeper, and its low price, only $15, places it within the reach of all.

PUNISHMENT OF IDLE HUSBANDS IN NEW ZEALAND.—The head chief often interferes in minor matters of a domestic nature. For instance, if a lazy fellow has a wife or two and a few children, and, through his love for fishing, dancing and loitering idly about, neglects to bring in the necessary supplies for his family, a complaint is made; the chief visits the house in person, and if he sees just cause for punishment, he orders out the population of the village. Men, women and children arm themselves with a stiff birch made of small canes, then form a long double line, about six feet apart, and await with anxious glee the approach of the delinquent. At last he is placed at one end of the line, amidst a shower of yells, screams, jibes, etc. The word is given by the chief, and away he darts at his utmost speed through the ranks, every one endeavoring to hit him as he passes. According to his deserts, he may get off with running the line once, or he may have to do so twice or thrice; but he is skilled in cunning and fleetness that can run the line even once without having his skin tickled for him by the application of the birch, wielded by some strong woman. As the punishment is not of a fatal kind, the whole affair creates unrestricted merriment. If the victim is a smart fellow, he may escape with few blows, but if he is sulky, heavy and dogged, he pays for it. For one month afterwards the families of victims are provided for by the public at large, under the fatherly superintendence of the chief. At the expiration of that time, if he has all his domestic matters in perfect order, as a good father and provident husband ought to have, he again resumes his place in society, and shortly afterwards helps, an experienced hand, to flagellate some one else.



THE PLAZA DE ALLENDE, MATAMORAS, HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. CORTINA.



THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE, MATAMORAS.

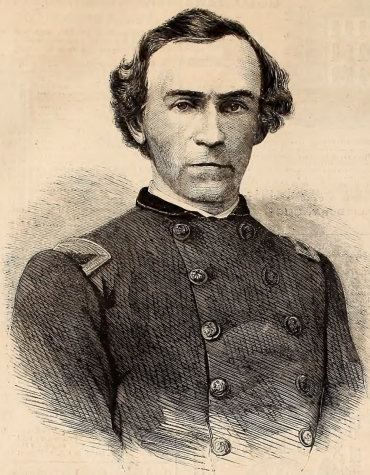


LOADING WAGONS ON THE CALLE DE CESAR, MATAMORAS, FOR PIEDRAS NEGRAS.



THE MARKET HOUSE, BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.

SCENES ON THE RIO GRANDE.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOSWELL.



COL. JOHN M. MIZNER, THIRD MICHIGAN CAVALRY (CAPT. 4TH U. S. A.)



LIEUT. JOHN F. NICKELS, THE BLOCKADE-RUNNER OF THE CHESAPEAKE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

ACTING BRIG.-GEN. J. K. MIZNER,

Col. 3d Michigan Veteran Cavalry, Chief of Cavalry, Left Wing 16th Army Corps.

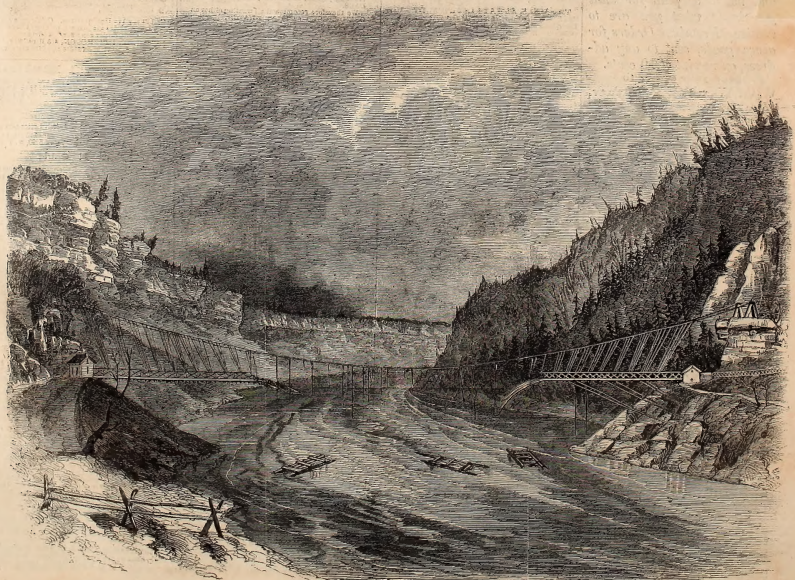
COL. MIZNER was born in the State of New York, but while he was young his parents removed to Michigan, from which State he entered the Military Academy at West Point.

He graduated with honor, and received the appointment of Brevet Second Lieutenant in the United States Army, July 1st, 1856. Was promoted to Captain in the 4th United States Cavalry, and was appointed Colonel of the 3d Regiment Michigan Volunteer Cavalry, March 1st, 1862.

During the siege of Corinth he was placed in command of a brigade, and soon after the evacuation was made Chief of Cavalry on Gen. Rosecrans's staff, and acted as such during the memorable campaigning which ended so gloriously in the battles of Iuka and Corinth. The 3d Michigan Cavalry was recruited in the fall of 1861 at the Grand Rapids, by the influence of Hon. T. W. Kellogg, and left that place, Nov. 28th, 1861, with 1,162 men, and under the command of Col. Mizner has participated in the following engagements: New Madrid, March 10, 1862; Farmington, June 5; Iuka, September 19; Corinth, October 3 and 4; Hatchie, October 5; Spangler's Mills, July 26; Bay Springs, September 16; Holly Springs, November 7; Lumkin's Mills, November 30; Oxford, December 2; Coffeeville, December 5; Jackson, July 13, 1863; also in the sieges of Island No. 10 and Corinth, besides a great number of skirmishes.

The regiment has captured, besides what have been taken while co-operating with other commands, 2 colonels, 5 lieutenant-colonels, 5 majors, 22 captains, 37 lieutenants and 1,048 privates. The aggregate strength of the regiment, after having been two years in the service, is 944 men, 795 of whom are now in the field doing duty.

Col. Mizner is Chief of Cavalry Left Wing 16th Army Corps, and commander of all the forces on the



WRECK OF THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE NIAGARA AT LEWISTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. W. B. H.

Memphis and Charleston Railroad, from Germantown to Grand Junction.

He is now about 28 years of age, and as a brave and energetic and able executive officer no one stands higher in the Army or the South.—W. W.

His regiment has re-enlisted for the war.

CURIOUS FREAK OF A CANNON BALL.—While the columns of Sedgwick and a portion of Gen. Sykes's command were lying down, awaiting the order to charge the enemy's works at Mine run, on the recent advance, the artillery on both sides were heavily engaged, and the shot and shell came uncomfortably near our position. One, a solid shot, about eight inches in front of and on a direct line with a soldier's head, came with the full force to the ground, passed compact, the entire length of the soldier, entering by the waist and striking off the top of his cranium! He was taken to the hospital insensible, but soon recovered from the shock.

LEAP YEAR.—The year of our Lord 1864 is Bissextile or leap year. It is so called because it leaps over a day every common year—that is, instead of 365 days there are 366 days, in leap year 1864. It is the day in this year more than any other year, for John matrimony thus is any other year. The fact that the ladies will have "by the day question" when their lovers are too timid is the reason perhaps, but caring not what reasons for which one "pops the question," we hope the ball will commence rolling early in the year, and continue till Humanity at Scandicia shall be able to say, in the language of Shakespeare:

"She is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
And waters nectar, and the rocks pure gold."

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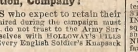
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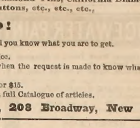
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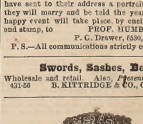
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 439—Vol. XVII.] NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 27, 1864. [PRICE 8 CENTS

THE LATE ATTACK ON NEWBERNE.

FEW attempts of the rebels have] shown more boldness or been more nearly crowned with success than the recent attack on Newberne. A force of no less than 10,000 was selected for the expedition, and barges were brought on from Savannah, with picked crews, who were to capture the gunboat Underwriter and with her destroy the Navy Yard and command the town.

The land attack began on the afternoon of the 1st, at Batchelor's creek, eight miles west of Newberne, on the railroad, where two blockhouses and some slight defences were held by the 132d N. Y. volunteers, Col. Closeen. The latter held the bridge on the creek stubbornly, but after four hours' fight were flanked and fell back, and being reinforced by the 17th Massachusetts, Lieut.-Col. Fellows, made another stand, but being outflanked, after a short fight retired to the fortifications near the city on the morning of the 2d. Adjutant H. C. Cheever was mortally wounded, Lieut.-Col. Fellows, several other officers and 50 men missing.

The gunboat Underwriter had passed up the Neuse, near Fort Stephenson, throwing out her anchors and placing all her guns on the port side. About one o'clock at night the rebels approached in their boats, and before the sentinel could alarm the crew boarded the vessel. A short contest ensued, but the crew were only 40, the rebels 200. Fortunately for the nation, the Underwriter was aground, and while the rebels were endeavoring to get her off Fort Stephenson sent one shell through their boat, and another exploded on deck, setting their boat on fire. The attacking party, with their prisoners, poured into the small boats in such haste that 15 of the boat's crew, and some of the captors, got into our boat. This fact soon became known among them, and the boat landed near Fort Stephenson, making the captain a captive. Thus, under the shadow of the guns in the fort, and in sight of the sgrards and the breastworks, a gunboat is wrested from us and must be destroyed. Certainly a handsome thing for the rebels, but bad for us. All the officers, except Engineer Allen, are missing. The captain is a prisoner. Besides those escaping in the boat are a few seamen. Engineer Allen was taken, but recaptured himself and took the rebel officer and his barge.

Notwithstanding this brilliant stroke, the enemy failed in their main object. Newberne was too well defended, and they finally drew off.

Our view of the capture of the Underwriter, will bring the matter vividly before our readers. During the excitement caused by the attack the citizens, white and black, were enrolled and marched to the front. After the enemy retired to Kinston the city was loud in its exultation, and one of the strange sights was the negro



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—NEGRO VOLUNTEERS PASSING THE BROAD STREET EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEWBERNE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.

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Our paper is beyond all others the journal that offers to the public the greatest number of American tales and stories. Great as are the numbers that constantly reach us, we are always happy to receive tales and poems of merit. If accepted they will be remunerated duly. When declined they are returned without delay.

Contributors will be good enough to write legibly, on one side only of the paper, and give their address distinctly. Comic sketches for engraving, or hints for such illustrations, are also acceptable.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

A well-concerted plan for dashing into Richmond was on the point of success. Gen. Butler sent out an expedition, under Gen. Wistar, to proceed by way of Bottom's bridge, the attention of the rebels being diverted by raids on the James river. To prevent Lee from sending any troops back the second army corps, under command of Gen. Caldwell, temporarily, moved to the river at Morton's ford, where the third division, under Gen. Hayes, crossed over, under cover of Capt. Arnold's Rhode Island battery. A rebel picket post was surprised and captured in the works on the bank. After a short advance the rebels were met in large force, when they made two attacks on our troops, both of which were gallantly repulsed. During one of these fights, one of our regiments—the 14th Connecticut—composed largely of conscripts, got thrown into disorder, and suffered quite severely from the rebel fire. Night coming on, our forces were ordered back to the north side of the river, it having been demonstrated that the rebel army was still in large force on the south side of the Rapidan. Our loss was about 200 killed and wounded, of whom only six were known to be killed.

This movement left the field open for Butler's attempt, but a deserter reached the enemy in time to warn them, and Gen. Wistar, on reaching Bottom's bridge, finding the way impeded by trees which had been cut down, fell back without making the attempt.

Richmond on the 6th and 7th inst. was in a state of the most feverish excitement, from midnight on Saturday up to the time they left on Sunday afternoon.

At midnight on Saturday the bells of the city were rung, and men were rushing through the streets crying, "To arms! to arms! the Yankees are coming! the Yankees are coming!"

During the remainder of the night there was an intense commotion everywhere visible. The Home Guard was called out, and the tramp of armed men could be heard in all directions.

Cannon were hauled through the streets; women and children were hurrying to and fro, and there were all the evidences of such a panic as has seldom been witnessed in Richmond.

On Sunday there was no abatement in the excitement. The guards were all marched out of the city to defences, and the armed citizens were placed on guard over the prisoners.

The prisoners in Libby and Belle Isle were filled with exultant hope, to be however soon damped.

The Montgomery (Ala.) *Mail* (rebel paper) of no specified date is reported to have said: "Rumors of an evacuation of Richmond are gaining credit. There is a movement on foot which will create more consternation at Richmond than anything that has occurred during the war."

It is certain that they are hurrying prisoners to the South.

A very disgraceful affair occurred in Gen. Butler's department, Lieut.-Col. Wead, of 98th N. Y., wishing to free a Secession lady, held as a hostage in Fort Monroe, by N. C., lured him to his post by a false message, and violently rescued his *chere amie*, calling out his whole force to resist Draper, who was brutally treated, beaten and disarmed. Wead has been arrested.

The railroad train at Kearneysville depot was recently robbed by a band of guerillas, but a sharp pursuit succeeded in capturing 10 of the 15 and the robbers prove to be chiefly Baltimoreans and sons of well-to-do persons in the neighborhood, chiefly in Jefferson and Berkeley counties, Va.

A report reaches us that Gen. Streight and 106 other American officers fled by rapids from Libby; some were recaptured, but the great number were still at large.

NORTH CAROLINA.

After Gen. Picket's failure to take Newberne he hung one of our men, who had been recognised as having killed a rebel Colonel. The rebel ironclad, which lies 25 miles above Newberne, on Neuse river, at Kinston, is supposed to be prepared for a communication with the land forces threatening Newberne. She is regarded as a very formidable engine of war.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

All efforts of the rebels to relieve their garrison in Fort Sumter now prove abortive. They cannot do it by day, as our guns have the range to a nicety, and the use of calcium lights gives us the same advantage at night. A rebel ram and a torpedo boat tried to come out in the rear of Sullivan's island on the 11th of Feb., but the torpedo craft went down with eight of her crew.

TENNESSEE.

The only movement here seems to be that of rebel deserters. Those who left their homes in Kentucky and Tennessee to fight for the oligarchy of the cotton lords, are beginning to open their eyes to their fatal choice, and gladly escape when they can. 1,000 came into the Union lines in this State in January.

An expedition, organised by Gen. Paine, commanding at Gallatin, Tenn., recently left that place in pursuit of several bands of troublesome guerillas, and made a successful raid into Putnam, Overton, White and Jackson counties. It was out nearly 14 days, and travelled about 300 miles, killed 36 guerillas, took 102 prisoners and captured some 100 horses and mules, and a considerable quantity of stolen property. Among the captured is Col. Mercury, of the rebel army, and among the killed is Capt. Brown and two lieutenants.

GEORGIA.

The rebel army is still at Dalton, although Border State troops are sent back to Rome, the ardor of those for the Southern cause often carrying them too near our lines. The rebel papers are very boastful of their holding Atlanta. It is a strange result of the three years war. They who were going to lay New York, Philadelphia and Boston in ashes, are now only able to boast that they can hold a town in the interior of Georgia!

MISSISSIPPI.

Gen. Sherman's army left Vicksburg about two weeks since, on the expedition southward. The 16th and 17th army corps composed it, under the command respectively of Gen. Hulbut and Gen. McPherson, the latter having the advance. On the 3d inst. Gen. Smith's cavalry expedition left Memphis for Corinth, to operate in the interior of Mississippi and Alabama.

Porter and Sherman were attacked, Feb. 5, by a force of Texans, but they were dislodged and driven from their position by the gunboats and by some of our black horse and foot.

The enemy were also driven from Meachanicsville. A sick negro soldier, of Colwood's command, was taken by the rebels and murdered. His assassins, a lieutenant and two privates, were captured, and shot, by Colwood, on the body of their victim.

ARKANSAS.

Gen. Steele's Union force in Arkansas are also preparing for early more southward, which will put the rebel Magruder between them and the forces of Gen. Banks.

FLORIDA.

Jacksonville, twice occupied and twice abandoned our troops, was again occupied on the 8th by three brigades, under Brig.-Gen. Truman Smith.

NAVAL.

An Anglo-rebel steamer passed our blockading squadron off Charleston, and began to unload near Fort Moultrie, when she was ridded by our gunners.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 8th February, Senator Sumner introduced a bill for the repeal of all laws for the rendition of fugitive slaves. Also a series of resolutions to amend the Constitution, so as to secure the extinguishment of slavery from the land.

In the House, an amendment was moved to the Enrollment act, providing that any drafted man finding a substitute should be exempt from draft as long as the substitute's term of service.

In the Senate, on the 9th, Mr. Sumner presented several numerously signed petitions in favor of the entire abolition of slavery, which gave rise to an interesting debate on the Government compromise proposition. The bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General was reported, with the clauses making said office forever cease, and requiring and recommending Gen. Grant for the position struck out. A bill prohibiting speculation in coin and foreign exchange was introduced by Mr. Sherman and referred to the Finance Committee. Mr. Powell introduced a bill amending the Constitution so as to provide for the method of electing the President of the United States; it was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

In the House there was much matter of interest. In discussing the Enrollment act, the clause exempting clergymen was stricken out.

In the Senate, on the 10th, Mr. Trumbull reported from the Judiciary Committee a joint resolut on, proposing amendments to the Constitution prohibiting for the abolition of slavery. A report from the same committee, adverse to Mr. Sumner's proposed amendment, making all persons the law to be free who a man can hold another as a slave, was also presented by Mr. Trumbull. Mr. Sumner's bill for the repeal of the Expatriation Proclamation and giving that bill the force of a law, was reported back from the Committee on Slavery and Freedom. The case of the colored woman Jenny Scott, who colored woman Jenny Scott, who was ejected from a railroad car because of his color, was brought up by Mr. Sumner, who offered a resolution directing inquiry as to the expediency of passing a law giving the colored people the right to the cars of Washington. Considerable argument ensued, but finally the resolution was adopted, by 29 to 10. The bill prohibiting members of Congress, heads of bureaus and clerks from getting a commission or fee on purely judicial cases before civil courts, was taken up and the House amendment to Congressional pay struck by a vote of 30 against 14. The fuel so much the pay of cole to soldiers' wives as the 3d session of the 37th was then discussed, and after an executive session the Senate adjourned. About 200 army nominations were sent to the Senate, making 1,000 now awaiting confirmation.

In the House, Mr. Stevens offered an amendment that persons of African descent between 20 and 45 years of age, residing within the United States or not, shall be enrolled and form part of the National forces; and that they shall be drafted and mustered into the service, the master shall receive a certificate for $300, which shall be a charge on the State. This was opposed by Messrs. Clay and Mallory, of Kentucky, and Cravens and Harris, of Maryland; Davis, of Kentucky, and Harris, of Maryland; Davis, of New York, and Pendleton, of Ohio, were members; but the House adjourned without taking a vote on the amendment.

In the Senate, on the 11th, there was an animated discussion on the resolution reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General, and the appointment of Lieut.-Gen. Grant for that honor. Without coming to a vote the Senate adjourned over.

In the House, Mr. Wood made a speech, in which he said he was in favor of the Union as it was, and peace, the North can Congress was violating the Constitution. He did not believe in the draft.

In the Senate, on the 12th, a motion to print 10,000 extra copies of Gen. McClellan's report, without the maps, was defeated by a considerable majority. The House bill making appropriations for deficiencies, amounting to $50,000,000, was passed, with a number of amendments proposed by the Finance Committee appended. The resolution proposing the surplus in the Senate went into executive session, and shortly after adjourned.

The House spent the entire day on the Enrollment bill, which was finally passed by 114 votes in favor of the Whole. The vote stood 95 yeas against 81 nays. The bill now goes to the Senate, for concurrence in the House amendments.

In the Senate, on the 13th, the consideration of the bill increasing the pay of colored soldiers to the same amount given to white troops was then resumed. Mr. Wilson, of Massachusetts, moved a clause in the bill of the committee giving colored troops the same pay, etc., except bounties, as white troops. The motion has been in the service, and insert "after the 1st day of January, 1864." The amendment was supported by Mr. Doolittle, providing that from the monthly pay of colored troops $10 per month be deducted, in insurrectionary districts, the sum of three dollars per month shall be reserved, to reimburse the expenses incurred by the United States in feeding and clothing their widows, children and parents of those whose troops was rejected after some debate. Mr. Gowan offered a substitute for the bill as amended, that from and after the passage of this act all soldiers of the United States of African descent shall receive like compensation." Mr. Gowan supported the amendment at considerable length, claiming that the negro must be regarded as a citizen under the Constitution, as he received the protection of the laws. Pending the question on the substitute the Senate adjourned.

"AUNT," inquired a medical prodigy of 15, fresh from a lecture on surgery, "which do you think the most difficult operation in surgery?"

"Don't know, Charley—what?"

"Taking the jaw off a woman," answered the hopeful youth.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

THE Arion Society's Ball was an institution from the first year of its existence, for it differed from all other balls in its thoroughly Teutonic characteristics of fun, good humor and social abandon. Year by year it has been growing more and more popular, until this year it became a craze. Fond a fight to procure admission, and many thousands, after all their exertions, were doomed to be disappointed and to stay at home as they had been many times before. We never miss the Arion ball, if but for one reason—our passion for music! We love to study that noble organ, and there we meet with a greater variety than all the rest of the world can afford. What a fund of genius has been wasted in the production of those multiform and feat ons of the nasal adornment, and how piquant, saucy and intelligent they all are! In the Arion Ball Room one never sees so much illustrated as while talking to an impossible nose, and receiving in any of those noses the least bit of attention from a celebrated music, and came from lips that could not possibly belong to that nose. We ourselves have assumed a nose, leaving all the rest of the face undisturbed, and have talked to our most intimate friends unrecognised. That nose gave us a seat in the vis a vis one way, and made us squint on the other; it made our mouth awry, broadened our cheeks, and seemed to lengthen our ears! There is all disguise equal to a nose that does not belong to you. Although as few tickets as possible were sold, yet by evening every part of the Academy of Music was thronged to overflowing on Thursday evening. There was, of course, plenty of dancing, but in the form of a subsidiary occupation; for, still, as every one seemed to expect to be jostled or rolled against, no one complained, but bore every inconvenience with perfect good humor. What gigantic Germans were there! How they swelled out with the music! How fat-eared they had the spirit of the thing; and how their fair companions looked more than bashful! What a variety in the beautiful dress-es, what coquetting, what laughter, what a display of flowers! Ices rejoiced on every hand everywhere! We can imagine how the *elegantes* who had their boxes in the Opera House drove away from upon the fun, wished they had taken their chance tickets and had gone in for amusement. How well they got up that light in the amphitheatre! How new and sparkling it looked, and fit to put to shame the botanists! and how every head had a different coiffure! Every square inch there was a third already Toutes elses over the amphitheatre into the parquette, and how the latter, in their turn, looked up to astrides of boughter as the figures, instead of falling into the quadrilles, performed their evolutions by the seat of its pantaloons! Rough fun perhaps, but it is the sort of rough fun that we like, and invite—which we are invited to double—be certainly all out of town on the 22d of March—and was crowned in triumphant manner by an *ignis fatuus* representation of the Arion Society's Ball! Who was sent by our Artistic friends to be *Mr. Lyd'ate*. The procession round the ball room was as quiet, boisterous and as musical as of old, conducted by the same Marshal and Marshal's aids, which were heartily relished by every one in the house.

What the masks were with brave there was a display of beauty not rarely seen assembled together in one assemblage. After that the dancing went on all night with great vivacity, and when we left, which was away in the small hours of the morning, there was no diminution in the spirit of the proceedings.

Notwithstanding the change in the Opera nights, in the Lenten season of Lent, the Opera season has been, if possible, more brilliant and elegant than ever, and Mr. Ullman has given the greatest of all pieces of public amusement until very lately. Now, however, full three of the Operas in active list are to the exception, and this is a deference to the magnificent holiness of the Lenten season. Of the new singers, There has been nothing new produced since our last. Bell' sini" does not appear to have made a sensation and drew overflowing audiences. "Il Poliuto" will be produced this week, and we are delighted to have to record the first appearance of Signor Brignoli this week, who has been suffering from a bad cold, shown by appearances, the season which has commenced with Gounod's "Faust" will be the last of the range of new excitements.

Concerts and concerts commence next week, at Niblo's Saloon, a place altogether too small for his numerous friends, but as large as Mr. Jullien's, which was no other resource. The names of the artists who will appear, and the programmes of each of the concerts are announced as his farewell concerts before going to England, but we suspect that we shall see him back to bachelordom; that, in fact, Gotts'chalk is about to be married. We do not know the lady in question, but which he will retire from public life. If this rum r be true, Gottschalk's friends will look forward to his giving concerts to the ladies of America, for if there ever was an artist who made love to the public, appreciation of the beautiful of the world, Gottschalk is that man. We remember that Madame Parepa's first appearance was a great success at Niblo's Saloon on Monday last. The audience was very large and very select, and the corner of the young violinist must be looked upon as the corner stone of success.

Mr. Alfred H. Pease, the American pianist, who has recently returned from Germany, gave a farewell concert at Dodworth's Saloon, on Monday evening last week, which was numerously attended. Mr. Pease played several pieces, each of which was encored, a result which must have been extremely gratifying to that artist. Industrious audience, but he did not impress us very favorably. We think that Mr. Pease relies too much for his playing is devoid of character. He seems painstaking, and overcomes all the difficulties he meets, and once hand scenes ever to wait upon the other, as though deserted of his wife, and the result is a performance which he played by Liszt, his want of style was not so apparent. But he gives us no heart in his music, he has become familiarized with his audiences, we may find him more successful on a small hall over which we cannot place him among our first-class players in New York.

A Grand Testimonial Concert is to be given, on the 29th inst., to Mr. Jacob Le P. Kunkhead, at Irving Hall. We call especial attention to this fact because, although we are fond of this effort to do honor to merit, it is in the case of Mr. Harrison. To him the public owe a debt of gratitude for the many pleasant hours of his liberality, enterprise and untiring energy he has, in the amusement of the first, and into existence whole series of entertainments which but for him would never have been thought of, and for the next he has opened new avenues for the display of their talents, and for the enjoyment of the public at large. Of course, the list of performing artists will be overwhelming; the list of Mr. Harrison's friends is very large, but, as the committee is a distinguished and most influential one, we have no doubt that we shall see the most brilliant programme of the season. We trust that Mr. Harrison will have an overwhelming house, as only such a result will be worthy the merits of the object of the testimonial.

Mr. J. N. Pattison gives his first grand concert at Irving Hall on the 27th inst. He will be assisted by some first class artists. Our readers are so familiar with the high abilities of Mr. Pattison and of his claims to the support of the musical public, that we have no need to advance anything in his favor; yet we will say, that never in our experience has a young pianist risen so steadily and so rapidly to the first position in his profession, by the acclamation of the public, as in the case of Mr. Pattison. He has won his position by consecutive study, and by

aiming at the goal which his perseverance has gained.

Westland Marston's play "Pure Gold," the hero of which is a convict, the present pet weakness of society, has made a success at Wallack's. It is quite interesting, finely acted, and is put on the stage in the most perfect manner. It will be alternated with "Rosedale" for some time to come.

Byron's burlesque on "Il Trovatore" was played at the Olympic, for one week, to overflowing houses; but for some reason or other it has been withdrawn to make way for "The Pride of the Market," in which Mrs. John Wood appears as Marton, and Mr. Frank Drew as Isadore.

"The Ticket-of-Leave Man" still continues to crowd Winter Garden night after night.

The Harrison English Opera Company will appear at Niblo's Saloon on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Mr. J. R. Thomas is engaged, and will add greatly to the strength of the company.

At Barnum's Museum the Giants and the Dwarfs continue to attract crowds of curiosity-seekers in connection with the countless wonders of creation with which the place abounds. The new drama, "Helvei; or, the Galley Slave of Toulon," is the attraction of the Lecture Room, and is pronounced a great success. A visit to Barnum's is always worth double the money charged.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Trinity School, a well-known Protestant Episcopal Educational Institution in this city, has just come into the possession of property (real estate and funded) to the value of $3,000,000, through the fortunate termination of a lawsuit. The litigation has been a bitterly contested and long one, extending through a period of over thirty years.

—— Some physicians have given it as their opinion that diphtheria is a new disease, caused by the prevalent use of kerosene oil.

—— A lady took her niece lately to a country photographer, to have her portrait taken. While the aunt was engaged with the operator, the niece swallowed some of the preparations and died in a few minutes from the effects of the poison.

—— Gen. Butler has expelled Mr. Shore, the Fortress Monroe correspondent of the *World* and *News*, for what he terms disloyal articles. Mr. Shore denies the charge, and says that he was merely the agent for sending on the Richmond papers to New York when they arrived by a boat of truce.

—— A teacher in a Catholic Sunday School in Boston has been arrested for striking one of the pupils so violently as to endanger her life.

—— There are 8,192 children in the public schools of Jersey City, and 2,103 in those of Hoboken.

—— A bill is to be introduced in the New Jersey Legislature, at the present session for the creation of a new county, to be composed of the city of Newark and a portion of Harrison township, the latter being in Hudson county.

—— A butcher in Grand street has hit upon a very ingenious way to attract custom. He arranges with his assistant to get up a bogus row, the excuse being the wickedness of his man selling meat so cheap that he only realises the prime cost. The consequence is that quite a crowd is created, and the butcher manages to sell half a dozen joints by this ingenious dodge.

—— The British authorities at Halifax have decided upon returning the Cheaspeake to her owners.

—— The price of gold has remained at the average of 158.

—— A meeting was held at the Oddfellows' Hall, Hoboken, on the 12th of February, in behalf of the Sanitary Fair. It was very enthusiastic, although one speaker did his best to clear the hall by a remarkably dull speech. Gen. Wright, however, came to the rescue, and wound up the meeting with great *éclat*.

Southern.—It appears from the Richmond papers that two rebel cavaliers, named Davis and Reynolds, captured four negroes belonging to the Home Guard of Fairfax county, and took them towards Dumfries. The captors fell asleep on the way, and the prisoners, in order to avoid the fate that might befal them in Dixie, clove the skulls of the rebels with some sharp instrument and made good their escape

—— In Ware county, Ga., on the night of Jan. 23d a negro entered the house of a lady where there were no males and violated her person. He was recognised, and the next day pursued by dogs, caught, condemned by a jury of citizens, and burned to death

—— A gentleman occupying a high position, says that Jeff Davis's son, by his slave girl Catharine, was in the Federal service on board of one of our gunboats in the Mississippi for several months—a likely mulatto. Among the letters of Jeff taken at his house by our Illinois troops, there was a batch of queer epistles between Jeff and Mrs. Davis, touching this old flame Catharine.

—— The Montgomery *Mail*, Ala., says the idea is prevalent that the rebel Government is about to move to Columbia, S. C., to which place the arsenal was transferred over a month ago.

—— Gen. Magruder, the well-known Bacchanalian rebel, has arrived at Southampton, Eng., from Texas, in the English steamer Atrato, on his way to Richmond.

Military.—One of Gen. Grant's staff writes that such is the wonderful change in the sentiments of the people in Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi, that an officer of the Union army can travel in those States without being insulted, and can obtain refreshments in the farmhouses.

—— The work on the soldiers' cemetery at Chattanooga is going rapidly on; 24 bodies have already been interred.

—— We omitted to state in our notice of the Ladies' National Army Relief Association, that Mr. Bull, 177 Water street, New York, is the treasurer: and Mr. Blunt, of 179 Water street, one of the directors. Those who wish to alleviate the sufferings of our wounded and sick soldiers are invited to send their contributions to those gentlemen The distribution is made by experienced and competent persons.

Personal.—Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb gave birth to a son on the 12th inst. So the New York *Sun* says.

—— Brignoli has sued an *impressario* for salary not forthcoming. The "silver-voiced" tenor was to receive $1,600 a month.

—— The Queen of Bohemia, Ada Clare, has left New York for California. She is one of the brightest quilldrivers that ever wore crinoline.

—— The late Mrs. Willyams, who left £40,000 sterling to Mr. Disraeli, was a Jewess—Sarah, daughter and heiress of Nunez de Costa.

—— Berger, the great billiard-player, has now settled in Lyons, where he has become the proprietor of the Café du XIXe. Siècle, which he re-opened on Christmas Day.

—— An English writer describes the Duke of Augustenburg, about whose succession to the Government of Holstein Europe is threatened with war, as a tall man, over six feet high, with hazel hair, blue eyes, light eyebrows, good complexion, manner somewhat slow but stately, and speech sedate, with a slight "peculiarity." He talked "affably," and seems altogether a well-intentioned but somewhat slow and heavy person, who will govern Holstein without many blunders, without being a very dangerous personage in Europe. The English writer is evidently a wag.

—— The St. Louis *Republican*, of the 9th inst., editorially refers to the connection of Gen. Grant's name with the Presidency, and with an air of authority says: "Gen. Grant is not going to trouble himself much concerning these movements of politicians. It is not to his taste. His intention is to close the war as soon as possible, and he wants to be foot-loose, not hampered by political entanglements. He asks no other duty now. He is not, and will not be, a candidate for the Presidency at the forthcoming election, and politicians may trim their sails accordingly."

—— Rossini, the celebrated composer, will complete his 72d year on the 29th February. He consequently has a birthday anniversary only once in every four years. The 29th February is an excellent day to marry on, since a man is thus spared three-fourths the agony of being reminded of it.

—— Fernando Wood's ball, in Washington, was a grand success; the ladies of the diplomatic corps attended, wearing their court jewels. What an honor!

Obituary.—Com. Wm. J. McCluny, U. S. N., died at his residence, in Brooklyn, Feb. 11. At the time of his death he had been in the service 52 years. He entered the navy in 1812, and was an acting Lieutenant in the fight between the Wasp and Frolic. He was attached to the Japan expedition under Com. Perry. From 1858 to 1860 he commanded the home squadron. He had seen 21 years' sea-service, and spent considerable of his time on shore and other duty. He was universally beloved and respected, and his loss will be severely felt among a large circle of friends.

—— William Behnes, the sculptor, died lately. A few years ago he was in good practice, especially as a modeller of busts, and he possessed natural talents sufficient to have raised him to one of the highest places of his noble calling. But he fell into troubles about money and other things, which preyed on his spirits. The best judges, however, thought very highly of his works. Of late he lived much alone. He died in the Middlesex Hospital, London.

—— The Duke of Cleveland died at Raby Castle, England, Jan. 18, betweeen three and four P.M. His grace had been seriously ill for a few days.

Accidents and Offences.—At Eastport, Me., last week a robber entered the house of Rev. T. P. Adams, and took $800 from the desk in his study. In four days afterwards, the thief appears to have been conscience-stricken, as all the money, except $10, was placed in a package upon Mr. Adams's doorstep.

—— The mystery of the Malden Bank murder has been solved. The culprit turns out to be Mr. Greene, the Postmaster of the town, a man who till now had borne an irreproachable character. It appears that, seeing young Converse alone in the bank, the temptation was too much for him, so he drew his revolver, and taking him unawares, shot him twice through the head.

—— A verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree has been given against Walters, a returned soldier. It appears that on his return from the war he found his mistress, Nancy Vincent, living in a disreputable house in Centre street. This so incensed him that he attacked her with a knife and killed her, after inflicting 18 wounds. His counsel's defence was that he was insane.

—— A woman, named Mary Creed, has been indicted in Brooklyn for being a common scold.

Foreign.—A painful rumor has reached England of the murder of Dr. Livingstone by the natives, on Lake Nyassa in Africa. It adds to the pain of this occurrence to know that the reported murder was instigated by white men—Portuguese—interested in the slave trade. A less well-authenticated report represents that Dr. Livingstone, though attacked and desperately wounded, was not yet dead.

—— It is said by the *Observer* that Queen Victoria has declared herself against Denmark very decidedly in the Schleswig-Holstein imbroglio, but fortunately Sovereigns have little influence in England.

—— The London *Times*, in an article on the American war, frankly owns that the chief reason why it, in common with all Englishmen (which is a slander upon the body of the people), wished the Union to be broken up was, that if its growth was not checked it would become so powerful as to endanger the supremacy of England. This has the rare merit of great candor.

—— The immense number of French officers and engineers sent from France to Mexico during the last two months leads to the belief that a change has been made in Napoleon's programme, and that it is now his intention to convert that splendid country into a French province, like Algiers. As the chances of an European war decrease, so will his leaning increase towards a protectorate.

—— The winter in Turkey is the severest known for very many years.

—— An English papers remarks upon the anomalous appearance of Queen Victoria in deep widow's weeds and her daughters in the liveliest colors.

—— John Bright has made two speeches in England which have given great offence to the ruling classes. *Punch* satirises both Bright and Cobden as men who wish to transfer the legislation of England to the ignorant and depraved classes.

—— The great divorce scandal case of O'Kane against Lord Palmerston has made another step, as Mrs. O'Kane has put in her answer to her husband's accusation. She declares that she is not the wife of O'Kane, and that she is not guilty of the crime charged against her. The "injured husband" claims £20,000 for the injury he has sustained through the gallant and venerable Lothario, Lord Palmerston. It is an evident attempt at extortion, and will doubtless end by the accused and his abettors being prosecuted and punished Some time ago it was stated that proceedings to that end had been taken against O'Kane and his lawyers.

—— The Paris *Presse* computes the population of the globe at 1,000,000,000, speaking 3,064 languages, and having 1,100 different forms of religion.

Art, Literature and Science.—William S. Mount, the comic painter of American life, has provided himself, at his residence in the country, with a movable studio. It can be drawn from place to place on wheels by a pair of horses, and when stationary can be turned about from one point of view to another, so as to allow the artist, sitting comfortably within, to make, not merely sketches, but the most deliberate and finished studies from nature On one side of the room the wall is formed by a large parallelogram of strong plate glass, like those used in the more sumptuous shops in Broadway, but of the most perfect and aerial transparency, and through this the artist has his view of the objects he chooses to delineate. Within is every convenience which the painter requires—easels, tables, drawers for the paints, and a stove for keeping the room warm in cold weather. The ventilation of the room is also provided for. By means of the accommodation afforded by this studio a winter landscape may be transferred to the canvas, at the artist's perfect leisure, when the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer is below zero.

—— Mrs. Henry C. Watson's second private recitations, at Chickering's elegant piano-rooms, was attended by a brilliant and fashionable audience, and was even more successful than her first. These recitations have none of the dryness of ordinary readings. They are efforts of memory, and have all the spontaneity of impromptu elocution. The introduction of vocal illustrations, artistically managed and beautifully rendered, add greatly to the interest, and lighten up the programme wonderfully. Mrs. Watson has a voice capable of the most exquisite modulations, and she uses it with a skill which, from its perfect naturalness, would seem to be intuitive. It is capable of the expression of every passion, and we doubt if any elocutionary effort ever exceeded her rendering of Poe's "Bells," than which no poem demands so wonderful a variety of intonation to picture it correctly. Mrs. H. C. Watson will give her first public recitation early in the ensuing month, and will, we believe, create an artistic excitement.

—— Mr. Bernard, the Secretary of the Dramatic Fund Association, informs us that on the 23d of April next (on which day, had he lived, Shakespeare would have completed his third century), the managers of the U. S. theatres will give a performance for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund. Wallack, Wheatley, Stuart and the principal New York managers were very prompt in their answers.

—— A sculptor thus describes how statues are made: The sculptor, having designed a figure, first makes a sketch of it in clay a few inches only in height When he has satisfied himself with the general attitude a cast is taken of his sketch, and from it a model in clay is prepared of the full size he designs for his statue, whether half the natural height, or life-size, or colossal. The process of building the clay, as it is called, upon the strong iron *armatura* or skeleton on which it stands on its pedestal, and the bending and fixing this *armatura* into the form of the limbs, constitute a work of vast labor of a purely manual sort, for whose performance all artists able to afford it employ the skilled workmen to be obtained in Rome. The rough clay, rudely assuming the shape of the intended statue, then passes into the sculptor's hands and undergoes his most elaborate manipulation, by which it is reduced (generally after the labor of several months) to the precise and perfectly finished form he desires should hereafter appear in marble. This done, the *formatore* takes a cast of the whole, and the clay is destroyed. From this last plaster, cast again in due time, the marble is hewn by three successive workmen. The first gives it rough outline, the second brings it by rule and compass to close resemblance with the cast, and the third finishes it to perfection.

Chit-Chat.—A London pantomime thus satirises the condition of our country: "The scene opening shows two shops, very Cheapsidy in appearance, over the larger one of which is the sign, 'A. B. Lincoln & Co., hardware men and general dealers.' On the next is, 'J. Davis & Co., cotton brokers.' On the former doors and windows are notices, informing all interested that paper was wanted, and just beneath that greenbacks might be had in any quantity. There was also a large placard, 'This shop one and the same with that next door.' On the shop of J. D. & Co., the most prominent placard is, 'No connection with the concern next door.' In the window is a large Confederate flag, on which is printed, 'Two rams wanted immediately.' Another is, 'A few horses, sheep, women and other cattle for sale.' Then comes on the fight, which is, of course, a prizefight. Davis and our worthy president are characteristically dressed, and the fight goes on until they both get into a box; which box Harlequin strikes and Columbine dances about, and it flies open in front, revealing the symbol of our American future in the two large heads and tails of the Kilkenny cats."

—— It is a singular fact that the statue of Freedom which now surmounts the capital of Washington was cast by slaves. The work was done by the slaves of Clark Mills, the artist, before they were emancipated by the act of Congress removing slavery from the District of Columbia.

—— Who can doubt the sensibility of the Southern chivalry after reading the statement of an "intelligent contraband," that his old master had five sons in the army, but never grieved so much at parting with all of them as him?

—— In Mayence, on the Rhine, where the annual consumption of wine is 360 bottles per adult, "gout, delirium tremens and liver complaints are quite unknown." The use of the wine is proof enough that there are good livers there.

—— Mr. Alexander Hugh Baring, M. P., was recently married to the Hon. Leonora Caroline Digby, a daughter of Lord Digby. The wedding-dress of the bride is thus described in an English journal: "The bride was attired in a dress of the richest white gros antique, trimmed with ruches covered with bouillons of tulle, with a tunic of magnificent Brussels point lace, looped up with bouquets of orange flowers, the body and sleeves covered with Brussels point lace to correspond, wreath of orange flowers and veil of Brussels point lace to match the tunic, with diamond necklace and ear-rings."

—— Some wags took a drunken fellow, put him in a coffin with the lid left so as he could easily raise it, placed him in a graveyard, and waited to see the effect. After a short time the fumes of the liquor left him, and his position being rather confined, he burst off the lid, sat bolt upright, and, after looking around, exclaimed, "Well, I'm the first that's riz! or else I'm much belated!"

—— There is an Abraham Lincoln Club in New Orleans and the chairman is a large slave owner. Wonders are becoming common.

—— Henri Drayton, the musician and actor, is dangerously ill.

—— Artemus Ward (Brown) is lying seriously ill at Salt Lake City, of typhoid fever.

—— During the recent operations on the Rapidan a company of volunteers was deployed as skirmishers in front of the enemy's works. While under a sharp fire from their skirmishers a wounded private went to the rear, leaving his gun on the field. An unarmed soldier belonging to another regiment picked up the gun and was moving away when a lieutenant hailed him with, "Hold on there; drop that gun. How do you suppose I can settle my ordnance accounts?"

—— A young man recently presented himself for examination as Assistant-Engineer in the navy. Among other questions, the following was asked of him: "Suppose you had built an engine yourself, performed every part of the work without assistance, and knew that it was in complete order, but when put into a vessel the pump would not draw water, what would you do?" The young man promptly replied: "I should go to the side of the vessel and ascertain if there was any water in the river."

CAPT. DICK'S WHALE.

"BY jingo! sir!" says the captain, "I've followed the sea for forty years, and I never was really frightened but that once!"

I saw that Capt. Dick Robbins had a story upon his mind, and was anxious to get it off, and I was equally anxious to indulge him, therefore I said,

"How was that, captain? Can't you tell us the story?"

"Well!" responded the captain, "it's nigh on to fifteen years ago, and I haven't as good memory as I once had, but I'll give the thing as near as I can.

"You must understand that I was once in the whaling line, and that I sailed out from New York in command of one of the finest ships in the trade, the Mary Plummer, of which I held a half share. We were bound to the North Atlantic, and my crew had been shipped upon shares, that is, instead of wages they were each to receive a portion of the fishing as payment. Many of them were men that had been out with me before, and with whom I was immensely popular. It was this popularity, I suppose, that led to a resolve on the part of the men that each should forego his share, and that the first whale taken should be wholly mine. After this resolve a bright lookout was kept, and I believe truly that every man was as anxious to see the first fish, as though it was to be his own property. 'Capt. Dick's whale' was common talk with them, and its estimated value as freely discussed as though we already had him aboard in oil.

"At last, one day, the lookout at the masthead shouted 'There she blows!' and in an instant the before lazy ship was a scene of life and bustle. The larboard and starboard boats were lowered away, and into one of them I sprang, determined to have a hand in killing the first fish.

"'Now then, boys, pull away for Captain Dick's whale!' shouted the steersman of my boat, and the boys, with a cheer, struck out heartily for the fish, which was somewhat less than five miles away. We were soon up with it, and I acted as harpooner with great applause, striking the iron deep into the fish, and getting a hold not easy shaken off. Away he went like a flash, but to our great astonishment, instead of following up his rapidity of movement, stopped not more than four hundred yards off, and lay perfectly still. We hesitated for an instant, and then stretching to our oars, pulled towards him. Scarcely had we made half a dozen strokes when we were horrified to see the monster turn, and with a fearful speed bear directly down upon the boat There was no time to think, for almost before a minute had elapsed he was upon us with wide stretched jaws, and barely leaving the twelve men, who were in it time to throw themselves into the sea, he crunched the boat into atoms, scarce leaving a piece floating as large as a water bucket. The other boat came directly to our aid, and the whale swimming leisurely away, we were picked up without the loss of a man.

"All this had been seen by the lookouts on board the ship, and another boat was instantly dispatched to our relief. We waited quietly for its coming up, for though some of my men were rather scared at the demonstration of the monster, yet I had determined to tackle him again, feeling as though he was my own property, and I had a right to him on board ship in the shape of oil. Therefore when the boat came up we started for a second attack, and soon reached within about a hundred yards, and tried to get round at his side for another blow. This the whale was determined we should not do, and each effort that we made only ended in finding him presented in full front to us. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to pull straight on, which no sooner did he perceive than, with a dash the same as before, he came at the leading boat. This time we had not even warning enough to throw ourselves overboard, and before we could even think the boat was cracked like a nut, and two of my men were crushed in the monster's jaws so fearfully that they sank into the waves like stones. As before, we were picked up by the other boat, and now with three boat's crews in one, we were compelled to return to the ship, though every one of us was full of the desire for vengeance, and to find in the death of the whale some satisfaction for the destruction of our comrades.

"We pulled steadily on, and were soon on board, but nothing would satisfy the men less than a fitting out of the other boats, and a determined chase of the monster to the death. I would not at once yield, because I wanted to get the ship nearer to the scene of action, and a fresh breeze springing up just then from the westward, we were soon speeding towards the spot of our disaster. We had scarcely gone a mile when I saw the whale directly making towards the ship. I knew him in an instant, there was no mistaking his wicked look or his open jaws, to say nothing of my harpoon sticking prominently out from his side. He came within fifty yards of the ship, leisurely swimming all around us and stretching his vast jaws occasionally, as though calculating his capacity to swallow us whole. I must confess that my eyes followed him with some sickening misgiving, and even when he swam in a direct line away I was not satisfied, and good cause I had; for, before I could realise the fact, I saw the great fish turn suddenly, and with the speed of a steamer under full way bear directly down upon the ship. He struck us about midships with a force that I can liken to nothing but the shock of an earthquake. Every timber in the ship cracked, and the foretopmast snapped short off as I came upon deck. I was terrified beyond all description, for I knew that the blow had destroyed the ship, and that in less than an hour all hands would be at the mercy of the fierce destroyer. I only waited long enough to see it swim once more away from us, possibly for another attack, and then ran below. It was just as I thought, there was a hole big enough to admit the body of a man a few feet below the water-line, and the ship was sinking.

"There was nothing for it but to get out the remaining boats and, securing such provisions as we could, leave the ship to its fate, and meet our own with the monster, who undoubtedly awaited us. We had hardly time to lower away and save what few things we could get hold of when the good ship went down, and our crew were upon the broad ocean in three frail boats.

"My story ends here, for the whale was satisfied with his destruction of the ship and did not show himself again, and the third day after we were picked up by an English brig and landed at Liverpool.

"It is a good while ago, but I'll be bound that not one man that was aboard the good ship Mary Plummer will ever forget Captain Dick's whale."

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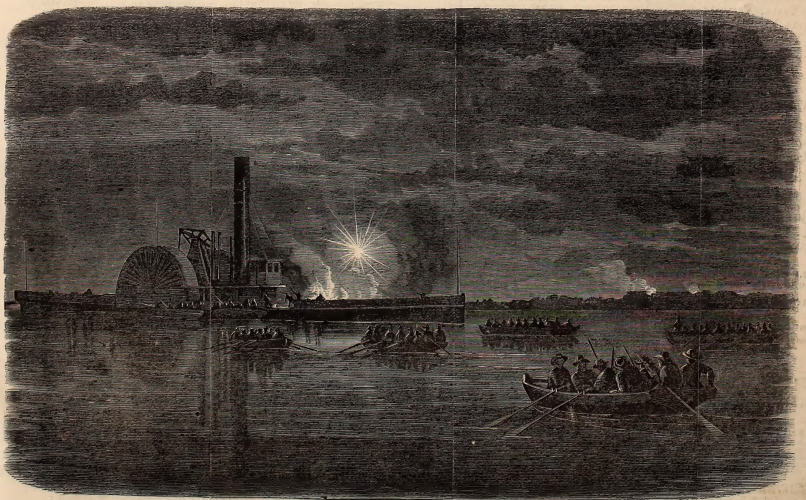
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VOCAL SOCIETY, AT THE CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3.



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—CAPTURE OF THE GUNBOAT UNDERWRITER AT NEWBERNE BY THE REBELS, FEB. 1.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

A CHARLESTON (S. C.) paper claims that if Gen Bragg was near the gates of Heaven, and invited in, at once the assault he would fall back.

SAID a testy lawyer: "I believe the jury have been inoculated for stupidity."

"That may be," replied his opponent, "but the bar and the court are of the opinion that you had it the natural way."

PEOPLE often wonder at the most natural things in the world. "I say, Digby," said Quilp to an acquaintance, "you look sober this morning." "And for a very obvious reason," said Digby, "I am sober."

A POOR jilted blade says:

Woman's love is like Scotch snuff,
Too fine to keep up with that's enough.
Whereupon a darkey of more sense, as well as soul, responds:
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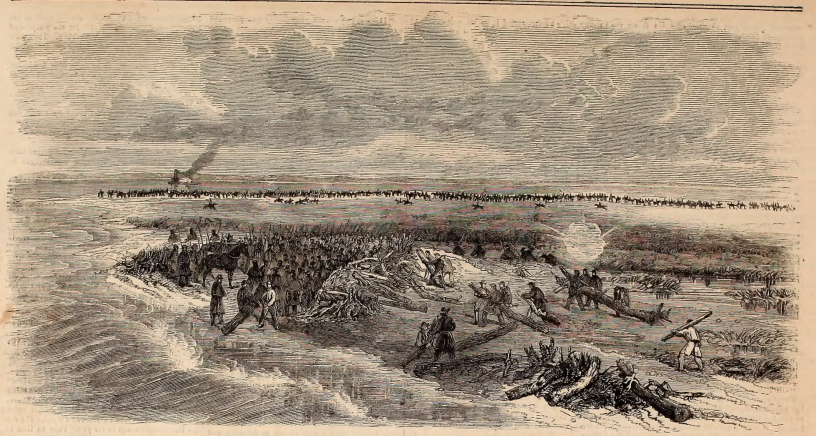
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THE WAR IN TEXAS—ATTACK OF THE REBEL CAVALRY ON A DETACHMENT OF THE 13TH MAINE, AT MATAGORDA BAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. AMOS G. GOODWIN, 13TH M. V.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

BY J. W. WATSON.

Down the long row of narrow beds
The fair-faced nurse in silence treads,
Laying her hand on aching heads,
And soothing with a touch.
And many a dim and sunken eye
Lights up to see her form go by,
And prays unto the Power on High
For more of such.



At one the tones of prayer are heard,
Another claims a kindly word,
While softly by a moaning third
She stands the minister to pain.
A bandage, drawn a thread too tight,
Needs but the touch of fingers light,
To make the lips that once were white
Now red again.

Beside a soldier's couch she stands,
And holds his nerveless, shrunken hands,
And were he lord of many lands
No brighter face could smile
Into the woful, wearied breast,
His pallid palms in silence prest,
Seeking to calm its sad unrest
By every wile.

He whispers in her lowered ear
Some words that thrill our hearts to hear:
"My mother! oh, my mother dear!
Fair lady, let me write."
She took from out his powerless hand
The pen, and wrote at his command
The words that here recorded stand,
A saddening sight.

"Oh, mother! mourn not for your son,
His wounds have been full nobly won,
But still his lifework is not done.
Dear mother, hear me tell
How strong my heart and limbs have grown;
To-morrow I shall walk alone,
And then once more you'll see your own;
I'm getting well!

"To-morrow I will turn my face
To thee, and to that much-loved place
Where all my inner life I trace;
My long deserted home.
The surgeon says, my arm no more
Can bridle hold, or broadsword draw;
That I must leave the clash of war,
And cease to roam!

"And so, dear mother, ill to me
Brings life anew, I know, to thee.
Well! though 'tis hard, so let it be;
And I will fondly try
To win away this woful pain,
And be once more a boy again,
God grant the trying not in vain.
And so—good-bye!"

The soldier closed his sunken eyes,
And murmured still his sad "Good-byes!"
Until the sound in murmuring dies.
The nurse, with folded scroll,
And tearful eyes, bent low her head;
The soul immortal swiftly fled,
To walt among the countless dead
For the long roll.

Then stoops the lady young and fair,
And severs one bright lock of hair,
And with a tear, enfolds it where
The mother's eye shall see.
She writes upon the tear-wet scroll,
"Thy son has reached his earthly goal,
God grant full mercy to his soul,
And peace to thee!"

To-morrow! and to-morrow still!
Oh, mother! how those words will fill
Your sadly aching heart, until
The last, long bugle sounds;
When on the day of grand review,
Among the loyal and the true,
Your boy steps forth to welcome you
To Heavenly grounds.



Clara's Grief at Charles's refusing Assistance.

CLARA;

A Story of Life in Africa.

By John B. Williams, M. D.

CHAPTER III.—EXPLANATIONS.

THE hot sun darted his rays on the young man's head, and made him suffer much. He had scarcely proceeded three miles before he was bathed in perspiration and could scarcely breathe, and was compelled to stay a moment to rest under the shade of a clump of trees. He threw himself on the ground, and pressing his two hands to his burning forehead, prayed to God that he might die. Suddenly he heard the gallop of two horses, he hurriedly arose, but had scarcely got on his feet when he saw Clara Roschoff appear in sight. She rode one horse and held another by the bridle.

"At last I have found you, Charles!" she cried,



The Colonist's Generous Offer.

leaping, to the ground. "Heavens! how hot you are and how you must suffer! I have brought you a horse. Father knows nothing about it."

Norton thought she was merely insulting him, for he ascribed his present punishment to her. He picked up his heavy package of implements, and without uttering a word resumed his journey.

The young girl, very much confused, followed him with a sad step. She could no longer resist her feelings, but burst into sobs.

"Charles," she cried, "what have I done that you should treat me thus?"

He looked at her with an air of stupefaction as she stood in the middle of the road, with her hands joined together and with the tears streaming down her cheeks. In spite of his anger, he was moved.

"I really cannot understand your grief, Clara," said he. "It seems to me that it should be in my place to ask you what I have done that you always try to render my melancholy position more odious to me."

"I!" cried Clara, in a tone of astonishment. "Oh, Charles, how can you say that? I, who would give all the world to save you a single annoyance."

"Really," he replied, in a tone of bitterness, "I do not know what you mean. Was it not you who excited your father's anger against me, on account of what passed between us a little while ago?"

"Oh, heavens!" cried the poor girl, joining her hands together, "can you believe me so wicked? I assure you that I did not say a single word to my father. It was Jacob, who no doubt overheard us. I beseech you to believe me, Charles. It was really not I——"

Her tears interrupted her. She fell on the grass and sobbed bitterly. This time, in spite of appearances, Norton felt that she told the truth. He

regretted his unjust reproaches. He threw the package of implements on the ground, and kneeling by Clara's side, who still continued to weep, he did his best to console her. A few words which escaped her lips at last revealed the whole truth to the young American.

"Come, Clara," said he, "calm yourself. I see that I was wrong to regard you as my enemy."

"I, your enemy!" she cried. "I, who think only of you. And yet how you treat me! Every time that I come near you or address a word to you, you receive me so harshly. I know that I am not so handsome as the girls of your country, that I have neither their mind nor education; but it is not my fault, and you will never find any one that loves you more than I do."

Ashamed of the confession that had escaped her lips, poor Clara hid her face between her hands and wept.

Charles sat beside her and gently removed the young girl's hands, and by a motion full of gratitude and tenderness carried them to his lips. Clara blushed and then turned pale. She timidly glanced at the young man, and then let her head fall on his shoulder.

"Dear Clara, how unjust I have been towards you!" said the young American, in an affectionate tone.

"Then you do not hate me as I thought?" she murmured.

"Hate you! Certainly not; on the contrary, I love you with all my heart."

"As much as Susan?" said she, with anxiety, which she vainly endeavored to conceal under a smile.

"Much more than Susan."

"Really?"

"On my honor."

"Oh, how happy I am!" she cried.

There was something, however, wanting to render her happiness complete. Although unaccustomed to penetrate the secrets of the heart, she felt confusedly, and by a sort of instinct, the difference between the affection that Charles showed and the love that she experienced for him. At that moment, it is true, the young American's heart, so long isolated and chilled, overflowed with gratitude and affection, but his feeling for Clara was no stronger than this. If ideas of love and marriage came into his mind it was only as a dream, the realization of which he never thought about. His hesitation could not be attributed to interest or ambition. The fortune of Clara's father was very considerable compared to that of Charles, who possessed nothing in the world. His misfortunes, however, had given Norton the habit of reflecting, and he seriously reviewed his situation. At that moment he asked himself if he were capable of renouncing America for ever, and of loving Clara so much that he should never repent of his marriage with her.

Clara fancied that the young man's silence proceeded from indifference, and she began to weep again. Perceiving that she misunderstood his feelings with respect to herself, Charles opened his whole heart to her. The poor girl thanked him for his frankness with so much tenderness that Norton's eyes filled with tears. At the moment that he was about to reply to her the sound of horses' feet galloping in the distance was heard. Clara concealed herself behind a bush, but she had not time to remove the two horses that she had brought with her. In a few moments three Hottentots arrived at the spot on horseback. One of them was Jacob Oubana. He approached the young American.

"What do you want?" said Norton.

"The master discovered that two horses were missing," said the Hottentot, in an insolent tone. "He thought that you might have taken them with you, in spite of his having forbidden it. He sent me and my comrades to take them back to Weizberg."

"There they are," replied Charles, pointing to them. "I did not mount either of them."

"What did you take them for, then?" said Jacob, proud of his mission.

Norton turned abruptly round; the Hottentot made a bound backwards.

"Scoundrel!" cried the young American, his eyes sparkling with rage. "Who gave you the right to question me? Take them and begone."

The Hottentots took the two horses and started off. As soon as they had disappeared, Clara came from her hiding-place.

"What shall we do now?" said she, in an anxious tone.

"My dear Clara, there is only one course for us to follow," replied Charles; "you to return leisurely to Weizberg, and for me to continue my journey on to Om-Steny."

"Under this burning sun and burdened as you are? It will kill you," she replied.

"I am stronger than you think," he returned, affecting a gaiety he did not feel. Adieu, dear Clara; I am happy that we have had an explanation, and I love you with all my heart."

"I will accompany you to Om-Steny," said Clara, rising up. "It was I who caused you this cruel punishment, and I will partake of it."

It was in vain that Charles scolded and supplicated, the young girl persisted in her resolution. Norton was at last compelled to allow her to walk by his side. By-and-bye she wanted to take a portion of the implements. This, however, he would not allow.

Although Roschoff's dwelling was situated in the middle of a wood, there was but little shade between Weizberg and Om-Steny. In spite of the suffering occasioned by the burning sun, the two young people walked along with a sort of gaiety. Charles did his best to amuse poor Clara, whose devotion touched him deeply. As for Clara, she laughed and cried by turns. Love, and perhaps suffering, had completely changed her. The poor girl betrayed the secret thoughts of her heart by her words and touching attentions, and Norton was moved to his very soul. He frequently seized the young girl's hand, pressed it in his, and conveyed it to his lips. This mute token of affection and gratitude filled her heart with happiness.

In spite of the diligence they used, they did not reach Weizberg until half-past seven. Roschoff, whose anger had time to be appeased, already regretted the punishment he had inflicted on the young American. Pride prevented him from confessing his remorse, but he vented his bad temper on Jacob. The absence of his daughter at supper rendered the Hollander very uneasy.

A servant at last announced the fact that Norton was approaching. Roschoff was very much surprised to find his daughter Clara in company with the young American, and to perceive that her limbs trembled and that her face gave evidence of great fatigue.

"Do not scold Charles," said she to her father, who met her in the hall. "It was I who delayed him. I will tell you all."

She fell into a seat and fainted.

In spite of his apathetic character and violent temper, Roschoff loved his daughter. Clara's condition made him forget all about Norton. Perhaps he was not sorry to find a pretext which prevented him from taking any notice of Charles's delay. When Miss Roschoff was restored to consciousness she was conveyed to her chamber and put to bed. She awoke the next morning in a violent fever, brought about in all probability more by her excited feelings than by the heat and fatigue. In spite of the delirium that seized her, the poor girl was able to tell her father all that had occurred. But before doing so she made him swear on the Bible that he would not scold Charles. In her delirium, which happily lasted only two days, she repeated every moment—

"Father, do not scold Charles, it was I who was the cause of all."

Thanks to the girl's robust constitution, her illness did not last long. Norton was less fortunate. He had been imprudent enough to drink several glasses of cold water when he returned to Weizberg. He fell seriously ill.

Tormented by his daughter and yielding also to secret remorse, Roschoff called in the nearest physician. It was necessary to send ninety miles for him. After having dined and examined the invalid, the disciple of Esculapius mounted his horse and shook his head in a significant manner. Time, however, proved that the doctor's sinister forbodings were not to be realised. Norton suddenly got better at the moment that everybody believed him dying. The first person he recognised when he recovered his consciousness was Clara, seated by his bedside. In his delirium the invalid had spoken of America. He had also repeated continually the name of a favorite sister of his who had died quiet young, and whose name was Sarah.

Clara fancied this Sarah was the young girl he loved. This thought was almost a deathblow to to the poor girl. When Norton, touched by her devotion, gratefully thanked her, she smiled sadly, and turned away her head to hide her tears.

Charles was soon able to get up and take short walks. One day he was seated under the shade of a tree in the garden, when Roschoff came and sat down by his side. The colonist seemed to be very much embarrassed. Ten times he opened his lips to commence a conversation, and ten times he closed them again without uttering a word.

"Charles," said he at last, "I think the climate of our colony is not good for you. And then you are not fitted for a servant. This life will kill you sooner or later. You must return to your own country."

"America is a long distance off," replied Charles, "and the voyage is very expensive."

"That is true," replied Roschoff, "but I will furnish you the means to reach your country. When you leave Weizberg I will make you a present of a hundred head of cattle. At Grahamtown or Beaufort you can sell them for three thousand rix-dollars. With this sum you can pay your passage and live in America until you can find some employment."

Charles cast his eyes to the ground; he guessed the real motive which made Roschoff urge his departure.

"I thank you for your generous proposition, but it is my duty to inform you that I have no resources in America. It will probably be impossible for me ever to repay you the money you offer me."

"Never mind," replied Roschoff; "you can take as much as you like. After all, I shall only lose three thousand rix-dollars. It is agreed, then?"

"When shall I leave?" asked Norton, his mind so agitated by contradictory feelings that he did not know whether to rejoice or be sorry at Roschoff's wish.

"In a few days. As soon as you are well enough—next week for instance."

While the young man was reflecting silently a Hottentot approached.

"Mynheer Bergiter has just arrived, and asks to see you," said the Hottentot to Roschoff.

Happy at having made the proposition, which had cost him so much, Roschoff hastened to follow the servant. Norton was left alone.

Until then he had longed for the time to come when he could return to America. Now, when he had the means to realise his desire, he felt oppressed by vague melancholy. Whilst he sat there with his forehead leaning against the trunk of the tree, Clara's voice made him start. The young girl approached slowly and sat down by his side.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DUEL—CONCLUSION.

WHEN Charles saw Clara's gentle and affectionate glance, he experienced a feeling of relief. He took the young girl's hand and pressed it to his lips in a manner which showed his gratitude and tenderness. She blushed and sighed.

"Do you know what your father has proposed to me, Clara?" said he.

"Yes," she replied, "he mentioned it to me yesterday evening. So you are about to return to America?"

"Probably!" he returned, stifling a sigh.

"You must be very happy?"

He made no reply.

"You will see your parents again?"

"I have none."

"Your friends."

"A ruined man possesses none."

"You will make a fortune; father told you he would give you two hundred head of cattle, did he not!"

"Yes—that is to say—one hundred," replied Charles mechanically, at the same time earnestly regarding Clara, and thinking of something else beside the cattle offered him by Roschoff.

"He promised me it should be two hundred," murmured the young girl. "But I can lend you some money, Charles. I have eight thousand rix-dollars which I received from my mother. I will give them to you."

He made a gesture of refusal.

"Of what use is this to me?" she replied. "You will return it to me when you have made a fortune. This will compel you to think of me sometimes, even when you have married her whom you love."

"Who is that?" said the young man very much surprised.

"Miss Sarah."

"Sarah!"

"She whom you mentioned in your delirium."

Norton fixed his eyes on the young girl. He perceived that her eyes were filled with tears. He seized her hand.

"Why do you weep?" he asked.

"I do not weep," she returned, turning away her head.

Large tears rolled down the poor girl's cheeks, which she furtively dried.

"So," said Charles, "you consent to give me your fortune that I may return to America, and marry her whom I love?"

"Yes, Charles, most willingly."

"But your father will not consent to it."

"When he finds it out you will be far away."

"Then he will scold you."

"What matters that?"

"Suppose if you were to marry?" said Norton.

"I shall not marry."

"Never?"

"Never!" she repeated in a tone of the strongest conviction.

The poor girl had reached the limit of her strength. She bit her lips to prevent her from crying out. Tears coursed each other down her cheeks. Charles fell on his knees before her.

"Clara," said he in a gentle tone, "I love no one in America; no one is waiting for me there; Sarah is the name of a dearly loved sister who died years ago. I should like to remain here. I love a young girl in this country, and whom I wish to marry."

"Susan?" asked Clara, her bosom heaving, for her heart felt the tenderness vibrating in Norton's voice.

"No, Clara, I have never been Susan's lover. She whom I love, and whom I shall love for ever, is you, Clara. You appeared a short time ago to desire that I should be happy. That now depends on you alone. Will you be my beloved wife?"

The poor girl threw her arms around the young American's neck. She still doubted. She removed Charles's head away to look into his eyes. It was evident that the expression of Norton's face completely reassured her, for her anxious look entirely disappeared.

"How happy I am!" she murmured. "Oh! if my poor mother were only here! You really love me, Charles?"

"Yes; I love you with all my heart and soul. And you——"

"You know I love you. If you had gone away, Charles, I must have died of grief. Oh! Charles, I love you so much, and I will make you so happy that you shall never long for your country again."

A scornful laugh was heard close by them. They turned their heads and perceived Seroas Bergiter. Although he still continued it, it could easily be perceived that he was furious.

"Well, dancing-master," said he, in an insolent tone, "is it customary in your country for men to make love on their knees? Do you know you look awfully soft in that position."

"Bergiter!" replied Charles, his eyes sparkling with anger, "it is a custom in my country to chastise insolence."

"Do you mean that for an insult?"

"As you like to take it."

Clara had disappeared; Bergiter, stifling with anger and rage, only sought for a pretext to quarrel. He first of all gave utterance to a torrent of insults too gross for us to repeat. From insults he passed to threats, and from threats he was nearly arriving to blows, when his hand was stayed by Roschoff, who had made his appearance, followed by his daughter and five or six servants. While Clara spoke to Norton, Roschoff endeavored to calm his neighbor, and reproached him for his violence to an invalid. Carried away by anger and jealousy, Bergiter received the remarks of the master of Weizberg with a very bad grace.

"This is all your fault," said he to the old man. "Why do you harbor such vagabonds? Although your hair is white, you are nothing better than an old fool!"

"That's what you say, is it?" replied Roschoff; "you want to be master here. Well, then, I begin by telling you that I consent to the marriage of my daughter to Charles. Now, if you are not satisfied, remember that, old as I am, I am able to fire a musket as well if not better than you."

Clara threw her arms around her father's neck, and Charles seized the old man's hand and pressed it affectionately. But Adam, carried away by his anger, pushed them on one side for the purpose of continuing his quarrel with Bergiter. They both carried their muskets to their shoulders when Norton interposed.

"If there is shooting to be done it is I who am concerned," said he, "and as I have been insulted I have the choice of weapons."

"Stuff and nonsense," interrupted Bergiter. "We want none of your American practices here. We are at the Cape, and you must fight with the musket as we do."

"Very well," said Norton; "lend me your musket, Mynheer Roschoff."

After a long debate between the young American and the old colonist, the latter was obliged to yield.

"Kill that rascal," said he to Norton, "and Clara shall be yours as sure as my name is Adam Roschoff."

"We will take our places two hundred yards distant," said Bergiter; "we will then advance and each shall fire when he pleases."

"No," cried Roschoff. "I know Bergiter—if you only give him time to take aim he is the best shot in the country. We must equalise the chances."

"Let us take our places fifty yards distant, with our guns at our feet. We will fire at a given signal. He will be most fortunate who fires the quickest and takes the surest aim."

It was Bergiter's turn to object.

"And supposing that we should both be killed?"

"So much the worse for us."

"I won't agree to those conditions," said the Hollander.

"Well, then, let us say a hundred yards."

After another debate Bergiter finished by agreeing to this last arrangement. Whilst he was loading his gun, and Roschoff was doing the same thing for Norton, the young American approached Clara.

"My beloved Clara," said he, "I do not know what Providence has in reserve for me. If I die my last thoughts will be for you. Pray to God to save me, for I have never desired to live so much as at this moment. God bless you, darling!"

She threw herself weeping in his arms. Her father separated them.

"You will make his arm tremble," cried the old man. "If you love him, remain perfectly quiet. He needs all his coolness."

While leading Charles to his place the old man gave him a few words of advice. The hundred yards were measured off. Bergiter whistled. Charles had forgotten his illness and walked with a firm step.

At last Roschoff gave the signal by throwing his hat in the air. Norton fired first and struck the young Hollander in the shoulder. The involuntary movement the latter made when he received the ball deranged his aim. Instead of hitting Charles full in the chest, which he would undoubtedly have done had it not been for this accident, Bergiter's bullet only grazed Norton's forehead.

"Since there has been no result we must try again," said Norton.

"The deuce take me if I do," replied the Hollander. "I am not such a fool as to risk my life a second time for a girl who cares nothing about me. You may marry her if you like, for aught I care."

While he spoke he removed his coat. It was then perceived that he was wounded. Clara ran to him. He repulsed her in a brutal manner at first, but she returned to the charge. He finished by allowing her to staunch the wound, which was not at all dangerous.

Dissatisfied and humiliated, the young colonist wished immediately to return home, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they could persuade him to remain at Weizberg. Bergiter was not really at heart a bad man, and he soon became reconciled. He even witnessed the marriage ceremony between Charles and Clara, which took place a few weeks afterwards. Every now and then he visited them at Weizberg; still he did not like Roschoff to jest with him as to his matrimonial prospects. They were, however, good friends, and often hunted together.

Adam Roschoff, still robust and vigorous, has now four grandchildren. He tells everybody who will listen to him that his son-in-law, Norton, is the smartest man in the colony, and if the English Government had their senses about them they would immediately appoint him Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. Clara is of the same opinion. They also try to persuade Norton, but he is contented to live happily and tranquilly with his wife and children.

A GREAT WATERFALL.—A detachment of troops, recently scouting in the valley of the Snake or Lewis fork of the Columbia, discovered a waterfall which is doubtless justly entitled to the distinction of being called the greatest in the world. The entire volume of Snake river pours over a sheer precipice, 198 feet high—38 feet higher than Niagara. Snake river is full as large as the Niagara, and the cascade is in one solid sheet or body. The locality of this immense waterfall is near the point heretofore designated as the Great Shoshone, or Salmon Falls of that river, but they have always been enveloped in mystery. Almost a dozen years ago the writer passed along the Snake river road. For two days we heard the roaring of these falls, but learned no more respecting them than if they had been in the moon. It was said that there were a series of falls and rapids, making a descent of 700 feet in seven miles, and the sound gave color to the report. For hundreds of miles across that great plain, Snake river flows through a canon, with vertical walls, hundreds of feet high. It is only at long intervals that salient points are found by which the river can be reached. The road crosses from point to point of the bends, only approaching close to the river where there is a chance to descend for water. From these facts very few, if any, of the tens of thousands of adventurers who have crossed the plains ever looked upon the Great Falls. The late discoverers report, besides the main cataract, many other of less height, varying from 20 to 50 feet each, near by. Some day they will be visited by the tourist and pleasure-seeker, and be looked upon as frequently and familiarly as Niagara is to day; and it will be admitted that, with the stupendous grandeur of their surroundings, they are as far beyond Niagara as Niagara now excels the balance of the world.

IN MEMORIAM

Of C. K., Killed 17th October—Charleston.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

Oh, fair October! not for me
Your golden glories now are born,
Tear-blinded eyes can never see
The beauty of the night and morn.

In rain for me the misty shine
Of autumn sunlight softly falls,
Across the day I thought divine—
In vain the far-off brooklet calls.

I only think of mournful rains
That beat upon a brave young head—
I only dream of battle pains,
And fields of conquest strewn with dead.

Through all the night I see the gleam—
The sunpinioned light of dying eyes,
And in a wild and broken dream
See gory fields and wrathful skies.

Once more with tears I kneel beside
A bleeding form, that, lying low,
Shall never more to battle ride,
Nor smile a bold and traitrous foe.

Once more I take a mute farewell
From sad pale lips, that never more
Shall tale of love or sorrow tell,
This side the near and shining shore.

Oh, lamented martyr! thou shalt be
A potent presence through the years:
In hours of gloom, the thought of thee
Shall quell all craven doubts and fears!

The early violets o'er thy grave
Shall whisper low thy precious name;
And weep bright tears, that one so brave
Should have no grander requiem.

Yet in the hearts of those who mourn
Thy vanished presence, there shall be
Perpetual grief though fame adorn,
And daily tears at thoughts of thee.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF A BALL.

A FEW weeks ago I had a severe attack of Russomania. Ruffalo, my native town, had decided to my eyes into a most prosaic, out-of-the-way place to be born in, and I would willingly have exchanged it with New Archangel, for even the very Aleutians were, in my delusion, converted into a sturdy, handsome and civilised portion of the community. I christened a young pup I had Alexis Schroff, had my moustache trimmed à la Nicholas, and procured a Russian grammar. I spent three sleepless nights pondering over the thirty and odd signs of the alphabet, but what an intense satisfaction I experienced when, by immense labor, permutations and combinations of letters, I was able to scribble some nondescript writing on every available piece of paper in our office. I used to leave them slily behind me on my desk, or dropped them on the floor, till a friend would cry "Old fellow, what the deuce is this?" "What?" "Well, this confounded writing; is it phonography?" "Oh, no," would I answer, swelling all over, "it is Russian!" and all the fellows stared at me. I even went so far as to give a quarter to an old Dane, whom I had several times opening and shutting carriages at Niblo's door, to write me a Russian letter, and you may judge of the sensation it created among our fellow wags, it was left on my desk by the messenger. From that day my reputation as a linguist was established. When the Russian fleet anchored in our waters my satisfaction was unbounded. I went on board of every ship, shook every sailor by the hand, and made myself perfectly ridiculous with conversing. Should one of the Muscovite tars come ashore, I pounced upon him, dragged him to the nearest saloon and treated him to arrack, bits of candles and charlotte russe. I witnessed with the greatest enthusiasm all the pageantry of the Russian reception, and shouted most lustily at the barouches containing the admiral and his officers. I was certain before I would have attracted by my conduct the attention of everybody, and passed—with some reason—for a lunatic; but all New York seemed to be infected with the same mania, and I merely appeared to be a little warmer-hearted than the common run of the martyrs. One morning Graham arose in the full set of excitement; the invitations for the great Russian ball were to be limited to two thousand. Who should go, and who should be left upon shore, that was the question. The amount of fawning, low-scraping, caressing, petting and bullying done at the time to procure an invitation, defies all kind of calculation.

Mr. Jonathan Shoddy, my employer, was one of the privileged ones, and although a justice in his house, I coolly told my fellow-clerks that I also should go to the ball. How it was to be accomplished, I still knew not, but go I must, and go I would. From the morning I took that resolution it impressed itself on my mind as a settled thing altogether, and I very nearly considered myself as invited. I walked Broadway with a firmer step than before, and looked with pity on the poor passers-by whom I knew would not be there. The string of equipages stationed in front of Tiffany's, and the bevy of handsome women literally jamming his store, filled me with a feeling of intense jubilation. "Buy away, my darlings," said I to myself, "make yourselves very handsome, for John Mullins will be there to look at you, and who knows, he may perhaps pick up that handsome lady and you are bargaining for, and clasp it himself on your snowy wrist; and you, also, my beautiful dark-eyed fairy, will you not allow John Mullins to cool your heated forehead with that handsome fan of yours? or languidly ask him to throw on your round-moulded shoulders that gauzy silken scarf?" And I chuckled so audibly that an old gentleman who was just passing looked daggers at me, murmuring something which sounded very much like impertinence.

That very day, while dining in Hudson street on a veal pie and an apple tart, I hit on the plan which was to be my "open Sesame." I grew so elated, vagantly exhilarated that I astonished the waiter by ordering six extra cups of mocha and a "chaser safe" Before going home I bought a second-hand violin-case, and went to bed the happiest mortal in creation. My dreams that night were exclusively Russian. I dreamed that I danced the Tartar quadrille, dressed in full Cossack uniform, with the Empress of all the Russias for partner, and Admiral Lisovski and Queen Pomare for vis-à-vis. All the assembly had their eyes fixed on me, and the dance being ended to everybody's satisfaction, the Empress gracefully allowed me to kiss her hand and presented me with the cross of the Knight of St. Vladimir and a plantation on the Amoor. Another slide put by Morpheus in his magic lantern and I was sitting at a princely banquet. We feasted on raw lard and lighted composites, and drank cod liver oil in silver tankards, while, by way of fashionable diversion, fifty wives of nobles were betted each course knocked to the amount of fifty lashes a piece. One more slide and I was travelling in a sleigh drawn by a dozen reindeer. The pace was terrific, and it seemed to me that the driver took every minute more gigantic proportions. We crossed a vast frozen plain, and suddenly, seven and as far as my eyes could reach stretched the desolate steppes. I shouted to the driver to stop, but he whipped his horses, laughing most horribly, and the gait was increased. A yelling without in my ear that I was going to the Jungouces, to work in the mines. I attempted to scream and awoke. Menschikoff (my dog) was lying on my chest.

I passed the whole of the day in the greatest trepidation, of course. I forgot the office. I bestowed the utmost care on my toilet, and at the last stroke of six I sallied forth in irreproachable black, a pair of white kids in my pocket and my violin-case in my hand. I felt confident that when the first corner of 14th street till the musicians began to fall in by twos and threes. After a few minutes of intense excitement I followed a gentleman who carried a most extraordinary brass instrument, and a few minutes later I was fairly inside the building. I threw my violin-case in the first available corner, and thanks to my acquaintance with the ballroom, laughing in my sleeve at my cunning introduction. I knew no one there, but to do the genteel thing I posted the room up and down, and nodded familiarly at several ladies and gentlemen, without giving them a chance to make out who I was. After a while the room was pretty well crowded, and I was able to retire near a bow-window, and from there enjoy the spectacle

Should you expect a description of the ball you will be deceived. You have all seen and admired the illustrations of it given in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, and you will not believe that anything to what he described to you so vividly. It might have been an hour or more wrapped in solitary bliss at it did, as my sight fell on, when I was joined by a foreign-looking gentleman, with wonderfully curled whiskers and a bit of blue ribbon at his button-hole. We exchanged some common-place remarks on the ball, the music, and how I came to pass, but we finally exchanged cards, and I read with pride and delight the name of Count Alexander Ivanovitch Ivanoff, and his address, the little bit of pasteboard in the most conspicuous corner of my looking-glass, when the count offered to present me to his countrymen, the Princess Vanoska. I accepted, with a face absolutely beaming with gratitude, and a few steps brought us before the princess, who, with a grand air, only bowed most respectfully, while the count was introducing me as "a friend of his."

The princess was certainly very beautiful, not over twenty-five years of age, and with deep, dark eyes, fringed with long, soft eyelashes. She must have had a great affection for low dresses, and wished the whole world to participate in them, her bust was so fair, and her arm so plump and white, that I could hardly find fault with it. She certainly did not look as much at ease with strange ladies, but I attributed it to her foreign extraction. She was very polite and amiable, and invited me to call on her husband, who was desirous to make my acquaintance, and to see me, the count was such a good and old friend of hers." Once she spoke two or three words to my companion in Russian, and I thought that Russian sounded very much like Irish, but that was my ignorance, of course. Another gentleman whisked up and begged the princess having led the princess to a waltz, I remained alone with the count.

"My dear Mr. Mullins," he said, in a most offhand manner, "you hardly would believe what a charming creature is the princess." I recriminated, pouring at once a flood of eulogies and compliments, but he stopped me by waving his hand and smiling goodnaturedly

"She is," said he, "one of the richest women in Russia, possesses mines of gold, and tar and fisheries on the Volga, but for all that the best-humored and most unpretending of all fair ones. You shall judge for yourself. I have called at all your rooms to-morrow night, and we shall go together to pay our respects in Union square.

I was in the seventh heaven; I could have hugged the count in my arms, but I merely proffered my thanks, and an appointment was made for the next evening at eight o'clock. The rest of the evening was enchanted for me. The count had fairly intoxicated me with his advances and his compliments, and when after supper I made bold to hand the princess to her carriage, I was so intrinsically happy that I threw a dollar to a porter who had taken off his hat to me.

The count was punctual to a minute, and arm in arm we directed our steps to Union square. The princess was alone with the curly-whiskered gentleman of the ball, and received me most graciously. At first I felt a little shy and bashful, but her open manners soon put me at ease, and I spent a most delightful evening.

From that day I saw a good deal of the count, and insensibly fell in love with the princess. I went to most expensive tailors, and increased my bill at the tailor's and haberdasher's to an alarming extent. I once intimated to the count that his lady friend's dress maker would be a second-hand violin-case, and went to bed the happiest mortal in creation. My dreams that night were exclusively Russian. I dreamed that I danced the Tartar quadrille, dressed in full Cossack uniform, with the Empress of all the Russias for partner, and Admiral Lisovski and Queen Pomare for vis-à-vis. All the assembly had their eyes fixed on me, and the dance being ended to everybody's satisfaction, the Empress gracefully allowed me to kiss her hand and presented me with the cross of the Knight of St. Vladimir and a plantation on the Amoor. Another slide put by Morpheus in his magic lantern and I was sitting at a princely banquet. We feasted on raw lard and lighted composites, and drank cod liver oil in silver tankards, while, by way of fashionable diversion, fifty wives of nobles were betted each course knocked to the amount of fifty lashes a piece. One more slide and I was travelling in a sleigh drawn by a dozen reindeer. The pace was terrific, and it seemed to me that the driver took every minute more gigantic proportions. We crossed a vast frozen plain, and suddenly, seven and as far as my eyes could reach stretched the desolate steppes. I shouted to the driver to stop, but he whipped his horses, laughing most horribly, and the gait was increased. A yelling without in my ear that I was going to the Jungouces, to work in the mines. I attempted to scream and awoke. Menschikoff (my dog) was lying on my chest.

I passed the whole of the day in the greatest trepidation, of course. I forgot the office. I bestowed the utmost care on my toilet, and at the last stroke of six I sallied forth in irreproachable black, a pair of white kids in my pocket and my violin-case in my hand. I felt confident that when the first corner of 14th street till the musicians began to fall in by twos and threes. After a few minutes of intense excitement I followed a gentleman who carried a most extraordinary brass instrument, and a few minutes later I was fairly inside the building. I threw my violin-case in the first available corner, and thanks to my acquaintance with the ballroom, laughing in my sleeve at my cunning introduction. I knew no one there, but to do the genteel thing I posted the room up and down, and nodded familiarly at several ladies and gentlemen, without giving them a chance to make out who I was. After a while the room was pretty well crowded, and I was able to retire near a bow-window, and from there enjoy the spectacle

Should you expect a description of the ball you will be deceived. You have all seen and admired the illustrations of it given in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, and you will not believe that anything to what he described to you so vividly. It might have been an hour or more wrapped in solitary bliss at it did, as my sight fell on, when I was joined by a foreign-looking gentleman, with wonderfully curled whiskers and a bit of blue ribbon at his button-hole. We exchanged some common-place remarks on the ball, the music, and how I came to pass, but we finally exchanged cards, and I read with pride and delight the name of Count Alexander Ivanovitch Ivanoff, and his address, the little bit of pasteboard in the most conspicuous corner of my looking-glass, when the count offered to present me to his countrymen, the Princess Vanoska. I accepted, with a face absolutely beaming with gratitude, and a few steps brought us before the princess, who, with a grand air, only bowed most respectfully, while the count was introducing me as "a friend of his."

The princess was certainly very beautiful, not over twenty-five years of age, and with deep, dark eyes, fringed with long, soft eyelashes. She must have had a great affection for low dresses, and wished the whole world to participate in them, her bust was so fair, and her arm so plump and white, that I could hardly find fault with it. She certainly did not look as much at ease with strange ladies, but I attributed it to her foreign extraction. She was very polite and amiable, and invited me to call on her husband, who was desirous to make my acquaintance, and to see me, the count was such a good and old friend of hers." Once she spoke two or three words to my companion in Russian, and I thought that Russian sounded very much like Irish, but that was my ignorance, of course. Another gentleman whisked up and begged the princess having led the princess to a waltz, I remained alone with the count.

"My dear Mr. Mullins," he said, in a most offhand manner, "you hardly would believe what a charming creature is the princess." I recriminated, pouring at once a flood of eulogies and compliments, but he stopped me by waving his hand and smiling goodnaturedly

"She is," said he, "one of the richest women in Russia, possesses mines of gold, and tar and fisheries on the Volga, but for all that the best-humored and most unpretending of all fair ones. You shall judge for yourself. I have called at all your rooms to-morrow night, and we shall go together to pay our respects in Union square.

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"MY DEAR COUNT—Should you find it convenient to call at my room 9, to-morrow evening at six o'clock, I will be happy to settle all accounts with you.—Yours truly,

"JOHN MULLINS."

"Yes," grinned Mr. Graham, "we shall settle all accounts, and no mistake."

The next day at five o'clock Mr. Graham was with me. He gave me some instructions and then retired to my bedroom. A few minutes before six arrived the count. I received him most politely, offered him a cigar, and while we brought the conversation on the object of his visit. I walked to my *escritoire*, and taking out some bills, I asked him to let me see my acceptances. He produced them immediately.

"Verily," said I, looking at the signatures, "my hand was well imitated yesterday night."

This was a signal, and the words were hardly sw of my mouth that Mr. Graham was in the room.

"Jack Farrington," said he, marching to the count, "you are my prisoner. I arrest you for the burglary committed at Hoboken, on the 18th of July last"

The count put his hand to his breast pocket, but the detective was too quick for him.

"Stop that," said he, sternly, pointing a revolver at him; "stop that, or I shoot you down."

"Be kind enough to open the window, and show yourself," said to me.

I did so, and two constables came up, and conveyed "my noble friend" to the Tombs.

A couple of months more of chilling took place in me. I burned my Russian grammar, kicked Menschikoff ignominiously out of doors, laughed at myself whenever I was seen hearing people talk of Russian princesses and Muscovite counts, and looked upon the Russians as a race of semi-barbarians, who ought most unmercifully crushing under a yoke of iron the noble-minded Poles.

GREAT FIRE AT HARTFORD, CONN.

By the burning of Colt's mammoth manufactory of pistols and rifles, on the morning of the 5th inst., there were destroyed a million of dollars worth of property, half a million dollars' worth of machinery, and the balance of two millions of dollars worth of other property. The engraving of the Springfield *Union*, who was on the spot, says:

"The main walls of the factory began to tumble in at various points as early as 9 o'clock. Huge masses of flaming timber were seen to fall every minute, and the roar of the flames combined with the ringing hollow of fire and the intense heat, were enough to appal the stoutest hearts. No effort was made to get the stock and where the bodies of the burned ones were reported to be. Many of the firemen had narrow escapes from death. Whether any were killed or not was not certainly known.

"The crushing down of a part of the walls would be followed by a sudden increase of fire, as it put to drive back the crowd in haste to a distance of some yards.

"We have never known a fire to spread so rapidly. It commenced in the building, and in half an hour spoken of.

"The fire is a serious calamity to Hartford. The sudden loss of work by between 600 and 2,000 mechanics, but it was found impracticable. It will be seriously felt in all the local interests of that city. The insurance will be a great blessing. It will take probably two years to rebuild and put their extensive establishments as good as new.

"The large Government contracts of the works had been nearly all filled, and the armory of the State of Georgia is a regular sale work, for which there was a ready demand.

"The whole insurance was $750,000."

The Springfield *Union* says, very truly, that, when first discovered, the fire could have been easily subdued, but it was found impracticable to put upon which the building is only discovered had been tampered with by incendiaries. This leads to the suspicion that the fire was the work of an incendiary.

A despatch from Hartford says that the work will continue to give employment to 700 or 800 men, and that about $500,000 will be thrown up. The main body was known to be killed, and there is one missing. As to the origin of the fire, it is clear it is a mystery.

THE ENROLLMENT ACT.

THE noticeable points of the amended Enrollment or Conscription Bill are these:

Any person drafted may furnish a substitute, and if the substitute is not liable to conscription during the time the substitute is exempt, but is exceeding the number for the district, he is not liable; if he is liable, the principal shall be liable in filling future quotas. If the drafted person pay commutation, such payment shall not be made only for the year ending, and no case shall his exemption extend beyond one year.

Persons who have conscientious scruples against bearing arms, and who are declared to be such on affirmation, may be assigned, when drafted, to hospital service, or pay not exceeding $300 for nurses and wounded soldiers.

Persons who have voted or held office shall be liable to draft. Mariners or able seamen drafted may, within eight days, enlist in the naval service, for a period not exceeding three years, and the whole number of seamen thus entered shall not exceed 10,000. Drafts to be entered and enlisted soldiers of the drafted men but entered the military service. No person is to be enrolled or drafted who is serving a consul, or acting minister, or who is liable to draft, or who is employed or customarily employed in any civil office of the United States, and persons who have served two years during the war shall not be been honorably discharged from the service.

Persons resisting the enrollment, or aiding and abetting the resistance, shall be punished by fine not exceeding $500, or by imprisonment not exceeding five years, or both. Persons procuring exemption by fraud shall be deemed deserters and punished as such, and held for service in the field term of the draft. Persons who procures or attempts to procure a report for himself or another, or who physical condition to be imprisoned for the period of the draft. Surgeons guilty of malfeasance shall be punished by fine and imprisonment.

The 9th section of Mr. Stevens's amended amendment, providing for the enrollment of all able-bodied male citizens of African descent between 20 and 45, and for their draft in the quota of 300,000 called for by the slave, the Secretary of War to appoint a Commission in each State State represented in Congress to award compensation, not exceeding $300, to the masters of colored soldiers.

The Senate contains important amendments to the Senate bill, and of course returns to the Senate for concurrence.

A QUAKER in New Orleans is so upright in all his dealings that he won't sit down to eat.



OUR FANCY DRESS BALLS—MASQUERADE OF THE ARION SO



ARION SOCIETY, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11.

WOUNDED.

Lay me lie down,
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree.
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat; and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer;
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
Like the tempest we charged, in triumph to share;
The tempest—its fury and thunder we there;
On, on, o'er entrenchments, o'er living and dead,
With the foe under foot and our flag overhead:
Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint,
Prone on the soldier's couch, sh, how can I rest
With this shot-shattered head and sabre-pierced breast?
Comrades, scroll-call, when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!
Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and shell,
Through without falt'ring—clear through with a yell,
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of Doom!
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!
Some things are worthless, and some others so good
That nations who buy them pay only in blood;
For Freedom and Union each man owes his part,
And here I pay my share all warm from my heart:
It is duty!

Dying at last!
My mother, dear mother, with meek tearful eye,
Farewell! and God bless you, for ever and ever!
Oh, that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest:
Dying at last!

I am no saint,
But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins,
"Our Father;" and then says, "Forgive us our sins!"
Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and there
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say Amen!
Ah, I'm no saint!

Hark!—there's a shout!
Raise me up, comrades! We have conquered, I know!
Up, up on my feet, with my face to the foe!
Ah, there flies the Flag, with its Star-Spangles bright,
The promise of Glory, the symbol of Right!
Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out!
O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression and wrong!
O land of earth's hope, on thy blood-reddened sod
I die for the Nation, the Union and God!
I'm mustered out!

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

MRS. HARRINGTON plunged into her natural element at once; Mr. Rhodes was a rich widower, at vulgar and pompous as could well be imagined; but that made no difference, the lady spread her flimsy net and put on all her fascinations at once, leaving the youngsters to their fate. This was splendid sport to Elsie, for Miss Jemima, the daughter, was a gaunt, peaked-nose female, who had been Miss Jemima Harrington many years than she found agreeable, and when any woman ventured even to look at her stout parent, she was up in arms at once and ready for battle against the threatened danger. Mr. Rhodes was at once captivated by the widow's flattery, and Elsie mischievously increased the lady's growing irritation by all sorts of whispers full of homicidal malice.

"Quite a flirtation, I declare," said she; "really, Miss Jemima, you ought to be careful, widows are very dangerous, and she is so fascinating."

"It's ridiculous for a woman to go on so," returned the spinster, shaking her head in vehement indignation; "and as for Mr. Rhodes, I'm sure, my pa isn't likely to be caught with chaff like that."

"Oh, but Mrs. Harrington is considered irresistible."

"Well, I can't see it for my part," retorted Jemima; "she's a tolerable specimen of antique prudishness, but my pa isn't given to the fine arts."

"Oh! Mrs. Harrington," called Elsie, "I wish you could induce Mr. Rhodes to give us a picnic in his woods; now the weather gets too cold—they are very lovely."

Miss Jemima looked as if she had three minds to strangle the pretty torment on the spot.

"La! dear," said Mrs. Harrington, "I am sure I could have no influence."

"Oh, you patient bowing!" muttered Jemima.

"I should be delighted—charmed!" exclaimed Mr. Rhodes. "Madam, it would be a day never to be forgotten that honored my poor house with your presence." he broke off puffing, till the brass buttons on his seat shook like ballstones.

"Oh, you are a dreadful flatterer, I see!" simpered the widow, quite aware of Jemima's rage and delighted to increase it.

"Madam," said the stout man, "on the honor of a gentleman, I never flatter. Miss Elsie, did'nt me."

"Not unless you promise to get up the picnic," said the little witch. "Miss Jemima is anxious to have it—"

"La! dear," broke in the acid damsel, unable to endure anything more, "I am sure I never thought of such a thing. don't speak for me."

"But you will be delighted, you know you will."

"Pa's got to go to Philadelphia," said she, sharply.

"But I could defer the trip, Mimy," said her parent, appealingly.

"Business is business, you always say," retorted the damsel.

Elsie gave a little scream.

"Why, how old," said she. "Mrs. Harrington goes to Philadelphia next week—you can escort her, Mr. Rhodes, she is a sad coward about traveling, I believe."

"I shall be delighted," said the widower, "delighted."

Jemima fairly groaned; she tried to turn her agony into a cough, but it began as a groan; both Elsie and Mrs. Harrington were convinced of that, and it delighted them beyond measure.

"I'll wait on you next week, if Mr. Rhodes," said the widow, "but Elsie, you are an inconsiderate little puss, to think of him taking so much trouble."

"It would be an honor and delight to me," he insisted.

Jemima resolutely arose from her chair, and planted herself in a seat directly in front of her parent—he could not avoid her eye then—the wrath upon them him hesitate and stammer.

"Miss Jemima," said Elsie, "come and look at my geraniums; I think they are finer even than yours."

But nothing short of a torpedo exploding under her chair would have made the heroic damsel quit her post, not for one instant would she leave her parent exposed to the wiles of that abominable widow.

"My dear, I'm so tired," said she, "you must excuse me."

"Perhaps you'd like to go and lie down," persisted Elsie.

"You look fatigued," said Mrs. Harrington.

"Do I, ma'am; you're very kind, I'm sure," snapped the spinster, trying to smile. "I never lie down in the daytime; I'm very comfortable where I am, thank you."

She might be very much at ease herself, but she made her father very uncomfortable, while Elsie and the widow were tossing for a ride for a single instant, till Elizabeth returned to the room and brought them to a little better order.

Luckily Jemima's attention was not Miss Jemima's feelings were softened a little by that, especially as she reflected that her father would be obliged to lend Miss Elsie the dog-cart, because that dreadful Elsie destroyed even that forlorn hope.

"Bessie," said she, "we must ask Mr. Rhodes to play backgammon at the foot of the table, so he shall lead Mrs. Harrington in."

Even Elizabeth could not repress a smile at the little of malicious craft, and there was nothing to be said. The wretched Jemima grew fairly white with rage, but she was obliged to control herself, and the dinner passed off in the gayest manner possible.

At a very early hour Miss Jemima insisted upon returning home, but Elsie had a parting shaft ready for her.

"I have persuaded Mrs. Harrington and these gentlemen to stay over to-morrow," said she; "so we'll all drive in your house and take dinner, Miss Jemima, by way of returning your visit."

The spinster was compelled to express her gratification, but, once home, she hurried to retired herself and her father to dinner at Piney Cove, but her face was a perfect study while the pleasant programme for the morrow was laid.

"We shall be in ecstasy," said Mr. Rhodes.

"You will be in New York," retorted Jemima; "you know you have to go early in the morning."

"My dear, that duty will do as well."

"Now, pa, you know you said—"

"Oh, Miss Jemima," broke in Elsie, "I shall think you a monster if you refuse us."

"And I," said the widow, "shall be mortally offended if Mr. Rhodes runs away the very first time I have had the pleasure of seeing him at home."

"Of course, of course!" said the stout man.

"My daughter, Mimy, is a great business woman—girl, I mean—she knows more like this even business must wait. Ladies, I go home to dream of the honor to-morrow will bring."

"Well, pa, if you will dawdle we had better start," cried the spinster; "we are keeping the horses in the cold."

She made her farewells very brief and carried off her parent in triumph, darting a last defiant look at the widow as she passed.

The moment they were gone Elsie went into convulsions of laughter, clapping her pretty white hands like a child. She cried out:

"She'll poison you, Mary Harrington, I know she will."

"My dear, I'll eat luncheon before I go."

Even Elizabeth was forced to laugh at the ridiculous scene. Elsie mimicked the spinster and turned the affair in so many ridiculous ways that it afforded general amusement for the rest of the evening.

The whole party did drive over to Mr. Rhodes's house the next day, and Miss Jemima was tormented out of her very senses; and Mr. Rhodes was made to appear as ridiculous as only a pompous old widower, with a weakness for the sex, can be made to look.

The question of the picnic came up again, but Elizabeth settled that matter by refusing to have anything to do with it. She was in no spirits for such amusement.

From that day out Miss Jemima always felt a liking for Mrs. Mellen, who had so quietly come to her rescue, and she was the only one of the party whose claret would not have proved a fatal dose to the spinster's sharp glances or secret wishes could have had their due effect.

From some caprice Mrs. Harrington prolonged her stay at Piney Cove for an entire week, and all this time she protested against either of the gentlemen who had accompanied her there returning without her. Elsie, in her careless, childish way, seconded the widow's wishes two men dropped into such easy relations with the family that it seemed difficult to assign any period to their visit Nothing could be quieter than Mr. North's mode of life during his sojourn at the house. If he joined in the light conversation so prevalent at all times, it was with a quiet grace that enabled it without offering rebuke. He seemed to give no preference to the society of any one of the three ladies, but was frequently attended Mrs. Harrington in her walks and rides. To Elsie he was reserved, almost paternal, and in his society the young girl would become grave, sometimes thoughtful.

If this man ever had more than ordinary intercourse with his hostess no one witnessed it, yet a close observer might have seen that he watched her with a quiet vigilance that bespoke some deep interest in her movements. Those who have seen a man watch a lion-house at night and wander cautiously from room to room, as if to fix a plan of the dwelling in his mind, will understand that the watch seemed so purely accidental, had its object; but no one could have discovered, by look or movement, what that object was.

At last the party broke up and returned to the city. Elsie went with them. At first Mrs. Mellen opposed her going, but the pretty creature was resolute enough when her own wishes were concerned, and would listen to no opposition.

"I am not going to live in this stupid place, like a nun in a convent, just because my brother desires to amuse himself in California," she said, when Elizabeth would have dissuaded her from leaving them. "I tell you, I would not wish it. I am not married and obliged to shut myself up and play proper lice you. It's downright cruel of you wanting me to stay here. I'm half dead with grieving already. The house isn't like home without Grant. At any rate, I'm going."

She carried nearly Elizabeth had no absolute authority which could enforce obedience on a creature at once so stubborn and so volatile. So she made no further opposition, fearing that anything like violent measures might prove distasteful to her husband.

But one day now remained of Mrs. Harrington's unwelcome visit. The whole party, except Elizabeth, were to start for New York in the morning, where Mrs. Harrington had resolved to open a splendid succession of receptions and parties in Elsie's behalf.

This last day Elsie declared should be the crowning glory of Mrs. Harrington's visit. They would ride down to the seaside tavern on horseback, have a chowder party on the precipice that divided it, bathe in the ocean, and return home at dusk or by moonlight, as caprice might determine. Mr. Rhodes and Miss Jemima were to be invited, and some of the colored servants were forwarded early in the morning to superintend the arrangements. The dew was hanging thick and bright on the lawn when Mr. Rhodes and his daughter rode up to the Piney Point mansion. A group of horses was gathered in front of the veranda, and a little crowd of ladies, in long riding habits, with gauntlet gloves and pretty hats, stood chatting around the door.

Mr. Rhodes preferred to sit on his handsome bay horse, and after having party to arrange itself, for it was rather inconvenient for him to mount and dismount his high-stepping horse oftener than was absolutely necessary. As for Jemima, she rode a long-legged, slender-bodied horse, and sat him in grim dignity, as the dames of old occupied their high palfreys. Even the beaver hat rose high, and the stiff tuft of feathers that rose from it in front gave a dash of the military to her unusually dejected aspect.

She drew her horse up to the front steps, and sat grimly regarding the city widow, as that lady shook out the folds of her riding-skirt, pulled the gauntlets of her gloves straighter, and, last, and kept her cornelian-headed riding-whip in a constant state of vibration, for the benefit of that unhappy and too admiring widower on the great bay horse.

The party mounted at last, and cantered in a gay cavalcade across the city, leaving the mansion behind them almost in solitude. It was a lovely day, bright and fresh with sunshine, and a cool breeze from the ocean. Mrs. Mellen that day seemed among the most joyous of the party. Whatever care had possessed her she evidently left behind her, and rode rang out among the most cheerful, and her face grew beautiful in the animation of the moment.

At first the party moved on at random; but when the road branched off into a long tract of the woodland the equestrians naturally broke up into pairs, and, either by chance or design, Mr. North joined Elizabeth, who was riding a little in advance. It was almost the first time they'st he had seemed to prefer her society openly during his whole visit, and this movement naturally created a little observation. Elsie looked after the splendid pair as they rode under the overhanging trees, with an expression of subdued wonder in her blue eyes which amounted almost to dismay. Mrs. Harrington laughed with as much meaning as her small share of intellect could concentrate on one idea, and said in a low voice to Elsie:

"Did I not tell you they had met before? She has been playing dutiful as long as she could; see how she breaks out now. Look! look! she is turning down a cross road; it is a mile farther round."

"We will go on direct," said Elsie. "If my brother's wife chooses to ride off alone with any man through the woods, let her. It was decided that we should take the highway, and we will."

Elsie spoke with decision, a cold light came into her blue eyes, and the expression about her lips was almost stern; for a moment the girl was transformed before her friend.

At the cross roads there was a little debate. Miss Jemima turned her horse in the direction Elizabeth had taken. The more intelligent pups was following this lead, when Mr. Hawkins was sent forward to arrest him.

"Straight ahead, that's the programme," he said, tak ng the gold head of his riding-whip from his mouth long enough to speak clearly, "Miss Elsie told me to call you back."

"And the—the other lady," stammered Rhodes, flushing red, to the intense scorn of the spinster.

"Oh, she's gone ahead."

"Then I take this way," exclaimed Jemima, with emphasis; "come, pa."

Mr. Rhodes had wheeled his horse half round, and was casting irresolute looks towards the two ladies riding slowly along the shady road.

"But, daughter, we cannot leave them to ride on alone."

"This—this—person is with them, and they seem to count him as a man," answered Jemima, with a gesture of supreme scorn.

Mrs. Harrington here was seen to draw up her horse in the shade of a huge chestnut, and playfully beckon the widower with her whip.

"Jemima, I must. It would be underbred," cried the desperate man, riding away to the enemy.

Jemima sat upon her horse, petrified with amusement. Her father looked anxiously back while the resolute widow whip and forebodings of the tempest that would follow, but there the spinster sat at the cross roads like an equestrian statue.

"Come, come," said the widow, touching him playfully with her whip, "Elsie is getting impatient. Now for a race."

Her spirited horse dashed forward at a run. The ponderous steed of the widower thundered after, making the forest reverberate with the heavy fall of his hoofs.

Mr. Hawkins fell into a dainty amble, and away the whole party swept into the green shadows of the woods.

Jemima looked right and she looked left. Should she ride on and leave her pa in the hands of that designing creature? Perish the thought, better anything than that! She turned her horse. It turned sharply, and swept down the highway like a greyhound. She struck him on the flank, then the fiery lash of her whip quivered about his ears till he dashed on, flinging back dust and stones with his hoofs.

The party was riding fast. Mr. Hawkins by Elsie, Mr. Rhodes close to the widow—so close, that somehow her right hand, whip and all, had got entangled with his. They were on a curve of the road, around which Jemima came sweeping like a torrent. With a single bound her horse rushed in between them, leaving the heavy gauntlet glove in the grasp of that frightened man, and the cornelian-headed whip deep in the mud of the highway.

Not a word was spoken. The widower sank abjectly down in his saddle, and with his apprehensive eyes turned sideways on the spinster, surreptitiously thrust the empty glove into the folds of his pocket. The widow, convulsed with mingled laughter and rage, gave no doubt of genuine color now, for her face was crimson. Then the two prisoners under military guard, they moved on, with Jemima riding in grim vigilance between them.

The spot chosen for the chowder-party commanded a splendid sea view, and a broad landscape in the inland direction. On the ground a mountain of Piney Cove was a principal object. It was an abrupt precipice, clothed, except in the very front, with a rich growth of trees, whose branches of white pine and clumps of hemlock darkened with the deep green of their foliage such forest trees as cast their shadows in autumn till spring time. The broken precipice in front was tufted here and there with clumps of barberry bushes and other wild shrubs, which might have added a daring adventurer to climb; but he had the merit of safe sufficient. Between this precipice and the shores of the ocean stood the little tavern we have before spoken of, from the windows of which Fleury Point were now bringing up a huge iron pot wherein to cook the chowder, which would be nothing if not hot. In front of the open air, over a fire of sticks, and eaten beneath the hemlock trees.

A bridle path led to the top of this precipice, winding about and back again, and was used by this route the highway party rode to the summit some fifteen minutes before Elizabeth and Mr. North joined them. Whatever other feelings had sprung up on the road, at least a majority of the picnickers seemed resolved to enjoy themselves now. Jemima entered heart and soul into the preparations, keeping a sharp eye on her father all the time, and gave his whole being up to the important subject.

Mrs. Harrington had no great talent for cookery, and feeling beaten and awed by Jemima's dashing generalship, hovered around the outskirts of the preparations, flirting a little with Hawkins, from languid habit rather than any special regard for the young gentleman.

During the bustle these preparations Elizabeth, Mr. North and Elsie had dropped out of the party and wandered off, no doubt, into the shady places of the woods; no one had observed how or

where they went. Hawkins had been with Elsie at first, but she had rent him down a ravine for some wild honeysuckle, and when he came back to the stone on which she had been sitting it was vacant. Probably she had become tired of waiting and had gone in search of the honeysuckle herself; as for Mrs. Mellen and North, of course they were all right somewhere, and would be on hand safe enough when the chowder was ready.

While Mrs. Harrington and Hawkins were talking in this idle fashion, they sat on a large ledge of rock that crowned the very brink of the precipice, and chancing to look down, saw two persons near the foot moving towards the tavern. One they recognized, even from that distance, to be Mr. North; for his tall, grand figure was not to be mistaken. The other was a lady; the dark riding-dress and floating plume might belong to any female of the party, there was no individuality in a dress like that. The couple had evidently found some passage down the face of the precipice, for it would have been impossible to reach the spot where they stood by any other route.

"Well," said Mrs. Harrington, "if that isn't a sly proceeding; what on earth does it mean? How Mrs. Mellen can drag her long skirts down that hill, just to look at a common tavern, which she's seen a hundred times, I cannot imagine."

"Perhaps they are going down to the beach," said Hawkins, who had no more malice in his composition than a fellow.

"No, no! they are turning toward the house," said the widow, considerably excited. "What can they want there?"

"Oh, very likely they have gone in to rest. You know North lives there when he comes on the island to fish or shoot."

"What! Mr. North, he live there and never tell me! I thought he was a perfect stranger on the island?"

"As to that," answered Hawkins, a little startled by her earnestness, "he only comes down for a day now and then. It's nothing permanent, I assure you."

"There! there! they have gone in!" exclaimed the lady. "I wonder where Elsie is; I must tell Elsie."

"Why, what nonsense!" answered Hawkins, with some spirit; "can't Mrs. Mellen step into a house to rest herself a moment without troubling her friends so terribly?"

"Just be quiet, Hawkins, you don't know what you are talking about," answered the lady, keeping her gaze fastened on the tavern. "Turn an eye on the house while I look at the time. It must be five o'clock, or since they went in. Dear, dear, what a world we live in!"

Mrs. Harrington kept the little enamelled watch, sparkling with diamonds, in her ungloved hand full six minutes, and then stepped down to the door of the tavern in her vigilance. At the end of that time Mr. North and his companion came out of the house and disappeared by the path undergrowth which lay between that and the precipice.

Mrs. Harrington watched some time for them to appear again, but her curiosity was baffled, and her attention soon directed to other objects. At last she was aroused by Elsie coming suddenly upon the lady, flushed, panting for breath, and glowing with anger. She turned upon Hawkins like a spiteful mockingbird.

"A pretty escort you are, Mr. Hawkins, to leave a lone lady alone in the woods. I declare, Mrs. Harrington, he lost me in one of those dreadful ravines, and I scrambled up the wrong bank and have been wandering everywhere, climbing rocks and tiring myself to death. Only think of dragging this long skirt over my arm and tearing my way through the bushes. I heard the servants laugh and that guided me, or I might have been roaming the woods now."

"My poor dear," said the widow, full of compassion, "how heated and wearied you look! Hawkins, can't you find something to fan her with?"

Hawkins broke off a branch full of leaves and offered to fan her with it. But she snatched it out of his hand and flung it over the precipice.

"Where is mother? Go tell Elizabeth I want to speak with her, if you want to make up with me."

"We have not seen Mrs. Mellen since you went away; nor Mr. North either. They have finished the lunch by strolling off together," said Mrs. Harrington.

Elsie started, and the warm color faded from her face.

"What! Elizabeth; has she been roaming about?" and—and——"

"With Mr. North, Elsie."

The tone in which this was said conveyed more than the words. At first Elsie looked bewildered; then, as if her gentle spirit had received the shock of a painful idea, fell into troubled thought.

"And you saw her go away," she said, in a low voice. "In what direction?"

"We did not know her or when she went, but certainly did see her and Mr. North together."

"Where?"

"Down yonder, going into that tavern!"

Elsie gazed into her friend's face, startled and astonished.

"She would not go there. You must be mistaken, Mrs. Harrington. No person could be recognised from this distance—it's all nonsense."

"Ask her," said Mrs. Harrington, "for here she comes."

Elizabeth came up from a hollow in the woods and joined the party. She seemed completely worn out, and sat down on a fragment of rock, panting for breath. She was very pale, as if some great exertion had left the weariness of reaction upon her. She had evidently rested somewhere before joining them.

Elizabeth, where have you been?" said Elsie, looking anxiously at her sister-in-law.

"Down in the woods."

Elizabeth pointed to the forest that sloped back from the precipice.

Before Elsie could resume her questions Mrs. Harrington broke in with a faint sneer on her lips.

"And where did you leave Mr. North?" she said, fixing a cunning, sidelong glance on Elizabeth's face.

"I have not seen Mr. North," answered Mrs. Mellen, with apparent indifference, though the hot color mounted to her cheek, brought there either by some inward consciousness or the perceptible sneer levelled at her in the form of a question.

"I've seen Mr. North," exclaimed the widow, folding her hands demurely, and smiling down on them as they rested in her lap; "dear me, what things optical delusions are!"

Elizabeth did not hear or heed this, for that instant Mr. North came up to them very quietly and sat down near the widow.

"Oh, I've had a pleasant ramble?" he said, addressing Elsie. "I saw you and Hawkins in the woods and had half a mind to join you."

"And he changed your mind and—may I ask where?" said Elsie, with a shade of pallor on her face; for it seemed as if the man had surprised her with bitter thoughts of his deception in her mind, and remembering her brother, she could not refrain from revealing something of distrust.

"Oh, I took a ramble around the brow of the precipice," he answered, carelessly, "and went into the tavern for a glass of water."

"And the lady," said Elsie, looking steadily in his face. "What lady was in a riding-dress who bore you company? Mrs Harrington saw one from her perch here on the ledge."

North cast a quick glance on Elizabeth, who did not speak, but sat looking from him to her sister-in-law, as if stricken by some sudden terror.

"It was a mistake. No lady shared my rambles," said North.

"But there was a lady," cried Mrs. Harrington, "a good deal excited by the path with my own eyes. Mr. Hawkins remarked her too."

North smiled and shook his head.

"She had on a riding-habit and an upright plume like—"

"Well, well," said North, gently, "it is useless going with the subject. I assure you that I went down the precipice alone, and saw no lady."

Mrs. Harrington looked at Elsie and smiled.

"Of course he is in honor bound to say that," she whispered.

Elsie seemed disturbed and answered quickly, "I, for one, believe that he speaks truth. It is folly to suppose that he would tell a lie about it, besides, it was just as likely to be me as Elizabeth our habits are alike."

"Poor generous sister!" whispered the widow; "you know better; but if you are satisfied it's no business of mine, only if Mellen asks me about it I must tell the truth."

"Mary Harrington, you must have better good than this before you dare to make mischief between husband and wife," said Elsie, with a force of expression that made the widow open her eyes wide. "Don't be slanderous and wicked, for I won't have that, especially against Elizabeth."

"Dear me, what a storm! Well, well, well, well, I did not see a lady, that's enough. And there comes that wonderful colored person of yours, to say that the lunch is spread and the chowder perfect. Come, come, one and all."

The whole party were assembled on the ledge by this time. As Mrs. Harrington spoke she moved, moved off and went laughing and chatting towards a large flat rock, that gleamed out from among the trees and overlooked the sea like a crusted snow bank, so white and crisp was the linen spread upon it. Here a dainty repast presented itself, for the smoking chowder was there, and a stool in the centre gave its name to what was, in fact, a rude breakfast table. Directly the noise of flying corks and the gurgle of champagne arose, with bursts of laughter and flashes of wit, frightening the gulls from their nests in the great tulip-tree overhead, and made its rich yellow blossoms tremble again in the sunshine that was quivering over the forest and rippled up the broad ocean with silvery outbursts.

Whatever had gone before, all was bluffly and hearty comradeship now. Even Elsie, for some out surreptitiously; such graceful compliments, such bright flashes of wit no one had ever heard from the lips that fell from Elizabeth's talent of every one present. When the party broke up from its members went to the covert where their horses had been tied, it was joyously, like birds flying home to their nests.

A ride through the golden coolness of a lovely sunset brought the party back to Piney Cove, and all that had gone before during the day seemed forgotten.

The visitors were to start for New York early in the morning, and, as all were somewhat wearied, the house was closed somewhat earlier than usual.

Elsie had retired earlier than the rest, having some preparations to make for the day's journey. She busied herself awhile about her boudoir and bedroom, selecting a few articles of jewellery and so on to be packed, then sat down and rested awhile; tired of that, she turned down the lights in the sumptuous lily cups, which one of the statues held, sat down in the deep moonshine with which she had thus flooded the room, and fell into a train of reveries she thought; a pale gleam darted up now and then from the lilies and trembled through the flossile curls under which she had thrust her hands, revealing a face more earnest and thoughtful than was usual to the gay young creature. Whether it was that she had become anxious from the dart of suspicion that had been that day cast on her brother's wife or was disturbed by some other cause I cannot say, but her eyes shone bright and clear in the pale radiance that surrounded her, and now and then, she would start up and listen at Elizabeth's door, as if about to enter and question her of the things that evidently troubled her mind. At last she fell into quiet, and lying on the couch scarcely seemed to breathe. It was almost midnight then. The house was still, and she could hear the distant waves beating against the shore. She closed her eyes and listened dreamily, reluctant to seek any other place of rest, yet changing the many cushions of her couch impatiently from one to the other.

At last, as she half rose for this purpose, a noise from the outer room, which was a square passage or hall, in which were placed some bronze statues and antique shields, arrested her attention. Resting on her elbow, she held her breath and listened.

The noise was repeated more distinctly. It seemed as if a door had been opened with caution. Elsie arose, stole softly across the carpet, turned the lock of her door and threw open door and entered the passage, carrying a little nightlamp in her hand, which she had kindled among the alabaster lilies. She had half crossed the hall, resting frightened looks around, when a cry of dismay broke from her lips, for close by the door which led to her sister-in-law's apartments she saw Elizabeth standing, pale as death, but with her eyes burning like fire, turned upon a man who stood leaning against one of the statues. It was Mr. North.

The two women stood face to face, regarding each other in dead silence, while North smiled upon them both. The lamp trembled in Elsie's hand, her face turned white as snow. Without uttering a word she turned, entered her room and locked the door.

The next day she left Piney Point with Mrs. Harrington. Mr. North left also, but he went alone.

OUR FANCY-DRESS BALLS.

We give some space in our present issue to the two great fancy-dress balls, that of the Liederkranz, at the City Assembly Rooms, on the 3d, and that of the Arion, on the 10th, at the Academy of Music. Both were conducted admirably, the greatest attention having been had to make them select and thoroughly enjoyable. The ball of the Liederkranz was a fine affair, the costumes being rich, varied and curious, as our illustration will show. The human giraffe created quite a sensation. The music was fine, as was to be expected, and the enjoyment of the parties present seemed to be complete.

At the Arion ball the Academy had some strange decorations—some of them. Novel birdcages, composed of hoopskirts, fastened to round boards at the bottom, on which were painted some excellent caricatures of well-known individuals. In these cages were a number of roosters, who, about daylight, commenced their morning crow imaginable, crowing away like good fellows. The back of the stage was ornamented with a very beautiful gaslight, representing a harp, surrounded by leaves of laurel, and supporting the word "Arion." The rope dancing of Mr. Blondin was introduced, and the chap who tried to invent a flying machine and failed gave rise to much fun.

The great feature of the evening, however, was the grand march of Fleet Brigadiers. The Fleet was brought in to room, mounted on a jackass. He was escorted to the platform in front of the throne of Marsby, but was prevented by the story limit from ascending. The brigade which showed itself most conspicuously through the costumes was decked all the fun would be unbearable.

The costumes here, as at the Liederkranz, were magnificent. Many were superb. Chinese, burlesques, ladies, market-women, flower-girls, brigands, negroes, Turks, fishermen, and a thousand other every possible kind were so abundant, that to select the best was impossible.

ATTACK OF REBEL CAVALRY

On a Detachment of the 13th Maine, on Matagorda Peninsula.

On the 29th of December one company of the 13th Maine regiment, under Lieut.-Col. Hardline, were sent from Pass Cavallo, Texas, up Matagorda Peninsula, on a reconnoitring and foraging expedition. When about twenty miles from the mouth the party was attacked and surrounded by a large force of rebel cavalry, numbering 1,000 or 1,500. The position of the Federals was a very isolated one. The peninsula, however, was narrow, and the gunboat Granite City, accompanying the expedition, was thus enabled to sweep it with her guns. The Federals, determined to resist to the last, after firing volleys of musketry, succeeded in getting up a breastwork of driftwood on the beach, the Granite City covering them in their rear. Then by vigorous fighting they broke the line formed in close columns to charge. The destruction caused in the rebel line by the bursting of the shells was very great. Finding that further attempts to capture the party of the 13th Maine would only be attended with great loss, after several unsuccessful charges, the rebels, though frustrated, having lost by their own account 30 killed and wounded, withdrew. The loss of the Federals was but one killed, a single man. During the engagement the rebels burned the dwelling-house on the bay at Matagorda, and shelled the Federal party. She was struck by a rifle shell, by one of the gunboat's shells, and completely destroyed.

THE WAR IN FLORIDA.

Capture of the Caroline Gertrude and Flight of the Steamer Columbine on Canoy river.

A SPIRITED rifle-boat place on the Ocklockony river on the 23th Dec., for a sketch of which we are indebted to J. J. Pratt, Paymaster of the State Steamer.

On the night in question two boats of the steamer Columbine took the schooner, which was loaded with cotton and spirits. They worked all night to get her off, but had the foresight to raise a brown rock of the Canoy attack. At 1 o'clock A. M. on the 29th, a company of 40 cavalry made their appearance, and, dismounting, crawled up behind trees bushes and grass to the water's edge. A sharp fight was kept up for two hours. Then the cavalry managed to get her off, they drew her and sailed off. The rebels then mounted their horses and fled, leaving their commander, ordered to reach and save the schooner. This the boarding party proceeded, and by by fill the schooner was totally destroyed, when they returned to the steamer with 2 prisoners and $20,000 worth of cotton.

EUROPEAN SOVEREIGNS IN 1800 AND 1863.—It is a curious fact that at both these periods, France was ruled by a Napoleon, Austria by a Francis, Russia by a Paul, Prussia by a Frederick William, Naples by a Ferdinand and Sardinia by a Victor Emmanuel.

THE WHISPERING OF A FAIRY.

"I come with the birth of the evening wind,
On the spray of a summer shower,
I have dozed away, through a sultry day,
In the folds of a half blown flower.
I come on a mission of light and love,
To a maiden young and fair,
She sleeps in the room of the river's side,
And I'll whisper it to her there."

She slept in the truth of a trusting heart,
With a spirit as pure as kind,
And the fairy flew to this maiden true
On the breath of the evening wind.
He swept from its beautiful, careless fall,
With his wing, her dark brown hair,
And kissing the smile to make it wilder,
He hath whispered his mission there.

As soft and as quick as the silver flash
That hath danced on a moonlit sea,
Or her lip awhile hung a loving smile,
As she read the words he wrote.
And ever the same when a fairy bears
From the spirit-world a beam,
We shudder or smile to make whispered wile,
And his mission we call a dream.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A YOUNG lady once remarked that there was one word in the Bible that she wished altered, and that was in the sentence, "Whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek turn unto him the other also." On the strength of that she managed to "kiss."

"I DREAMED that I dwelt in marble halls," as the convict said, after serving out his time in the State Prison.

"You bad a dream which was not all a dream," remarked a lieutenant.

"FATHER, did you ever have another wife besides mother?"

"No, my boy; what possesses you to ask such a question?"

"Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Lucy Dunham, 1850; and that isn't mother, for her name is Sarah Smith."

"MOTHER, did you hear sissy swear?"

"No, my dear; what did she say?"

"Why, she said, she wasn't going to wear her darned stockings through."

A YOUNG girl is a fishing rod—the eyes are the hook, the smile is the bait, the lover is the salmon, and marriage the butter in which he is fried.

A MAN came into a printing office to beg a paper. "We don't like it," we like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors are all too stingy to take one!"

THE lady whose "peace of mind" was broken intends to have it repaired.

"Why, my dear, what's the matter?" said the pickpocket said when he robbed a man of his empty one.

WANTED.—Two thousand certificates to the effect that Dr. Scrogum's Patent ought to be called Scrougum's Vegetable Dyspepsia Pitters, and not sarsaparilla, as it is called to kill.

TWO AGAINST TWO.—A gentleman of the name of Hun, residing near a private madhouse, met with a couple of lunatics who had broken from the keeper. The maniac suddenly stopped, and, raising his large stick, exclaimed:

"Who are you, sir?"

"I am a doctor," was the rather alarmed, but thinking to divert his attention by a pun, replied:

"I am a double man; I am a Hun by name and a man by nature."

"Are you?" replied the other; "why, I am a mon beside myself; so we two will fight you two!"

And then knocked the Hun and runaways down.

AT a hotel, a short time since, a girl inquired of a gentleman at the table if his cup was out.

"No," was the reply, "but my eye is."

The poor girl was considerably confused, but determined to have the last word, she added, while she under the stage drove up, and several coming in, the following remark:

"Does the stage drive here?"

"No, sir," was the reply, "it generally runs."

"but the passengers do."

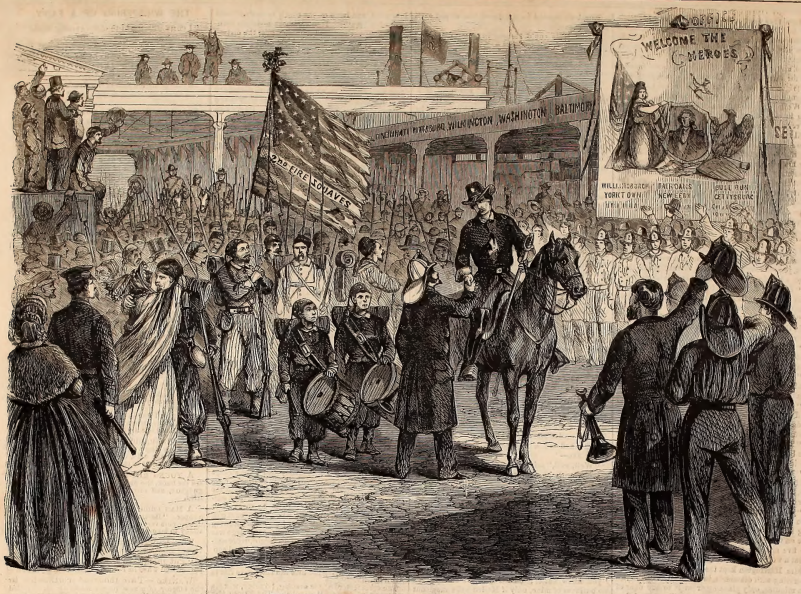
DON'T marry an attorney; it must be a sad thing to be married to a limb of the law.

IF you don't lay out your plans of life betimes, you will probably be laid out before they are.

MOCK TURTLE.—Calling a husband "my dear" in public, when you know you have a private.

THE OLD MAID'S DIARY.

15. Anxious for coming out, and the attention of the men.
16. Begins to have some idea of the tender passion.
17. Rules it down as a coming-to-nothing kind of affection.
18. Puts herself in love with some handsome man who has flattered her.
19. Is a little annoyed at his indifference. While at dinner she stage drove up, and several coming in, the following remark:
20. Considers herself to be fashionable.
21. Still more confidence in her own attractions, and excites the jealousy of other women.
22. Refuses a good offer because he is not a man of fortune.
23. Flirts with every young man she meets.
24. Wonders why she is not married.
25. Rather more circumspect in her conduct.
26. Thinks that she has a large fortune and quite so indispensable.
27. Refuses the company of rational men to flirting.
28. Wishes to be married in a quiet way with a comfortable income.
29. Almost despairs of entering the married state.
30. Rather fearful that she is being cut out.
31. An additional love of dress.
32. Begins to think that she is finding it difficult to get good partners.
33. Would give how men can leave the society of sensible women to flirt with chits.
34. Accepts the first humble but sincere declaration with
35. Some of the praises of woman.
36. Marries with her head who is lately married.
37. Is rather mortified to see a
38. Contemplating of her acquaintances who are married.
39. Finds consolation in their misfortunes.
40. Thinks of princesses.
41. Very meddling and officious. This is a growing
42. Is considered a
43. Sorry against the manners of the age.
44. Strong prediction for religious observances.
45. Partiality for cards and scandal commences.
46. Becomes despondency and takes up
47. Turns all her sensibility to cats and dogs.
48. Adopts a strict regimen and starves herself.
49. Becomes disgusted with the world, and vents all her ill-humor on this unfortunate creature.



THE RECEPTION OF THE FIRE ZOUAVES AT NEW YORK, FEB. 9.

RECEPTION OF THE SECOND REGIMENT OF FIRE ZOUAVES.

On the 9th of February, 1864, the Second New York Fire Zouaves, Lieut.-Col. M. Burns, arrived at the foot of Cortland-street, returning from the seat of war, and welcomed by the Firemen of New York, as they alone can welcome. Our Artist represents the scene when Chief Engineer Decker grasps the hand of the commander of the gallant Fire Boys.

The regiment arrived about half-past two P. M. The department was formed in line through Cortland street. The regiment marched past them and took their station at the head of the line. The department then escorted them up Broadway, through Chatham street and the City Hall Park, where they were reviewed by the Mayor, to Broadway, up Broadway to Fourteenth street, through to Eighth avenue, Hudson street to Clarkson, Carmine and Sixth avenue to Jefferson market.

All along the route the various Engine, Hook and Ladder and Hose Companies were placed, decorated beautifully—among the most noticeable of which were the steamers of Engine Companies Nos. 4, 5, 7, 22 and 42, and others; the carriages of Hose Companies Nos. 27, 29, 61, 36, and Hook and Ladder Companies Nos. 1, 3, 6, 14 and 18, No. 6 being most beautifully decorated with the flags carried by the First Fire Zouaves at Bull run, and the splendid banner carried at the head of the procession was painted by Joseph R. Wheeler, also a member of No. 6 truck.



OUR WAR IN FLORIDA—THE CREW OF THE U. S. STEAMER STARS AND STRIPES, IN THE CAPTURED SCHOONER CAROLINA GERTRUDE, AT OKLOCKONY RIVER, ENGAGING THE DISMOUNTED REBEL CAVALRY ON SHORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY PAYMASTER JOHN J. PRATT, U. S. N.

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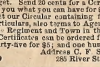
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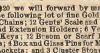
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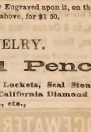
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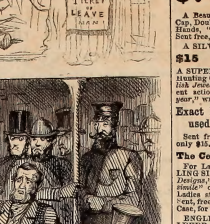
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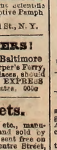
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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A NEGRO REGIMENT REPULSING
An Attack of Rebels and Bloodhounds.

The use of bloodhounds in hunting down marcon negroes is too well known to need explanation or denunciation. It is one of the features of the system. Our Government once resolved to employ bloodhounds against the Seminoles, in Florida, but the public voice denounced the return to barbarism. Little did the rulers of the land then expe t to see bloodhounds used against soldiers fighting under the Stars and Stripes. But the use of colored regiments by the Government has led the insurrectionary leaders to employ hounds as auxiliaries. There have been several collisions between the sable troops and their enemies, but the negro Seeing for life, unarmed and unequipped, is a different being from the drilled soldier. An affair at Pocotaligo, in December, showed the uselessness of the canine auxiliaries of rebellion. As the rebels attacked the 1st South Carolina volunteers, the bloodhounds rushed upon them, but were soon shot or speared on the bayonets of the men, who held aloft, with no little exultation, the beasts that had been so long a terror to their race.

THE RECENT FEARFUL CONFLAGRATION AT GLOUCESTER, MASS.

The enterprising town of Gloucester has recently been desolated by a terrible conflagration sweeping away the Cape Ann Bank and nearly 100 stores and dwellings. This is the second time that Gloucester has suffered severely by conflagration. Early in the morning of the 16th Sept., 1830, fire broke out near the westerly end of Front street, and, sweeping westward, consumed 30 dwelling-houses and 40 stores and outbuildings, chiefly on the north side of Front street, being a portion of the same locality devastated by the present fire. The amount of property then destroyed was $150,000.

The late disastrous conflagration originated on Feb. 18, in Sawyer's block. It was first discovered about half-past three o'clock, in the upper part of the tailoring establishment of Andrew Elwel, jun. Some think incendiarism was the cause of the conflagration. The alarm was given about four o'clock, when the thermometer was six degrees below zero. The people rallied and did their best, but the flames swept along with fearful power. On the southerly side of Front street the fire was checked at Story's Building, which was saved. At seven o'clock the Selectmen and Engineers began to blow up buildings. An old paintshop, belonging to the Nathaniel Babson estate, was first blown up, then Tappan's Building, then Dr. Worcester's house, then Capt. Lowe's house, until six were destroyed.

There is no doubt that the Salem steam-engine prevented the fire from spreading any further westward after it arrived. The fire on the northerly side of Front street was checked at the Custom House, a brick and fireproof building, on the north-east corner of Pleasant and Front streets; and a change of the wind blowing over the burnt district stopped the flames at Dr. Garland's house. Everything between Front street and the wharves, as far east as Duncan street, was destroyed, with the exception of a black smith's shop.

It is fortunate that there were no accidents of a serious nature during the conflagration. There were rumors of casualties, but these could not be traced to any reliable source. One of the bakeries destroyed contained 300 barrels of flour. The burnt district extends from the fourth or fifth building west of the intersection of Centre street with Front street, and from Sawyer's block, nearly opposite Centre street, on the southerly side, along both sides of Front street, nearly 1,000 feet, and extends south to the wharves.

A large quantity of mackerel was destroyed, valued at $15,000, owned by Isaac Rich, of Boston, for the sale of which John Pew was agent. This large pile of fish was burning briskly when we left. But two vessels were burnt, the Gen. Scott, damaged about $1,500, and an old schooner which was of little value. The people of Gloucester manfully met the demand upon their fortitude caused by a terrible conflagration in bitterly cold weather. They used the means at hand with all the effect possible, and though the flames at one time mocked their utmost efforts, the inhabitants continued to work by such instrumentalities as they possessed, and thus much property was saved that would otherwise have been destroyed.

We learn that Capt. Lowe, the President of the Cape Ann Bank, obtained the keys of the building before the fire spread to it, and removed a large amount of U. S. Bonds and other securities to his residence. By his forethought the bank was thus saved from a heavy loss.

Among the curious incidents is the case of Mr. William Sargent, who lost the house in which he was born and had lived 83 years.

Our Special Artist, on learning of the disaster hastened to the spot, and from Story's building made the sketch which we present of the fearful desolation.

THE SANITARY FAIR AT BROOKLYN.

The city of Brooklyn, not to be outdone by other cities in the land, opens her great fair in behalf of the Sanitary Commission on the anniversary of Washington's birthday. The place selected is the Academy of Music, in Montague street, but a new and striking feature is "The New England Kitchen." The Committee say:

"The idea is to present a faithful picture of New England farmhouse life of the last century. The grand old fireplace shall glow again, the spinning-wheel shall whirl as of old, the walls shall be garnished with the products of the forest and the field, the quilting, the donation and the wedding-party shall assemble once more, while the appleparing shall not be forgotten, and the dinnertable, always set, shall be loaded with substantial New England cheer. The room will be of ample size for the accommodation of a large number of guests, for whose entertainment the best of materials, cooked in the best manner, will be served during the continuance of the fair."

To carry out this idea a building, on the other side of the street, has been secured, and connected with the Academy by a covered bridge. Our illustration shows the appearance of the street at present.

The ladies engaged in the good work in the City of Churches have already, in connection with their fair



THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA—A NEGRO REGIMENT ATTACKED BY REBELS AND BLOODHOUNDS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

had an artists' reception and a promenade concert, the latter given by the 13th regiment N. Y. S. N. G., at their own expense, so that the entire proceeds go to the Commission.

At the artists' reception all the leading artists were well represented, G goonr, Durand, Cropsey, Huntington, Kensett, Rossiter, Inn es, D. D. Huntington, Rodrigues, Shattuck, E. Foster and others.

To-day and to-morrow the high character of the ladies managing it, and the feature following manifested by the citizens of Brooklyn, cannot fail to be most gratifying in its results.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Major Larmer, of the 5th Pennsylvania Reserves, was shot dead on Monday, 15th, in a skirmish with guerillas, two miles east of Brentsville. We lost in the skirmish, beside Major Larmer, three cavalry men killed and one wounded, and two prisoners. Lieut. Senddeter, Commissary of Col. McCandless's brigade, is supposed to be captured. Several of the rebels are said to have been killed or wounded, as Major's party were treacherously lured to the place.

Pleasanton reports the capture of 28 of Moseby's gang.

ALABAMA.

The 2d (rebel) Kentucky cavalry, formerly commanded by John Morgan, and the 3d (rebel) Alabama cavalry, formerly commanded by Gen. Withers, had a serious fight on the 9th inst., the circumstances of which are as follows: The force of several for which the 2d Kentucky enlisted, expires on the 2d of May next. On the 8th inst. they received an invitation from Gen. Joe Johnston to re-enlist. The regiment almost unanimously refused to do so, and Col. Woodward, Major Lewis and Capts. Elliott, Williams and Kreitzer, who had encouraged the men so to act, were subsequently arrested and placed in prison. At this the regiment mutinied, and were placed under guard of the 3d Alabama, whom they turned upon and whipped, killing and wounding 45 of them. The skirmishing only lost three killed and nine wounded, and succeeded in completely routing the Alabamians. The Kentuckians then scattered in all directions, some 10 of them, including a lieutenant, formerly on Stonewall Jackson's staff, arriving in Chattanooga the next day.

TENNESSEE.

Col. William Stokes' regiment had quite a fight near Lebanon, and another near Carthage, 30 days ago, in which it nearly annihilated a band of guerillas, the leader of which had the Federal oath of allegiance in his pocket, when killed. Some 72 were captured. The 10th Tennessee also captured a squad in Lincoln county, and the 12th Tennessee surprised and captured a small band near Shelbyville.

Reports from Tennessee state that deserters from the enemy's army are still very numerous. Longstreet, at last accounts, is said to be in full retreat.

MISSISSIPPI.

The reports from rebel papers of a fight near Clinton, Miss., on the 4th inst., are confirmed by officers from that point. Our troops charged the rebel battery, and lost 15 killed and 30 wounded. Among the wounded is Col. Rogers, of Illinois. The enemy were driven off, and our forces proceeded toward Jackson.

Gen. Sherman is announced to have reached the Mobile and Ohio railroad, and destroyed the bridges. Mobile papers make mention of a severe battle at Enterprise, Miss., on the railroad below Meridian, on the 13th, but with unknown results. The same papers also announce that Gen. Polk had been completely out-generalled by Sherman, who had got between Polk and Montgomery.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

Col. Phillips, commanding the expedition in the Indian territory, reports to Gen. Thayer that he has driven the enemy entirely out of that region, and that, in several skirmishes, he had killed nearly 100 rebels, and captured one captain and 25 men.

GEORGIA.

Johnston has concentrated his troops at Dalton, extending his pickets to Ringgold. The retreat of Longstreet, and the cutting off of Polk, exposes him to an attack from Grant.

FLORIDA.

Brig.-Gen. F. Seymour, conveyed by the gunboat Norwich, Capt. Merriam, ascended the St. John's river on the 7th inst., and landed at Jacksonville on the afternoon of that day.

The advance, under Col. Guy V. Henry, comprising the 40th Massachusetts infantry, the Independent Battalion of Massachusetts cavalry, under Major Stevens, and Elder's Horse battery, 1st artillery, pushed forward into the country on the road to Lake City, passed by the enemy drawn up in line-of-battle at Camp Finnegan, seven miles from Jacksonville, surprised and captured a battery three miles in the rear of the camp about midnight, and reached this place about sunrise this morning.

At our approach the enemy absconded, sunk the steamer St. Marys, and burned 270 bales of cotton in the streets of Jacksonville. We have taken, without the loss of a man, about 100 prisoners, eight pieces of artillery, in serviceable condition and well supplied with ammunition, and other valuable property to a large amount.

ARKANSAS.

Col. Chandler, Provost-Marshal-General, furnishes some interesting statistics. Up to this date nearly 2,400 citizens have taken the oath of allegiance at this point; 5,000 privates and 11 commissioned officers of the rebel army have also taken the oath, and of these over 500 have entered the Union army.

NAVAL.

The navy department receives official intelligence of the destruction of four blockade-runners, the Nutfield, the Dee, the Emily and the Fanny and Jenny. The last was captured once before as the Scotia, condemned and sold, but bought by the parties in interest and sent to Halifax. In endeavoring to escape from her this time, her Captain Coxetter, a native of British provinces, and the first privateer who sailed under that colors.

A British blockade-runner, the Cumberland, has also been captured by the steamer De Soto. The Cumberland had a valuable cargo, consisting of gunpowder, Enfield rifles and uniforms, boots, &c., for the rebels, valued in all at about £70,000 sterling.

From May, 1861, to Oct. 1863, 866 vessels have been captured or destroyed, for violating the blockade or in battle. Of these 696 were sailing vessels, of all sizes, and 170 steamers.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 15th of February, a bill defining the rank, duty and pay of the captain who is referred to as the navy to that of a major of infantry; hold religious meetings twice a week, and keep their libraries for soldiers use. The Enrollment bill was called up, and the Senate by a decisive vote refused to recede from its position. A Committee of Conference must, therefore, be had.

In the House Mr. Arnold offered a resolution declaring that the Government should by no amended laws establish and prohibit slavery wherever it exists." Mr. Holman moved to lay the resolution on the table. Agreed to—yeas 78, nays 67. Mr. Arnold's resolution was adopted; yeas 78, nays 62. The House then took up the Senate's amendments to the Enrollment bill. Mr. Stevens moved concurrence in the Senate's amendments, which, he said, were a better revenue measure than the bill as it passed the House. He explained the amendments at length. Fernando Wood replied, and the debate was continued, without voting, until the hour of adjournment. Mr. Davis, from the Select Committee reported a bill giving certain States, whose Govern ments have been usurped or overthrown, a Republican form of Government. It provides for the appointment of Provisional Governors, charged with civil administration, until, by means of elections, the State Government can be re-established; all slaves in such territory are declared free, and any person hereafter in the rebel public service is declared not to be a citizen of the United States. The bill is laid over to be printed.

In the Senate, on the 16th, on the motion of Mr. Lane, of Kansas, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the bill setting apart certain lands in Texas for the use of persons of African descent. Mr. Lane addressed a few remarks in support of his bill. The bill is for all soldiers the same pay as the whites.

Mr. Wilkinson presented that the bill would take effect on the 1st of March next. Mr. Garrett Davis proposed to lay on the table any paper now unacquainted as soldiers, and if any shall hereafter be employed it shall only be as laborers or teamsters, and if they are slaves their owners shall be paid just compensation by the United States, and if any slave is lost in the service the full value of him shall be paid to the owner on proof to the State Treasury. Mr. Davis addressed the amendment in a speech. Without vote the House adjourned.

In the House the time was occupied by an interesting discussion as to the status of a seceded State. The State was considered by Mr. Cornell Reverse fell over their taken up. That one feeling to put a tax on whiskey was passed by a vote of 75 to 68. The spirit grade was also voted down 80 to 63. The bill now stands on liquor made up to July, and 80 cents after that. The amendment making an additional tax per gallon on adulterated spirits was agreed to. The House being unable to agree on the question relating to the tax on whiskey, the subject was referred to a Committee of Conference.

In the Senate, on the 17th, Mr. Brown (Mo.), offered a joint resolution proposing the abolition and prohibition of slavery throughout the land. Referred to Select Committee. Mr. Sumner offered amendments to the Constitution as a substitute for those reported by the Judiciary Committee a few days ago. These amendments prohibit slavery in the United States; provide that all persons born and not owing allegiance to any foreign power shall be naturalized citizens of the United States; and forbid the payment of any debt or obligation incurred in the aid of rebellion or for the emancipation of negro slaves to their masters. A bill was introduced to increase the pensions of officers. Gen. McClellan's report was accepted.

In the House the Committee of Ways and Means reported leave to introduce a resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to sell, from time to time, bonds to the amount of $200,000,000, to be issued and required to pay the interest on the National debt.

In the Senate, on the 18th, Mr. Lane, from the Committee o Conference on the part of the Senate on the Enrollment bill, made a report, which, after a partial reading, was ordered to be printed, and made the order of the day for to-morrow. It proposes that the $300 commutation is agreed to, with a proviso that the draft shall not be stayed longer than a year, and at the expiration of that time such persons shall again be liable to draft. The bill as reported also frees colored persons who may be drafted. It provides that such persons shall be assigned as State troops, but shall be mustered into the service as United States troops. Mr. Lane's bill for organization was passed authorizing the transfer from the loan to the navy fund of such sums as have been paid for seamen as the President may deem necessary.

In the House there was no business transacted of public interest, the time being taken up in considering the bill authorizing the sale of gold. It was finally passed by a vote of 94 to 66. It now goes back to be reported again to-day.

In the Senate, on the 19th, Mr. Foster introduced a bill to provide for the trading of absconded lands, commonly called "Confiscated lands," and for the care and employment of persons freed by the proclamation. Mr. Sumner moved the action of the Secretary of the Treasury in appointing supervising agents, and reported a joint resolution to that effect, so far as it may not interfere with the purposes of the Enrollment bill. Mr. Sumner then took up the report of the Committee of Conference on the Enrollment bill, and explained the provisions of the measure in support. After full discussion the bill was passed—32 ayes to 13 noes.

In the House the committee having in charge the New York Custom-House Investigation, were submitted to take further time. Mr. Van Horn of New York, introduced a resolution declaring that the action of the President in authorizing enlistments in the rebel States, and transfers by the President from the loan to the naval service. Mr. Stevens, for the Committee on Ways and Means, reported back the resolution authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to sell, with a recommendation against its passage. No action was taken on it. The report of the Committee of Conference on the Enrollment bill was agreed to by of 70 yeas to 23 nays.

FOREIGN.

From Europe we learn that the united forces of Germany, including contingents from Austria and Saxony, are in actual conflict with Denmark. Hostilities commenced on the 1st inst., when the Prussian Field Marshal Austria crossed the Elder and entered the territory of Schleswig. This was followed by a movement against the Danish fortifications of the Dannewerk situated on the rivers Schlei and Sorge. The Prussians attacked the works at Missunde very vigorously, and succeeded in carrying them after a severe contest. Some hundreds were killed and wounded on both sides. On the 2d inst. the Austrians attacked the Danes at Brisdorf, on which their Prussian batteries had fired during the night. The Danes retired to Eckrafford bay, and the Danes had embarged the German shipping in the Baltic.

The British Parliament was opened on the 4th of Feb. The Queen's speech was delivered by commission, and it declares that the relations in peace, despite the unpromising aspect of the Schleswig-Holstein imbroglio. No allusion is made to the war in America. Indications are that there will soon flow into England from various channels.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

THE Lenten season is never very favorable to the success of opera or operatic speculations; but when we add to this religious period a snap of cold, such as we have been favored with of late, it may well be believed that our musical managers have to struggle through a pretty hard time. Still we hardly think that Max Maretzek's Crystal Palace will be fashionable attendance as the past week has shown at the Academy of Music. In our opera-going letter last week were "Les Ballo Masches," "Il Poliuto," "Faust," and, at the matinée on Saturday, "Norma." The first representation was worthy of a special mention—that of "Il Poliuto" particularly so. We have rarely listened to a more impressive and thrilling than the rendering of the celebrated duo by Medori and Mazzoleni; they seemed worked up to a high pitch of excitement, and their whole souls into the vocal and dramatic effort, and their performance elicited a like enthusiasm on the part of the audience. "Faust," of course, attracted a brilliant and overflowing audience, and one that seemed to linger with delight upon each charming morceau in that most charming opera. We are rarely favored to hear so fine a cast, and our judgment strong in our first impression; and our judgment differing materially from many of our critical brethren, has proved the public judgment after all. Its popularity is steadily on the increase, and the influence of its beauties is more widely spread, and the largeness of the audiences may be accounted for by the fact that the casual visitors who heard it on the first night continue to attend each of its performances, and their influence continually extracts the circle of its admirers. "Faust" is the success, par excellence, of the season, and will continue the trump card for a very long time to come. This week is to be signalized by two important events at the Academy of Music—the appearance of our favorite tenor, Bergmann, and the debut of a Miss Harris, a young aspirant for the honors and emoluments of a prima donna, in the character of Linda. Le Luc di Lammermoor, Robert, speaks strongly in favor of the young lady.

It is said, by-the-by, that the musical enthusiasts of Providence, R. I., have raised a subscription large enough to induce Monsieur Maretzek to vouchsafe to that ancient city a short opera season. This is an example of plack worthy of imitation—if it is true.

We regret to say that the English Opera Company, regarding which we have been so earnest, has broken up, the speculation not being sufficiently remunerative to warrant a continuance of operations. We have had some hopes that the affair could have been profitably carried on, but the season has been brought into thoroughly working order, and the attention of the public directed to the fact of its existence, and even the probability of its permanency. But it was to be expected that a London opera company, as a whole, exists no longer. Such an undertaking, to be a success, must be the result of years of study and rehearsal, and one man, unless he has a great deal of money to lose, is much against it. With the preliminary outlay would absorb a small fortune, if the repertoire of three or four operas was to be changed, as it would be, in a few months in advance of the first performance. To compete with the attractions of Italian Opera, it should be, at least, of a character to compare with it. Nothing of the kind has been done in the present case. The utmost exaggerate such a speculation is evidently now, but the public will not be slow to be deceived. We consider that Mr. Castle, Mr. Campbell and Mr. J. R. Thomas have all the elements necessary for a reliable in such an organization, and with Miss Kellogg and Miss Annie Milner (a young lady from the Opera Comique) that could not be excelled either here or in England, but under the most favorable circumstances, it would be a hazardous undertaking to conduct to our readers, for the popularity of Gottschalk is so deep-seated in the hearts of the people, that every interest in all he does is so keen and general, that the rapid crowd to hear him wherever and whenever he is announced to play. His hold upon the public is not that of the mere musician, but of the performer who would have satisfied curiosity and satiated the appetite long ago, but he has a nationality in figure of his genius; he that marked individuality which he thrusts all his work. He has a fertile and a fanciful ous imagination, which is now decidedly exquisitely beautiful in the delicacy of impassioned, and up to his order, plaintive and untearful. These are the secrets of Gottschalk's charm, and which will be continued as a genius while in many ways, all must admire, even by those who cannot feel for it passion, he gives two more concerts at Niblo's Saloon next week.

The Academy of Music will be the scene of a grand Concert takes place at Irving Hall next Saturday evening, 27th inst. He will be assisted by other artists, and his programme is one of rare interest. The sale of seats for this grand and charming treat will assuredly crowd the hall on this occasion.

The Complimentary Benefit tendered to Mr. J. F. Harrison, will take place at Irving Hall, on Saturday afternoon, March 5th. It is a well-earned one, as the many claims which Mr. Harrison's energy, tact and literary ability have upon the support and support of the public and the profession, and we are glad to learn that the first are moving in the matter with activity to do honor and profit to the cause. The list of assisting artists will be a most imposing one, and in addition, and the programme of a character that will please all. We hope to see a full house on that evening Hall will richly accommodate the crowd that will gather to see Mr. Harrison benefited.

The German opera has migrated to Philadelphia, where it is said to be meeting success and making a great deal of money. Speke's fine opera, "Jessonda," was produced with marked success last week.

The Gran Italian opera company has been successfully performing at the Academy of Quebec. They closed a successful season at Chicago last week, and played one night at St. Louis.

The great public impressario, the by-gone admiral of the Academy of Music, is traveling on the Continent in the suite of Mdlle. Carlotta Patti, whose success at Brussels was very encouraging.

A new opera, under the title of "Mireille," by Gounod, has been produced at the beautiful opera, "Faust," is to be produced at the Theatre Lyrique, and is already about to be put in rehearsal.

Harry Sanderson gave his farewell concert at Hamilton Hall, which was a good one, evening. When he comes to exchange his Spanish gold for greenbacks he will find a greatly lessened value in them.

Miss Bateman, who has made all the success we predicted in London, has been engaged by Mr. Lenox for 100 nights at the Olympic Theatre, to crowded audiences. Miss Bateman's new engagement to Colonel Leslie can hardly hope to see the young actress for years to come.

"Pocahontas" at Wallack's Theatre, is now a text-book of the past season to encourage and interest children, and it is a most wonderfully successful. "Rosedale" has run its course, and the new piece, "Taming a Butterfly," is about to be produced. Mr. Lester Wallack will be absent from the city for a few days. The process of the performance given by the children of the Public Schools has now reached nearly 1,000 dollars. This was from the one benefit alone. Mr. Wallack declined nothing a free gift of Mr. Wallack, who devoted nothing if not a share of his time and energies.

Niblo's Theatre is once more opened for the legitimate drama, and Mr. Lingard announces, literally by no cats this week as "Lucretia Borgia." It is followed by "Lucrezia Borgia," and "The Doge's Wife." It is proposed with this arrangement to run the house every night, with, of course, a change of bill every evening. Next week, Mose Herbigg, will be the great attraction. Mose is a favorite with the house, and will produce Augustin Adams's pleasant comedy of "Mose in China" and other pieces.

"The Ticket-of-Leave Man" is still drawing crowded houses at Winter Garden, and is announced for another fortnight's run. The cast is the same as when it was first brought out, and follows by the Ravens and Miss Ada Clifton, who are the favorites of the place, and present a comfortable little piece of entertainment. The ballet during the piece is worth $5 000 to the English author, Tom Taylor, if he gets only a per cent.

The successful "Colleen Bawn" is still drawing crowded houses at Laura Keene's. It is announced to be withdrawn next week to make room for the new play by Augustin Daly, entitled "Taming a Butterfly," founded from the French play of "Separate Dolly." Mr. Lester Wallack, Jr., Frank Wood, and Frank Wood, Jr., are to appear in the piece.

Barnum is still great upon dimes, and by no means small upon crowds. These dimes, if many more are seen to attract more than one thousand a day, and the receipts from them will be a remarkable curiosity. The Japanese Model is the great feature of the Museum and so is the West Indian Family. The latter is a most interesting exhibition that it is impossible to see in a hundred-odd parts of the Museum. The play of Lecture Room is a new and thrilling drama, called

"Miriam's Crime." It is said to be of deep interest.

Miss Avonia Jones, the fame of whose representations has reached us from all parts of the world, will make her debut before a New York audience, at Winter Garden early in next April. If her histrionic abilities bear any proportion to the praise she has elicited in other places, her success in this city will equal her most sanguine expectations.

It is expected that on Shakespeare's Birthday, in April next, every theatre open in the Union will devote the proceeds of that night's performance for the benefit of the New York Dramatic Fund Society. If this expectation is realised, it will recuperate the Fund of that noble Institution which has done so large an amount of good, but which, from various causes, has found its means of doing good greatly diminished of late. Let no one be backward in working for the good cause.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Post-Office Department of Canada having, for the sake of uniformity, consented to so modify the postal arrangement between the United States and Canada of 1851, as to establish a uniform postage for letters of 10 cents the single rate between Canada and all parts of the United States, it is ordered by Postmaster-General Blair that in future the international postage charge upon all letters between Canada and any part of the United States shall be 10 cents the single rate for half an ounce or under, prepayment optional, without regard to difference of distance or route of conveyance.

—— The price of gold for the past week has been at an average of 160.

—— The Union officers, who lately escaped from Richmond, speak in the highest terms of the kindness shown to them by the negroes in their route from the rebel capital to Williamsburg. When it is borne in mind the vindictiveness of the slaveholders had they been detected some idea may be formed of their courage and fidelity.

—— It is gratifying to see how warmly the people throughout the loyal North are responding to the benevolent movement of the Sanitary Commission. The fairs in connection with this work have already produced large sums. The Ladies' Fair held at Cincinnati, after paying enormous expenses, realized no less than the net sum of $220 000; that of Boston netted $150,000; while those soon to be held in New York and Brooklyn will probably exceed the munificence of any other State. The State of New Jersey will, with a magnanimous ignoring of self, combine with New York. Jersey city is stirring, and Hoboken has organised a committee, which will, doubtless, do its utmost. The absence however, of the best names will somewhat neutralise its activity.

—— There has been a short correspondence between Mayor Gunther and John Brice, Chairman of the Washington Celebration Committee. Upon the latter writing to know if Mayor Gunther would preside on the festive occasion, his honor declined, not out of any disrespect to Washington, but simply with a view to rebuke the growing extravagance of the city authorities. The Mayor says: "As estimated by you in the personal interview had yesterday, it is designed to give a grand dinner to the heads of the departments and the members of both Boards of the Common Council. In time past, when, perhaps the memory of Washington was held in quite as much veneration as at present, it was considered liberal in the Common Council to appropriate a few hundred dollars on Washington's birthday to regale the old soldiers of 1812, and then the military of the city vied with each other in patriotic displays; but of late years it has become fashionable to appropriate thousands of dollars of public money on such occasions, for what can scarcely be considered less than selfish indulgences. I should be glad, for one, to see the Common Council in this respect take a few steps backwards."

Western.—The people of Tennessee are coming *en masse* for the Union. Meetings are now being held throughout the State to that effect. The resolutions are strongly denunciatory of secession. On the slavery question they generally admit that the slaveowners have struck the suicidal blow against the peculiar institution, and gradual emancipation is now inevitable.

Military.—Provost-Marshal Townsend has received a communication from Col. Fry informing him that districts will be credited on the call for 500,000 men with all enlisted from the 7th July, 1863, to March 9th, 1864, and with all drafted men who have responded in person, by commutation or substitutes.

—— The quota of Jersey City under the last calls has been made up, and the men mustered in and the bounties paid. Hoboken, Hudson City, Harrison, North Bergen, Union, West Hoboken and Weehawken, not having offered any inducements, are still without their required number of men.

—— The 1st New York cavalry were entertained in the Jefferson Market hall on the 18th Feb. In the course of the evening Gen. McClellan entered the room, when he was most enthusiastically received by the soldiers. He was compelled to make a short speech in which he complimented them on their past services and hoped once more to lead them to victory. This regiment, which is here on a furlough, have re-enlisted.

—— A Court-Martial was convened at Memphis, Tenn., at which Lieut.-Col. William D Bowen, 10th Missouri cavalry volunteers, was tried for maliciously and wilfully shooting and killing Col. Florence M. Cornyn, of the same regiment, on or about the 10th of August, 1863. To this charge Lieut. Col. Bowen pleaded not guilty, and after a trial the court found him "not guilty as charged, the homocide being justifiable." The prisoner was therefore acquitted. To this finding Gen. Hurlbut protested, and his protest was published in full in General Orders, No. 63, Vicksburg, Oct. 14, 1863. Gen. Grant, therefore, disapproved of the finding of the court, and dismissed Lieut. Col. Bowen from the service.

Naval.—The Nova Scotia Legislature wants a chance at the Chesapeake case. On a motion to call for all the documents Mr. Bourinot complained that the Confederates had been unjustly shut out from the privilege of asserting and supporting their rights; that a personal messenger was dispatched to Richmond, but had not returned; and in the mean time the Judge had delivered a final decree. The Government replied that all communications from the imperial authorities were strictly confidential, and could not be produced.

—— The United States District Attorney has entered a final decree of distribution of the proceeds arising from the sale of the prize steamer Merrimac and cargo, amounting to $191,038. The United States gunboat Iroquois, the captor, alone shares. The Navy Department purchased the vessel on appraisement for $65 000.

—— The Alabama was lying in 50 miles south of Rangoon, India, on the 5th of January—very positive proof that she was not blockaded at Amoy, China, on the 2d of the month. She was watching for American vessels engaged in the rice and other Eastern trades.

—— The Red'Italia has made another trip to sea and back—the experiment was a brilliant success. With only 20 pounds of steam its average speed was 12½ knots an hour. It is considered by many as the fastest ironclad vessel afloat.

—— The correspondent of a Boston paper writing from Paris says: "You must not be surprised if you hear of a conflict between the Kearsarge and the two pirate ships now in French ports. It is confidently asserted by naval men here that both of them will attack her at the same time.

Personal.—Isaac Vanhouten, of Sugar Loaf, Orange county, says the Goshen *Democrat*, has sold his farm containing about 145 acres, to the proprietor of the New York *Evening Post*, for $70 per acre. The Robert Roy Farm, near Sugar Loaf, containing 70 acres, sold soon after to Mr. Isaac Vanhouten for $80 per acre.

—— Gen. Benham, who was recalled from his command in South Carolina on account of the battle of James Island, has been restored to his rank.

—— Mr. J. W. Taylor, late curator of the State Cabinet of Natural Curiosities in Albany, delivered a lecture on Geology before the Mercantile Library on the 19th February. It was a very able and conclusive discourse.

—— Wm. M. Stone, the new Governor of Iowa, was once a canal driver between Roscoe and Cleveland, Ohio, at $3 a month.

—— Miss Sallie Partington, once so great a favorite when Brougham had the Bowery Theatre, is now the chief attraction at the Richmond Theatre.

—— Capt. Stephen Hoyt, a native of Salem, Mass., has just been appointed by Major-Gen. Banks Mayor of the city of New Orleans. Capt. Hoyt served with distinction as an officer in the Mexican war, at the close of which he repaired to St. Louis, Mo., and engaged in commercial pursuits. He filled several offices of municipal honor in St. Louis, including those of City Comptroller and Mayor. In the early part of the rebellion he was appointed a commissary in the volunteer service, and served in that capacity during campaigns in Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee and other States. He lately held the post of supervising commissary and member of the staff of Gen. Banks. The people of New Orleans are to be congratulated upon having so worthy and capable a chief magistrate.

Obituary.—Gen. Wm. Duncan, an old resident of Philadelphia, died last week in the 92d year of his age. He was born and educated in Adams county, was a warm friend of Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, was Brigadier-General of Pennsylvania Volunteers in 1812, was a member of the State Legislature, and held various other places of trust.

—— Mr. George W. Newell died suddenly at Albany last week. He was the Barnburner Canal Auditor in 1851–52, and at the time of his death was engaged in preparing a biography of Gov. Marcy.

—— Theodore Barnard, the correspondent of the Associated Press, with the Army of the Potomac, died at the headquarters of that army on the 18th of February.

—— Mrs. Henry Wood, wife of Mr. Wood of the minstrels, died at Yorkville on the 18th February. She was a lady deeply respected by all who knew her, and remarkable for her numerous charities.

—— James C. Willet, Ex-Sheriff of the County of New York, died at Tubby Hook on the 19th February, in his 54th year. When a young man he was connected with the Sheriff's office, known as a consistent Democrat, and always stood high with the party. Subsequently he was chosen Sheriff, and occupied that position from 1856 to 1859. He was highly esteemed as a friend and as a citizen. His father was an old resident of New York, and carried on business at the corner of Beekman and Cliff streets as far back as 1820. Mr. Willet's family were of the Society of Friends, and were, highly respected in this community.

Accidents and Offences.—The seaport town of Gloucester, Mass., was nearly destroyed by fire, on the 18th Feb.; 50 stores, the *Advertiser* office, town-clerk's and telegraph office, three lawyer's offices, Freemason's lodge and 15 dwellings were burned. Forty families are houseless. The loss will probably reach $400,000. Owing to the absence of vessels, the loss of this property is trifling. The ruins cover one-half the principal streets and wharves.

—— The floor in Barracks, No. 2, at Nashville, gave way on Feb. 13, precipitating to the ground a number of soldiers who were crowded together on their way to dinner. Ten or twelve were badly bruised, but not seriously injured.

—— Adam Segur, indicted for the murder of his wife, and who was on the point of being tried for the crime, committed suicide in his cell, at Trenton. He hung himself by his bedclothes.

—— A German at St. Louis being told by a neighbor that he had broken one of the city laws in the discharge of firearms, insisted on being arrested, jugged and tried for his offence. He complained against himself at the trial, but the judge acquitted him.

—— Dr. Dennis, of 6 Bleeker street, was arrested on the 18th Feb., charged with having performed an operation for abortion on Ann Killean, which resulted in her death.

—— On Friday, the 12th Feb., some rowdies attacked a party of soldiers at Saratoga Springs with clubs and revolvers. A general fight took place, in which Capt. Hudson, of the 25th New York cavalry, shot one of the ruffians, named Graham. The respectable inhabitants of Saratoga entirely justify the deed. The deceased bore a very bad character.

—— The extensive repair shops of the New Jersey Railroad Company, at East Newark, together with several cars, have been destroyed by fire.

—— A very destructive fire occurred at Leavenworth, Kansas, on the 19th Feb., which destroyed property to the amount of $150,000.

—— An accident occurred near Granville, Vt., on the Rutland and Washington railroad, by which the engineer was killed, the fireman fatally, and a few others slightly injured.

Foreign.—The advices from San Domingo represent the Spaniards as being in terrible straits. They have been severe sufferers from sickness, and of the 12,000 men who composed the first army that landed at St. Domingo scarcely any remain in the field. Vessels constantly arrive at Havana and other Cuban ports with hundreds of the disabled troops. Another army of 30,000 men is to be sent to replace the first, and the money and men for conducting further the despotic scheme of subjecting the Dominicans, which Spain seeks to carry out, are to be furnished in the main by Cuba. There seems to be no doubt that Spain has undertaken to accomplish something in which she is sure to be unsuccessful.

—— A certain Giuseppe Gallo, got into an altercation with a priest at San Fernandino, Naples, which collected a crowd, who took the priest's part and beat the unfortunate Gallo in a horrible manner. As he lay on the ground dying, he begged of a woman standing near to call a confessor, but she, snatching up a club, beat out his brains.

—— A "brilliant effect" is produced by the new candelabra dance in the ballet "Morgano," performed at the Berlin opera. About 40 "gentlemen of the ballet" appear in fancy costumes, each wearing a golden candlestick with five flames, on his head. The striking impression the various groupings of the 200 splendid lights produce is said to be beyond description.

—— At Rainhill Lunatic Asylum, near Liverpool, recently, a virulent disease broke out among the pigs kept at the asylum. Wishing to "turn an honest penny," the steward of the establishment sold 80 of the sick porkers to a butcher, who transformed them into sausages, which were all eaten by the people of Liverpool. "A sensation" has been created in that city by the discovery.

—— In a record of births published in an English paper (the Ripon and Richmond *Chronicle*), recently, the following announcement appeared: "On the 3d inst., at Ellington, the wife of Mr. Thomas Terry, schoolmaster, of a son. He spoke indistinctly, but was understood to say that, on the 3d inst., at Bondgate, Ripon, the wife of Mr. Joseph Lonsdale, tailor, of a daughter." The fault of the types.

—— At a select ball given by the Empress Eugenie, at the Tuileries, evening of Jan. 26, her majesty was attired in a white dress shot with gold, and with gold fringe at the bottom of the skirt and at the upper part of the corsage. A belt of gold encircled her waist. Her head dress was in green velvet, ornamented with diamonds and emeralds, and the necklace formed of several rows of pearls with drops of emeralds.

—— A case was recently tried in the Divorce Court, London, in which the petitioner was a Mr. Thomas C. Lloyd, who brought a suit for divorce on the ground of adultery committed by his wife with one Lionel Jobert, or "Count Epineul," who was represented as having formerly been in command of a Haytian war-steamer, but more recently in the military service of the United States. It seems that Jobert, or Epineul, while commander of the steamer, and lying at Madeira, induced the wife of Lloyd to come on board the vessel and sailed away with her.

—— The *Telegraphic Journal* announces that, from prudential motives, the Atlantic Telegraph Company have postponed the laying of the Atlantic cable until next year.

—— The Canadian Parliament opened on the 19th. The Governor-General made quite a lengthy speech in which he says he has given his attention to the reciprocity treaty, and that Parliament will be called upon to devise measures for improving the inland water communication from the western lakes to the St. Lawrence.

Chit-Chat.—A rebel clerk complains, in a letter to the Richmond *Whig* that his salary of $1 800 a year will only procure bread and butter for himself and wife.

—— From 1691 to 1853 there has been paid in interest on the national debt of England £2 287,226,562, or nearly three times the present amount of the national debt; and as to a great portion of it, the nation has been bound to pay £100 for £60 borrowed.

—— Vavasseur & Co., of London, boast that they made the shot that sunk the Keokuk.

—— Everybody has heard of the famous letters that passed between the adverse chiefs of Sir O'Connell and Tyrone, the most laconic correspondence in history:

"Pay me my tribute, or if you don't—
"O'CONNELL."
"I owe you no tribute, and if I did—
"O'NEILL."

MILTON.

BY TENNYSON.

OH mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies,
Oh skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,
God-gifted organ-voice of England,
Milton, a name to resound for ages;
Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starred for Jehovah's gorgeous armories,
Tower, as the deep-domed empyrean
Rings to the roar of an angel onset—
Me rather all that bowery loveliness,
The brooks of Eden mazily murmuring,
And bloom profuse and cedar arches
Charm as a wanderer out in ocean,
Where some refulgent sunset of India
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,
And crimson-hued the stately palmwoods,
Whisper in odorous hights of even.

THE SPOTTED SNAKE:

AN ADVENTURE IN AUSTRALIA.

BY A RETURNED AUSTRALIAN.

IT is not an agreeable thing to be left alone in an Australian forest. There is such an intense solitude in the thought of being miles away from all human habitations and the haunts of men that the mind of the strongest becomes for a time affected; and although he may be as bold as a lion in danger, yet the deep quietude of a forest sensibly affects him and causes his heart to beat with unusual rapidity. At least such was my case when I had completed the repairs of my saddle-girth. While I was occupied with the work I had not given my companions a thought; but now that I was at leisure I found myself listening most eagerly for the sound of their horses' footsteps, and wondering if they were far off, for, to tell the truth, I did not like my position. We were following on the trail of a desperate bushranger; and it was not difficult to imagine that the woods contained a number of such gentry, any one of whom would think but little of taking my life, horse, arms and clothing, and leave my body as food for the wild dogs, whose shrill barks I could hear in a distant part of the forest.

But I did not meet with any mishap. I saw nothing more formidable than insects, and they punched away at me until I was forced to cover my face and hands with stuff which I had brought with me from Melbourne. It was a species of fine, heavy lace, and did some good, but the mosquitoes made the air vocal with their cries at the idea of being foiled, and they did not neglect a single point where an attack promised success. Suddenly my horse plunged, and after staggering on, fell dead. He had been stung by the deadly spotted snake. Taking my saddle I attempted to reach a place of shelter.

In a few minutes it was so dark that I could not see my hand before my eyes, although held close to my face. The wild dogs had already found the body of the horse, and were barking themselves hoarse in their struggles for a supper; and as the music threatened to continue all night, I did not anticipate much sleep. But I laid down at last, put my head on the saddle, placed my revolver and bowieknife so that I could use them at a second's notice, and then commenced counting the stars, a few of which I could see, their light stealing through the branches of the balsam trees, and twinkling a merry good-night to many a poor fellow who was in a worse position than myself, if such a thing were possible.

While I was napping just a little, I suddenly heard something rustle near the bushes, as though a creeping body was passing over dry branches and moving in my direction. I knew what it meant; but I can't say that I was prepared for it. It was so dark that I could see nothing even if I moved, and there was as much danger in leaving my present position as there was in remaining and waiting for something to turn up. Perhaps my heart beat a little faster, and I felt a little nervous, but can't say that I was really frightened, although my position was far from pleasant, with mosquitoes in the air and a snake on the ground—lost in a forest and not an ounce of bread to eat or a drop of brandy to drink, and a mighty small stock of tobacco to smoke.

Suddenly the reptile that was causing the dry branches and leaves to rustle ceased its motions and seemed to listen, as though waiting for definite information respecting my whereabouts. For ten minutes there was a profound silence, with the exception of the quarrel of the wild dogs which were making a feast over the remains of the dead horse.

I began to doze, but was awakened in an instant by a rustling sound. This time it was nearer than before, so I hurled a dry stick in the direction of the sound, and the reptile remained quiet for a moment and then recommenced its movements. I could not keep quiet while threatened in such a manner. I lighted a match and set fire to a dry branch which I had provided before dark to act as a torch. The resinous wood burned brightly, the flame attracted clouds of mosquitoes which dashed into the fire with a buzz, as though in search of fresh blood and fell victims to their own rapacity.

With a revolver in one hand and a torch in the other I started off to search for the reptile that dared to disturb my meditations. I looked under the bushes and in the bushes, but not the least sign of a snake could I see; and after a search which lasted a quarter of an hour, I put out my torch and went back to my hard bed.

I certainly had got rid of the reptile. I lay down and listened for ten minutes; all was quiet. There was no more rustling of leaves and crackling of dry branches. The snake had left me for other quarters, as I supposed; so sleep closed my eyelids, and I dreamt of grotesque and horrible things, and at last awakened with a start, and to the fact that I was quite chilly, and that on my heart, apparently curled up for warmth, and nestled as near the flesh as possible, was a living thing—the snake that had troubled me before I fell asleep. I did not dare to stir; for if I did, I feared that I should receive a deadly wound; and if the customer on my breast was a spotted snake, a speedy death was certain, even if the skin was but grazed. It might be some other kind of snake, but it was not likely it was a harmless one, for but few reptiles that inhabit the dense woods of Australia are innocent of poison.

Although I was quite chilly when I awoke, yet no sooner did I feel the weight which was pressing upon my breast than a profuse perspiration started from my skin, rendering me weak and languid and almost incapable of thought or reason. But, by a strong, mental effort, I rallied my senses, for I feared that I should lose them unless I summoned all my fortitude and looked the danger resolutely in the face. Life was sweet, and I did not care to lose mine just at that time and under such horrifying circumstances.

I listened carefully and attentively. The reptile was sleeping or else curled up on the watch, prepared to strike at the first demonstration of hostilities. I made a first venture as a test, and to see what the result would be. I moved one arm in the direction of the torch which I had used in the early portion of the night. No corresponding movement on the part of the snake took place. This emboldened me to proceed and make another attempt. I thrust my right hand into a pocket where I kept my matches, and succeeded in obtaining several without disturbing the reptile. I thought that this was wonderful good fortune, and I grew bolder in consequence; but I was suddenly checked in my congratulations, for the reptile appeared to have been disturbed. It seemed to have raised its head, listened for a moment, and then curled down in its old place, and once more gone to sleep.

After this demonstration I did not move for a long time.

I waited until I thought my visitor was all quiet, and then I carefully lighted a match and set fire to the resinous wood. Still there was no movement on the part of the snake. The flame burned quite feeble at first, and did not give me light enough to see the color of my strange bedfellow; but it gathered headway at last, and burst into a bright flame that threw its rays for many rods into the dark forest. Still there was no movement on the part of the snake. It remained curled up, as quiet as before the fire was kindled, and this gave me hope. I drew my bowieknife and prepared to give a mighty chop, in case the reptile made a spring; and then, with a faint prayer for success, I slowly raised my head and took a survey of the monster. My movement seemed to disturb the sleeping animal; for as I raised my head and moved my body a similar movement on the part of the reptile took place, and when I was able to rest on my left elbow and look at the place where the snake was nestled, I encountered a glittering pair of eyes and an open mouth.

"Now or never!" I shouted, and let my knife descend upon the head of the reptile. It severed it at a blow, and the body, with a convulsive wriggle, tumbled from my breast to the ground.

REBEL BARBARITIES.

WE gave some space in No. 438 to rebel barbarities in Texas, describing and depicting, from Mr. Sumner's sketches, outrages of which he was, to some extent, an eye-witness. We alluded there to the case of Col. Montgomery. A corroboration of this will be found in Lieut.-Col. Fremantle's "Three Months in the Southern States," just published by John Bradburn, New York. He is not at all favorable to the North, and as his book proceeds warms under Southern influence so as to be much less communicative of matter that can tell against his friends. For a half-bred English officer to side with any enemies of the United States is too necessary a part of his character to be found wanting. Were we fighting with gorillas, English writers would be lavish in their praises of the "courage, energy and patriotism" of the gorillas, while their finer feelings would be shocked by "the foolish bullying conduct" of men that regard an oath. Before Fremantle got so thoroughly Southernised, and on the day almost of his entering Texas, he wrote:

"The Captain explained to me that he couldn't cross the river to see McCarthy, as he, with some of his men, had made a raid over there three weeks ago, and carried away some 'renegadoes,' one of whom, named Montgomery, they had left on the road to Brownsville. By the smiles of the other officers, I could easily guess that something disagreeable must have happened to Montgomery. * * * * Half an hour after parting company with Gen. Bee, we came to the spot where Montgomery had been left, and sure enough, about 200 yards to the left of the road we found him. He had been slightly buried, but his head and arms were above the ground, his arms tied together, the rope still round his neck, but part of it still dangling from quite a small mosquito tree. Dogs or wolves had probably scraped the earth from the body, and there was no flesh on the bones."

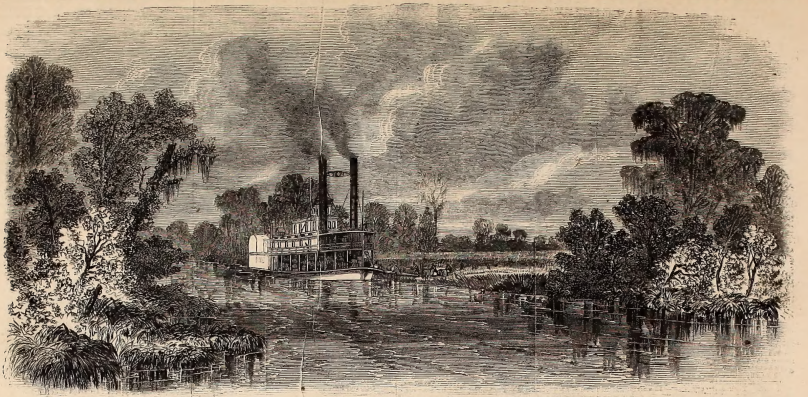
On page 52 he remarks, after crossing the San Antonio: "A woman was murdered at a ranch close by some time ago, and five bad characters were put to death at San Antonio, by the Vigilance Committee, on suspicion." His squeamishness is evidently wearing off, and his English ideas of justice are quite reconciled to hanging one woman and five men on suspicion.

The Germans of San Antonio were, he says, "at first by no means loyal to the Confederate cause. They objected much to the conscription, and some even resisted by force of arms; but these were soon settled by Duff's regiment," (p. 65).

He elsewhere describes men gloating over the dead Union soldiers, and on page 124 mentions a soldier apologizing for bringing in a Yankee prisoner, on the ground that "he surrendered so quick, I couldn't kill him."

The work contains much matter like this, and gives a really good account of the battle of Gettysburg, which Col. Fremantle witnessed.

MONARCHS sit in their palaces and command sea and land; all men pay tribute to monarchs; but women make monarchs pay tribute to them.



TAKING COTTON AND SUGAR ABOARD A STEAMER AT A PLANTATION ON THE BAYOU TECHE, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. BOSWELL.

SOLDIERS' FREE LIBRARY OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE insert in this number an excellent view of this Institution, and copy from the Washington *Chronicle* a brief account of it:

"Mr. and Mrs. John A. Fowle of New York, formerly living in this city, started this enterprise about two years ago, and from a small beginning the "Soldiers' Free Library" has risen to a handsome library of 4,000 volumes, and from a hired room, about 10 feet square, it now occupies a fine building, 62 feet long by 25 feet wide.

"Here in the capital of the nation is a spot where soldiers are supplied with books, with permission to keep them ten days; with daily papers from all the loyal States—for the press nobly responded to the call for regular papers, with magazines and Leslie's pictorial paper, with a great variety of religious reading matter, and Bibles and Testaments, also with pens, ink and paper, and a quiet place in which to write a letter home, all free of charge

"In the reading-room, which is 50 feet long, there is a melodeon, which any soldier who understands music can enjoy. The walls are decorated with flags and about 100 handsome pictures.

"This enterprise is carried on with little or no expense. Congress granted Mr. and Mrs. Fowle a lot of Government land for the purpose, and Government has given them the use of convalescent soldiers to assist in carrying on the work. About $1,100 were raised to pay for the building and fixtures, and it was raised partly by concerts given by Mrs. Fowle in this city.

"All this is most fully appreciated by the soldiers, who enjoy all the rich privileges so freely granted them. The books donated by friends at the North, are eagerly sought for, the record showing a distribution of over 40,000 volumes."

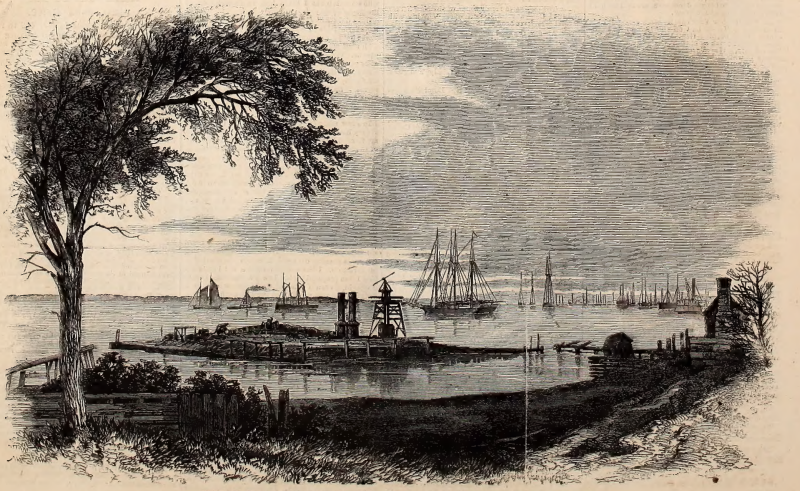


SOLDIER'S FREE LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. FILLEY.

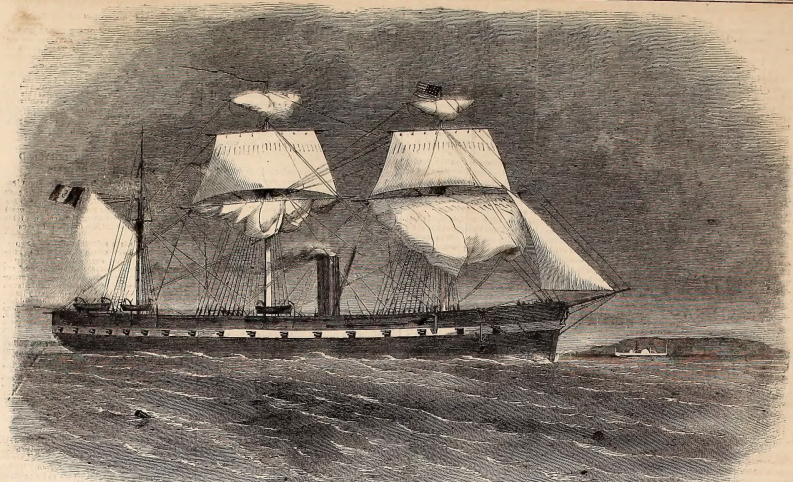
NEWBERNE, LOOKING DOWN THE NEUSE.

THE recent rebel attack on Newberne, and the success which attended their long planned and still some effort to capture the Underwriter, give a new interest to the spot. We accordingly furnish a very fine view of the town, looking down the Neuse river.

Newberne is entering on a new phase of existence. The two years occupation by Northern men, the displacement of many of the old settlers, the self-exile of more, will give it hereafter a new life and character.



NEWBERNE, N. C., LOOKING DOWN THE NEUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.



THE NEW ITALIAN STEAM FRIGATE, RE D'ITALIA, ON HER TRIAL TRIP.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

I PLAYED with the long, long ringlets,
I toyed with each jet black curl,
And I looked in the merry laughing face
Of my beautiful blue-eyed girl.
I looked in her eyes, and it seemed to me
They were frank, and open, and free.
Oh! those jet black curls—those olive cheeks—
Those eyes of heavenly blue!



I gazed in her eyes, and I thought I read
An answering love to mine;
And my soul was drunken with joy's excess,
As with royal ripe old wine.
I took her dimpled hands in my own,
And drew her close to my breast,
And I said, "Oh! Dove, come home to my heart,
And make it your place of rest."

The jet black curls, all trembling now,
Crept round as her head bent low;
Her blue eyes swam in a diamond mist,
And her cheeks were all a-glow.
I folded her close in my nervous arms,
Though then as an infant's weak,
And she breathed the words that I longed to hear,
Though I scarce could hear her speak!

Oh! words of mystic, deep import!
Oh! words with letters of gold!
They live in the heart—they ring in the ear,
Till the world grows hoary and old.
They are neither uttered nor said;
They are murmured, whispered and sighed;
But the ear of love knows their meaning well,
As from lip to lip they glide.

And so she was all in all my own!
Mine for ever, for weal or for wo!
A jewel to wear in my innermost heart,
Whose price I alone should know.
Whose price was above the gold of the earth,
Beyond the pearls of the sea,
A jewel, whose setting was maiden truth,
And all its worth for me!

"Ebb on, flow on, ye faithless sea;
Change fickle winds your course at will;
Firm as a rock my faith shall stand,
And Death shall find me loving still.
Change cannot reach my boundless love;
Time cannot quench its holy fire;
Coldness or scorn may crush my heart,
But only with life shall love expire!"

So nestling near my heart, she wept
Sweet tears of joy, to hear me vow—
Oh! could that worshipped form be pressed
Close to my aching bosom now!

Oh! could I toy with her raven hair!
Oh! could I gaze in her deep blue eye!
Oh! could I woo her from heaven to come
Once more on my throbbing heart to lie!

But wishes are vain—and hope there is none!
Our love was as brief as its moments were blest;
A few short months, and as one in a dream,
I followed my love to her place of rest.
She passed, as an infant sinks into sleep;
Her beauty sublimed as her hour drew nigh;
And oh! the love that shone out of her eyes,
Was the love that burns for eternity!

Years have passed—I am lonely still;
Sorely tempted I linger on;
But the love I gave to my love, who is dead!
No tender woman has ever won.
The faithless sea still ebbs and flows,
The fickle wind still changes at will,
But firm as a rock my love shall stand,
And Death shall find me faithful still.



Mr. Piper gazing in amazement into his transformed Trunk.

No. 10 and No. 20.

By Mary Kyle Dallas.

ONLY ONE room left, sir. Very nice room, sir. No. 10, sir. Crowded time, sir. Very fortunate for any gentleman to receive any room, sir. Walk in, sir. Any refreshment, sir?"

"Yes, chops and a paper."

"Of tobacco, sir?"

"No; a newspaper."

"*Budget of Fun*, sir?"



"She unlocked her trunk, kneeling beside it for that purpose."

"Yes. And, waiter, send my trunk up immediately."

"Yes, sir."

Off went the waiter of the Lincoln House, Pigeonville, with these words, and the traveller whom he had just ushered into the apartment designated as No. 10, sat down on one of the two chairs which it contained and looked about him. It was a small room, furnished, as most hotel bedrooms are, with a very bright carpet, a very shiny bureau and a great deal of pillow. The bed was single, but there was an immense washstand, with two ewers and two basins upon it, between the windows, and a block of soap a quarter of a yard square in the soapdish, a fact which made up for the utter absence of towels and water. At this article of furniture the gentleman stared absently pending the waiter's return. He was evidently thinking of something, and soon his thought found utterance in the following soliloquy:

"Ah! she is a lovely creature—a very lovely creature. I don't know a lovelier one. I wonder where she went, and who she is, and whether she took notice of my glances? They were fervent, I know. But Diana herself could not have objected to 'em, they were so respectful."

And the gentleman, who was a middle-aged and rather small person, with an air which would have led the close observer to believe that he had something to do with drygoods, rubbed his hands and shook his head.

"I'm goodlooking, I know," he said, glancing at the dressing-glass. "Otherwise Frog & Bottom wouldn't put me behind the ladies' glove counter. And I'm rather proud of my success with the fair sex. Could I not obtain an introduction to my charmer I should not despair. Ah!"

And again the stranger sighed and gazed attentatively, this time at the wall.

Had this wall and the one opposite to it been transparent he might have seen sitting beside the window of an apartment, on the opposite side of the hall, a tall, stout lady, with a very bright color and very black hair, cut short, after the prevalent fashion, who, like himself stared at vacancy and soliloquized.

"A very nice gentleman," she muttered to herself; "so fair and so genteel, and I'm sure I made an impression on her by the gazed eyes. Ah! And Fanny Griffin, when she told my fortune, said that I should marry a small gentleman, with fair hair. Oh, what's that?"

"Only me, mum," replied an advancing chambermaid. "I've brung up the teas, and toast, and jam; and please 'm what was your drink like?"

"My drink! My tea. Drab leather, with brass nails, and P. P. on one end. Mind you let me have it soon; my night things are in it.

The chambermaid set down the tray and departed; the nibbled her toast, and sipped her tea, and sighed. Pretty soon a bumping on the stairs announced that her trunk was being conveyed upon them, and soon a tap at the door and the query:

"Had your's redtape on the handle?"

startled the fair dreamer from her reverie.

"Certainly," she replied. "I forgot to mention it; it has redtape on the handle."

"All right" said the voice from the darkness, and the treasured trunk was brought in and deposited on the floor at the stranger's request. And another trunk, also drab leather, also brass nailed, also marked P. P. on one end, was placed within the apartment occupied by the good-looking employé of Frog & Buttons.

Strange coincidence. Peter Piper, of New York, ere starting on the business entrusted to him by his employers, purchased the twin trunk to that with which Miss Paulina Pettibones had an hour before provided herself at the same place. P. P. it certainly is denied, were the initial letters of both, and both travelling in the same car to the same destination, would have entered the Lincoln House at the same moment but for an unfortunate accident which, calling all the passengers out of the cars, had jumbled them in again without regard to former places, and so had separated Miss Pettibones and Mr. Piper. It had been a case of love at first sight, there was no denying that; and as the course of true love never did run smooth, how could it be expected to deviate from the general rule in the case of Mr. Peter Piper, travelling agent for Frog & Buttons.

They were young, it might be for years and it might be for ever, for neither contemplated a prolonged stay at Pigeonville, and each was ignorant of the other's presence under the roof the Lincoln House.

Paulina Pettibones, after finishing her repast, began to arrange herself for the night. Firstly, she brushed out her short hair; secondly, she covered it with a nightcap; thirdly, she attired herself in a long gown, with ruffles, completing thereby a ghastliness quite alarming to behold; and, finally, she being a good Episcopalian, read the service for the evening, and, looking the door, retired. Just ten minutes before, Mr. Peter Piper, in flannel gown and gobbin head-dress, occupied the couch devoted to him. They slumbered, all within the dreadnought hallowed likewise, and the clock upon the hall wall ticked slowly on until the hands pointed to the hour of midnight, when suddenly the repose was broken and shouts of thieves and murder awoke the household. In an instant every door was open, half-dressed figures rushed into the passages. "Where?" "What?" "Who is it?" "Are we bombarded at last?" "Mercy sakes! Is it the Southerners?" "Please, Mr. Jeff Davis, don't murder me; I always was on your side!" and a similar confusion and promiscuity resounded on all sides. All the ladies were in hysterics before the landlord, having discovered the real facts of the case, could explain to them that the disturbance was caused by the Cuban gentleman, Señor Olloposdons, who had forgotten that he had told the night waiter to call him at midnight, and when that functionary had made his appearance at his bedside and shaken him, according to directions, had tried to shave him with a barrel revolver.

Fortunately the watchman escaped, and the Cuban was sufficiently awake not to fire at any one else, and the alarmed ladies and gentlemen began gingerly to discover that they were not in full dress, hurried back to their apartments.

Amongst these individuals was Mr. Peter Piper, who, proud of his personal appearance, shuddered at the idea of being observed by any one in a flannel straight jacket and goblin peaked nightcap, and who, to his great consternation, had forgotten the way to his apartment. Passage after passage did he explore, guided only by his remembrance of the number of doors, for he had no recollection of the number, and he had many hairbreadth escapes from encounters with lady boarders before his eyes lighted on the long strip of red matting which sweep up the passage of which he was in search.

"Hurrah!" cried Mr. Peter Piper, to himself, "it's the last door to the left, I know."

But as he spoke a ghostly figure, in a white robe, whisked passed him and entered with hasty footsteps the very door which he had a moment before decided to be his own.

"Oh!" breathed Mr. P., "how confused I must be. I could have sworn it was the door to the left. It must be the right hand one." And, stating forward, on tiptoe, he peeped in.

The room was certainly the same. The small bed and big washstand, the bright carpet and shining bureau, and a trunk standing in the middle of the floor. A drab trunk marked P. P., and adorned with brass nails.

"P. P.," said Mr. Piper. "That's proof positive—ha! ha!—P. P. stands for that, too." And without more ado he stumbled into bed and slumbered until morning, awakened only by the sound of the gong, which summoned the inns biteats of Lincoln House to breakfast.

Men have been aroused by fear fal apparitions at dead of night, but surely seven a. m. is an unusual hour for seeing a skeleton at the foot of one's bed. There was no doubt of it, however; There it was, hanging over the post, straight before Mr. P.'s astonished eyes.

Not such a skeleton, however, as the reader imagines. This was of tape and steel—a lady's skeleton—and it peeped short, flowered and embroidered skirts, a gray dress with many buttons, and black gaiters. Mr. Piper rubbed his eyes and stared, still the apparition stood.

At last he arose and tried the door. It was locked as he had left it. Then he looked about for his own attire—it had disappeared. Was he the victim of enchantment? Mr. Piper was not sure. Moreover, as he gazed upon the gray dress trimmed with velvet, and half covered with flounces, something of the truth dawned on him. These were the garments which his enchantress had worn in the car. In the draggeds business as for many years Mr. Peter Piper had been, he had acquired The identical dress—four and six a yard. They had come of it at Frog & Buttons. He remembered wondering if the belt fitted.

How did these garments come into his room? Whither had his own vanished? It was a problem which Mr. Piper could not solve.

However, the gong was sounding and he was hungry—very hungry. His trunk contained another suit, and his trunk, as he knew, was in the corridor. It had also, alas!—for the key was sticking inand as did so his eye caught sight of the tape upon the handle.

"Funny," he said. "I can't imagine how it came there. It's my trunk. There are my initials; but I never tied red tape to the handle. Perhaps the waiter did it."

As Mr. Piper spoke he flung the cover back. Alas! neither broadcloth nor linen greeted his astonished gaze, but the feminine habiliments—a lady's wardrobe, not a gentleman's, lay within.

Mr. P. did not swear. He belonged to Methodist meeting-house, and had been heard to "Jeiminy-phat!" and stood upon his feet, pale with astonishment, in an instant.

"Am I transmogrified into a lady or am I not?" he exclaimed, turning to the shiny bureau. "This is the queerest thing I ever heard tell of. My trunk certain for P. P. is upon it—Peter Piper—proof positive. Decidedly not my clothes, unless I am transmo—into a lady."

He sang, and sat and waited for the waiter. In his absence a chambermaid appeared, to whom Mr. Piper peeped through a crack of the door.

"I rang for the young man," said Mr. P.

"Yes, miss," replied the parlor maid, sotto, "but I allers waits on this side. What would you please to want, miss?"

"The landlord," replied Mr. Piper.

"There ain't no landlord, miss," replied Sally.

"There's a landlady—she's a widder—shall I send her?"

"Not for worlds!" replied Mr. P., shutting his door and locking it quickly. "I wonder what the girl means by calling me miss. It's very singular money."

At the same moment Paulina Pettibones, spinster, springing from her couch, gazed with astonishment at her trunk, and at Jerusha's attire suspended from a chair-back, and then looked wildly around:

"Where are my clothes?" she cried, "Some thief has taken 'em I'm sure; my gracious! Sally, Sally!"

Shrieking the bell as she spoke for the chambermaid she regarded the garments before her with horror, which faded into surprise as she muttered:

"I'm certain I remember that vest; a curious plaid. He wore it, or one like it."

At the moment, a tap at the door, and Sambo's voice:

"Want me, sah?"

"No," cried Miss Paulina, "I don't want you; go away. I want Sally—send her to me."

"Sally don't never wait on dese her rooms, sah!" replied Sambo; "won't I do, sah?"

"No," cried Miss Paulina, through the keyhole. "Go away."

"I wonder why he called me sir," she said to herself. "I'll dress myself and speak to the landlady."

As she spoke she unlocked her trunk; kneeling beside it for that purpose.

"Something has taken the red tape off of the handle," she said to herself in surprise. "What a queer thing! Ah! oh! merey me!"

There were only garments suitable for the majestic form of the sterner sex within the trunk, and Miss Paulina almost fainted. Meanwhile the waiter entered the landlord's room.

"What shall I do?" said Miss Paulina. "The room train will start without me, and Cousin Ann Eliza will think I'm never coming, and I haven't any clothes but these. They are nice clothes for a man's, too, I wonder how they'd fit. Not that I'd put them on for worlds!" said Miss Paulina sat down resolutely in her ruffled gown.

Soon there came another tap at the door.

"Please, sir, if you're up won't you let the sweep come in to go up chimney?"

"Is that Sally?" asked Miss P.

"No, sir; it's Sambo."

"Very well, in a minute."

But, how. She could not confide in Sambo. She must dress herself in those habiliments and open the door. For a few minutes she pondered. Then went to work, and ended by standing in ultra-bloomer costume before the glass.

Meanwhile, Sally, urgent as Sambo, tapped at Mr. Peter Piper's door, and preferred the same with the additional information.

"And missus hopes it an't a inconvenicing of you, miss."

The dreadful landlady. Mr. P. could not encounter her in his flannel shirt waistcoat. He yielded to necessity, and adopted crinoline.

The sweeps were waiting in the passage. The door was ever opened, Mr. P. peeping from his new gentleman opposite who shut the door immediately. Miss Pettibones in shutting her's had caught a glimpse of a lady in a gray travelling dress, across the passage.

At the sight she experienced great relief. "A sister woman must have pity on her unfortunate predicament. As soon as it was possible she would appeal to her. Perhaps it would be best to wait till she had left her room."

But the sweeps once gone, Mr. Piper had no intention of exhibiting himself in crinoline. He also had resolved to appeal to his neighbor, and very impatiently he watched the opposite door. No one emerged from it. At noon he rang for lunch, and partook of it in his own apartment.

Paulina had nothing to ring, she dared not encounter the observing eyes of Sambo.

So the day passed and evening shadows fell, and under the cover of night Miss Pettibones crossed the passage, and knocked at Mr. Piper's door. That gentleman in his crinoline had opened it.

"What a masculine-looking person," was Miss P.'s first thought.

"What an effeminate little wretch," passed through the mind of Mr. Peter Piper.

"Pardon me, madam," began Miss Paulina, "I'm aware that you must think this visit a very strange one; but, the fact is I—I am in a dilemma."

"That's confoundedly like my vest," thought Mr. Piper, who, sitting in his chair, counterfeited the manner of a lady to the best of his ability. "Should be added, "No intrusion, sir, I'm sure."

Miss Paulina smiled, gratefully.

"I know that one of my own sex would never detect you, sir," she continued the true state of things. The fact is, these are not my own clothes."

"I knew they couldn't be," replied Mr. Piper.

"Knew! ah, then, you have discovered that I am not what I appear to be. Oh! dear madam, how thankful I am that you may I have endured since last night no tongue can describe. But I hadn't anything else, and I was forced to put these on. If you'll only lend me some proper clothes for an hour or so, I will be so thankful, so overjoyed."

Mr. Piper glanced at the suspicious waistcoat, and said in a gruff voice:

"Will you explain, sir. I don't quite understand."

"I suppose I mistook the room," said Paulina, "in the fright last night you know, and I have nothing left of my own. All I care for is a dress and stockings, and shoes, for I am exactly very slow. So close was the atmosphere in the tunnel that my feet swelled and I had to take off my shoes, and their vanities would go out.

At one time I was going to scar the head of the street that a small hole, about the size of a stovepipe, broke through; but, fortunately, the hole was observed by the guard, and was a great service in edmi ting air, enabling the passengers to breathe more rapidly.

The tunnel, completed by 31 days or patient toil, was about 60 feet long, and opened into an old house so ed, beyond the line of goodsheds.

As soon as the air was clear, they emerged slowly in small squads of two or three, and sauntered out until they were clear of the sheds, making their way to the Williamsburg road by the nearest routes. The darkness favored them, and the fact that the rebel soldiers whom they met were habited in the gray coats of their foes, which they had received by the supplies sent to our prisoners by the Government, was of great service.

Although they were attired in our army overcoats, and many of them had their knapsacks on their backs, the national uniform a better disguise than it they had worn citizens' dress in place of uniforms.

In order to elude their pursuers, who they knew would soon be on their track, they kept as much apart as possible. Many were their hardships and sufferings, and frequent were their narrow escapes from the rebel cavalry, who, the next morning, were bushwhacking in the neighborhood.

The joy which Col. Streight and four comrades, the engineers of the band, experienced when they first caught sight of our troops sent out to help them and relieve their fears, can better be imagined than expressed.

To the officers and men of the 11th Penn. cavalry, whom the first party met, they express most profound gratitude for their unwearied attention, and also bear testimony to the gallantry with which these gallant fellows pressed the rebel cavalry for several many days of the weary, worn fugitives, who otherwise would have been captured.

Gradually the summer that reached our troops increased, and by the 20th of June each man had been reduced to the rebels.

The whole command was alive during the period. The rebel cavalry scouring the country to recapture the fugitives, and our forces, however, by calling, driving him back to outer quarters. Many on the south of crossed, and were taken prisoners, captured by the negroes—their own friends—needed only this means to make their escape a certainty.

TREES THAT GROW SHIRTS.—"We saw" on the slope of the Cerro D.ilis," says M. Humboldt, "shirt trees, 30 feet high, with a trunk like oil cylinders, unless two feet in diameter from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. This bark consists of a sort of garment which resembles a sack of very coarse cloth. Without a single seam. Upper opening serves for the head, and the two lateral holes are used for the arms. The natives wear this shirts of Mariza in the rainy season. They have the form of the ponchos and mosses of cotton which are so common in New Granada, at Quito, and in Peru. As in this climate the riches and beneficence of nature are regarded as the primary causes of the laziness of the inhabitants, the missionaries do not fail to say, in showing the shirts of the tree, in the forests of Cuenoco, garments are found ready made upon the trees."

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TAKING COTTON AND SUGAR ABOARD

At a Plantation on the Bayou Teche.

The dawn of a peaceful era seems breaking on the rich districts of Louisiana, negroes are seen in more rolling to the steamers the wealth of those fertile lands which have made the Teche country famous.

The approaching restoration of State authority by the Government, which originally purchased the territory and then admitted it to the State Rights which it shared, and which, in fact, made—for that like the rank pictures that we read lay before our readers of Louisiana life. Her people are currently said to have a recurrence of the horrors that preceded Butler's entrance into New Orleans. Petty battles as have drenched her teeming soil in blood.

TRIAL TRIP OF THE IRONCLAD STEAMER RE D'ITALIA.

We present our readers with a fine view of the new ironclad steamer Re d'Italia, recently built in this city, by William H. Webb, Esq., who has accomplished so much for the advancement of naval architecture by supporting the resources of the Navy and Henry Eckford, the founders of the establishment.

The Re d'Italia is a splendid vessel of 32 guns. On the spar-deck she measures 258 feet long; her hold is 43 feet wide, and she draws 18 feet of water. She has two engines of 800 horse-power, of the Merrick and Sons type, manufactured at the Novelty Works. She has made several trial trips, the first on the 19th November, made by the engineer, satisfied the owners that they had a powerful steamer, who visited her. On a second trial trip, December 30, she ran ashore in a fog for which she got off without any injury. On the 17th of February she made another and most satisfactory trip, from New York to the Bay. Among the guns were a commission seat from the Navy Department and also rear admiral Hudson navy. Mr. Webb was also of the number. The trial was run at sea, and the ship went 13 knots. It, and her speed exceeds the contract price, being 14.6 miles an hour in this trip.

The great triumph is that she does not pitch, and rolls no more than an ordinary vessel. Mr. Webb having thus overcome the difficulty encountered in the European ships, the Italian navy and Spain appreciate the high qualities of Mr. Webb, why does not America?

ESCAPE OF 109 OFFICERS FROM THE LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND.

THE feeling of sympathy for our unfortunate officers and men, who have so long suffered the rage and brutality of the rebels, gave way to a momentary feeling of joy as news came of the escape of 109 officers at once. From time to time a few officers have escaped, but the success of their escapes have been among the most intensely exciting incidents of the war. But the escape of 109 at one time seems to get out of the Southern dungeon, the interest knew no bounds. The method employed was as follows:

Having money with which to find access to the city, they commenced work, relieving one another as opportunity offered. Their implements were very few—pokers, knives, chisels and files. Twice they had to abandon their work, once on account of the discovery of the obstructions which they could not pass. They had bored 15 feet, and found themselves at last outside, but found it impracticable.

After getting through the well they disposed of the excavated soil by dressing it out in a spittoon, which they added to the pond. This would be filled by the party at work in the tunnel, and pulled out into the hall by cord attached thereto. This disposed of it by spreading it in shallow layers over the floor, concealing it beneath the bed. The work was necessarily very slow. So close was the atmosphere in the tunnel that candles would burn in it but for a minute or two at a time, and their candles would go out.

At one time they got to near the bend of the street that a small hole, about the size of a stovepipe, broke through; but, fortunately, the hole was observed by the guard, and was a great service in edmi ting air, enabling the passengers to breathe more rapidly.

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HER BEAUTIFUL HAND.

SWEET hand that, held in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,
The soul's one anchorage in this storm and doubt,
I take thee as the sign

Of sweeter days in store
For life, and more than life, when life's done,
And thy soft pressure leads me gently on
To heaven's own evermore.

I have not much to say,
Nor any words that fit such fond request:
Let my blood speak to thine, and hear the rest
Some silent, heartward way.

Thrice blest the faithful hand
Which waits while it believes—held me fast:
Let me not go beneath the flood at last,
So near the better land.

Sweet hand that, thus in mine,
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,
My hope of comfort in life's every care and doubt,
Take this, and make me mine.

Deacon Sloan's Wife's Nephew.

By A. Brock.

"WELL, I do say! Deacon Sloan's wife is enjoying one of the most stuck-up critters that ever I set eyes on, and I can't see that she's anything to brag on neither, less 'tis a lot o' brass. And body with half an eye can see's, those paller curl o' hers are false, the partin' in the middle so white, and as to those pink cheeks and white teeth that everybody pears to be so crazy 'bout; why anybody can paint their cheeks, and I don't know how many such skinny teeth as her's, looks though she never intended to eat nothin' else but fiapdoodle and such like all her days. Gracious me what a fuss they made over her when she first came to Bickertown. Everywhere a body went 'twas, 'Seen Deacon Sloan's wife? Heard Deacon Sloan's wife play the pianner? (she'd better been playin' the washboard). Ain't Deacon Sloan's wife harnsome?' and a host of other questions. As to being harnsomer, she ain't no more a beauty than Annie's canary bird. I know somebody that ain't very far off that was a sight better looking in her younger days. Black eyes are always bright as blue, and she hadden such a dreadful nose to be sure. But I was always taught at school that 'self-praise, no recommendation,' so I shan't say nothin' more. I will, though, Deacon Sloan had left them pink cheeks in Boating, where they belong, so that a body might get a decent sight of their complexion. Ask how Mrs. Stephens's baby, what has got the measle is a sight better; Miss Sloan sot up last night with it."

"Have you seen Reuben sietz get along?"

"Purty well; Miss Sloan took him a bull stock of flannel shirts to make for the young Hottentots."

"What's old Molly Perkin's daughter, Katie doing at the deacon's?"

"Oh, Miss Sloan's going to keep her, an' let her go to school, for what she can do out of school hours."

I guess she'll have her hands full with that young un. A wickedder child never breathed the breath of life's my opinion, and she had a sight better go to the poor-house at once than stay here bothering. Miss Sloan's got tired of her bargain fore long, mark my words. I'm sure I'm as willing to do for the misfortunate as the next one, but that child don't get no more gratitude than an old saw-buck. Here I offered a spell back when old Molly died, to take her in Biddy's place, and give her her food and lodgings for her work, but she only sot right down an' cried, an' cried, till I got out of all manner of patience with her: and told her she was just like her herself, I was done with her. Lord knows 'twould have been no great gain to me, for Biddy's mighty handy, if I have to pay her four dollars a month. There she comes down street now, dressed to death in a new calico frock. Going to school I expect. Susie, you wicked child, come right over here. How dare you speak to that varmint? I'll have take that wood that, and learn to mind your mother after this. Quit hollerin' now, you ain't killed, cause I hit you once or twice."

Thank God! little Katie Perkins had a better friend in Miss Sloan than Deborah Thompson, or shrew Deborah, as she was sometimes to her great rage was called.

"No more shrew then other folks," she would say, "only I am honest enough to speak my opinion. Pity other folks warnt so, too. I have want of any kind, and in anybody, whether they've got pink cheeks and white hair or not."

Bickertown is as pretty a little village as you would want to look at. The principal street is shaded on each side by an even row of trees, and the meeting-house stands at the end of it on a little eminence. Two other places of worship have been built somewhat incongruously in parsonage seats inside, and the younger and graver portion of the community at Bickertown frequent one of these; but the regular meeting-house is the old framed building at the end of the street. Thither the original elders and deacons of the town flock, together with such of their children as have not degenerated. Such of these as are one of those who remained steadfast and true to the old brown edifice, with its high stoop and stiff back seats. He was elected deacon years ago, when his first wife was living. Poor thing! she died in giving birth to a child, seven years after marriage. "Call him John, after my brother," she said, "and, oh, David! do not let him live without an occasional remembrance of his mother," and with a sigh she yielded to the embrace of death. Deacon Sloan sincerely mourned for his wife, and looking upon his son as her legacy he determined to call in his maiden sister to the charge, that he might as near as possible give him the care of a mother. She remained up to the time of his second marriage, and then in a huff determined to take her departure.

"she knew no reason the deacon could have for wanting to get married again. His shirts and socks were in prime order always. It was scandalous, and she would not remain to play second where she had remained supreme for fifteen years."

This she would say to herself, but woe to any one else that uttered it.

"The deacon had as good right to get married as any body else, and better. It was plaguey few men who would have remained fifteen years for his first wife, and she was glad of it, for it must be awful lonely for a man who has had a wife to be without one."

A little bit of a white lie there, Miss Betsy, but she never thought of that.

Wrathy as she was toward the deacon, he yet succeeded in persuading her that the second wife the young wife was domiciled and began to feel at home, hoping by that time that her prejudice would be overcome by Elsie's sweetness, and she would consent to stay, for he shrank from the idea of his sister seeking another home at her time of life. He also thought that perhaps she would still keep charge of the house, and thus relieve the young wife. Where and how he had managed to get his youthful and lovely bride, with his gray hair and wrinkled face, was a great mystery even to the village gossips, but not so to Elsie. When the deacon found his way into her mother's lowly cottage, and asked her hand in his sadly needed, she looked upon him as the best of men. And when in her mother's last illness he had provided the best physician in the village, regardless of expense, taking her own place at the bedside when she was worn out, and gently soothing the sufferer, she rose to him as the very ideal of being and love. And after that mother's death, and she was alone in the world, when he drew her gently towards him and offered her his hand, it was a great mystery saying at the same time that although she would be an old man's bride, yet it would not be long that she would be troubled with him, and that she would always have sufficient to take comfortably upon, she burst into tears and confessed that though she loved him more as a father than a husband, she would try her best to make him a good wife and thus repay her debt of gratitude. Satisfied with this (for the good deacon could not leave the young girl unprotected in the world, you know), he had taken her back to his home as his wife.

Gentle and unassuming, she won the heart of her husband's sister so much so more about leaving the house, for she argued, "had young chit as fit to take charge of the deacon's house, and such a one as John; besides she isn't to blame if the deacon chooses to marry a child." "Child, indeed!" she staid there, keeping all her former respectful civilities upon her own shoulders, giving Elsie ample time to learn the duties of her station. Elsie, she had not helped the "Heathen sietz" as Deborah Thompson called it, from any suspicion of doing good, for she was aware that Elsie was poor, and more children at home who needed the flannel shirts during the severe winter to come, then in the place they were sent to. Still, she was by no means ready help to aid the philanthropic desire of the ladies constituting the society, and that done cast their eyes about for some newly subject nearer home.

Old Molly Perkins lived in the poorest hovel in all Bickertown. A widow for years ago, when Katie was quite small, she entered into marriage. No one knew who she was, or where she came from; but from the fact of her language being very correct, and at times almost refined, it was supposed that she had known better days. Upon the subject of her former life, however, she was obstinately silent. She was a tidy, neat body, and kept either by direct question or skilful strategy. Too poor to send little Katie to school—for the child had very little money to spare—Deborah found out to her death that she had succeeded in teaching her not only how to read, but also some of the rudiments of arithmetic. Deborah's hatred was unbounded for this she had obtained from the minister's wife while doing odd jobs for her during house-cleaning time. They were wide apart from each other in usage, but answered every purpose, and it was found that Katie would not be very far behind her schoolmates in those branches. Miss Sloan having discovered the ambition of Molly to instruct the child, could not but respect it, and feeling also a great deal of pity for the little friendless one, begged her husband's permission to take her to her own home, and putting an education within her reach. Little need was there to ask the deacon. He had an improved opinion of the child, or he could not have refused Elsie. Aunt Betsy was most decidedly averse to her entrance, and tried hard to argue her brother into refusing. "Go to Elsie," he would say, "if she is willing to give it up, all right; but if she still desires it, so be it," and when he found Miss Sadley, in the very pompous "amens" were so plentifully used among the deacons as to make it almost second nature to wind up a sentence with one, he knew that Elsie was well that any appeal to Elsie would be fruitless, nevertheless when talking upon the subject she would not hesitate to express her opinion freely.

"How can you want to harbor that child, Elsie? Seems to me the best thing to do would be to get her bound out somewhere. She'll have to work, and what's the use of putting fine notions of education in her head."

"Oh, aunty, she is so young to be put to hard work now, and little she will want in way of good and clothing we can very well spare."

"But what's the use, Elsie, it will only make her discontented by-by; besides, she isn't fit company for John," said aunt Betsy, speaking out her real objection in the excitement of the moment.

"Oh, never fear," answered Elsie, laughing. "I shall not allow her to contaminate John. She will be to school all day, and when she is home I shall teach her to sew. Aunt Betsy," she continued more gravely, "I should consider it a sin not to help that child get an education. She seems fairly crying for it. I never saw such a grasping a mind in a young person before."

"So grasping and diabolistic" quoth aunt Betsy to herself, as Elsie left the room. "She's crazy on the subject, I believe; but there is no use talking, she will have her own way, and if she wouldn't the deacon would make her."

And so Katie was taken, and after weeks of alternating and contriving, turning and washing old dresses she was sent to school, clean and tidy, on the hour. Her progress in school was perfectly surprising for, as Mrs. Sloan had said, she was eager for knowledge, and her love for her benefactress amounted to almost adoration, but she was as quiet that few suspected the depths of her feeling. She was one small group child, and when dress in the rags, which was all old Molly could give her, she was most decidedly plain. But then you must remember she had suffered with from want of regular food. Now, dressed in a neat frock, and with her black hair glossily brushed, she was at least a very interesting child.

Quiet and unobtrusive, she rarely uttered more than "yes ma'am," or "no ma'am;" but her full eyes would sometimes volumes, and as better and more regular living improved her appearance, many were the comments the neighbors passed upon her, while the friends of Deborah Thompson were indeed—as she called it—plain spoken.

"Pears to me that Katie Perkins' getting mighty shirk all of a sudden; she'll be actin' up for a lady too, by and by, if you don't look out, Deacon, I expect. I hope my Bill don't go shining up to her when she gits older. He's the best-all of us girls. I am a-thinking of being a widow for a-ready. But I bet he don't have easy sailing in that quarter, not if Deborah Thompson knows what's what. I'll be a-managing that sweet-heart there'll be war, that you can bet on. What on earth's the matter now, Biddy? 'Pears to me you're always a-bothering me. Been spillin' fat on the fire again, an burning yourself, to give me the trouble of takin' care of you?"

"Indade, thin, an I haven't, Miss Thompson, betwixt the fire and the spoon I'm impatient bisquare, bealin' of me. Sure an that boy Bill o' yourn is a dirty supplexen, an I, won't sthay in the house wid him," and Biddy, who was buried in her apron and sobs and groans were plentifully interspersed with—"Och! to think of it, the villain, an all the money I've saved, an' me clothes round me—neck instid of me heels! Begorra, I'll be after takin at it again, it 'll be a bloody day for him," and other energetic expressions.

Deborah Thompson had bid exercised all his genius in stretching a cord across the door leading to the yard, and Biddy, in bustling through, had been tripped full length in the most disorderly manner. Discovering, by a snuffling laugh from round the corner of the house, the perpetrator of the outrage, she rushed in search of him, but the one before his mother, and for once Mistress Deborah was silenced. No use to scold; Biddy would rail louder, and cry more, and as to using the rod—Bill, she knew, would arouse the neighbors. So she was obliged to soothe her in the best manner possible, promising Bill's "settin' to rights" for the same hour if it took them both to give it to him.

Katie was attentive and regular at school, and as the winter drew on, Deborah was enabled to hire Mrs. Sloan was obliged to restrict her and give her means of exercise.

"Katie," she would say, "put on your bonnet and shawl and run over to aunt Betsy's. Burt 'll only about three-quarters of a mile, and you can get back in an hour and a half."

Sometimes she would send her to pick a dish of strawberries for her, "You know I am so fond of them fresh from the garden, and no one picks such nice ones as you do."

Katie would blush and smile under the compliment and hasten to fulfil the request with a light heart.

"You make a fool of that child, Elsie," said aunt Betsy.

"Nonsense, aunty. Don't you see how pleased she is; and, poor thing! she has so few to praise her."

The day of the examination came, and Katie, with a trembling heart, stood up to recite. How she managed to answer the questions she never knew, all was a mist to her. The teachers, the committee, the visitors and the scholars were all one confused mass, and she herself an automaton, with only the sense of hearing and answering left her, and it was with a sigh of relief that she returned to her seat.

At last the exercises were over, and the prizes to be distributed. The principal took his station in front of the school.

"The prize for the first class is awarded to Miss Katie Hallday; the second, to Miss Sophia Kemp; the third, to Miss Katherine Perkins; the fourth," &c.

Katie did not hear the fourth. Bewildered by her good-fortune, her head fell on her side had to push her forward to receive it. During the remainder of the school that day she sat as though in a dream, holding in the medal lightly in her hand. At last they were dismissed, and hastening home she rushed into the sitting-room.

"Oh, Mrs. Sloan, I have got the medal!" and burst into tears.

"Well, you needn't cry about it," said the practical John. "If ever I saw such a queer girl; try her best to win a prize and then cry because she got it!"

"Mrs. John, dear!" whispered Mrs. Sloan, and then, calling Katie, and putting an arm round her, she kissed her fondly, and told her how glad and proud she was.

Katie, for once courageous enough to express her real feelings, clasped her arms around her friend's neck and sobbed forth:

"Oh, Mrs. Sloan, how you love! I love you so dearly that I could die for you!"

"Well, here's a go!" began sarah the incorrigible John, but a glance from his mother stopped him.

Astonished at the intensity of expression from the hitherto quiet child, Mrs. Sloan could only caress her, but her eyes were opened in that moment to the depths of the little heart throbbing violently so close to her own, and Katie found a still closer friend in her from that day.

From this time the little girl regularly advanced, gaining prizes in the higher classes as she had in the third, until, at the age of fifteen, she was dismissed as finished. Long before she had made up her mind to seek her own livelihood by teaching, and eighteen months after leaving school applied for a situation in a town seven miles distant, and to her great surprise and unbounded delight, John, now a manly fellow of twenty, offered his services to drive her there, and with a tear of regret at parting, she started.

Elsie missed her sadly, for she had been her constant companion since leaving school, ever on the watch for some gentle office for her benefactress, whose health had become quite delicate latterly. Aunt Bessie would grimly say:

"Fuss! fuss, Elsie, I wish that child had just minded her business and stayed at home where she could be of some use. Whose going to pit the raisins for that great batch of mincepies, I should like to know? I am sure I can't and nobody else to do it."

But down in the bottom of her heart lay the real wish for the cheerful countenance and willing hands, and the raisins might go unpitted if Katie would only return.

John missing his young associate evenings, took to visiting Bickertown at first every week; he would be gone all the afternoon and evening until after ten o'clock, and when questioned would simply answer, "Riding."

Aunt Betsy, however, with a knowing look puckered up her mouth, and said, "The horse seemed to need exercise for many hours steady driving most amazingly well. Didn't he get tired of driving in one direction so much? Should think he had enough of the scenery on that road, when he went every two weeks to see Miss Katie home."

Instead of getting tired of the road John seemed to become attached to it, for every day or two found him on the road. Katie had been absent about two years, no one was surprised at his asking his father's permission to bring her home again to Mrs. Sloan. But Mrs. Sloan promptly put a stop to Molly's daughter, excepting, of course, our friend Deborah. "She thought it mighty come down to have deacon Sloan's wife let their servant go and come into it. She reckoned as how Miss Sloan was sorry she had meddled with that kettle o' fish. As to Katie, if she liked to come and visit, and to take up with her, when there was so many other girls in the village, he might a had for asking. Miss Sloan was a fool to have such a spilt as you want to set eyes on (just like her mother was at her age). But, then, twant no use for him to visit in that quarter. He never should a had her consent, not if Susie cried her eyes out. Besides Susie would not a had him."

"There, I do believe that's she a coming round the corner. Now do go Miss Sloan and receive me to congratulate you. Won't you walk in an take a cup of tea with us? Most supper time, an Bill and Susie 'll be glad to death to see you. It is so long since you've been in these parts that the sight of you is good for sore eyes. Won't come in! can't stop, hey? Well, you an John come another day see us some time, won't you? We always thought a heap o' John. Good evening. Peart thing; thinks she's grateful to her neighbors. I suppose Bill, the fortune goes by favor, and mayhap we'll be rich bym-by. Who knows but my Bill may marry a heiress, or found of high degree. Stranger things have happened, an may happen again."

NEW MUSIC.—Well deserving our notice are the compositions by Mr. FRANZ SCHLOTTER, one of the well-known musical professors of this city. A waltz, composed for the piano, and a galop, bearing the title "Leopold Galop," are among his recent productions, both of once original and brilliant, without being too difficult for ordinary players. The composition has in his case as a thorough knowledge of the effects of the piano-forte. Messrs. BEACH & BARKER are the publishers, and both merit every inducement to make Mr. SCHLOTTER's pen more prolific.

THE ARMY AND NAVY *Journal*, of NEW YORK, has used G.R. McCLELLAN's Report to the list of officers by the Army and Navy Register printed in that paper. The Report is published entire in supplement form, and uniform with the Register, in form convenient for preservation, and accompanied by a map. The two could be ordered of the publishers. It Report are for sale by Newsdealers, at 10 cents each, and by mail to any part of the United States, W. C. Church, 102 Broadway, on receipt of the price, 60 cts. for the two numbers.

BRITISH STATISTICS.—The CENSUS of Great Britain for 1861 gives the following results: Population of the principal towns of the cities and towns, containing more than fifty thousand inhabitants, so far as follows:

London, 2,803,989; Liverpool and Birkenhead, 405,587; Manchester and Salford, 460,429; Glasgow, 395,503; Edinburgh and Leith, 258,213; Dublin, 258,369; Belfast, 121,602; Sheffield, 185,172; Edinburg, 168,121; Bristol, 154,093; Wolverhampton, 147,670; Plymouth and Devonport, 122,351; Newcastle, 109,163; Bradford, 103,778; Cork, 100,234; Stoke, 101,707; Hull, 97,661; Portsmouth, 94,799; Oldham, 94,944; Dundee, 90,417; Brighton, 87,317; Sunderland, 63,765; Merthyr Tydvil, 63,875; Preston, 82,985.

No country in the world, out of Asia, contains so many large cities as the British Isles.

A FOOLISH fellow, having a house to sell, took a brick from the wall to exhibit it as a sample.



UNION CAVALRY COVERING THE ESCAPE OF UNION PRISONERS FROM LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND.



GREAT FIRE AT GLOUCESTER, MASS., FEB. 16, DESTROYING 70 BUILDINGS, AND PROPERTY WORTH HALF A MILLION OF DOLLARS.—SKETCHED FROM THE STAGE HOUSE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

BY ROBERT LOWELL.

O rugged land!
Land of the rock moss!
Land whose drear barrens it is woe to cross,
Thou rough thing from God's hand;
O stormy land!
Land where the tempests war!
Land where the unbroken waves rave mad upon the shore;
Thine outwalls scarce withstand!

O wintry realm,
Where the cold north winds blow;
Where drifting, bitter sleet, and blinding snow
All man's poor work o'erwhelm!
O bleak, bleak realm,
Whose homeward hastening bark
Is crisped with ice; sails, cordage, stiff and stark,
And iced the unruly helm!

What hast thou in thy gift?
The kindly sun has shone
These thousand years these stubborn cliffs upon,
Which thou on high dost lift;
What hast thou in thy gift?
A stinted growth appears;
Grass, shrub and tree, slow-growing in long years,
Where gapes the rocky rift,

Yet thou art good;
Thy barrens feed the deer;
And birds of other lands do Summer here,
In thy lone humble wood.
Ay, thou art good;
The poor man at his door
Gathers his fuel; and year-long thy shore
Yields, in free gift, his food.

And better still;
Beneath a guardian crown
The poor man freely walks and lays him down,
Free in all things but ill;
And better, still;
Here Holy Faith hath come,
Teaching that God will give a glorious home
To those that do His will.

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XI.

Months had passed since Grantley Mellen's departure for California; the winter had gone, the summer faded, and though his absence had been prolonged almost two years, there was little hope of his speedy return.

The business upon which he had gone out was not yet settled, and however great his anxiety to get back, he would not endanger his worldly interests so vitally as he would have done by any neglect or reckless inattention in that affair.

Since the night of that unpleasant scene in the hall at Piney Cove, Elsie Mellen had been at home so irregularly that all intimate relations had died out between her and her sister-in-law. Some dark thought seemed to possess the young girl, since the night of that strange adventure; and, though the subject was never mentioned between her and Elizabeth, the young girl's demeanor towards her brother's wife was one of cold, almost hateful, distrust, while Elizabeth grew more pensively sad each day, and seemed to shrink from any explanation with painful sensitiveness.

At last Elsie almost entirely absented herself from the house. The very premises seemed to have become hateful to her. Without deigning to consult Elizabeth, she had been visiting about among her former schoolmates, making Mrs. Harrington's house her headquarters. This was all the announcement of her movements that she chose to make to the woman who had been left her guardian.

How this fair, thoughtless girl lost all respect for her brother's wife so completely that she refused to remain accountable to her for anything, no one could tell, for she never mentioned the affair of that night to her nearest friend. It evidently worked in her heart, but never found utterance.

So the winter wore away drearily enough at Piney Cove; for with all her waywardness, Elsie had been like a sunbeam in the house; and Elizabeth pined in her absence till the dark circles widened under her eyes, and her voice always had a sound of pain in it. But with the most sorrowful, time moves on, and even grief cannot retain one phase for ever.

The second spring began to scatter a little brightness about the old house, and in this fresh outbloom of nature Elizabeth found some sources of enjoyment. Since her virtual separation from Elsie she had received no company, but lived in utter seclusion. Letters from her husband came regularly, but her replies were studied and written with restraint. She never folded one of these missives without tears in her eyes, and when his letters spoke of coming home, which a fond wife so much desires, she would ponder over the writing with a look of strange dread in her face.

So one lovely spring morning Elizabeth Mellen was alone in that quiet old mansion. Elsie had not been home for months, and only brief notes announcing some change of place, or anticipated movements, had warned Elizabeth of her mode of existence. These notes were cold as ice, and the young wife always shivered with dread when she opened them.

It might have been a package of these letters that she had been reviewing. She was alone in the library; quite alone, of course, but the repose and silence about her brought no rest to her soul. Her whole appearance was in strange contrast to the quiet of the scene; her face so changed by the terrible thoughts which kept her company, and forced themselves upon her solitude, that it hardly seemed the same.

She walked up and down the room in nervous haste, her head bent, her eyes looking straight before her, full of wild bewilderment which follows an effort at reflection when the mind is in a fever of unrest. Sometimes she stopped before the table, on which lay a package of open letters; she would glance at them, with a shudder of horror, wringing her hands passionately together at the time, and uttering low moans which sounded scarcely human in their smothered intensity.

Then she would glance towards the mantel, upon which lay a letter with the seal still unbroken, though it had reached her early that morning. It was from her husband, and she had not yet dared to read its contents!

She had been thus for hours, walking to and fro, sometimes sweeping the package on the table away as if unable longer to endure it before her eyes, only an instant after to uncover it as if there were danger in allowing it out of her sight. Then she would take up her husband's letter and attempt to open it, but each time her courage failed and she would lay it down, while that sickening trouble at her heart sent a new pallor across her face, and left her trembling and weak like a person just risen from a sick bed.

It was growing late in the afternoon; the sunlight played in at the windows, and cast a pleasant glow through the room; but the glad beams only made her shiver, as if they had been human witnesses that might betray her fear and misery.

At last she took up the package, to put it resolutely away where she could no longer look at it; as she raised it a miniature fell from among the papers, and struck the floor with a ringing sound. She snatched it up quickly, crushed the whole into a drawer, locked it and put the key in her bosom.

Then with a sudden struggle she started forward to the mantel, caught up her husband's letter, and began to read. A sharp cry broke from her lips; she dropped slowly to her knees, and went on reading in that attitude, as if it were the only one in which she could venture to glance at those kindly words:

"Not coming quite yet," she gasped at length; "thank God, not yet."

She allowed the letter to drop from her hand, and for a few moments gave herself completely up to the horrible agitation which consumed her.

It would have been a piteous sight to the coldest or most injured heart to have seen that beautiful woman crouched on the floor, in the extremity of her anguish, writhing to and fro, and moaning in her mortal agony, which could find no relief in tears.

She remained thus for a long time; at last some sudden thought appeared to strike her mind, which brought with it an absolute necessity for self-control and immediate action.

She rose to her feet, muttering:

"He will be here again soon; he must not find me like this!"

She walked to the mirror, arranged her disordered dress and hair, and stood gazing at her own features in a sort of wondering pity; they were so deathlike and contracted with suffering that she felt almost as if looking into the face of a stranger.

At length she caught up a cloak which lay on the sofa, wrapped herself in it and went out of the house.

She took her way through the woods, walking rapidly and quite regardless that the moisture from the damp earth was penetrating her thin shoes, not feeling the keenness of the wind, which was growing chill with the approach of evening.

The expression of her face had changed; she was deadly pale still, but a look of resolution had settled over her features, and her strong will and self-control had begun to exert themselves.

Beyond the shrubbery was a thick grove of sycamores extending to the very shore, and into their shadow Elizabeth walked with that determined step.

She was evidently waiting for some one; she paced up and down among the trees, the dry leaves rustling under her tread and making her start, as if she feared being surprised in that solitary spot by some curious wanderer.

It was growing almost twilight, but still she kept up that dreary promenade, struggling fiercely with herself, and trying to restrain the whirl of agonizing thoughts which threatened to overwhelm her forced composure.

"He will not come," she muttered; "I must wait—wait—he will not come to-day."

She shuddered at the very sound of her own voice, but as she looked suddenly about a step sounded on the grass, and a man came out from the deeper recesses of the grove, and paused for a moment, glancing on either side as if uncertain which path to pursue. It was Mr. North.

She saw him, but neither moved or spoke, but remained standing there in dumb silence, gazing towards him with an expression in which so many diverse emotions struggled, that it would have been difficult to decide which feeling was paramount.

The flutter of her cloak caught his attention, and he came hurriedly forward with a smile on his lips, and holding out his hand in an easy, reckless way.

"Ten thousand pardons," he exclaimed, "I fear that I have kept you waiting—I never shall forgive myself."

She put up her hand as if to check him, feeling, perhaps, some mockery in his words which was not apparent in his voice.

"We need not make excuses to each other," she said, in a cold, hard tone, "neither you nor I came here for that."

"Scarcely, I believe," and he laughed out in a reckless way which appeared natural to him.

Elizabeth Mellen shuddered in every limb at that musical sound; an absolute spasm of pain contracted her features, she gave no other sign of emotion, but clenched her hands hard together, forcing herself to be calm.

"I only received your letter this morning," he continued, watching her every movement carefully, though standing there with his back against a tree with apparent unconcern; "I should have been earlier if it had been possible."

She made an impatient gesture.

"No more of that," she exclaimed, "enough!"

He looked at her with the same careless smile that lighted up his somewhat worn face into an expression of absolute youthfulness. He was a splendidly handsome man; a type of rare beauty which could not have failed to attract general observation wherever he appeared.

He was tall; the shoulders and limbs might have served as a model for a sculptor; the graceful neck was white almost as a woman's, the magnificent head set with perfect grace upon it, and was carried with a haughty air that was absolutely noble. He might have been thirty-eight, perhaps even older than that, but he was one of those men concerning whose age even a physiognomist would be puzzled to decide.

The face was almost faultless in its contour; the mouth, shaded by a long silken moustache, which relieved his paleness admirably, and lent new splendor to his eyes, which possessed a strange, magnetic power that had worked ill in more than one unfortunate destiny.

It was a face trained to concealment, and yet so carefully tutored that at the first glance one only thought what an open, pleasant expression it had. Even after long intercourse and a thorough knowledge of the man's character, that face would have puzzled the most skilful observer.

Elizabeth Mellen was looking at him in a strange silence; whatever might have been in the past, there was no spell now in those glorious eyes which could dazzle her soul into forgetfulness; wave after wave of repressed emotion passed over her features as she gazed, leaving them at last white and fixed as marble.

"You are so pale," he said, "so changed."

She started as if he had struck her.

"I did not come here to talk of my appearance," she said.

"True," he replied, "very true; but I cannot help wondering. I think of that day when I saved your life——"

"If you had only let me be killed!" she broke in passionately. "If God had only mercifully deprived you of all strength!"

"You were blooming and gay," he went on as if he had not heard her words. "Yes, you are changed since then."

"I will not hear these things," she cried; "I will not be made to look back upon what we all were then!"

She closed her eyes in blind anguish; his words brought back with such terrible force the time of that meeting—the day but one before her marriage when he had started up so fatally in her path, and never left it till this terrible moment.

"Then to change the subject," he said. "In our brief conversation the other day we arrived at no conclusion whatever, nor was your letter any more satisfactory; will you tell me exactly what you have decided upon?"

A sudden flash of anger leaped into her eyes above all the suffering that dilated them.

"Now you are talking naturally," she said, "now you are your real self!"

He bowed in a mocking way.

"It is your turn to pay compliments," he answered; "but I shall not receive them so ungraciously as you did mine."

She passed her hand across her throat as if something were choking her, then she said in a hard, measured tone:

"Have you considered the proposition I made you—will you go away from this country, and remain away for ever?"

He stood playing with his watchchain in an easy, careless way, as he replied:

"It is cruel to banish me—very cruel!"

"Listen!" she exclaimed passionately; "I know more than you think—your residence here is not very safe if many of your actions were brought to light!"

He only bowed again.

"It may be so, but I leave few traces in my path. If you do indeed know anything which could affect me, I am very certain that in you I have a friend who will be silent."

He opened his vest slightly and drew forth from an inner pocket a small paper, at the sight of which Elizabeth grew whiter than before. She made a gesture as if she would have snatched it from him, but he thrust it back in its hiding-place with a sarcastic smile.

"Secret for secret," said he; "but never mind that. After all, you treat me very badly. I wonder I am in the least inclined to be friends with you."

"Don't mock me!" she exclaimed. "Friends! There is no creature living that I loathe as I do you! No matter what the danger might be, I would speak the truth; tell you how utterly abhorrent you are to me and brave the result."

"Yet once——"

She interrupted him with an insane gesture; perhaps he knew her too well for any attempt at trifling further with her just then, for his manner changed, and he said:

"You will take cold here; it is growing dark and the wind is very chill."

"It doesn't matter," she replied, recklessly. "Let us finish what there is to say, then I will go."

The wretched woman could stand upon her feet no longer, she was shaking so with agitation and exhaustion that she was forced to sit down on a fallen log. He seated himself by her side, regardless of her recoiling gesture, and began to talk earnestly.

For a full hour that strange interview went on; their voices rising at times in sudden passion, then sinking to a low tone, as if remembering that they spoke words which must not be overheard.

At last Elizabeth rose suddenly from her seat, folded her cloak about her, and said, quickly:

"Be here to-morrow at the same hour."

Without giving him time to answer or making the least sign of farewell, she darted rapidly through the darkening woods and disappeared in the direction of the house.

North rose, began whistling a careless air and walked slowly back along the path by which he had entered the grove.

When Elizabeth came in sight of the house she saw a light in the library window.

"Elsie is back at last. God help us all!" she muttered.

She moved near the low casement and looked in, saw the young girl standing on the hearth and with a sort of groan hurried towards the entrance.

Elsie had returned home a full hour before, and had searched for Elizabeth vainly about the house. She entered the library, and was walking restlessly about, as if oppressed by this cold welcome home.

Suddenly her eye caught sight of a paper lying under the table; it was one of the letters which had fallen unnoticed by Elizabeth when she put away the package.

Elsie caught it up, glanced her eyes over it, uttered a faint cry, then read it in a sort of horrified stupor.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" broke from her lips.

The discovery which she had made froze the very blood in her veins and left her incapable of thought or action. She sat shivering, as if struck with a mortal chill, and at last crept close to the fire, clutching the letter in her hands, but holding them out for warmth. Sometimes her sister's name broke from her lips in a horrified whisper, and low words died in her throat whose sound made her shudder.

At length the darkness and the solitude seemed to become insupportable to her; she started forward and opened the door, with the intention of fleeing from the room. It had suddenly become odious to her. She took one step into the hall and met Elizabeth face to face. The woman saw the letter which Elsie held in her hand, caught the recoiling gesture which she instinctively made, then for an instant they both stood still, staring in each other's face.

Suddenly Elizabeth caught Elsie's hand, drew her back into the library, and, once there, closed and locked the door.

For more than an hour the pair were alone in that darkened apartment. When at last they emerged from it they were both so white and shaken that it was pitiful to witness their distress. Not a word was spoken between them, but they turned away from each other like ghosts that had no resting-place on earth.

CHAPTER XII.

When North left Mrs. Mellen in the woods he took a moment for consideration and then walked quickly towards the shore tavern. As he turned a point which led from Piney Cove to the bluff which overhung, his little servant, the young mulatto, who had spent most of the season at this retreat, came to meet him with a letter in his hand.

"It had a foreign postmark," said the man; "so I started to meet you the moment it came in, according to orders."

"Right, boy, you are very right," cried North, tearing at the envelope as a hawk rends its prey; "never let a scrap of writing from abroad rest a moment out of my hands."

The man read his letter—only a few lines—and his hands shook till the paper rattled again.

"Boy—boy, what day of the month is this?" he questioned, trying to fold the letter, which he crushed instead.

"The tenth, sir."

North went into a mental calculation, then the cloud on his face broke away and he almost shouted:

"It is in time—it is in time! Any other letters?"

"One for the Cove. Shall I slip it into the old man's parcel or would you rather——"

"Give it to me," said North, cutting the servant short, and snatching at the letter, which was in Mr. Mellen's handwriting and bore the California postmark.

He was too eager for caution and broke the seal recklessly.

"He, too—he coming, too! By Jove, this is glorious sport! Made his will before sailing, ha! —provident man!—one-half to his dear wife, the other to his darling sister, Elsie Mellen. A safe precaution, for ships will get lost at sea."

North crushed the two letters into his pocket and walked with rapid steps towards the tavern. But he only went in long enough to get a telescope, with which he reappeared, and turned into a path leading to the bluff. Once upon the ledge, high above the house, he levelled his glass and took a hasty sweep of the ocean with it. Nothing was in sight that seemed to interest him, so he turned the glass a little landward and levelled it on the Piney Cove mansion, which made an imposing feature in the landscape. From the eminence on which the mansion stood the grounds sloped down to the water's edge in a closely-shaven lawn, pleasantly broken up by flowerbeds, and knots of old trees that looked aged and mysterious enough to have watched the distant sweep of sea for whole centuries.

North seemed to be counting every clump of trees and calculating the value of each broad field that stretched back from the crescentlike Cove.

"It is a glorious old place, and we might live there like monarchs. If I could only command the winds and waves for one week, now, we might defy the rest. Half his property! Why, it is splendid; and the will safe."

With these words he turned his glass again. On

a clear day there was a glorious view from the bluff, showing the full extent of the curving bay, with its long line of steep woodlands stretching along the coast and the bright wash of waters beyond till the eye was lost in the white swell of the distant ocean. Other mansions peeped out from among the trees or stood boldly down on the shore, and on the right hand was visible a small village, nestled in at the furthermost extremity of the bay. But he turned the glass directly oceanward, and searched the horizon with keen interest. A ship hove in sight, like a great white bird, beating up from its nest in mid-ocean. The heart in that bad man's bosom made a great bound, and the blasphemy of a thanksgiving sprang to his lips, but the joy was only for a moment. Dropping his glass, he muttered:

"God! to suppose, of all the ships on the ocean, it must be this one. But if it should—if it should!"

He sat down on a fragment of rock, rested his glass on the drooping branch of a tree and watched the ship as it swept out of a bank of luminous fog and took a more definite form. Hitherto it had seemed floating between a curve of the sky and the blue line of water, but now it came out clearly, and as North looked he saw a dark pile of storm-clouds muster up behind it with a slow, threatening danger.

Hour after hour the man sat and watched that one object. The glass was a powerful one, and seconded his keen vigilance. At length he was rewarded, a burst of sunshine fell upon the vessel, the last that illuminated the horizon that day, and he saw her name on the stern. The telescope dropped from his hand, his face turned pale, while the cry that leaped to his lips perished there. The man was frightened by the completion of his own wishes. Had some evil spirit performed a miracle for him? All the time he had been watching a tempest had blackly followed the homeward-bound ship. The ocean had begun to dash and torment itself into a fury of wrath. A high wind came roaring up from the bosom of the waters, and over all gathered a world of blackness, that took a lurid red from the sun when it went down, and afterwards engulfed the ship, which was last seen struggling fearfully in the wild upheaving of the elements.

North seemed possessed of a demon that night. He left his telescope on the earth and went desperately to work gathering up dry wood and brush, which he stacked on the overhanging ledge, never pausing till a great mound was created sufficiently large to keep a fire blazing all night. By the time this was done the darkness became profound Now and then he could see a drift of foam tossed upwards, like the fluttering garments of a ghost but that was all. The little tavern at the foot of the rock was lost in the overwhelming darkness. The lights from the village seemed put out, and there was no vestige of Piney Cove visible. There had been no rain as yet, and at this North rejoiced. The wind came fiercely from the ocean, so fiercely that it threatened the death of any vessel approaching the shore.

With all these elements of terror surrounding him, North worked till the perspiration dropped from his forehead like rain. That cliff had been blackened before with wreckers' fires, but never had a man heaped wood upon wood with so vivid a conviction of the crime he meditated, with such earnest desire for death to follow his toil.

When the evening had reached its darkest gloom this man struck a match, which he took from his pocket in a little case of enamelled gold, and thrust it among the yellow pine splinters with which he had laid the foundation of his deathfire. The blue light of the match flashed closed to his face, revealing it white as death, but smiling.

Directly a column of flame shot upward, first in fine quivering flashes, then in long, curling wreaths of fire, that the wind seized upon and tore into hot red tatters, laughing and wrangling among them with fearful grotesqueness.

North retreated from the blaze and ran back into the woods, hiding himself, for he feared to be seen from the tavern below. But now and then he would start forth, toss a handful of fuel on the flames, and plunge back into the darkness, where he listened greedily for some token to come out of the storm and prove that his work was well done.

It came at last—a gun booming out from the tempest. The man started and began to tremble. Still he listened. Another gun, with loud cries cutting sharply through the storm, and a tumult upon the shore, as if men were gathering in haste.

North was not surprised at this. When a vessel struck in those days on the Long Island shore wreckers appeared in dozens, not eager for death, for they would rather have avoided that, but keen for plunder. Now the cries of these men made the storm terrible. Blue lights from the stricken ship revealed her struggling fiercely among the breakers, which were rending her like wild beasts.

Then North trampled out his deathfire and went down to the beach, among the crowd of wreckers that stood waiting, with horrid patience, for the ship to go to pieces and give its treasures into their greedy keeping. No boat could have lived among the breakers. They said this to North when he heard such terrible cries from the wreck and was seized with a sudden fit of relenting. He would have undone his work then had it been possible, for the last faint light that went up from the wreck revealed a woman, with outstretched arms and hair streaming, look on the storm, pleading so wildly for help that a fiend would have pitied her. It was this woman's life he had sought, but with the sight of her his heart failed.

But an evil deed once written in the eternal book of God cannot be recalled. While this man stood in dumb helplessness on the beach the ship sunk, and out of the whirlpool which it made that wretched woman was tossed back among the breakers, which seized upon her, fiercely hurled her to and fro against the rocks, then gave her over to a great inheaving wave, which left her in a drift of seaweed almost at her murderer's feet.

Daylight had broken on the wreck before it went down. Leaden and cold it fell over the corpse of that poor woman as it was borne up to the tavern, with the seaweed trailing with it and the wet garments clinging to the limbs like cerements. Two rude seamen carried her away, for North fled from the first sight of his work and plunged madly into the water, where many a poor wretch was buffetting with the waves. He called on the wreckers to help him, and dragged two or three helpless creatures to the beach, for he was ready to brave death in any way rather than look upon that cold form again.

They carried the lifeless woman up to the tavern and, careless of ceremony, laid her on the bed in North's room. Here they left her, with the salt seawater dripping in a heavy rain from her garments, soaking the bed and forming dreary rivulets along the uncarpeted floor.

Deep in the morning North came up from the beach pale and staggering from exhaustion. He went into his chamber and was about to cast himself on the bed, when, lo, that white face on the pillow met his gaze, ghastly and cold. The heavy dropping of the water struck upon his ear like the fall of leaden bullets. He stood paralysed and yet fascinated. A shudder worse than spray from the dripping coldness of his garments shook his form from limb to centre, and, turning away, he fled down the stairs again out upon the beach, and helped the wreckers to haul in their plunder till he fell utterly exhausted on the sands.

THE RETURNED LETTERS.

How she strives her grief to smother!
  Tears fall on the snowy page;
To a daughter writes the mother,
  Calls her home to cheer her age.
Weary then with looking—longing,
  Weeks and weeks pass sadly by;
All the past to mem'ry thronging—
  Hoping on, but—no reply.
Till at last there comes a letter:
  'Tis her own, she traces there—
Better she had died—far better—
  "Gone away and not known where."

From her home across the ocean,
  Blotted with repentant tears,
Writes the daughter her emotion—
  How she turns to earlier years;
Prays that Heaven may bless her mother,
  Tells her of her wedded joy,
How she left her for another—
  Sends the picture of her boy,
Then she waits to be forgiven,
  Till another year has fled;
Back her letter torn and riven,
  Comes—and on it written—"DEAD!"

The Floating Hat.

VICKSBURG had not been taken, because the Fourth of July had not arrived; but it was only a delay, a premeditated delay—a delay of a few hours, when but a few miles away from this Mississippi centre of warlike operations, just on the outskirts as it were, of the area of Grant's command, there was noticed a conflagration supposed to be from its particular locality, a plantation under the process of destruction by the incendiary rebel torch. The rebels were known to have been in force at no great distance and recently; they were known to have determined to make an exodus of niggers and an annihilation of plantation agents, and so it was supposed that the firebrand of their designs had been made lurid for destruction, and that the conflagration that now illumined the point of general observation, was the first bitter fruit of their vile purpose. It was rumored that one, two and three hundred dollars in Confederate pulp dried into the disguise of currency, were equivalent terms for child, woman and man, should their color be the same as the ace of spades, and should they be successfully run through—not with the bayonet or sabre—but the swamps, fields, roads and pathways that led to Dixie. The sable heroes of Milliken's Bend had built up a sort of Waterloo revenge in the hordes of lurking rebels; they wanted to do something with a clear eye to the main chance that would frighten the failing remnants of plantation hands; the fat and feeble, the young and old, with every soul that was under Federal protection, were to be made to skedaddle, either on their own account to the Father of Waters, or on the rebels' account towards the Land of Promise of Headmoney; it was planned that the Southern chattel was to play Moses, while the chief raider took the character of Pharoah. It was well planned, well timed and well executed. The buildings of one plantation were hardly at the fulness of their consuming strength, when from another issued the smokey evidence of its doom, and soon seven beacon lights of lawless destruction marked the passage of those dogs of war, which spared not in their fiery course aught but what they might more leisurely devour. As may be imagined, on the river the greatest activity prevailed. Gunboats belched forth their mortar loadings, steamers were improvised as places of refuge, the different station guards were turned out, marched and countermarched. Sutlers, commissaries and quartermasters thought of the "lost in action" item of Government account; the paymaster's iron safe was made safer aboard gunboat No. 6, and the unoffending but responsible master of the iron chest, with his clerk, were hurried inside the fort, a quadrangle of cotton bales, whence the two proceeded as soon as possible to a steamer, to be out of harm's way, in case of any attack upon the little garrison.

On arriving on board, the saloon was almost deserted, the interest of the moment was on deck in the medley of refugees; almost every interest connected with cotton culture, steamboat navigation and war was represented, yet but one interest moved the white—it was the issue. All eyes were directed to a hat and log of wood, evidently under human guidance. What could it be? The captain, already annoyed with his colored refugees, pronounced it "only a nigger!"

"Nigger, or no nigger," said a gentleman in the anxious group, "he shall be saved." "Not by me nor my boat," remarked the captain. While the captain was muttering his obnoxious vetoes, a practical interest in the safety of hat and log was awakened, a dash was made for the long boat, it was soon manned, and the great moment of "heaven approved" rescue arrived. The gentleman who had led the movement in opposition to the captain's wishes, had command of the long boat; the boat and the log ground their sides together, the hat was lifted by his friendly hand—he had saved his brother!

On the bosom of the Father of Waters, the two who had breakfasted in peace on their plantation in the morning, met in the afternoon, one as savior, the other as the saved. A blanket was thrown over the exhausted but heroic man, and soon, by the aid of restoratives and a warm bed, he was able to give his rescuers an outline of his story.

We will name the brothers George and John Minturn. When the rebels surrounded the plantation, and while engaged in securing as many negroes as possible, the two brothers managed to get away. George reached the steamboat in safety, and as we have seen, afterwards rescued his brother from a watery grave. John, who had been the financier of the plantation, had returned to secure some twelve thousand dollars, which he remembered, though safely out of discovery, might be consumed if the rebels set the house on fire. While John was securing his twelve thousand dollars, the rebels were closing in upon the homestead; the money was hardly buried and covered up out of reach of any possible fire, when he was so hemmed in that escape seemed impossible; he, however, noticed a rebel private without his musket, and making a dash at him with a revolver in his hand, found means to get outside the raiders, and had he not fired his revolver at the man and wounded him, he might have been allowed quietly to retire; as it was, he was pursued. Athletic, self-possessed and brave, John Minturn outran his pursuers; they tried a flank movement, but he changed his course; he knew every inch of the ground—they did not. Unexpectedly he was fired at with a double shot; two rebels had headed him. Fortunately the shots missed, and as he had four charges left in his revolver, he gave them in reply to his would be-assassins, with what effect he knew not; all he knew was they dropped the pursuit, and he reached the river's bank. Here he stripped off his clothes, hid them in the crumbling earth, concealed his watch and pistol in a hollow stick of wood, rolled a log into the water, and with only a hat on to avoid a sunstroke, committed his life to the running waters of the Mississippi. It was thus the ruined brothers met; and who shall describe the emotions of their reunited hearts? Alas! for human events. In one short week, John Minturn the saved, followed George Minturn the savior, to that bourne from whence no traveller returns. George Minturn laid low with malarious fever, resigned himself to death in the arms of his brother John, and was buried in Vicksburg, then in Federal possession.

THE RE-ENLISTMENT OF VETERANS.

FAITH! Financial tests at last convince the supporters of the rebellion here and in Europe of one great fact, that the people of the North have faith in the United States Government, and that the people of the Southern States have no faith in their Government, set up by a knot of disappointed politicians. The early enthusiasm of woman and lads has sunk, and behind we see the solid men, bearing the scourge, but refusing to trust it. Hence the difference—while Alabama troops are shooting down Kentuckians who refuse to re-enlist, the loyal army almost unanimously re-enlist, with that feeling of earnest men who have been so long in a great struggle that they wish to see the close, now so near at hand, that they may go home with satisfaction. There is no want of faith in the cause, the Government or success.

In some corps the regiments have enlisted almost all; in the 17th army corps for instance, 39 have already taken their stand as veterans. While giving artistically a view of this army enthusiasm, we call upon all to show an appreciation of the noble conduct of these men. They are returning among us successively for a short furlough. Let them not meet any cold or chilling reception. Let us welcome them as bravely as they fought.

STORY OF A LEGACY.

THE *University Magazine* contains an amusing "Digressive Essay on Wills," in which are related numerous examples of curious wills. The following is a specimen: "In the year 1796 the following strange circumstance occurred in connection with a will. Two gentlemen, who had been left executors to a friend, on examining the property found a scrap of paper on which was written, 'Seven hundred pounds in Till.' This they took in a literal sense, searched his office and all the other apartments carefully, but in vain. They sold his collection of books to a bookseller near the Mews, and paid the legacies in proportion to the sum realized. The singularity of the circumstance occasioned them frequently to converse about it; and at last it flashed across one of them that amongst the books sold, more than seven weeks before, there had been a folio edition of Tillotson's sermons. The probability of this being what was alluded to by the word 'Till' on the piece of paper made him immediately call upon the bookseller who had bought the books, and ask him if he had still the edition of Tillotson which had been included in his purchase On his reply in the affirmative, and the volumes being handed down, the gentleman immediately rebought and carried them home. On carefully examining the leaves, he found the banknotes singly disposed in various places to the amount of £700 But what is perhaps no less remarkable, the bookseller informed him that a gentleman at Cambridge, to whom he had sent one of his catalogues, finding he had this edition on sale, had written and desired it might be sent to him, which was accordingly done, and the parcel forwarded by carrier. The books not pleasing the gentleman, they were returned, and had remained on a shelf in the shop up to the period of this singular recovery."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A POOR poet desiring a compliment, asked Curran—referring to his recently published poem of that name—"Have you read my Descent into Hell?" "No; I should like to see it," replied the wit.

A prosy member of Parliament having asked him, "Have you read my last speech?" he replied, "I hope I have."

Two old New England ministers were riding by a gallows, when the elder one asked the other: "Where would you be if that tree bore its proper fruit?"

"Riding alone, sir," was the immediate reply.

Two friends meeting, one remarked, "I have just met a man who told me I looked exactly like you."

"Tell me who it was, that I may knock him down," replied his friend.

"Don't trouble yourself," said he, "I did that myself at once"

THE celebrated David Crockett, on visiting a menagerie, was comparing the countenance of a monkey to that of one of his fellow-members of Congress. Turning, he saw the gentleman had overheard his remarks, so to make matters pleasant, he said, "I do not know which to apologize to, you or the monkey."

Two deacons were once disputing about the proposed site for a new graveyard, when the first remarked:

"I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live."

"What an obstinate man!" said the second, "if my life is spared, I will."

JOSH BILLINGS says that a "man who will chaw turbacker will drink santy kruse rum, and a man that will drink santy kruse rum will go tu the devil, and a man who will go tu the devil is mean enuff tu do enny thing."

A. SUNNOVER GUNN says that there can never be much novelty in chickens for a chicken is a preconceived idea. Speaking of chickens, we heard the "Lay of the last minstrel" as he came to the market yesterday morning, the burden of his song was, "eggs are forty cents a dozen."

THINGS THAT ADAM NEVER KNEW.

Adam never knew what 'twas to be a boy,
  To wheedle pennies from a doating sire,
With which to barter for some pleasing toy,
  Or calm the rising of a strong desire—

To suck an orange. Nor did he
  E'er cast the shuttlecock to battledore,
Nor wear his trousers out at the knee,
  From playing marbles on the kitchen floor.

He never skated o'er the frozen rill,
  When winter's covering o'er the earth was spread;
Nor glided down the slippery hill,
  With pretty girls upon his sled.

He never swung upon his father's gate,
  Or slept in sunshine upon the cellar door,
Nor roasted chestnuts at the kitchen grate,
  Nor spun his humming-top upon the floor.

He ne'er amused himself with rows of bricks,
  To see if one fell, all the rest came down;
Nor gazed delighted at the funny tricks
  Of harlequin, or travelling circus clown.

By gradual growth he never reached the age
  When cruel cupid first invokes his art,
And stamps love's lesson page by page
  On the glowing tablets of a youngling's heart.

He never wandered forth on moonlight nights,
  With her he loved above all earthly things,
Nor tried to mount old Pindar's rocky heights,
  Because he fancied love had lent him wings.

He never tripped it o'er the ball-room floor,
  Where love and music intertwined their charms;
Nor wandered listless by the sandy shore,
  Debarred the pleasure of his lady's arms.

For Adam—so at least 'tis said,
  By many an old and modern sage—
Before a moment of his life had fled,
  Was fully thirty years of age.

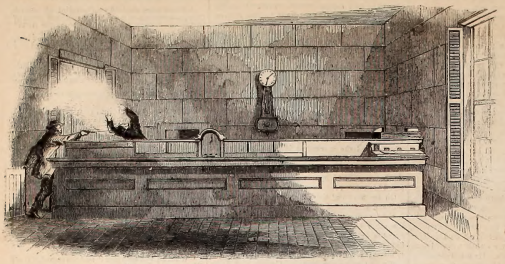
A HANDSOME young gal in our town was sot up with one night by a noble young specimen of the true American, with scissors in his vest pocket—I mean drygoods clerk—and the young gal's mother hearin' sutnin' pop, arose from her couch under an impression that her oldest boy, who was given to friskyness, was holdin' a wild revel on the root beer in the west room. But on openin' the door she diskivered it was huggin' and kissin' which had awoken her from her peaceful repose. "My daughter! oh! my daughter!" this fond parient did cry, "oh! that I should live to see this doin's in my own house!" "I know, dear mother," this sweet village maiden unto her mamma quickly replied, "that it is quite unproper, but it is orful soothin!"

AUNT ROSY was dividing a mince pie among the boys, and when Jim, who had wickedly pulled the cat's tail, asked her for his share, the dame replied: "No, Jim, you are a wicked boy, and the Bible says there is no peace for the wicked."

CANON GOODALL was proverbially fond of punning. About the same time that he was made Provost of Eton he also received a stall at Windsor. A young lady of his acquaintance, while congratulating him on his elevation, and requesting him to give the young ladies of Eton and Windsor a ball during the vacation, happened to touch his wig with her fan, and caused the powder to fly about. Upon which the doctor exclaimed: "My dear, you see you can get the powder out of the canon, but not the ball."

IT is considered to be cool to take a man's hat with his name written in it, simply because you want to get his autograph.

A POISON RING.—The following story is going the rounds of the French papers: "A gentleman, who had two days ago purchased some objects of art at a shop in the Rue St. Honore, was engaged in examining an ancient ring, when he gave himself a scratch in the hand with a sharp part of it. He continued talking with the dealer for a short time, when he suddenly felt an indescribable sensation over his whole body, which appeared to paralyse all his faculties, and he soon became so seriously ill that it was considered necessary to send for a medical man. The doctor immediately discovered every symptom of poisoning by some mineral substance. He applied strong antidotes, and in a short time the gentleman was in a manner recovered. The ring in question having been examined by the medical man, who had long resided in Venice, was found to be what was formerly called a 'death-ring,' in use in Italy when acts of poisoning were frequent, about the 17th century. Attached to its inside were two claws of a lion, made of the sharpest steel, and having clefts in them filled with a virulent poison. In a crowded assembly, or in a hall, the wearer of this fatal ring, wishing to exercise revenge on any person, would take their hand, and when pressing it, the sharp claw would be sure to inflict a slight scratch on the skin. This was enough, for on the following morning the victim would be sure to be found dead. Notwithstanding the many years since which the poison on the ring had been placed there, it retained its strength sufficiently to cause great inconvenience to the gentleman, as stated."



THE MALDEN MURDER—MURDER OF CONVERSE BY GREEN IN THE BANK.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. T. CRANE.



EDWARD W. GREEN, THE MALDEN MURDERER.—FROM A PHOT. BY CHUTE.

THE MALDEN MURDER.

THE murder of young Converse in December last was one of the most atrocious crimes in the annals of Massachusetts. The commission of such a crime in broad daylight, in a bank, was in itself a circumstance so strange as to give the occurrence a prominence in the minds of men; but the whole details, the arrest of the unsuspected murderer, the recovery of the money, all give it an uncommon interest.

On the 15th December last, Frank E. Converse, a young lad, was left alone in the Malden Bank, and was seen about 11 o'clock in the forenoon alive and well. Within three quarters of an hour he was found dying on the floor, and the money of the bank, some 5,000 dollars, was gone. According to evidence the murder was perpetrated at about half past 11 o'clock in the forenoon. The excitement caused by the deed was great. The respectability of the young man, his blameless life, his freedom from all suspicion of having enemies, and the certainty that money alone was the object of the murderer, only afforded and suggested perplexing doubts.

The directors of the bank upon discovering the murder at once notified Chief of Police Kurtz, of Boston, who immediately detailed Detectives Benjamin Heath and William K. Jones to take the matter in charge, and from that hour until the present, working in co-operation with the directors, and gentlemen of Malden, they have given their attention to the discovery of the murderer. The arrest of Mr. George T. Bailey at the instigation of the Count Joannes on the 2d of January is well remembered. Mr. Bailey was only one of nearly a dozen whose names had been whispered.

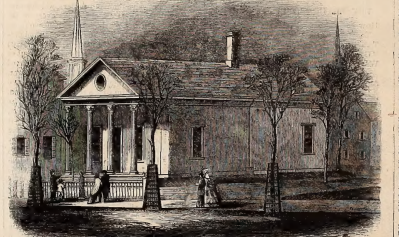
Suspicion at last fixed upon Green. The evidence was at first shadowy, consisting mainly of such facts that he did not attend the funeral of young Converse, and was debarred from conversation regarding the murder.

Then came the known fact that he had discharged some small pecuniary obligations with Malden Bank bills.

Slowly but surely the evidence accumulated. The possession of a pistol was traced to Green, the fact that he had had ammunition was also ascertained, and the fact that he was making purchases, which his limited income would scarcely allow, and paying for the same with bills, a portion of which were of the Malden Bank, was also certain.

Other circumstances came to add their weight, and he was finally arrested. Green was probably entirely unprepared for such a demonstration and denies the charge, but he subsequently expressed a wish to speak to Mr. Lamson, and went with him into his library, where Mr. L. demanded what he had done with the money. Finding it impossible to confront such evidence as he was told had been secured, he confessed he went into the bank twice on the morning of the murder, and was prevented from carrying out his intentions, first by a conductor bringing in a pair of skates, and the second time by the entrance of Mr. Stone. The third time was at half-past 11 o'clock, when he finally committed the deed of blood. Green stated that he went behind the counter, and shot young Converse in the back of the head. The boy fell on his back to the floor and looked up in the murderer's face. Green then fired the second shot, which penetrated the temple of the poor victim. He then secured the money and returned to the Post-Office, and did not return to the bank, stating, when subsequently asked, a reason for being absent, that it was business hours, though the excitement created by the discovery of the murder caused a general suspension of business. Green then offered to go and show where he had placed the money which he had stolen, but not used, and accompanied by Mr. Lamson, Detectives Heath and Jones, he went to the Post-Office, and there took from an old boot with Malden Bank bills, and then accompanying the party, went to the Volunteer Engine House, which is not frequented, and pointing to a ladder in the shed, had it placed where it led to the hose tower, and ascending it he reached between the flooring and the plastering and took packages containing $3,650, making in all recovered $4,000 of the $5,000 and odd dollars stolen. The pistol with which the deed was done he said was at his house, where it was found. He bought the pistol at Reed's, in Boston, and loaded it two days before the murder, and after the murder reloaded it. In the Tombs he confessed to being the incendiary who set fire to Dawe's Block, the building in which the Post-Office is located, last November, in hopes, it is supposed, of hiding his deficiencies to the Government by destroying all the records.

The record of this murder is full of warning to young men. It was the first deviation, years ago, slight though it may have been, which led him into the path that has brought him to a felon's cell. Year by year his moral sensibilities have become hardened by repeated, though comparatively petty, indiscretions, till he contemplated and attempted to commit the crime of destroying by fire proofs of his dishonesty, and failing in that he sought through the murder of his unoffending friend to gain that which would wipe away his debts, reminded of the damnable crime which has proved his ruin.



THE MALDEN MURDER—THE BANK.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. T. CRANE.



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An Irish girl at play on Sunday was accosted by the priest: "Good morning, daughter of the devil," and meekly replied, "Good morning, father."

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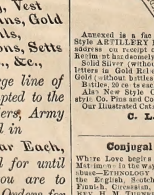
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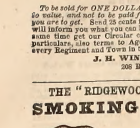
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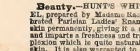
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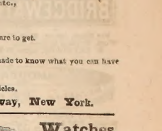
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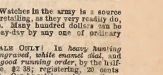
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No. 441—Vol. XVII.] NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1864. [PRICE 8 CENTS.

THE SANITARY FAIR BROOKLYN.

THE Brooklyn and Long Island Fair, to which we alluded in our last, on giving an illustration of the place where it is held, the Academy of Music, opened as announced, and has since been visited by immense crowds.

The street in front of the Academy was each day packed and jammed, mainly with women and children, all day long, who worried and crowded to get into the main building, while many who had got in, after edging their way about for an hour or more without catching more than a passing glimpse of the articles on exhibition, were glad to get out.

In the evening, every portion of the Fair was crowded worse than during the day. The Auditorium, the New England Kitchen, the Manufactures' Department, Knickerbocker Hall and the Taylor House were filled to overflowing, and so dense was the throng that the Managers ordered the gate to be closed at 8:40 o'clock, after which no one was admitted either with or without a season ticket.

Everybody seemed to be in the best possible humor



Granma Downing, Patience her Daughter, Granma Mayflower, Deborah, and Aunt Tabitha.

THE NEW ENGLAND KITCHEN SCENES, AT THE BROOKLYN SANITARY FAIR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. B. JAMES.

—old gentlemen smiled though grimly—when their favorite corns were trodden upon, and the ladies didn't seem to mind in the least having the gathers torn out of their dresses.

The vast throng surged backward and forward, now and then coming to a general standstill, when some little parties halted in front of the tables to buy various articles that had attracted their attention.

The ladies in charge of the stands were continually wreathed in their sweetest of smiles, and their gentle entreaties to the passers-by resulted in the transfer of many greenbacks from the portemonnaies and fat pockets of the latter to the little treasury boxes provided by the management, and in charge of the former.

Among the visitors were many New-Yorkers, and hundreds of people from the Long Island towns.

A concert is given at the New-England Kitchen in the evening by a dozen or more of the Old Folks, when several hymns, old ballads, and other pieces were sung, much to the delight and gratification of the assemblage.

The success of the enterprise may be inferred from the fact that in two days the receipts for tickets were



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$18 000, and for sales $19,200. On Wednesday evening the Treasurer read his books at the Cooper Institute.

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We should be behind our usual enterprise were we to neglect so interesting an affair, and accordingly give accurate and careful illustrations of the General Hall, Knickerbocker Hall, with its rustic adornments and treasured swords, as well as of the Heavy Goods Department.

The New England Kitchen, the unique attraction of the Fair, we illustrate fully, giving a view of the Kitchen itself—with its antique furniture, chairs, tables and other articles treasured in old home-steads as heirlooms; and now, by being collected, producing a most lovely picture at the olden time. We give also portraits of the venerable spinners, who are busily at work, as our grandmothers used to be.

Barnum's American Museum.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MARCH 12, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

GUERILLA WAR alone breaks the monotony of the winter lull in Virginia. On the 22d, Capt. Page, of the 150th New York, captured 11 guerillas on the Braddock road and brought them into Fairfax; but on the same day Capt. Reed, with 150 of the 2d Mass. cavalry, pursued on the Danesville turnpike near Vienna, by 300 of Moseby's men, hidden in a wood. Reed was killed, with several of his men, and 75 taken.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Our forces are hunting up the guerillas sharply. A reconnoitring expedition alighted on Tyrrell county, captured 30 guerillas. An excursion up the Chowan captured 30 horses and mules, and destroyed 50 000 pounds of bacon. Another raid to Huntsville captured a number of horses and mules, a quantity of salt and 300,000 pounds of bacon.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Brig.-Gen. Schimmelfenig, with the 41st New York Volunteers, had a skirmish with the enemy at St. John's Island, S. C., on the 12th inst.

GEORGIA.

The great event of the week is the splendid movement of Gen. Sherman. The Richmond *Examiner* announces the arrival of Gen. Sherman's forces at Quitman, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. It describes his movement as the boldest of the war, and says that he had nearly 30,000 men with him, marching in close order. He divided Polk's army completely, outgeneralling the Bishop, menaced Mobile, and then struck at Dalton.

On the 22d our troops advanced from Chattanooga under Gen. Palmer, and on the 25th, after a sharp fight, turned the enemy's works at Tunnel hill. They fled, losing many prisoners, and made a second stand at Rocky Faits, in a strong position, from which we have not yet dislodged them.

On the same day a reconnoissance from Hilton head, under Gen. Howell, pushed almost to Savannah, engaged the enemy, and brought off 20 prisoners.

FLORIDA.

The evacuation of Lake city by the rebel Gen. Finegan leaves the entire eastern portion of the State in our hands, and cuts off from the rebel army their last source of beef. Texas and Tennessee had already been wrested from them or cut off.

On the afternoon of the 20th Gen. Seymour, with the 7th Conn., 7th New Hampshire, 40th Mass., 48th and 150th New York, and 8th United States, met a rebel army at Olustee, eight miles beyond Sanderson, on the line of the Jacksonville and Tallahassee railroad. After a three hours fight Seymour fell back, having lost 300 to 1,300 men. Gen. Gillmore has suppressed the details. The rebel Hardee was on the field.

ALABAMA.

Mobile, menaced by sea and land, is in a panic. Gen. Forrest was at Oxford on the 9th, with a Union force of 6,000 infantry and 12 regiments of cavalry from Memphis, under Gen. Sullivan, to join him.

Gen. Smith, keeping Forrest engaged with his infantry, threw his cavalry across the Tallahatchie near New Albany, and entered Pontotoc on the 12th. They have been forced back by a combined rebel force, and cannot join Sherman.

Admiral Farragut's fleet had gone in the direction of Mobile bay on the 18th, and on the 19th was lying in the Sound, without having landed any troops, in consequence of the bad weather.

TENNESSEE.

On the 22d a detachment of cavalry and infantry, under Col. Davis, were surrounded by rebels on the Wartrace road, five miles from Cumberland. Two companies of infantry—the 91st Indiana and 2d North Carolina—cut their way through, with a loss of seven killed. Sixty of Davis's men escaped; the rest were captured. Davis was said to be wounded. At the same time the rebels made an attack on our outposts at Powell's valley, but were repulsed three times, and withdrew.

Longstreet left Strawberry plains on the 20th, and Sevierville on the 22d, and crossed French Broad river. It is supposed that want of forage compelled this step.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

The Indian country on the Canadian river and its tributaries is clear of rebels. All rebel supplies for a movement in Arkansas must come from Red river, where the enemy are more concentrated. The rebel Indians are thoroughly disheartened. Col. Phillips's brigade had a fight with the rebel Indians and Texans on the Middle Boggy river, on the 14th inst., killing 40 of them. The enemy was pursued to Fort Arbuckle. Our forces then retired to the Canadian river. Our loss was one.

NAVAL.

The blockade-runner Bailho, with 74 bales of cotton, was intercepted on the 4th at St. Andrews by the barque Brazillera, commanded by Master Gillespie. He passed a rebel camp of 400 men in his boats, which only consisted of 28 men and boys. The Bailho and her crew of five men, together with two families of Union people, safely under the guns of the barque.

The steamer Columbine, 10 miles below the mouth of Red river, recently captured four rebel officers while attempting to cross the river with a large rebel mail, $200,000 in rebel treasury notes money, 30 bales of cotton, a number of mules, horses and wagons.

On the 18th, at 9 P. M., the Housatonic steam sloop of war, off Charleston, was struck by the rebel torpedo Davis on the starboard quarter, and sunk off Beach inlet. Two officers and three men were lost The United States steam transport Gen. Burnside, grounded on St. John's bar, Florida, and became a total wreck. The Quartermaster's steamboat Harriet A. Weed grounded in the St. John's, and was blown up by the crew.

A fine blockade-runner, the Pet, has just been captured off Wilmington, but Mason and Slidell are supposed to have previously escaped from her to the shore.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 23d February, Mr. Carlile, of Virginia, presented resolutions declaring that the war should be prosecuted for the sole purpose of restoration of the Union, upon the basis of the Constitution, and requesting the President to issue a proclamation granting amnesty and pardon to the people of any rebellious State that may repudiate their ordinance of secession, and return to their allegiance to the Union.

In the House, the report of the Conference Committee on the whiskey tax was presented, and after an interesting debate, in which Messrs. Stevens, Washburne, Fernando Wood, Elijah Ward and others participated, the report was rejected by a vote of 82 against 66. A new Committee of Conference was then ordered.

In the Senate, on the 24th, after discussing several branches of local interest, the Secretary of War was instructed to transmit to the Senate the evidence adduced before the Military Commission which tried the cases of Dr. Wright and others, speculating in cotton. A bill was passed to enable Colorado and Nevada to form State governments. The Senate then took up the joint resolution reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General, and after a very long debate, in which Messrs. Trumbull, Grimes, Sherman, Grant, Hollock and others were freely discussed, the Senate adopted the amendment reported by the Military Committee, striking out the recommendation of Gen. Grant for the position, and the resolution as thus amended passed, yeas 31, nays 6, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the chief business was on the Naval Appropriation bill. The proposition to pay the soldiers in gold was rejected. An amendment was adopted raising the appropriation from $22,000,000 to $30,000,000.

In the Senate, on the 25th, the vote adopting the Chalgreen Committee's report was reconsidered, and Messrs. Sherman, Clark and Nesmith were appointed a new committee to investigate it. The Joint Conference Committees are said to be equally divided on the question of raising the spirits on hand. The Military Committee were directed to inquire into the expediency of repealing the time of paying bounties to soldiers to April next.

In the House, the Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill authorizing a loan of $300,000,000, six per cent bonds, redeemable in not less than five nor more than forty years. Five-twenty six twenty bonds to the amount of $100,000,000, to meet subscriptions already made, are excepted. The bill simply is a modification of the act of March 3, 1863, authorizing an issue of $900,000,000 of bonds, which is not less than 10 nor more than 40 years. The Ways and Means Committee have also reported a Deficiency Appropriation bill, embracing nearly $100,000,000. The bill simply provides for the payment of certain claims was also reported. The Naval Appropriation bill was then taken up, and Mr. Pendleton, Mr. Ancona and an animated debate took place regarding the administration of the Navy and the Navy Department. Several amendments to the bill was adopted, and the bill passed.

In the senate, on the 26th, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill providing that re-appointments in the regular army may be for three instead of five years, and that officers who have served two years in the army (since July 22, 1861, may re-enist until the 1st of May next, with rank according to service. Mr. Grimmer, of Vermont, called up the bill to remove the color qualifications for mail carriers, together with the amendment providing that in the courts of the United States there shall be no discrimination on account of color. The bill was discussed at length, without concluding action.

In the House, resolutions of thanks were passed to Admiral D. G. Porter, and Commodore Ringgold, for their valiant services in capturing the Marmora. Mr. Blair, of Missouri, reported a bill providing that persons residing in the rebellious States may vote in any regiment from any State they choose, and on so doing are entitled to the same rights and privileges accorded to other troops, such enlistments to be credited to the quota of any State procuring them. A long debate was had on this bill, when an amendment by Mr. Cox was finally agreed to, providing that the enlistments of soldiers, wherever made, shall be credited to the State to which he belongs. Mr. Dawes, from the Committee on Elections, announced that Hon. Lewis McKenzie was entitled to a seat in Congress, from the Seventh District of Virginia. The Conference Committee's report on the Lieutenant-General bill was called up, and a motion by Mr. Cox was made to lay it on the table. After a spirited discussion between Messrs. Washburne and Cox, the report was agreed to, yeas 75, nays, 87.

In the House, on the 27th, after a variety of routine business, Mr. Cox made a speech against the Administration, especially the radical section of it, and in the course of his invitation to move for an inquiry into the affairs of the Treasury Department, he made a severe attack on the Mississippi river. Some of his remarks on Mr. Chase were very bitter.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

THERE were two considerable sensations at the Academy of Music last week, which brought out a large amount of the fashionable people, the concourse and gaiety of which made a spectacle of brilliant crowd much feeling, and his admirers were present in abundance. The reception was warm and flattering, and bouquets flew around in profusion. It seems hardly credible, but Brignoli was as nervous as a young debutante, and did not recover his self-possession until the opera was half over. Then his beautiful voice and his exquisite method of using it sang with rare taste, feeling and passion. He is not, as an actor, to be compared to Mazzolini, but in the lyric art he very justly ranks as professional, and far superior, and that will always secure to him a large share of popularity.

The cast of Lucia di Horris was the second sensation, and we are glad to say it was a pleasurable one. The character was a debut, Lucia di Horris di Lammermoor," was the most favorable one she could have chosen, when her physique is considered. She is a small but graceful figure; her face is oval, her hair dark and her eyes blue. Her expression is that of childish simplicity, with nothing of grandeur or strong passions; and we doubt if her face has sufficient mobility for the expression of anything beyond mere grief. Her voice is of considerable compass, the higher notes being clear and ringing, and completely under her control. In quality it is pleasing, but it is very deficient in power. Its essentially a very light soprano, where it is pure, its lack of power is quite equal to the expression of the grand passions which the rôles of a prima donna abound with. She has been well educated, and vocalizes with great facility; indeed her brilliant flights of *fioriture* called forth repeated bursts of admiration and applause. She sang well, but both in her singing and her acting there is a want of spontaneity, of impulse, to such an extent that we feel that she does in the rivalry of schooling, and not that of an inner art, enthusiasm, which takes hold of the sympathies of the audience by its intense truthfulness and natural force. Still, throughout her whole performance there was nothing to condemn; we could only say that there was something wanting to give reality to the assumed character. Her dramatic naïve is not convincing, and in many of the scenes we could see in advance, for on Saturday night, before the performance began, placards were put up on the ticket-office, announcing that there was only standing-room.

Gottschalk gave two brilliant concerts last week, at which the Academy of Music was filled to crowding on each occasion. He played magnificently, and was received with the most hearty applause that ever fell out. He gives one concert this week and a matinee on Saturday.

Mr. J. R. Pattison's concert at Irving Hall, on Tuesday evening, was graced by a large and fashionable audience, and was a marked success in every respect. Mrs. Anna Bishop, Signor and Mr. S. Campbell sang very charmingly, and were severally honored with encores. But the most remarkable success in the concert, for it established him as a first-class artist and as a musician of the highest instincts, of rare intelligence and of generous appreciation. There are many who play the pianoforte better than Mr. Pattison, but there is a rising recurring popular a pause for the sake of high art. Mr. Pattison has that faith; he sings that which is good and beautiful, with no its merits, commands the attention and interest he has fairly earned, and, strong in this faith, he selected two pieces as the test of his progress among the people—pieces would deem as the least likely to please a miscellaneous audience. One was a Fugue in A minor, by Bach, the minor, by Sebastian Bach; the other, Henselts Concerto, in F minor, which more nearly fills the bill.

Preludes and Fugues are not popular as concert pieces, and rarely, if ever, do they receive the deafening second an encore. The Prelude was played with a quiet, subdued, and with such a fine touching that it secured instant attention. The Fugue which followed was performed in a manner to command every point and answering point was brought out with that delicacy of touching (without which no delicacy marked) that the whole plan and construction was rendered clear to the ear as the written notation is to the eye. No style of composition requires for its intelligent rendering such a delicacy and quality of finger as the Fugue. It is "succession of intricate points," and the player must not only know how to perform, and a weakness in any one of them would destroy the whole. The idea to be true to Pattison's manipulation exhibits no such weakness; each point was distinctly marked, and the whole was finely rendered, and the performance was worthy of sincere respect and cordial admiration. Henselt's Concerto is a fine work; clear and broad in its design, impassioned in its melodies, harmonious in form and well up to the mechanical difficulties which would tax the technique of the most accomplished pianist, though the difficulties are not apparent to the ear, because of the perfection with which they are overcome. Its execution requires the utmost delicacy, precision and quality of touch, and a sympathy with the composer and locality. They are not the mere bravura passages which display the skill of a performer in any style, but they are the connecting links in the chain of thought of the composer, and harmonize with the parts of its intellectual characteristics. It is hardly necessary to speak of the beauty of the composition, that is so generally admitted that we have simply to endorse it. We may, however, say that we must speak, and in terms of the warmest admiration. The orchestral accompaniments were finely and delicately played by many, under the conditions of hard labor, and the whole was most inspiring and grand in its work is re erred for the very few. It has all the characteristics of a composition of a great genius, and he who can interpret it must be in perfect *rapport* with the composer. In this respect Mr. Pattison was entirely successful. Every phase of sentiment was given its due proportion, and the whole held under in its character, or passionately emotional, or worthy enough to be called grand, and throughout the work with an correctness so absorbing, that no inner appreciation of the work could be more perfect. Its idiosyncrasy but was thoroughly understood and closely appreciated. He had the composition entirely in his heart, and his interpretation was as though the composer himself were present to approve his understand.

In intellectual reading, in passionate expression, and in mechanical execution, his performance left little to be desired. We are glad of the way paid to him our admiration for his devotion to the art, and our appreciation of his ambition to be known as the man above the mountainy glory of the popular applause, and by the accomplishment of the tremendous difficulties, we must add the just praise, that he has fully stood to the test as an artist. Mr. Pattison has, by this performance, won for himself a position among the most eminent of the artists of the classic art. No better proof of the entire success of his performance could be given than the record of the fact, that it was listened to by a miscellaneous audience with unbroken attention and with intelligence, and that the conclusion of each movement was the signal for the most hearty enthusiasm of delighted acquiesce. It was in fact an artist triumph, of which he may be justly proud.

The grand Testimonial Concert to Mr. L. F. Hatton, will be given at Irving Hall on Saturday evening next, March 5th. The artists who will support on this occasion are Miss Kellogg, Mrs. Hatton, Mr. Theodore Wollenhaupt—who is heard too rarely, but who has no peer as a violinist in this country, and but few equals in the old world—Carl Bergmann, Theodore Thomas, Mr. Hatton and the Arion Society. The choruses from the Liederkranz Society, the New York Mozart Association and the Arion Society will also assist; together with a full orchestra. Every lover of music in New York should crowd the concert, for there will be one of musical interest.

The Prince de Joinville and Social Hop of the Eighth Regiment, National Guard, took place at the Academy of Music on the 22d inst., and was a grand success for it exceed d any previous entertainment given by the organization. The Committee of Arrangements Capt. a La Casa Cabos, John Appleton and Robert Brown, were very active and energetic, and to their exertions the great success of the evening must be attributed. The music, by Reisenauer's Eighth Regiment Band, and Grafulla's Seventh Regiment Band, was very well rendered and brilliant. We have rarely passed a more entirely pleasant evening.

The performances at Wallack's and Winter Garden remain the same as last week. The new comedy, of "Taming a Butterfly," by Frank Wood and Augustus

Daly, has made a great hit at the Olympic Theatre, and will be succeeded every night until further notice by Miss Richings, with her English Opera company, at the possession of Niblo's Garden this week, and produces Adolph Adam's charming opera, "The Postilion of Lonjumeau." One feature of great interest will be the appearance of the son of Edward Sr., who will be in the interval of new excellence.

Barnum's Museum is full of attractions this week, and the new drama performed in the Lecture Room is not the least of the attractions, for it has made a decided hit.

BOOK NOTICES.

Forms. By HENRY PETERSON. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.

A volume gotten up in Lippincott's best style, on luxurious tinted paper, the whole tone of the book predisposing in favor of its contents. The poetry is good throughout, but particularly so where patriotism is the theme, as in the stanza "Lyon" or "Gettysburg Song." "After the Battle," and "The Soldier's Story" are also very fine, but equally meritorious. In "Only a Woman's Hair" the book closes with a tender pathos and lengthy poem in one of the very best pages, entitled "The Rivals," and one of the earliest and happiest efforts of the author.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Gold remains at an average of 160.

The *Tribune* says that the Treasurer of the Brooklyn Long Island Sanitary Fair had in hand on the evening of the 26th of Feb. $160,000.

The Connecticut Democratic State Convention have nominated Judge O. S. Seymour as their candidate for Governor.

The Union National Convention will meet at Baltimore on the 7th of June.

The British Commissioner at Halifax has decided that, even if there was a rebel commission authorizing Captain Semmes to cruise against our trade, he did not allow him to authorize others, and that the rebel steamer who fitted out and equipped, and by bringing in Parker with his commission after Parker was committed, there was no protection for the commissioners.

A delegation of New York Republican politicians are in Washington, to urge the President against the removal of Collector Barney.

The Secretary of the Treasury, on Commerce will, it is said, undoubtedly report in favor of the abrogation of the Reciprocity treaty.

The entire police force of St. Paul, Minnesota, has been removed by the mayor for general neglect of duty.

A "Citizens' Association" has been organized in this city for the purpose of taking the necessary steps for municipal offices out of the hands of primary electors, and securing candidates fitted by many considerations worthy.

The increase of crimes against the person in New York and other large cities has attracted the attention of several reflecting minds, and during the year of the war the diminution of these very offences was remarked by all, and attributed to the fact that the greater part of the rowdy population had gone to the war. The conduct of the returned soldiers is so exemplary, that it would be unjust to attribute a part of the present outrages to them; they are committed chiefly by deserters, who, attracted by the large bounties collected, but who, unable to endure the discipline of a regiment, took the first opportunity to desert.

Gen. Butler has issued an order placing the churches and chapels of his Department under the control of Provost Marshal. This is to arrest, it is the polnt all disloyal clergymen. It has caused considerable excitement in ecclesiastical circles. The order is founded upon one issued by Stanton, Nov. 20, 1863.

Recruiting has proceeded during the last three weeks at the rate of about 300 per day.

The German comprise, according to the last census, a large part of the total population of the United States. Wisconsin embraces the largest number by far of any of the States—23.00 per cent., and Maine the smallest—0.06 per cent. Only 7.66 of the population of Missouri are Teutons.

The Government have put off the conscription practically to the 1st of April, by providing that boundaries shall not be paid at that time. Gen. Dodge, Chairman of Military Committee in the House, has so stated.

The House Naval Committee will visit New London, Conn., next week, to examine the boats with reference to its adaptability as the site of a Navy Yard.

The subject of a modification of the revenue laws is still in the hands of a sub-committee of the Committee of Ways and Means. A report will soon be prepared, altering the duties on tobacco.

The current rise in rents in New York has driven many families to the suburban cities of Williamsburg, Brooklyn and Hoboken. The latter is especially a favorite place, chiefly on account of its pleasant walks and freedom from all roughness. Here, in many owing to the excellent administration of justice, which is fearless and prompt. Judges Parker and Pope are great conservators of the peace there—executing the law, which makes no distinction between the wealthy and the poor; he is a terror to evil-doers, both native and foreign. Much also is due to the quiet character of the population, which is mainly German.

Western.—A Dr. Adolfus, who arrived in Cincinnati from Europe three years ago, and represented himself as having been a private tutor in Lord Lyons in Russell's family, has, it is alleged, been swindling the people of that city by means of forged Paris exchange notes, &c., to a large amount. He opened a school in Cincinnati, having a fine address, and good address, gained the confidence of the people generally. He is supposed to have escaped to Europe.

A soldier writes from Chattanooga of an incident that occurred there on Sept. 8. "We are marching Sunday, at 4 o'clock, p.m., with our coats buried and in their black cases, when we perceive about a dozen men rush in one of those very interesting Southern pretty, watching us as we passed. We had just notify by one of our file rangers and stepped out to the front and said: 'Boys, we want to see the end of this.' Oh, sure shouts as well as the men took sides, nits without number went into the air, and the skirmish lasted for a good hour, and the women all cried."

Personal.—Gen. Rosecrans is busy systematizing the military organization of Missouri, and is trying to make a complete tour of the State for that purpose.

Gov. Curtin, of Iowa, passes a proclamation prohibiting persons liable to the draft leaving the State. He has issued 1,000 subpœnas for witnesses to go to Idaho.

Miss Henrietta Sulzer and Signor Hinfelt Bischi were married by Mayor Gunther on the 22nd Feb.

Senator Tulee, although an active conspirator against the Union in the closing part of Buchanan's term, has now no hold on office or consideration during the war; he can consequently claim exemption under Lincoln's amnesty.

Gen. Sigel has been once more placed in active command. Western Virginia have been assigned him.

The New Orleans *Era*, in describing one of the orators at a Free Soil meeting there, says: "Gen. Shan Jones possesses by hereditary descent and the special gift of Providence, or from constant exercise a most powerful and effective voice. It is handled to a single pair—and has the voice of a Stentor, with no regard to its legitimate use; and on this occasion, when he got fairly warmed up by—whatever it might have been—he spoke so loud it was quite impossible to hear him."

Mr. Buckley, of Goshen, Conn., received a week or two ago a telegramble message, saying that his son, of the 5th Conn. Artillery, was dead. He immediately left to procure his son's body, but found him alive and recovering. He dispatch having been written "no wonder." The excitement and reaction has an effect upon the doctor, that he fell sick and died four days thereafter.

Obituary.—The London correspondent of the New York *Courier* says: "Mr. Bancroft, the American who will read with regret of the death of Miss Ackers, which took place on Saturday last. She was the daughter of the poet Proctor, who is not only better known under the name of Barry Cornwall, but by some of whose lyrics have a wonderful charm. Miss Proctor died at the age of 40, and was a Roman Catholic a devoted Roman Catholic, and most of her poems for the last 15 years have been specially meritorious. In the most popular of all her poems is the "Question of Baptism," which is a beautiful piece.

—The correspondent of the *Independence Belge* says: "The decease is announced of Mme. Anne Jeanette Colbert, at the age of over 80. The marquise, whose husband was Sardinian Ambassador to the Court of Napoleon I., was herself formerly reader to the Empress Josephine. She was a distant relative of the family of the Great Colbert. Her immense fortune was almost entirely devoted to charitable purposes. She also founded a refuge for young women; it was also she who erected the statue of Jean Bart during the prison of Spielberg, and who, in order not to humiliate him, raised the statue of Napoleon I. surmounted by victories in his later writings, and gave to them the most prodigious character. She also erected that of Lafayet in the tragedy of 'Romans Moro.' Mme. Colbert left by will to the city of Dunkirk more than 8,00 000 francs to the poor, and to have named after her a street in that city.

—Major-Gen. Randall, New York State Militia, died at Buffalo, Feb. 26th.

Accidents and Offences.—Major Stone, of Chatham, has been found guilty of committing an outrage on Miss Cunningham, in the performance of the high social position of both parties, the trial occasioned the greatest excitement.

Five large ice houses at Fresh Pond, Cambridge, Mass., were destroyed by incendiary fire on Wednesday evening. The property of Mr. Benjamin Hethinger & Co., and contained 100,000 tons of ice, worth $100,000.

Nearly a year ago, or on March 12, 1863, a Swedish sleeper, named Andrew Johnson, in the Grand street, Brooklyn, E. D., committed suicide, endeavoring a crime to conceal, where his wife and a wealthy butcher, Christopher Smith, doing business at Grand street and Union avenue, with whom his family at 258 Lorimer street. Last week, Smith and his widow were tried for murder, convicted and closed, taking with them $25,000 and embarking for California. Mrs. Johnson, a grown-up daughter are left partially unprovided for.

—A Portland paper states, with reference to the destruction by fire of the house of Mr. Deering, has been removed from the dangerous ledge upon which the steamer Lewiston struck, and is now in safe and secure harbor.

—On the morning of the 21st two children playing on the ice in the vicinity of Harlem bridge, broke through and were drowned in the river. One by Mr. R. H. Wunder, doing business on Bleecker street, Mr. Wunder, at the time of the accident, was in his buggy, driving near the bank of the river, and was attracted to the scene of action by the cries of the children. It was with considerable personal danger and great difficulty that he succeeded in the rescue of the shore. Learning the residence of the parents, which was near by, he drove the children home in his buggy, and wrapping the smallest one, a little girl, about six years old, in his own overcoat, carried to their home.

—A young German, named Eichsler, having been jilted by a woman, who married another, went to the lodging house of the latter, and invited them to partake of some wine, which he had prepared. Mistaking the bottle containing laudanum, Eichsler jumped up, and fired at the woman's husband, but missing the object aimed at, the ball from his pistol entered the bill lodged in the wall. He then went to Washington square, and blew out his own room. Next morning he was found dead. The woman is expected to recover.

—A man named John Mitchell was stabbed early Saturday morning, at a fire company ball at the Apollo Rooms, Bowery, by a man named Fox, the affair in ball-rooms this week.

—Benjamin Marks, a druggist in New York, has been arrested, charged with administering oil of vitriol, extract of cotton and laudanum to a man named Kindler. It brought on vomiting fits, which killed her instantly. Marks is in custody awaiting trial.

—The mate of the Victory, Baisley, from Liverpool, has been arrested, charged with killing one of the passengers, named Ryan, by inhuman treatment. Baisley is in custody awaiting trial.

—The testimony before the coroner's jury, in the case of the drowning of the Bohemian girls, for carelessness or want of skill on the part of the officers of the steamship, Cuyler, was to the effect that the vessel which passed the Bohemian before she struck, was going at a high rate of speed, and that the boat made the lights look much further off than they really were.

Art, Science and Literature.—M. Barboux, a manufacturer of Poitiers, is said to have made a discovery which will be of great importance in the manufacture of paper. He has succeeded in manufacturing paper of excellent quality from vegetables such as oak, walnut, pine and chestnut, and from vegetables, such as hemp, flax, straw, &c. Samples of various descriptions of paper are exhibited at the office of the *Courrier du Dimanche*, and the Bordeaux assets that his invention will cause a reduction of from 50 to 60 per cent. in the price of paper.

—A patent has just been taken out for perfume, by the extract of which the solid pannicles after the manufacture of soap are saved. The perfume can be applied to those who read will rise up and call the inventor blessed, as the present odor of paper-cutters will be removed.

—Improvements are made in France with a new kind of rocket, which is to prevent the enemy from working. The rocket, besides having a most brilliant light, illuminates a distance of 30 metres every 1st. rd. It offers the additional advantage of finally bursting like a bombard, and carrying wholesale destruction among the assailants.

Foreign.—The formidable steam-ram which is now approaching completion in G. Glasgow, Scotland, has been purchased for the Danish Government.

—A musical composition was performed by the Danes. The present is a march, which has been dedicated to the Prince of Wales, her eighty-six of 500 horse power, and we has a crew of 600 men. She will be very fast and fitting for another vessel to come into collision with.

—The Albany Army Relief Bazaar has on exhibition the pistol which burst the first number of the Revolution, presented to John P. Putnam, a grandson of Gen. Putnam. It will be remembered that Major Putnam, riding among the crowd on inspection day, was thrown, shouted, "Disperse, ye rebels! and fired his pistol in their midst. His horse was shortly shot him, cut for managed to escape. The pistol were found in the saddle and became the property of Gen. Putnam, and were worn by him during the Revolution.

—Considerable surprise has been expressed in political circles that the Queen should withhold her patches from the British Government which Mr. Seward laid him to deliver. It would seem, however, that Mr. Seward himself afterwards admitted the prudence of Mr. Adams's action. As it was, the unmoderate of Seward's dispatches drew from Earl Russell the following reply: "There are, however, passages in your letter of the 16th, as well as in some of your former ones, which appear to us to proceed on simply an intimation of how representing to our Great Britain, on the part of the Government of the United States unless steps are taken by her Majesty's Government which they do not anticipate, or say what law, which you consider as insufficient, is at once to be made more stringent, on both of her Majesty's Government, frankly to state to you that her Majesty's Government will not be prepared to alter the consideration either to overstep the limits of the law or to introduce any new law by which they may be enabled to carry out, for reasons of their own, think proper to adopt. Her Majesty will not shrink from any consequences of such a decision."

The Danes have been compelled to retreat before the advance of the Austrians and Prussians, the disparity of force being so great as to render a conflict utterly hopeless. With the usual unreasonableness of barbarians, the inhabitants of Copenhagen had shown their indignation by rioting which had the effect of inducing the King to recall Ten. De Moss, who had abandoned the Danewerk without the slightest resistance. There was a report in Paris that the regular race was so great as to compel the Duke of Dunbarton to withdraw, but it was contradicted in London. Lord Russell, in Parliament, denies that the British Government has given any promise to Denmark. By the execution of the strongly fortified Danewerk, Denmark will not be compelled to take place in Schleswig where they could possibly make a stand, especially as the movements of the Austrian and Prussian troops. It is generally understood in Europe that the Danes have been forced by the Powers, and that if it is to be recovered at all it must be by diplomacy and not by arms. The Emperor Napoleon has proposed as an armistice to the belligerents, on the basis of the Treaty of London of 1852, with the exception of the island of Alsen, by the Danes. This suggestion has appeared to be favorably received by Sweden.

—From Paris, we learn that Miss Adelina Patti continues to be the star of the operatic world. She is supported by Mario, Graziani, Bettini, and the theatre is nightly filled, although all the seats in the lower part of the house are taken at the rate of 20 francs each. Miss Carlotta Patti, who spent the month of January in Paris, left for Italy during the time to visit private, returns here in March to give a series of grand concerts. She will be assisted by Sivori, Rosalal and Meyerbeer at Paris. The latter professes to have left the Opera for ever hearer, and he regretted that her lameness would prevent him from hearing her like a "Lucrezia."

—The steamship Illinois has arrived, bringing Liverpool dates to the 20th inst. By her we have also later information from Nicaragua, Panama and Peru. Minister Dodge has left for Peru, and Minister Cole, from Carlotta Patti, who spent the month of January in Paris, left for Italy during the time to visit private, returns here in March to give a series of grand concerts. She will be assisted by Sivori, Rosalal and Meyerbeer at Paris. The latter professes to have left the Opera for ever hearer, and he regretted that her lameness would prevent him from hearing her like a "Lucrezia."

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Chit-Chat.—The street pedlers in Mexico have peculiarities in their traffic as well as those who in this country. Here is a specimen from the Mexican poultry dealer who offers ducks for sale in probably more musical than the crying out, "Hucks! oh, my darling ducks!"

The Paris *Punch*, "what is called an agreeable man, and the consequences of enjoying such a reputation. I have dined out 1,456 times in 40 years, at times, and my name is recorded on 1,456 silver mugs, and at every dinner I gave I gave away 85 brides and as many dressing-cases. I have drunk 14,600 bottles of wine, 6,500 times, and in the course of 14 years, 2,375 3s. 6d. for cab hire. I have had 1,456 indigestions, 1,456 fits of the blues, and never received them back again. I gave 1,456 dinners, and was invited to dine 1,456 myself, on an average 26 times during the season. I have had 1,456 nights of sleeplessness, and contracted rheumatism, from consenting to sit in draughts to oblige other people. I have received 1,456 letters to decline bills from friends in Government offices, and I am now going to commence a novel, to endeavor myself an insolvent, preparatory to my departure for Australia."

The following anecdote of Dickens and Thackeray is given in the *Cornhill Magazine*. It seems that these gentlemen had a quarrel existing between them, and for some length of time they were not speaking. They were accidentally sitting next to each other, both hanging up their coats together at the same moment. Thackeray first noticed and saw each other, and the unrestrained impulse of both was to hold out the hand of friendship and renew their friendship. The hearty grasp the differences which estranged them passed away. Dickens was a great consolation to Mr. Dickens when he saw his great brother laid in the grave. He was a pall-bearer.

—The citizens of Springfield have sold Beecher Island, the scene of the overthrowing of desperadoes and cashiakers, and rushing in to hear him speak.

—A remarkably intelligent young botanist of our acquaintance asserts it as his firm conviction, strengthened by long and careful observation, and then by his private experience, that plants have a sympathetic nature, and are capable of manifesting, in general, and of womankind, perhaps, in particular, the illustrations of this axiom. In accordance with your shrewdness the indisputable fact that many a delicate young plant has withered away in the parlor window from being kissed under the mistletoe, has yet not been fully appreciated, and consequently has not been formed under the rose.

—The first Russian newspaper was published in 1703, and Peter the Great was its censor editor. The principal articles consisted of personal anecdotes of its editorial compositor, but in correcting proofs as to the spelling of words, or the existence, on which are marks and alterations in his own hand.

The New Carpet.

"I CAN hardly spare it, Jane; but as you have so set your heart upon it, why I suppose I must."

The young wife looked with rapture upon the shining gold pieces.

"I knew you would!" she said to herself; "how rich it makes me feel. It seems a great deal to pay for a carpet; but gold is worth gold," as the saying is, "and one pays for what one gets," she added sententiously.

Jane, dashing with eager anticipation, looked her prettiest, and stirring herself in her best, was about to make the long-desired purchase, when a visitor suddenly entered.

"Oh, Jane—dear Jane!" and a pale young creature sat panting on the sofa: "We are in such trouble, such a dreadful trouble! Can you help us? Do you think we could borrow twenty pounds from you, husband? Couldn't you get it for us? You know you said I might always rely upon you when trial came; and poor Charles expects every moment to be arrested, and he is so ill."

"Dear, dear!" said Jane, her good heart suddenly contracting. "Edward told me only this morning not to ask him for only money for three months, and she gathered her purse up tightly in her handkerchief. "I'm sure, I—I only—could oblige you with pleasure, but I expect Edward is really pained. Can't you get it elsewhere? Have you tried?"

"Yes," answered her friend, despondingly, "I've tried everywhere. People know that Charles is ill and cannot repay immediately. Mr. J—— knows our circumstances yet he insists upon that money. Oh, it is cruel! It is so hard!"

Her pitiful voice and the big tears running like rain down her pallid cheeks almost unnerved Jane's resolution; but that resolution was a beautiful carpet she had promised herself so long, and so often, with pleasure, disappointed of its possession, that she could not give it up. She turned away her heart, and that he would urge her to self-denial. But what she would not see him—if she did, it was all over with the carpet.

"Well," said her poor friend, in a desponding voice, rising to go, "I'm sorry you can't help me; I know you would if you could, and it is something to know that. Good-by, dear Jane; I hope you will never know what it is to want and suffer."

Jane's heart smote her as the new carpet looked as the sun streamed in on its wreathed flowers, its colors of fawn, and blue, and crimson, its soft velvety richness, and the poor girl's head fell Jane at the pictures of her neighbors. It was a bargain, too; she had saved six pounds in its purchase, and bought a pair of elegant vases for the window-seat.

"I declare," said her husband, "this looks like comfort; but it spoils all my pleasure to think of poor Charles's misfortune. The poor fellow is ill."

Jane gave a real sharp scream, and the flush faded from her face.

"Husband, husband, I——! For the paltry sum of twenty pounds, he arrested Charles, who ruptured a blood-vessel, and lived scarcely an hour after! Oh, I know he has been weak and ill; this long while."

"And Mary!" issued from Jane's bloodless lips.

"She has a dead child; and they tell me her life is despaired of. Why on earth didn't they send to me? I could easily have spared the money (or borrowed it) and not have spent it on the last guinea they should have had it. Poor fellow—poor Mary!"

And I might have saved it—all!" shrieked Jane, sinking upon her knees on the rich carpet. "Oh, Edward, will God ever forgive me for my heartlessness? Oh, all call have mercy on this tears begged me to aid her—and I—I had the whole sum in my very hand—and coldly turned her away. Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

In the very agony of grief, poor Jane would receive no comfort. In vain her husband strove to console her; in vain he had a hear a word in extenuation of her selfish conduct.

"I shall never forget poor Mary's tears; I shall never forget her sorrowful face—I shall see it when my dying day! Oh, take it away—that hateful carpet! I have purchased it with the death of my dearest friend! Oh, how could I be so cruel? I shall never be happy again, never—never!"

Years have passed since then, and Mary, with her husband, lie together under the green sod of the churchyard, and Jane has grown to middle age in the light brown of her tresses; but she lives in a home of splendor, and none know her but to bless her. Every day the little sprightly Mary or household, dear to her as her own sweet children—she is the orphan child of those who have rested side by side for ten long years.

Edward is rich; but prosperity has not hardened his heart. His hand never tires of giving out money to the needy, and Jane is the ministering angel of the needy. The "new carpet," long since old, is secretly preserved as a memento of sorrowful but remembrance, and many a weary hour serves to its silent influence the prosperity that has turned want's widerness into an Eden of happiness.

A BALLOON DUEL.

PERHAPS the most remarkable duel ever known took place in Paris in the month of March in its tone, and could hardly have occurred under any other than a French state of society. M. le Grandpre and M. de Beaufort had a quarrel at a ball-room concerning a lady engaged at the Imperial Opera. The quarrel ended in a duel to settle their respective claims; and, in order that the best of angry passions should not interfere with the steadiness of aim of the combatants, they postponed the duel for a month, the lady agreeing to bestow her hand upon the victor. On the day fixed on either was killed; or, at all events, this was reported to be the case next day at noon. The duellists were to fight in the air. Two balloons were prepared, and each took up his opponent, De Grandpre and his second entered the car of the balloon, and in the car of the other M. de Beaufort and his friend. At the signal the balloons were cut adrift, and as each one's balloon rose it was pierced through with a sword by M. de Grandpre fired and cast a ball through the ripped balloon. The balloon enlarged the car descended with frightful rapidity, and Lepique and his second were dashed to pieces. De Beaufort continued his ascent triumphantly and remained at his aerial voyage so ceaselessly at a distance of seven leagues from Paris.

A LADY must think she has something valuable in her head; we envy people from the number of locks she keeps upon it.



VIRGINIA FARMER COMING FROM THE MILL.—DRAWN BY E. FORBES.

AN OLD VIRGINIA FARMER COMING FROM THE MILL.

THE picture of Virginia life speaks admirably the exhausted condition of the agriculture of the Old Dominion. Few parts of the world have declined as rapidly as Virginia. Her soil exhausted by tobacco, and unable to recuperate under a system of slave labor, no longer proved remunerative to the farmer. Scanty crops, untilled acres, mortgaged homesteads met you at every step. The ruinous state of the mass of the property holders, whom the constant sale of slaves could not save, was one of the great impulses that led them to rush into the rebellion. Ruin has overtaken most of them now, and the pictures of old Virginia life will, in the new era dawning upon her, be looked upon with surprise ten years hence. With the peace a tide of emigration will flow to her valleys and avail themselves of all the natural advantages to increase her wealth.

THE ARMY OVEN.

THE bake oven which our Special Artist has deemed worthy of sketching is a most useful Western invention. It is capable of baking 700 loaves per day, burning one-third of a cord of wood, and requiring the services of four men. The bread is excellently baked, and wherever flour is available the soldiers are furnished with it fresh. It is conveyed by a horse or mule attached to shafts. Eastern regiments, unsupplied with this invention, have to do-end, even in the presence of flour, on hard tack.



THE ARMY OVEN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

EXPLOSION OF A PAPERMILL AT SCHUYLERVILLE.

WE give a sketch of the ruins of a papermill at Schuylerville, destroyed by a fearful boiler explosion, on the 25th. A bleach boiler, 7 feet in diameter and 30 feet long, exploded, taking away the upper part of the papermill, and passing through the post office, an oyster saloon and some other buildings in the course of its progress, killing a man and his wife. It did damage to the amount of $30,000.

THE JAIL AT NEWBERNE.

AMONG the interesting edifices at Newberne, which attracted such general attention a short time since, is the jail, of which we give an illustration, from an accurate sketch made by our Special Artist.

ARRANGED in the order of natural age, William, King of Wurtemberg heads the list of sovereigns, having attained the ripe age of 82. Ferdinand, landgrave of Hesse Homburg, aged 80, is the next, and *Henry Nicky-zeroski*, prince of the junior line of Reuss, stands between him and good, honest Leopold, King of the Belgians, whose age is 73. Next to Leopold, comes the Pope Pius IX., whose age is 71. Napoleon III. (aged 55) has the sixteenth, and Victoria (aged 44) the twenty-sixth place in this list, of which the two lowest places are occupied by young George, King of Greece, and Henry XXII., prince of Reuss of the old house. These two young men are aged 18 and 17 respectively.



EXPLOSION OF A PAPER MILL AT SCHUYLERVILLE, NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOT. BY C. H. CLARK.



THE JAIL AT NEWBERNE, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. H. SCHELL.

EGYPT.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

WHAT can we guess of those old Egyptians,
And the strange hieroglyphical stones,
Except, as affecting to read the inscriptions,
We dare also label the bones?

Startled, I gaze at the old mummy cases,
Awed, yet so longing to know
How those still hearts and inscrutable faces
Looked on the long ago.

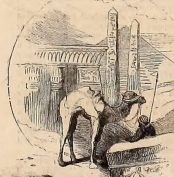
Did the one beat with the loves and the passions
That charm and appal us to-day?
And the other, made fairer by old time fashions,
Sparkle in triumph gay?

Here is a foot, and so beautiful is it,
Daintily holding its place,
With instep so shapely, so arched and exquisite,
No foot of to-day may outgrace.

Here is a hand, too, small, deft and slender,
That dimpling with life, and pressed
By passionate love-kisses, eager and tender,
Thrilled to its mistress' breast!

Did the one step, with the grace of a goddess,
Proudly wide palaces through?
And the other shine out, on the robe or the bodice,
Jewelled and ravishing too?

Ah! all is lost in the silent abysses,
Joy of theirs, sorrow and ill,
God was their Father, and their secret his is,
He has kept, and he keeps it still.





"THE FREEDMAN."—FROM THE STATUETTE BY J. Q. A. WARD, N. A.

A FORTUNATE MISFORTUNE.

By A. Brock.

DID you ever, reader, have either of your little schoolfellows ask you that wonderful query, "Where was Washington when he blew out the light?" If you have, you will, of course, remember the answer given with such a triumphant air, "In the dark." And that was just where Phil Bradford was on the night of the 16th December; most decidedly in the dark.

Warm-hearted Phil had received a note from some anonymous person in the morning of that day, telling him of the destitute condition of a widow and family in ——— lane, and begging his assistance immediately. He had ample means for so doing and a generous heart to urge him on; and now we find him walking up and down the street, searching among the numerous ones for ——— lane. It was in the worst part of the city; filthy and forlorn. The street lamps were never lit, and the houses were piled together as though the daylight, as much as possible, was excluded to keep the pasture-by from discovering the misery and wickedness of the place. The grogshop on the corner was one of the haunts frequented alike by wretched men and women; and now boisterous shouts of laughter, mingled with oaths of the most fearful character, issued from the place. Sabbath and church were alike unknown to them, and as the succeeding months and years rolled by, the vice of wickedness never slackened within that magic circle, for as one disappeared from the accustomed haunts another came to fill his place. The vilest was king, and the others his prime ministers. Almost with a shudder Phil passed the open door of this place. Glancing in, as he did so, he saw one of the men start and touch his neighbor on the shoulder, and then both turn as though coming towards the door. Phil could not for his life have helped the involuntary thrill of fear that rushed through him, and heartily cursing his stupidity in not bringing a companion, he determined to return home, and on the next evening provide himself with arms and a friend, and continue his search, although doubts began to enter his mind as to the truth of the appeal. Glancing back as he turned the street, he thought he discovered the forms of two persons in the darkness following him. With quickened steps he hastened to gain the lighted thoroughfare, but what was his horror on turning the corner to find himself again opposite the old grogshop. He was lost! lost in the den of thieves. But he dared not hesitate for one moment; his two pursuers were gaining upon him silently and with cat-like caution. Rushing down the street opposite in direction to the one he had previously taken, he never slackened his speed until a projecting wall denied his further advance. With a fainting heart he turned to retrace his steps, but the sight of the two ruffians, now boldly rushing towards him, sent the blood flying through his frame, and making a dash to the right he plunged through the open door of the house. Upstairs he went, until at the top floor he paused for breath, and hearing no footsteps following he stopped to think. Where was he to go if they did follow him; upon the roof? No! that would never do. There were voices talking, perhaps he might find friends and assistance in some of the rooms on that floor. Cautiously advancing to the end of the hall he listened, to discover if possible the character of the inmates.

"Mother, dear mother, do not despair, God will surely help us. Does He not say that a sparrow shall not fall without His will? Certainly He will not forget us."

"You are right, my dear child, I will not doubt and though the way seems dark, I will yet steadfastly put my trust in Him, and watch for the light at the end. We will try again to-morrow, daughter, if we cannot find some means of support. Oh! if your father had only never left us, what comfort and happiness we would have known. He was a kind father to you, Lettie."

"Do not let us talk of him, mother," sobbed Lettie; "the remembrance of our former days, when, as a happy family, we sat round the fireside at evening, makes our present lot——" here she paused in terrified silence, as a confused scuffling of feet, with muttering curses outside the door, met her ear. With pallid faces they sat listening for some time, when a loud shriek nearly paralyzed them. A few minutes passed in quietness, except now and then a word from one of the ruffians.

"Dick, just hold him over on his side, while I search this pocket. D—n the rascal, he did not bring so much chink as I thought he would, the soft-headed fool."

"I guess he didn't find the widow, Bill, eh!" and the fellow chuckled; "if he hadn't passed the kid we would have missed him, for I did not think he would get here till later. I say, Bill, there's that ring on his finger, don't leave that."

"Sure enough; but, Dick, I wonder if anybody lives in this bunk. I believe I'll look. It wouldn't do to have anybody to tell tales. I guess there must be; the door is locked, and we had better make tracks rapid. I thought the house was empty, come along—quick time!"

The sound of hasty footsteps down the stairs told of their departure, and the mother and daughter for the first time drew a long breath and began in whispered tones to converse. Presently a low moaning sound caught their ear, and Lettie, with the quick instinct of youthful womanhood, understood directly that the villains had left their prey behind them, perhaps in a dying condition, and started to go to him, but her mother prevented her.

"Wait a moment, daughter, I will go with you; whoever it is, perhaps they will respect my gray hairs."

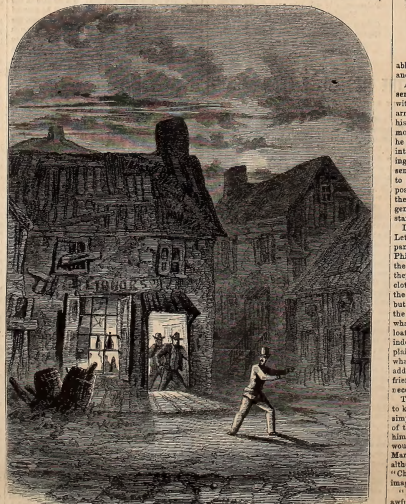
"Do not be alarmed, mother; did you not hear the ruffians say that he came to help a widow? One who would risk his life in this way to do a charitable act would not certainly harm the defenceless," and she opened the door, followed by her mother.

A cry of horror escaped her lips at the sight presented to her gaze. On the floor lay poor Phil, with the blood settling in pools around him. One arm was bent under him, and the other lay across his face where the assassin had thrown it after removing the ring. As Mrs. Markham reached him he half opened his eyes, but with a half moan sank into insensibility. Lettie ran for water, and bathing his face and head, finally brought him to his senses, but all their united efforts were unavailing to get him in the room. With all the tenderness possible they cared for him that night, staunching the blood from his wounds, and soothing him with gentle words, and early in the morning Lettie started for the doctor.

Doctor Robinson was a kindly man, and on Lettie's telling her tale, he immediately accompanied her home. When he arrived there he found Phil in a high fever and slightly delirious. With the help of the assistant he had brought with him they got him on the bed, and cutting loose his clothes in various places, succeeded in getting at the wounds. They, he said, were not dangerous, but the severe shock when he fell, together with the loss of blood, made great care necessary. But what was Mrs. Markham to do? With hardly a loaf of bread in the house and no money? It was indeed a question. Setting aside all delicacy, she plainly told the doctor her inability to get for him what he needed, and begged him to find his friends, adding, "I will gladly nurse him, doctor, if his friends will only provide his medicines and other necessaries."

Together they searched his pockets for some token to know him by, but only found a note addressed simply to Phil, but bearing the name and address of the writer. Thither the doctor went and found him to be the intimate friend and chum of the wounded man. Together they returned to Mrs. Markham's, but Phil was too sick to recognize him, although in his ravings he continually called—"Charlie! Charlie!" and would then commence an imaginary conversation with him.

"Come, Charlie, come out and take a walk; 'tis awfully hot in here. I feel as though my head was on fire. Now, like a good fellow, come along, don't stand arguing. I say, Charlie, old fellow did you see



The Good Samaritan chased by Thieves.



Listening to the attempted Murder.

that girl that went by just now? I like her first-rate; she must be very poor, though, for her clothes are worn and that old shawl she wears is'nt worth sixpence. I wish I knew who she was, I really would make her acquaintance, that's sure. Why, there she comes back again; what eyes, so gentle, and yet they burn right through my head. There, she's going away again; catch her, Charlie," and he made a spring for Lettie, who had been coming and going before the bed, supplying the wants of her mother, who was trying to wash the blood from his hair, at the same time that she cooled his head. Tears rolled down Charlie's face at the pitiable sight of that noble, generous fellow's prostration; and, turning to leave, he left with Mrs. Markham the means for the purchasing of every want for him, promising to come again as soon as business would permit. The next day he called again, and, finding Phil a little easier, he found time to examine the appearance of his entertainers.

Mrs. Markham was tall and slender, and evidently a gentlewoman. Time and trouble had marked her face with furrows and silvered her hair. Her garb was of the poorest quality, but her manners betokened the lady still.

Lettie was about seventeen years old, and had a face that would attract in any place. Black hair, arranged in glossy bands on each side of her face; large blue eyes and a clear complexion; a moderate sized mouth, with ruby lips and very white teeth. She was a little below the medium height, and eminently graceful.

Charlie was rather taken aback on finding such inhabitants of that dreary abode, and on conversing with Lettie made up his mind that poor Phil was not so poor after all, if he only had his senses; and was almost willing to take his place, excepting the delirious part.

Days and even weeks passed before Phil was considered convalescent, and Charlie Manners was his almost constant companion, hovering over him with a brotherly love until he slept, and then hastening to Lettie's side.

Charlie and Lettie were fast becoming victims of Cupid's mesh; but Lettie was shy and gracefully kept at a distance. Charlie, with a lover's ardor, pressed on, and daily lessened the distance between them. It was truly a demonstration of the old song:

> "He, brave as a lion; she, shy as the fawn."

Many were the pleasant conversations the little party enjoyed before Phil was allowed to leave the couch. Books were supplied and read aloud. The papers, each day, must be carefully perused, and politics discussed. Comical anecdotes were related and laughed over, and all seemed well; but Mrs. Markham, she could not but doubt for the future.

Five years previous to the present time her husband had gone with the masses to California, leaving her an annual income for her support until his return. This had been snatched away from her by a villain in the guise of a friend, and now they were destitute. Some word they had received from the absent husband and father, with a hint of a large sum of money forwarded, but as it had never come, and it was three years since a letter had been received, they had given up their hopes.

They had been living in the poorest style on the little they could earn by the needle, and with the departure of their guest must resume their employment. Some of her trouble revealed itself on her face, and Phil, with a view to rendering assistance, begged her to tell him the cause of her trouble.

The tears started to her eyes, but, assured of his earnest sympathy, she began, telling him of the departure of her husband and her subsequent want.

Phil listened, with an eager eye and flushed cheek, until she spoke of the money, when, with a quick cry, he sprang from the couch.

"Thank, God, madam, I have found you! The money is all safe," and he sank back again, fainting with excitement.

Mrs. Markham, with hands uplifted and quivering lips, awaited a further explanation. He gave it as follows:

Mr. Markham had sent money by an intimate friend, Phil's father, who was returning East. He had been taken sick on the road, and obliged to remain several weeks at a small town, with Phil as nurse. Getting better, they proceeded on their journey, but had not gone far when a relapse occurred, and they were obliged again to stop at a town where, after a short illness, he died, giving the money into Phil's care. The delay had been disastrous to Mrs. Markham, and on arriving at her residence he found she had moved; and though every effort was made no trace could be found of her. Six months after, Mr. Markham, having a sudden flow of good luck, returned, and was almost frantic at the disappearance of his wife and child. Another unsuccessful search was made, and then the almost brokenhearted man, giving the money again into Phil's hands, returned to California, from whence he wrote every month, in the hope of receiving information of his family.

The shock was almost too great for Mrs. Markham, but joy, they say, never kills. And so, a few months after, we find them in a retired portion of the city, living in a style suited to their education and refinement. Mr. Markham, to whom they had written immediately, is daily expected home, and in one year Lettie is to become Mrs. Manners. From Markham to Manners is but a small change, and Lettie laughingly tells her young friends that the convenience of not being obliged to alter the letter marked on all her clothes was one reason why she was induced to think of Charlie as a husband (she never tells what the other reason is); but when these same friends quote the old couplet to her:

> "Change the name and not the letter,
> 'Tis change for worse and not for better,"

she only pouts and declares her nonbelief in all old saws and sayings. Folks are wiser now, she thinks. Charlie's parents and sister are delighted with the future member of their home circle, and Lettie thinks Jennie Manners is one of the dearest, sweetest, most lovable girls she ever met. So also (on the sly) does our friend Phil, though I cannot say that he ever told her so, although the other day when Charlie happened to go suddenly into the back parlor, he thought he saw—in fact, he was sure he saw—Phil quickly draw his arm away from Jennie's waist, while she began very earnestly to smooth her hair. Charlie, like a kindhearted fellow, was of course blind to the fact, and made all possible haste out of the room.

One evening, a short time after Mr. Markham's happy return, Phil rushed into the house, all excitement. A notorious burglar and ruffian had been caught, and was in confinement. A superior diamond ring had been found upon his person and the owner advertised for. Phil answered the advertisement, and finding the ring to be his, denounced the fellow as one of his assassinators. He afterwards acknowledged his crime and made known his companions. They had written the note begging for assistance, with the intention of waylaying and robbing him. He had answered it sooner than they expected, and but for the accidental sight of him through the open door of the grogshop would perhaps have escaped. Phil never recovered the watch and chain or the money which was stolen from him, and they might have kept the ring, as it appears he did not want it, for we saw it sparkling on Jennie's finger a short time after.

There was a double wedding in the spring, and both brides were lovely. It was hard to choose between them, it being simply a matter of taste as to whether black hair and dark blue eyes, or light hair and light blue eyes were most beautiful. Probably Phil and Charlie were each satisfied, and that is all that is necessary to make the event of the 15th of December a most Fortunate Misfortune.

WASTING.

Golden days and months are flying,
Golden hopes and loves are dying,
Gory fields and forms are lying
Under this December night;
Bitter tears to-night are falling,
Boldly anguished hearts are calling
Blessings for the scenes appalling,
For one ray of heavenly light.

Oh, this saddest of Novembers!
Oh, this dreariest of Decembers!
Oft my heart thrills, and remembers
Other sunnier, happier days,
When the spirit's prospects gladder,
With its surfeit-joy grew madder,
Winning thus experience sadder,
While in earthly, sinful ways.

Much the need of strength and praying,
Meekness for the truth's delaying,
Meeting justice in his saying,
Hope and charity;
In our wasting life and beauty,
In the silent path of duty,
Is our holiest life and beauty,
Immortality.

Patient bearing now our losses,
Peace and prayer will soothe our crosses,
Poignant grief will, like sea mosses,
Nourish germs of better life;
Calmly let our sacrifices,
Costlier far than ancient spices,
Consecrate the grand indices
Of a noble end of strife.

THE MASTER OF ARAN GARTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABEL DRAKE'S WIFE."

There is a stillness over Aran Garth this Christmas Eve; such a stillness in the air and such a light in the sky as there may have been that night when the shepherds of the East kept watch over their flocks. The moon shines over the house; stars glitter through the avenue trees, and the deer graze among the twisted oaktree shadows with their breath visible in the frosty air. The cascades and rivulets in the little wood are all struck dumb by frost, and have left an unnatural silence through the place. A little white leveret is at play with the shadows on the path, and the fact of her playing there so fearlessly, and the great stillness together, cause one to turn in wonder to the gabled house, to see if there are any signs of human life within, or if those stone lions on the steps and those stone figures on the grand old gate may have got all Aran Garth to themselves, to rule over in their grim frozen silence for ever.

Yes, the chimneys smoke; there is light in several windows—a very bright light from the large one overlooking the court. They were merry in the room awhile since. A deep, gruff but musical laugh incessantly made the windows shake in their frames; and the large shadow of a head covered with crisp curls kept passing across the blind.

But all is quiet in that room now, and the shadow comes up on the blind no more, nor comes it across any other of the lighted windows.

Here, at the side, are two dark windows, and the moonlight pours through them into the most desolate room of the house. It is called the Hunter's Room, because the old masters of Aran Garth used to come here when they returned from the hunt, and sit awhile in muddy boots and pet their favorite hounds, and drink till their unsteady hands let the winejugs fall to the floor, which is still covered with dark stains, and has a sour, faint smell of old wine.

What have we to do with this room to-night? The chimney-place is fireless, the heavy bolt is drawn across the door, there is nothing here, surely, but the antlers on the walls and the rusty guns?

Nay, look again a little lower, almost under the window. Who is it sits in the grim oak chair, with hands clenched and body bent? It is the master of Aran Garth, the same whose shadow was on the blind, whose laugh made the house ring a few minutes since. His hands are clenched, and he is looking down at the stained floor, and the moonlight falls about him, showing threads of silver in the crisp curls.

It is a head that looks little accustomed to bow down as it is now bowed. In the square brows and fair Saxon features there is a strength of will that is almost kingly.

What mystery have we broken in upon, looking with the moonlight through the two dark windows? How comes Sir Stephen Blore to be sitting bowed down in the darkness and the bolt of the door drawn? How comes he to be here and thus to-night of all nights, when every one thinks he must be rejoicing, for to-morrow his son comes home, the son he has not seen for years.

But see, he lifts his head at last, lays his palms on his knees, and raises himself slowly upright in the chair. He has gone through some trial during those minutes he has sat there, for his stony blue eyes stare round the room as though he scarcely remembers having entered it. Presently they rest upon an old silver tankard hanging on a nail and shining in the moonlight; and, as a man just awakened from heavy sleep will try to sharpen his senses by an effort to remember the door, or curtain, or thing his eyes first rest upon when they open, so Sir Stephen seems to feel that it is only by recollecting what that bright thing on the wall is that he can find his way out of the painful stupor into which he has fallen.

After looking at it for some time with those large vacant eyes, with a sort of unconscious curiosity, he strides across the room, reaches it from the nail, and, returning to his chair, sits down with it in his hands.

He turns it over and over in the moonlight in a mechanical, listless way, looking at its bent handle and broken rim, and the armorial carvings dented and chipped. Now he holds it quite still, his attention is attracted by some small old letters, it is the motto of his house:

"A deadly enemy, but never a traitor."

A dark flush slowly rises in Sir Stephen's cheek as he reads, his eye fills with anguish, and he laughs, a bitter, harsh laugh.

"Thou'rt wrong, old mug," he says aloud, flinging it from him. "Get thee to the dust, and tell them there is a traitor in the line at last—a traitor to his own son!"

And once more the large head bows low and the strong limbs tremble.

When he lifts his face again it is changed; it is no longer bitter, but has an expression of passionate self-questioning on it, as if some small voice in his heart pleads against the charge he laid to himself.

He looks back upon his past life for evidence against himself.

Ay, look back, Sir Stephen; look back some eight-and-twenty years, and see yourself, in your early youth again, dreaming of love under the blossoming chestnut trees of Aran. Fair faces came to Aran Garth in those days, but never the face of his dreams. No actual image of an ideal bride haunted him; but he seemed to hear her voice in the early summer mornings calling to him with the birds as he awoke. She breathed on him with the March primroses, and glowed near him in the morning skies. In the storms of April he seemed to see her spirit struggling in the shaken trees, the moaning water and dishevelled flowers, as though she yearned for a human form in which to come to him. Through long June nights, as he lay upon the grass awake, he seemed to hear her footsteps in the silent paths, and to feel ethereal hands ministering to him and fanning him with green boughs, and shaking perfumed dew from the flowers upon his face. She sighed upon him with the roses and and sung to him with the nightingale, and all night he felt eyes gazing down on him with the throbbing stars, tender and serene and full of stedfast love.

He grew heart-sick of looking into every face and finding her not; and sometimes he looked back upon the hours he had wasted in dreaming of her in shame and sadness; and, pacing the solitary avenues by night, he would determine to put away from him this vague ideal, and take some good woman for his wife, and cease from dreams. And at such times, as he strode along the old walk, with the trees rocking and murmuring over his head, he seemed to hear a voice pleading with him and saying,

"Wilt thou cast me off because I am a spirit, and cannot yet come to thee in human form? Fear not for time. I will surely come; and, though thy hair be gray before my coming, my beauty shall renew thy youth."

Pacing the Hunter's Room, Sir Stephen looks back upon that time, and then there seems to come a mist in which he sees himself bringing home to Aran Garth a beautiful woman, with a queenly step and cold, proud eyes; and it hardly seems two years after the marriage that he kisses those cold, proud eyes for the last time, and is left in Aran Garth alone with his sister and his infant son.

Again all is mist. What does he see now? His son grown up and going away from him to India. A little ward of his then comes to live with them at Aran Garth. He remembers, the first evening she came, laying his hand upon her curls, and saying to his sister, half in jest, "Elizabeth, she shall be Hector's wife."

And when, year after year, he watched her nature unfolding purely and radiantly, like the white leaves of a lily showing glimpses of rich gold within, he had still said, but with a deeper meaning, "She shall be Hector's wife."

It became the chief delight of his life to write of her to Hector, repeating her sweet, girlish sayings and picturing her beauty under all its different aspects; and he could but see by Hector's brief, soldierly letters that he must have used some eloquence in doing so; for, brief and soldierly as they were, they showed Sir Hector that she was always in his thoughts, and that his heart often yearned, through the irksome routine of his military life, towards the bride they were cherishing for him at home.

All this Sir Stephen thinks of as he stands in the cold December moonlight in the Hunter's Room; and all this while his stern, questioning eyes see no evidence that proves his charge against himself to be just.

But now! Aye, bend the proud head lower, and look back once again. Hector's ship is on the sea; he will soon be here to claim the bride they have chosen for him and taught him to love. Sir Stephen begins to say to his sister at night:

"Elizabeth, I shall miss the child sorely. She has made it all May Day in the house." Then Miss Blore reminds him that Hector and she will stay at Aran Garth when they are married just the same; but Sir Stephen cannot look forward with any pleasure to sharing her society with Hector, and he is startled and grieved to discover it. Fearful lest she herself should guess such a thought was in his heart, he jests with her about that time, and asks her if he will still be her guardian a little, or if she means to cast him off altogether when Hector comes? But the first time he makes this jest a pair of eyes are lifted to his face with a look that plunges him into still deeper trouble. They rested on his face not more than a second, but he cannot forget them; they haunt him everywhere—blue, humid eyes, full of tears and fire.

Then come nights of wild unrest—of dreams in which he sees a ship bounding to harbor; and he, tossing in the waves, pushes it back with bleeding hands; and the prow drives on, pressing against his heart till the sea foam is stained with his blood; and still at the helm stands Hector, smiling and looking landwards towards his love.

And now—now it is the night before Hector's return, and Sir Stephen has come into the Hunter's Room to wrestle with his own heart.

First, he bids himself look steadfastly at his life—his life as it will be when she has no longer anything in common with it. So he folds his arms, and stands erect, and looks.

What! Begin the day without having touched her hand or met her smile? Sit hour after hour in some strange room and never hear her step upon the stairs? Never again have those eyes lifted to his either in childish mockery or tender, womanly reverence? Never more watch the sweet thoughts flit over her face like cloud-shadows in a lake?

He stands before the window and looks out—far, far out on his future, as one who looks for water over a scorching desert and sees nothing but dead men's bones, and his eyes grow dull and wild; a trembling seizes his whole frame, and he falls down with his arms on the oak chair, and, with a loud cry on his lips—a hoarse, passionate cry, full of tenderness and sharp pain—

"Genevra! Genevra!"

As a martyr, to test his power of endurance, puts his hand into the fire that is to consume his whole body, so Sir Stephen had sent his heart to live a moment in his dark and desolate future, then snatched it back in shuddering agony, blistered and bleeding, but with a fierce joy at finding he can snatch it back—that there is yet a little space to live before the actual torture comes, a little space in which to call her sweet image before him once more and to sob his heart's farewell at her feet.

"Genevra! Oh, my golden-haired! Oh, my life's sole love! My little May flower with the bashful head, who will cherish thee like me? My love! my love! my sweet childlove!"

While the heavy oak chair creaks under the weight of his form, suddenly there comes a look of awe over his face, then a paleness, and his eyes are turned with a listening look towards the door. He hears a footstep and the soft sweep of a dress. Now both are silent—silent but very near, he feels; and his heart throbs with such a dull hard beat that he thinks the listener without must hear it.

A tap at the door—so gentle and timorous!—but he could hear it.

He has risen to his feet, and stands leaning on the chair-back, looking at the door with wild eyes, like some grand but savage animal at bay.

Is it she? Has God, who alone knows the state of his heart, permitted her to come to him now? Now, in this bitter hour, when all the wild passions of his nature are let loose, and the battle that he came to fight unwon? One look of her sweet eyes might turn the tide and bring him certain ruin. One word spoken by him in her presence would betray to her his love—his fierce, passionate love—for the woman he had consecrated from childhood to his son.

She knocks again, and he bends over the chair-back, looking towards the door, irresolute. What shall he do?

Oh, tender little hand, that never crushed a flower or bruised a butterfly's wing, how can it be so cruel now? Go away, Genevra! Go away, and hide your golden hair, that the fight may be fought fairly and the right hand be made honorable that is to give you to your bridegroom to-morrow!

But she taps again, and louder than before. He steadies his voice, and calls out harshly,

"Well! Who is there?"

"Sir Stephen, it is I. May I speak to you a minute, if you please?"

The sweet, timorous voice goes to his heart like music, but at the same time makes him fearful of himself, fearful that in a minute he will be groping to that door, and speaking uncontrolled words to her that will fill her soul with terror and grief.

Oh, if he could only make her go away suspecting nothing! If he could only speak to her in his natural voice! He tries:

"What, ladybird, is it you? Take your troubles to Elizabeth, my child; I am busy."

The words cost him more effort that any words he had ever spoken. Surely he will be repaid for them, and she will go away and sob her wounded

pride to rest. No, there is the timid, pleading voice again—

"Oh, please let me come in. I have been waiting for you to come upstairs so long. I cannot go to bed; I cannot talk to Elizabeth. Do, pray, pray, let me speak to you."

Sir Stephen went to the door and set his broad palm against it. Somehow it seemed to him as if that wild yearning within him must draw it open, spite of bolt or bar. So he set his broad palm against it with all the strength of his body, and, with his other hand on his hip, he looked down on the door and felt that those two fierce combatants in his heart, passion and honor, had got each other by the throat, and that before he took his hand from that door one must be conquered.

What he did that moment—whether he invoked some Divine power to his aid, or whether his thought of the helpless babe left in his arms when the coffin lid was closed over his wife's cold, proud grave—he never remembered; but a great hail came over him, and when she called again—

"Sir Stephen, speak to me—you are not ill?" he took his hand from the door, drew back the bolt, and stood before her erect, calm, with a smile on his face.

The doors leading down to the broad court were open, and the hall was flooded with moonlight; she stood in the midst, and you could scarcely tell whether the sweet light about her came from the moon or from her golden hair.

Sir Stephen smiled upon her and took her hand.

"Well, little one, what trouble now?"

"I was afraid you were ill; you have been shut up there so long. I have been walking up and down here and in the garden all the time. Will you come out now?"

Sir Stephen looked beyond her but into the night, and he felt that this newborn strength of his would have more chance of enduring the test in calm stars and swaying trees than anywhere else. So he drew the hood of her cloak over her head, leaving only a pale gold thread to show, and put and took her arm through his, and they passed out into the white, silent court.

"And what is it you wish to say to me, Geneva, my child?" he said again.

Three times they pace the length of the court before she answers; and now they have come again nearly to the steps, and that Geneva stops and draws her hand away, and they both stand still, looking at their shadows on the white ground. Sir Stephen does not look at the exquisite face set in its gold rim, but he knows that there are tears on it, and that the lips are quivering; and he is obliged to face himself standing with his palm set against the door again, and when she speaks there is such a sadness in her voice that all the bright, clear night grows misty to him.

"Sir Stephen," she says, "I have asked many things of you since I have been here, but I have never asked anything yet that has given you pain to grant, have I?"

Sir Stephen is silent, and she is a little afraid of his silence, but goes on with a kind of timorous desperation,

"Because—because I am going to ask you something now that I know will pain you much, and I would not ask it, but that if I did not others may suffer as well as me; it is for his—for his—for Hester's sake—that I speak, much more than mine."

"Speak, then, Geneva?"

She lifts both her little hands and folds them on his arm.

"I will. I will tell you all that I have longed to tell you so many days past, but I could not bear to pain you. Sir Stephen, I cannot love Hester as—as you wish me, and you must tell him so."

"Geneva!"

"Oh, do not speak like that. Tell him I am not worthy of him; tell him while he has been thinking of me as one whom he will try to love for your sake, I have been not forgetting him, but more—have been dreading his coming, because I know I can never—never—never love him!"

The bright night is very misty to him, and below a vague sorrow having lifted up its wings in which her little hands are folded, and kissed them, and wetted them with tears; but now—now that the mist is passed away—he is standing before her with folded arms, and saying, in a hard, stern voice:

"Geneva, you grieve me very much. What you wish said to Hester, you must say yourself, for to me, I can do nothing—God help me! nothing! Go, child, to Elizabeth, and talk with her."

He stands and watches the drooping, hooded figure across the court and into the house; and when it has quite gone he no longer remembers that the night has been one or stars; but ascending the steps, puts out groping hands before him as if he were in the darkness. He goes on through avenue and wood and a space of sward open before him streaked with frost; and there he meets him self down, weary and sick—no longer trembling with stormy passions, but stricken with grief for Hester; and according himself not only the treachery of loving her, but of the double treachery of having—no matter how unwittingly—won her priceless love away from him.

And so all night, his heart crushed down with shame and anguish, he stayed out in the frosty avenue—pacing the avenues, and now stretched upon the dead leaves or the grass. The moon had waned, and there was only one star left twinkling in its cold grave, when something warm and soft touched his stiff, cold fingers as he sat on the root of a tree. It was the lodgekeeper's dog; and in another minute the old man came up himself with a letter, which he gave Sir Stephen, and then passed on without a word to his master, and whistling away his dog.

Sir Stephen rose and leant against the tree trunk, sick at heart with a vague presentiment of some great calamity impending.

What does this letter mean, given to him at such an hour in the morning? It is Hector's handwriting.

He breaks it open with stiff, trembling fingers, and the light of the grey morning is just sufficient for him to read it by. This is Hector's letter:

"MY DEAR FATHER—At twelve o'clock at night in Jasper's lodge, I am sitting down to write to you. My letter must be brief, for I am off before five in the morning. A long time before starting from India I had resolved to be at Aden Garth a boy or no before you came of age. Do you think I can guess why? I wished to see her. As yet I had only seen her through your eyes, and before we met I wished to see if she would be the same seen with my own. This evening I was by the well where she came to walk in the court. Several times she disappeared into the house and returned again. Once, when I was watching her, she came back by the door on the white ground by the steps, two shadows came, and Geneva's disappeared, and she did not follow. That the image which has been before me so long has not been only the experience of one night, let the fact that I banish myself from home for a few years show you. I shall say no more, except that I conjure you not to let your happiness in Geneva's love by thoughts of me. I have only been dreaming a sweet dream, from the effects of which a few years of active life will knock out of me. Remember me to Elizabeth, and thank her for the brave outspeaking which has opened my eyes to-night, and saved us all three from unspeakable wretchedness.

"HECTOR."

Sir Stephen stands leaning against the tree, with the letter in his hand, the small birds hop and twitter in the branches overhead, and the pretty dawn breaks about him, and soon two great drops roll rattling down upon the paper.

In a single minute he is pacing towards the house.

"Elizabeth!" He does not wait to be answered, but pushes the door of his sister's room open. She is dressed, and kneeling at her prayers. Sir Stephen raises her with his arm and kisses her tenderly.

"Elizabeth," he says, giving her the letter, "read this, then take it to Geneva, and if she is sleeping, lay it on her bed."

She is sleeping, and Elizabeth lays the letter on her bosom and leaves her, and the morning dawn and brightens slowly at the window.

Sir Stephen sits in the quaint, old library, watching the sunshine creeping over the lawn. How slowly it comes! Will it touch Geneva's eyes and make them waken?

Hark!—a step—the door opens and closes softly. Sir Stephen does not look up, but feels she is standing there—his spirit-love that he dreamed of under the blossoming chestnuts long ago; standing before him in the darkness of her youth and the glory of her golden hair. But he bows his head; she is so fair, so radiant, can she have love for him? She sees it in the doubt in his eyes, and smiles and kneels before him.

"My guardian, my dear guardian!"

Still his head is bent and his eyes despairing.

She lays her little hands one on each shoulder, and looks into his face, and smiles and weeps.

"My love! Stephen!"

"Oh! Geneva, Geneva!"

By this time the lazy sunshine has crept into the window, and it finds upon Sir Stephen's breast a bright stream of gold that would make even July's sunbeams pale.

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.

THE arrangements for opening the Metropolitan Fair, in aid of the United States Sanitary Commission, which will begin on the 22d inst., are rapidly advancing. The main depot established by the managers for the distribution of articles will be the Armory of the 22d regiment N. Y. S. N. G., on Fourteenth street, near Sixth avenue, the spot formerly known as Jones' Wood, where the regiment has erected a substantial edition. Many societies and associations have been formed of their own. Mr. Elliott, of London, has contributed a large quantity of coal for sale, and other donations are on their way from other parties in Europe. The Government exempts these last from the payment of duty.

VIEW ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

FEW points have been the scene of more stirring skirmishes, cavalry charges and artillery duels than the quiet spot which we illustrate, a scene on the Rappahannock river, at the celebrated Rappahannock station. Our armies have repeatedly advanced to, crossed and recrossed the river; Jackson's army fought it; Pope crossed it, Sigel also; finally, not far from this spot, the gallant Gen. Bohlen, of Sigel's corps, in a desperate charge, was killed in attempting to carry the heights which Sedgwick took, Hooker led his army over to meet the rebels at Chancellorsville. To name the cavalry movements on the Rappahannock would need a volume.

OUR VETERANS.

We give portraits of several of the Colonels of our veteran regiments, whose re-enlistment for the war has done more even than their swords to determine the great struggle. It was the confident boast of the rebels and their Northern friends, that the soldiers would not re-enlist; but the heroic men who had for three years upheld the flag of the country, responded nobly to the call again, and our noble Colonels, to continue to the end the heroic history of the regiments.

Col. Krzyzanowski, Commanding 3d Brigade, 3d Division, 11th Army Corps.

Col. Krzyzanowski is a Polish gentleman, whose father was a General of the Polish revolution. He was born on the 6th of August, 1824. When the rebellion broke out in 1861 he was a merchant in New York, and joined a militia company as a private, but was soon after elected Major of the 58th N. Y. Volunteers. In service, he received a commission to raise a rifle regiment in New York, and was given the command of the 58th N. Y. S. V. He has since been in 13 battles, having since July, 1862, commanded a brigade. At Cross Keys he particularly distinguished himself, and was the first to enter Gettysburg. During the battle his horse was shot under him while far in the advance, and he was with difficulty rescued. His brigade was sent to the West after the battle of Chickamauga, and the recent glorious victory added to its high renown; Gen. Meigs saying in his report that he never thought that anything could equal what it did. All his regiments have re-enlisted, saying but one question—whether he was to lead them.

Col. George E. Prescott, 33d Mass. Vol.

Col. Prescott is a native of Middlesex county, Mass., and at the beginning of the war left his business in Concord to take the field as 1st Lieut. in the 6th Massachusetts. After three months service with it, he raised a company for the 42nd regiment, which became the nucleus of the 33d Mass. volunteers, organized at Camp Lincoln, Worcester, in October, 1862. On active duty at Ft. Warren, it was sent to Harrison's landing, July 8, 1863, and attached to the 1st division, 9th army corps. Capt. Prescott was soon made Lieutenant-Colonel, and served with his regiment at Antietam and Fredericksburg. After the latter battle, the commission of Col. Parker, he received the command of the 33d and led it through the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, losing in the latter bloody fight one-third of his effective force. The regiment's term expired—333 men—enthusiastically re-enlisted for the war.

Col Orlando H. Morris, 66th N. Y. V.

Col Morris is the son of Gen. Wm. L. Morris, an old officer of the U. S. army, and was born in New York and graduated at Columbia College in 1854. Immediately upon the breaking out of the rebellion his father had a ready son distinction; but Orlando began to drill, and joined the 66th Volunteers.

The regiment was assigned to the 3d corps, forming part of the 3d brig. in the 1st division, and well engaged at Fair Oaks, Gaines's Mill, Peach Orchard, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Bull Run, Chantilly, at Centreville under Pope; at South Mountain and Antietam, under Burnside, at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, as well as at Gettysburg and Petersburg, since. One hundred and fifty-three officers came back with their Colonel, bearing their battle-torn flags, and greeted as heroes wherever seen around them.

Col Morris has led his men in action, displaying skill, courage and intrepidity. He was severely wounded at Gaines's Mill, and for Major's promotion he has acquired.

Lieut.-Col. Robert Avery, 103d N. Y. V.

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On the return of the 69th regiment to New York, Capt. Kelly was elected Major of the regiment, and the Irish Brigade, and entered the field with it, as Major of the 9th Regiment, and was promoted to the Colonelcy after the celebrated "seven days".

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The scene that ensued after a mutual recognition at the Cleveland supper table was neither tragic nor ridiculous as might be imagined; but like philosophical lovers, they "kissed and made up" and "talked spell" would do, they quietly, and as if moved by the spirit of mesmerism, left the table for private room, when they arranged that each man should take his own wife, and return to their homes with the children, and try and live wiser and better men and women in the future.

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A CORRESPONDENT of the St. Louis *Democrat* gives his experience in a trip by the stage from Sedalia to Springfield, Mo., during the recent cold weather. The thermometer stood at 20 degrees below zero 36 hours. The trip occupied 52 hours. When the coach left Sedalia the thermometer stood at 20 degrees below zero. The sufferings of passengers, drivers and animals were intense. We extract a portion of the letter:

"At the different houses where we stopped, and which were very scanty even on the route, the inmates, men, women and children, were huddled around the chimney corner absorbing every thing—the cold. The second night out was equally as cold as the first, and the night was as dark as charity. My companions in the cold remained with me each night, and we kept each other warm when the driver told me; for, when I awoke at 10 o'clock from a sleep of two hours, I found my feet were frozen—I, I found them gone. I was not alone, however, when I made the discovery. A lady who was with us from Bolivar, where a lady and child took passage for the whole route.

"She was plainly but comfortably clad, and in consequence of the cold was not as much exposed. She has received word that her husband, who is in the army, was shot in the foot, and that he was on sick bed. Her anxiety to reach him was therefore all the greater. Every few miles we stopped to change horses, and at one of these stations, on account of her destination, the mother took the babe, an infant of about nine months old, and left the stage before entering the town.

"I had not observed until the lady to alight, when we entered the dwelling. I noticed that she was not accompanied by the child, and asked her where it was. I have wrapped it up and laid it on the seat, as I was afraid if it came in it would cry and disturb us all," was her reply. I was not she had better bring it in, as it would be frozen to death in the cold. No," he would send will sleep. We remained in the house half an hour, when the driver called for us to come out and help bring in the child, and the mother, after she picked up the babe, left with the utmost speed.

"Not a whimper, not a cry proceeded from that child during the whole ride in the face of the wind moaned piteously. Closely the mother nestled her babe to her bosom. We reached Springfield at 2 o'clock the next day, cold, chilled almost beyond the endurance of human nature. The mother was as composed as another and child. Wishing us the best, she hurried off home, and I have no doubt that she reached it safely and found her child in safety. Such a good heart-broken lady is not often met with. Her devotion to her husband and child was beautiful to behold."

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

WE give portraits of several of the Colonels of our veteran regiments, whose re-enlistment for the war has done more even than their swords to determine the great struggle. It was the confident boast of the rebels and their Northern friends, that the soldiers would not re-enlist; but the heroic men who had for three years upheld the flag of the country, responded nobly to the call again, and our noble Colonels, to continue to the end the heroic history of the regiments.

Col. Krzyzanowski, Commanding 3d Brigade, 3d Division, 11th Army Corps.

Col. Krzyzanowski is a Polish gentleman, whose father was a General of the Polish revolution. He was born on the 6th of August, 1824. When the rebellion broke out in 1861 he was a merchant in New York, and joined a militia company as a private, but was soon after elected Major of the 58th N. Y. Volunteers. In service, he received a commission to raise a rifle regiment in New York, and was given the command of the 58th N. Y. S. V. He has since been in 13 battles, having since July, 1862, commanded a brigade. At Cross Keys he particularly distinguished himself, and was the first to enter Gettysburg. During the battle his horse was shot under him while far in the advance, and he was with difficulty rescued. His brigade was sent to the West after the battle of Chickamauga, and the recent glorious victory added to its high renown; Gen. Meigs saying in his report that he never thought that anything could equal what it did. All his regiments have re-enlisted, saying but one question—whether he was to lead them.

Col. George E. Prescott, 33d Mass. Vol.

Col. Prescott is a native of Middlesex county, Mass., and at the beginning of the war left his business in Concord to take the field as 1st Lieut. in the 6th Massachusetts. After three months service with it, he raised a company for the 42nd regiment, which became the nucleus of the 33d Mass. volunteers, organized at Camp Lincoln, Worcester, in October, 1862. On active duty at Ft. Warren, it was sent to Harrison's landing, July 8, 1863, and attached to the 1st division, 9th army corps. Capt. Prescott was soon made Lieutenant-Colonel, and served with his regiment at Antietam and Fredericksburg. After the latter battle, the commission of Col. Parker, he received the command of the 33d and led it through the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, losing in the latter bloody fight one-third of his effective force. The regiment's term expired—333 men—enthusiastically re-enlisted for the war.

Col Orlando H. Morris, 66th N. Y. V.

Col Morris is the son of Gen. Wm. L. Morris, an old officer of the U. S. army, and was born in New York and graduated at Columbia College in 1854. Immediately upon the breaking out of the rebellion his father had a ready son distinction; but Orlando began to drill, and joined the 66th Volunteers.

The regiment was assigned to the 3d corps, forming part of the 3d brig. in the 1st division, and well engaged at Fair Oaks, Gaines's Mill, Peach Orchard, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Bull Run, Chantilly, at Centreville under Pope; at South Mountain and Antietam, under Burnside, at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, as well as at Gettysburg and Petersburg since. One hundred and fifty-three officers came back with their Colonel, bearing their battle-torn flags, and greeted as heroes wherever seen around them.

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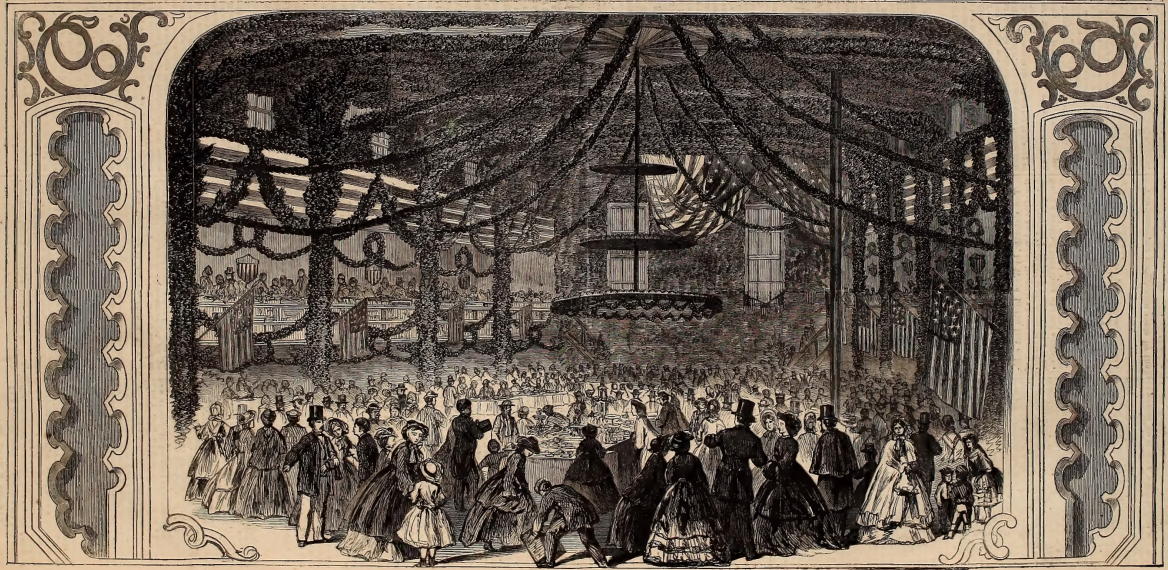
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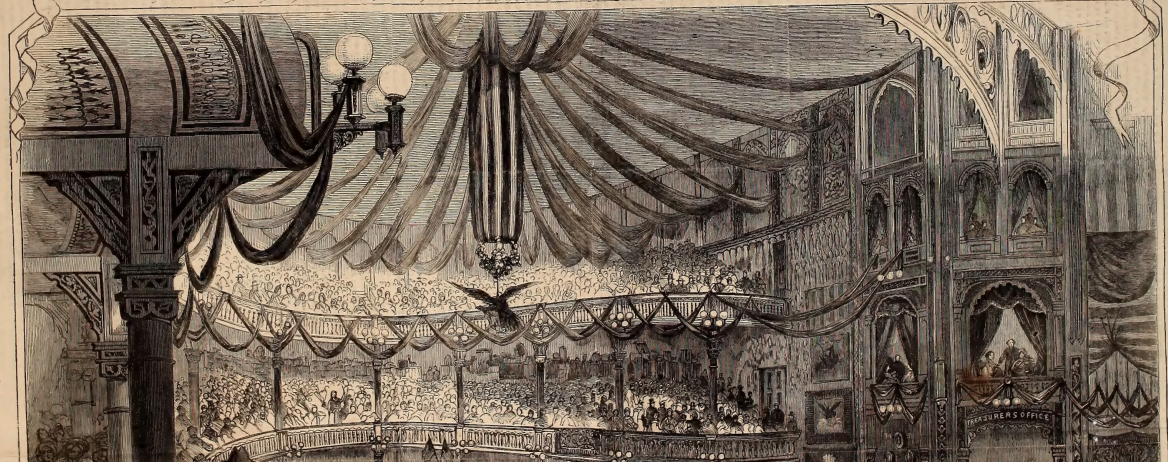
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THE SANITARY FAIR, BROOKLYN—1, THE HEAVY GOODS DEPARTMENT. 2, VIEW OF THE AUDITORIUM. 3, VIEW OF KNICKERBOCKER HALL.


SANITARY FAIR
IT IS EXPECTED THAT EVERY FAMILY WHO HAVE NOT A SEWING MACHINE WILL PURCHASE NOW AS THE PROCEEDS GOTO THE BROOKLYN L.I. FAIR
YOUR TRUE WEIGHT GIVEN HERE FOR 5 Cts.


TREASURER'S OFFICE

THE HAUNTED HALL.

BY M. A. E.

Was that a footstep I heard in the hall,
In the dark corner, up close to the wall?
Was it a whisper that fell on my ear?
Strange, weirdlike noises I frequently hear,
Sibilant alone in the dim twilight gray,
Lessening for voices long silent passed away.

Footsteps I hear every night on the floor,
Steps light and buoyant, that pause at my door;
While fingers raising the latch brown with rust,
Forms long since mouldered and crumbled to dust,
Gliding around in the misty-room floor,
Up to the window that looks on the moor.

"Haunted the Hall is," my neighbors all say;
It may be—I'm old and am passing away.
Haunted by birds making their nests and tones,
Haunted by mice that nibble on white marble stones;
Haunted the Hall is by sweet childhood's call,
Floating and swelling throughout the old Hall;

Haunted by steps of the bride blushing fair;
Haunted by voice of the lover and heir;
Haunted by sleepers borne out at the door,
Borne to the churchyard to greet us no more;
Haunted by footsteps that echo my heart beats,
Spectres are watching my every breath!

Counting the strokes of the hammer of life,
Watching the sands with old memories rife,
Numbering the locks fast bleaching with years,
Soothing my heart with the echoes my fears.
Footsteps are pacing, familiar tones call,
Shadows are darkening the old Haunted Hall.

Longer and deeper the shadows have grown,
Grayer and blacker the white marble stone,
Tempered and still is the air of the Hall,
Loud and alarming my heart's throbbings fall,
Flitting and beck'ning the man spectres all,
Slowly and surely I'm quitting the Hall.

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XIII.

The storm had abated, but still the sea rose tempestuously, and broken clouds filled the sky as with great whirlpools and drifts of smoke. A good deal of rain had fallen, and this calmed the waters somewhat, but other remnants of the tempest made the most experienced seaman look anxious when his face was turned ocean-wards. An assistant pilot, whom a good deal injured in helping to save the crew of that ill-fated vessel. His comrades had carried him up to the tavern, and laid him on a bed in the best room, where he grew worse and worse, till he became incapable of being removed to more comfortable quarters. In this state he found him on the second day after the wreck, when he came up from the village, where he had sought accommodations till the coroner's inquest should be over, and his room cleared of its mournful incumbrance.

Independent of his personal injury, the boatman was suffering from intense anxiety regarding the duties of his occupation. It had been his employer's pride to be always first in the incoming course of the vessels from California, and now his little craft lay with its sails furled in a cove below the house, waiting for a signal to put to sea. The man had been very anxious to intercept the steamers of that month, because it was thought that Mr. Mellen might possibly be on board, and he was sure of a good reward for his trouble, in that case, for bringing a gentleman on shore, while his superior, the pilot, took the steamer into port.

North heard all these muttered regrets as he sat moodily by the bed, and they seemed to affect him far more than so unimportant a subject should have done. It was now drawing towards night, and he became visibly restless, for the pilot was expected every moment, and from a vague conjecture the poor fellow worked his mind up into a strong belief that Mellen would come, and the reward for bringing him on shore be lost.

"If there was only a man about that could take care of the craft," he said, "I'd divide with him a fair half to take my place, but there isn't, and ten chances to one the boss loses his chance with the steamer, because of this confounded foot of mine. I wish we'd let the fellows drown; well, not not quite so bad as that, but it's plaguey hard on a fellow to give up a good lock in this way."

The bar-room happened to be empty just then, with the exception of North and the injured man. North scanned the room, and looked around. Seeing no listeners near, he went up to the grumbler, and began to condole with him.

"Is there no one who can take your place?" he said.

"Not a man. These fellows do well enough in fishing boats that can hug the shore, but sometimes the bar runs his craft clear out to sea. Besides, this weather is enough to frighten a fresh hand," was the impatient answer.

"What if I should make an offer to go."

"You!"

The man laughed in spite of his pain and annoyance.

"You. I like that."

"But I can handle a boat in pretty rough waters, let me tell you, my man."

"But you look too much of a gentleman. The boss would never trust you."

"Oh, a suit of your clothes, which I see they have had sense enough to dry, and a few things I have on hand will make that all right."

"But, how much? how much?" inquired the man, anxiously.

"Why, nothing; I shall go for the fun of it, or not at all."

"That's the idea," answered the seaman, rubbing his hands with sudden delight, "a real gentleman and no mistake, but bear a hand at once. It won't do for the commodore to find you in this rig."

"Aye, aye," answered North, sailor fashion, and in a voice that seemed hoarse from years of seadog service.

The man started up on the settee, aroused to the action by astonishment.

"That's the time of day," he cried in high glee.

North laughed, snatched up the seaman's clothes, and retired with them into a little room back of the bar. He soon had on the pilot-cloth of nonsuch regarding the dead body lying upstairs, but still shrunk from looking on it again with shuddering terror. The remembrance of it, and the did not prevent the contemplation of another equally atrocious, but he did not care to look on that sight again. After a little he came out from the room, so completely changed that the sick man stared wildly at him, and called out,

"Where away, messmate; are you one of the fellows we saved from the wreck?"

North laughed, settled himself in his loose clothes, sailor fashion, and walked with wide steps across the floor, as if it had been a quarter-deck; a dawning conviction of the truth seized upon the man. He fell back upon the settee, uttering broken ejaculations of delight amid his laughter.

"That'll do. It's all right. He'll take you for one of the crew he saved from the wreck, and ask no questions."

"It's going to be a rough-ish night," said North. "I hope Mr. Mellen can swim, if we happen to get into any trouble."

"No, no, don't depend on that, but he knows the coast, and is a man to be relied on; still I should like him to be brought into danger, remember that."

"It's not at all likely that he'll be on board," answered North, carelessly.

"Hush up," cried the seaman, "don't you hear the commodore coming? They've just told him about their confounded foot. Hear him swear."

The pilot came in while his assistant was speaking.

"What the thunder is all this about? just when I wanted you most, too, and a rough night. They'll get ahead of us, and all through this confounded carelessness business. Couldn't you keep out of it for once?"

"Keep a stiff upper lip, commodore. It's all right," called out the man from the settee; "here's a chap I have done a service to, who is willing to take my night's work on himself, just out of gratitude. He's a true blue."

"Let him bear away, then," cried the pilot, casting a glance at North, which seemed to prove satisfactory; "come on, my man, we have no time to lose."

North followed the pilot in silence, only stopping by the sick man long enough to answer,

"Don't mention this to a living soul!"

The man promised and kept his word.

The pilot boat was soon manœuvred and flying out to sea like a sea-gull, and North performed his duty well, and received a word or two of commendation from the superior, which proved the delicacy of his nature, for he had seen this person more than once at the shore tavern.

At last they came in sight of a large steamer laboring heavily with a rough sea and unfavorable wind. She hailed them, and the little boat bore down upon her. She lay to, and the pilot mounted her side with many directions to his man. A crowd of persons met him as he leaped over the bulwarks, and among them North watched with trembling eagerness for one face.

It appeared at last, looking down upon the boat from over the bulwarks. The bad man's heart rose to his mouth; it ached with every movement on deck with keen interest.

The pilot came to Mellen's side, and made a signal for the trunks with the steamer's luggage was lowered and Grantley Mellen came down the side of the steamer, and took his seat in the little craft, which flew away with him towards the clouded shore. The wind increased with every hour of the evening, and not so terrible as it had been when that vessel was wrecked, it gradually rose to a degree of violence that threatened the little pilot boat with destruction. But the wind blew shoreward, and urged the boat on till it fairly leaped over the hissing waves. The pilot managed the little craft with the utmost rapidity increasing to its full power as they drew near the shore. The wind roared among the hills, and lashed the beach with fury. Still the craft leaped heavily and chill as sleet, but Mr. Mellen sat cold and stern on his luggage, neither heeding the storm or the pilot's congratulations or offering to aid him in his difficult task.

It was a position to test the courage of the strongest nerved man. The pilot knew that the rising wind and waves must conquer and swamp the light craft completely; but no matter how rude or reckless the attack, Mr. Mellen neither betrayed any anxiety, nor showed any more sympathy with the toiling boatman than if he had been a wooden machine.

The wind would seize his cloak and send it sweeping out like the wings of a great bird, but he only drew it impatiently about his neck and sat quiet again, looking calmly through the stern sight.

This perilous voyage was a long one, and its difficulties grew into actual peril as they neared the end. The wind seemed to come from every point at once, and tossed the boat about till it fairly leaped in the water, as if trying to escape from its combined enemies.

Suddenly the rain almost ceased, the clouds parted, and the moon cast a frightened glare over the scene. In the distance Mr. Mellen could see his own dwelling, with the broad sweep of woods and waters beyond; then a sharp exclamation from his companion aroused him to the new dangers about them.

The boat had been swept in near the shore, in a spot where a ring of sunken rocks girdled the beach, breaking the waves into whitecloth, and rending the white foam out into the storm. It was in this spot that good ship had gone down, yet the boatman made no effort to veer his little craft from the awful danger. With a furious light in his eyes and a horrid smile on his lips, bore down upon the breakers. True, it required almost superhuman strength to turn the queer fit that light craft, for the blast was dashing it forward like a battalion of fiends. They were close upon the breakers, when Mellen sprang and clutched the boatman back with a violence that sent him headlong into the bottom of the boat, and seized the helm himself. Mr. Mellen struggled with all the power desperation gives a man, but his efforts were futile as those of a child. The boat spun round and round till they were fairly away; another fierce blast; they were blown directly into the breakers. Mellen's agonized cry was answered by a hoarse murmur from his companion that sounded like a malediction. But before either could think or act a more violent blast coming up from the sea struck the skiff and whirled it in among the rocks. Now Mellen's eye kindled, and all the powerful force of his character came out. He knew every inch of the coast for miles each way. Through these boiling white breakers was a channel wide enough to carry them over, and towards that he forced the little craft, which seemed absolutely to leap through the breakers into the calmer waters beyond. He rested one moment, trembling from stem to stern like a great crippled bird hunted to death by the elements.

North saw that he was in possible safety. He had not anticipated a storm so terrible as that, but had intended to swamp his boat in the breakers and swim ashore with it. That, too, could not swim, as he supposed, to his fate. But now everything else was forgotten in a cowardly thirst for life. No man could exist in a moment in that awful riot of waters. He watched Mellen as he kept the boat steadily in the current with the keen anxiety of a man to whom death is the horror of terrors. She was now heaving and recoiling, along the narrow path into comparatively smooth waters. Mellen, still with one hand bearing down the helm, seized his cable and flung it ashore to the disguised boat man, who lifted his wild face for the directions he had not the power to ask.

"Be ready," said Mellen, with the quickness of resolution which marked his character, "jump out as she nears that rock—we are safe then."

He waited for the moment, and they both stood upright in the boat, swaying to and fro, but managing to retain their position.

Again the hope of safety seemed a delusive one; the skiff swooped down on the rock, spun more giddily about and threw both men upon their knees. Another instant that seemed endless—an instant which decided the fate of both—so far as this world was concerned. If the skiff obeyed the counter blast that was upon them and swept towards the breakers, they were lost; still there was a hope, if it veered upon the rock which loomed hopefully out from the shore. The moon gave light enough to show the dangers on one side and see their landing. Again the conflicting blasts struck them; the boat reeled, righted itself and was dashing by the rock, upon which the two men sprang by a simultaneous movement. A few more vigorous leaps and they reached the shore, standing there for a moment in breathless silence. Then they commenced hauling in the crippled boat, which the flood had seized upon and was tearing out to sea.

"Safe!" cried Mellen, in a tone of heart-thanksgiving, "and I did think that the brave little craft would go down."

"Safe and defeated!" muttered North, turning his face from the wind. "The storm that helped me two days ago proves treacherous now."

"Come!" shouted Mellen, lashing the cable to a projecting rock, and making a cleft of the rock, "come up to the house, we shall find a fire there and a glass of brandy. The old man will send some of his people down for the trunks."

North made no answer, but moved off towards the house, which he passed. Then he walked moodily towards the village. Mellen went up to the tavern.

The light shone cheerfully through the uncurtained windows, and the stranger could see the inmates of the room collected about the tea-table and looking comfortable enough to make a strong contrast to the chill and darkness without.

"There is the least change," he muttered, drawing his cloak more closely about him; "I could almost think I had been gone only since morning, instead of two years."

He hastened to the house, and hardly waiting for his imperative knock to be answered, pushed open the door and entered the kitchen. The old servant looked tranquilly up at the intruder, keeping his knife poised in his hand, not easily to be ruffled in his serenity, while the younger members of the family started with all their might to see what the storm might have blown to their dwelling.

"Good evenin', sir," said the old man; "it's a nasty wet night—won't you sit down?"

"I want a horse and a man," said Mellen, closing the door behind him, and betraying by the haste in which he spoke, and his impatient movements, that he was too hurried for much attention to the old man's attempt at civility. "I want to go to the other end of the bay—can you let me have a horse and some one to look after my luggage?"

"Want, to-night?" demanded the old man. "Why you can't want to go round the bay to-night."

"I should not have come for a horse if I had not wished to get home," said Mellen, impatiently. "Let me have a horse at once; I am in great haste."

"Taint a decent night to put a dog out doors," returned the fisherman; "it's a good deal more likely you'd get swamped in the marsh."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mellen. "I know this part of the country too well to boll with this. There is no more risk than in this room."

The old man's obstinacy was roused, and he had a full share of that unpleasant quality when he chose to call it into action.

"Maybe you know more about it than I do," he grumbled; "but I've lived here a goin' on thirty years, and ort to be a leetle acquainted with this coast, and I say it's a'n't a-going to be a airthly critter sich a night. If there sin't no danger 'saint fit to send any horse out in this storm.

"I can't stand here arguing here," Mellen began, but the old man unceremoniously interrupted him in order to gratify his curiosity.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked.

"Over to Piney Cove."

"Mr. Mellen's place! Why it's good three mile——"

"Don't you know me, old friend?" exclaimed Mellen, throwing back his cloak.

The old fisherman rose in astonishment, while his married daughter, who kept his house and owned the flock of children, called out:

"Why, pa, if it sin't Mr. Mellen!"

"I thought I knowed your voice," said the fisherman. "So you've got back! Wal, wal! You've been gone a good while. Californy, what's it?"

"So you can't send me on my journey when I find myself so near home," said Mellen.

"In course, in course," replied the old man. "But, dear me, you'll be drowned in that dirty cove in, and I do expect he'll grumble awful at having to start out again."

"I will pay him his own price——"

"Oh, you allays was freehanded enough, I'll say that, Mr. Mellen. But sit down by the stove; Jake 'll come in a few minutes. Mebby you'd try a cup of tea?"

But Mr. Mellen refused the proffered hospitality, and though he sat down by the fire, he neither sat down or paid much attention to the questions the old man hazarded.

As he stood there, though his restless movements betrayed his inward impatience, there was little trace of it visible in his face, whose cold pride seldom revealed the emotions which might be stirring at his heart. He was dressed in his wet sea-cloth, and hung about him in wet masses. His face was bronzed by the exposure of a long sea voyage, but he was still a very handsome and imposing presence, standing so thoroughly all his old haughtiness of manner, that even the old man, in his fever of curiosity, felt the keen rebuke in question at questioning him for that had always awed the villagers when Mr. Mellen formerly dwelt among them.

"I s'pose you've seed a sight sence you went away," said the old man, as he pushed his chair towards the fire. "All them gold mines; though I don't s'pose you went to work at them. People wondered at your going off in such a hurry."

"Do you think that man will be here soon?" interrupted Mr. Mellen.

The fisherman looked piqued and injured at having his gossiping propensities cut short in that manner, but that instant a step sounded on the stone porch without, and he said, grudgingly,

"There he is. I 'spect there'll be a touse about getting him to go."

But Mellen took the matter in his own hands when the man entered, and the liberal offer he made speedily put Jake in excellent spirits for the expedition.

"My baggage must be disposed of first," said Mr. Mellen. "Some one must get it from the pilot-boat."

"Jake and I'll fetch it in here," returned the old man.

"Then I will send for it in the morning," observed Mr. Mellen.

While they went down to the shore and were bringing in the trunks Mr. Mellen stood by the fire, quite regardless of the clutch of curious eyes the children regarded him, or several modest attempts at conversation made by the old man's daughter:

"You're sure we're wringing wet; hadn't you better get some things of father's and start dry?"

"No," answered Mellen, glancing at the waterproof case which he had seen carried in bearing the boat, remembering that it contained important papers. "I have some things in here, and they will send my portmanteau in the boat."

He left the room while speaking, and, knowing the house well, went upstairs, in order to change his wet garments. The young woman ran a step or two after him with a little cry of surprise, but turned back, seized with terror of the dead body, against which she would gladly have warned him.

Mellen found a comfortable room, made when he left the kitchen, and entered the little room upstairs with it flaring in his hand. It did not illuminate the whole apartment, but the figure of a man, crept over the man as he stepped over the threshold, and a shudder, which sprang from neither cold nor fatigue, passed over him.

With a trembling hand he set the light on a little pine table and looked around. A bed stood in the farther corner of the room, a great and coldly white bed, on which a human form was lying in such awful stillness as death alone knows.

Breathless and obeying a terrible fascination, he went up to the bed and drew down the coarse linen sheet. A beautiful face, chiselled from the marble of death, lay before him, with a cold smile on the lips, and the blue of the eyes, that had been like violets, tinging the white lids that covered them. Masses of rich chestnut hair were gathered back from the face, and over the bosom, struck cold as the bloom of life, two white hands were folded in an attitude of solemn prayerfulness.

As Mellen gazed on this cold vision his face grew white with terrible emotions. Moment after moment crept by and he did not move. At last,

reaching forth his hand, he touched the woman's hair, then a convulsion of grief swept over him, his eyes filled, his lips quivered and he fell upon his knees, crying out:

"Oh, woman, woman, have they driven you to this?"

The stillness which was his only answer crept to his heart. He arose, covered the face of his false love, and quitted the room, leaving the candle behind. He could not bear to leave her thus alone in grim darkness.

"Oh, sir, I am so sorry. It was dreadful to let you go upstairs to dress and find that," cried the woman, in a tumult of self-reproach.

"When did it happen?" he questioned, in a hoarse voice. "When and how?"

"Day before yesterday. It was washed ashore from the wreck."

Mellen turned away and asked no more questions.

ADVENTURE WITH A HIPPOPOTAMUS.

WE were approaching a deep basin, where the water of the river made up among the trees, when Jot discovered a commotion just ahead of the boat. He stopped paddling and caught up the spear which lay by his side. The water was clear enough to show us a young hippopotamus making off out of our way as swiftly as possible. Harry caught the spear and let drive, striking the animal in the neck. There was a cord of buffalo hide attached to the end of the spear shaft, and as the barbed iron fastened itself in the calf's flesh, old Ben, who stood by Harry's side, caught the coil and began to pay out.

Thus far all had gone very pleasantly, and we were promising ourselves a vast deal of sport, besides a fat morsel of sea-calf, when Abner clapped his hands and uttered an exclamation of terror. I looked in the direction pointed out and saw a terrible commotion in the water just ahead, and to the left; and before we could take any precautionary measures, the head and shoulders of an enormous hippopotamus appeared above the water. Ben dropped the line and started back, while Jot seized his paddle and tried to take us out of harm's way; but his movement was too late. The hippopotamus opened her monstrous jaws and crushed the bows of our boat as though it had been a thing of reeds. We had attacked her calf and she was bound upon revenge. As we started back towards the stern she seized the boat again, this time dragging it completely under and throwing us all into the water, and for a few moments there were such cries of terror as I think I never heard from our party before.

It happened very fortunately for us that the hippopotamus stopped to vent her wrath upon the shattered boat; for, had she not done so, some of our number must have inevitably fallen victims to her fury. One of the thwarts of the boat, a wide board of light wood, had come within my reach; and as I rested upon it I had time for thought.

The nearest point of shore was about 100 yards distant, and towards that my companions were swimming with all their might. Abner was ahead and Ben was in the rear. But where was Jot? I saw him at length clinging to a part of the wreck, behind which he was hiding from the enemy. My pistols were in my belt, and as my board gave me considerable support I had my hands at liberty. The caps of my pistols were waterproof, so I knew they would not fail me in case I had an opportunity to use them.

The hippopotamus left the fragments of the boat and started towards me, and at the same moment I saw Jot leap out upon a plank in her wake. The monster came on, with her head and back out of water, looking like a mountain of moving flesh. If she reached me I was gone; but fear did not make me meek. As she came nearer, and I could see her horrible teeth, I raised myself upon my board, and took deliberate aim at one of her eyes. As I have before remarked, my pistols were of the heaviest hunting pattern, and carried a good-sized ball. I fired, and the hippopotamus was minus an eye. She gave a loud bellow of pain, and plunged under the water, and when she came up again she knocked the board from under me, giving me a shock that for a few seconds completely scattered my senses. I recovered myself, however, and regained my board, and just then I saw Jot coming up with his knife in his hand. He was close upon the hippopotamus, and presently he lifted himself upon his plank, and drove his long, sharp blade into the monster's back, half-way between the hip and the tail.

This movement had a curious effect upon me. My fear was all gone in a moment, and I felt a keen relish for the sport.

"Colonel," cried Jot, as he held on to the handle of his knife, "can't you put out her other eye?"

It was the very thing I had thought of, and directly the opportunity was offered. I was nearer to my mark than before, and fired with perfect coolness, and the result was, that the hippopotamus was utterly blind and roaring with pain. The enormous brute plunged and tore about for a little while, and finally struck out towards the shore, Jot still clinging to his knife, and trying to guide the living mass. Whether his efforts at steering the eyeless monster amounted to anything or not, I cannot say, but the hippopotamus came to the shore not twenty yards from where Harry and Abner had landed, and after this we had no difficulty in dispatching her.

We had lost the boat, but we did not lose the spear, for the calf had struggled to the shore, and was almost dead when we found it. We sent Jot up after some of the natives, and when they came—about a hundred of them—we pulled the dead hippopotamus ashore and measured it. The body, from the end of the nose to the base of the tail, measured thirteen feet; the girth, just back of the shoulders, was thirteen feet and four inches, and the jaws were a trifle over two feet wide. It will be remarked that this was a female. A male of the same age would have been much larger.

THE Hartford *Courant* relates the following good story: "In a village of more than twenty miles from this city a woman took her infant female child to church to be christened, and had chosen for it the name of Lucy. Unfortunately, as it happened, the mother lisped, and when asked by the minister what name she had selected, replied, 'Lu hy, thir.' Understanding her to say 'Lucifer,' the man of clerical robes was, naturally, considerably shocked; but as he had reached a point in the proceedings where the dignity of his office must be sustained, he controlled his feelings, and not recognizing the horrible name given him, but supposing the child to be a boy, announced, in loud tones, the name of the little one to be 'George Washington!' The feelings of the mother may be imagined."

REMINISCENCE.

THE south wind wars against the cold
With spears of silver rain;
The trickling mountain steeps have rolled
Their garments on the plain.

With thousand thousand violet eyes
Awakening earth surveys
The long unwonted light that lies
On all the woodland ways,

And blithe the chanting waters haste
And sparkle to the deep;
But what, O earth! repays the waste
And ravage of thy sleep?

'Twas morning; from the chill, dead sky
Faint gleams of lustre broke,
Like last gold leaves hung tremblingly
Upon a haggard oak.

Like ghosts by tombs, the willows white
Stood weeping by the yew;
Her dark and pinching mantle tight
The moody cypress drew.

There, bowed between the gravestone flat
And column-crowning urn,
We loth and lingering gave thee that
Thou never wilt return.

Then prophesy with blade and bud
The blossom and the grain;
Recall thy singer to the wood,
And bid him build again;

Thou canst not charm us to forget
The captive of thy mould,
Or pay us with a violet
For aught thou hast in hold.

COUNSELLOR SAM NEVINS.

THERE is a great unwritten history, that of the establishment of judicial authority, and the bar, in the West, as emigration stretched out towards the setting sun. There is a great fund, not only of wonderful humor, but of great knowledge of human character embodied in the record, written and unwritten, of the early lawyers of frontier courts; many of them men of a high order of talent, perhaps graceful backers-out from Eastern courts, to keep from being thrown over the bar; and others, natives of the soil, self-educated, and trusting alone to their knowledge of the people and of human nature for success.

It is hard to tell of which of these styles Sam Nevins, or as he insisted upon being called, "Counsellor Sam Nevins," was. He had made his appearance in Southern Illinois, from nobody knew where, a bit of information the counsellor never afforded, and sticking up a shingle, gave out that he stood ready to practise in all the courts of that State, for a moderate consideration. In those days neither court, bar or people were disposed to be over fastidious, and as Sam was a good fellow, never flinching at a drink, or in a fight, he was soon doing up a rather clever business, and could Sam have managed to conquer his affection for "old bald face," every political and judicial honor might have been at his disposal. Under its influence, or in his courtship with it, Counsellor Sam was continually getting into scrapes, one of which I will relate to show the average.

The counsellor was acting for the prosecution in the Criminal Court of Jackson county, in the absence of the regular operator, who had gone East for a short spell. There was a murder case on, a very aggravated one, in which the perpetrator, a stout, brutal Irishman, had, for a small amount of plunder, beaten an old man to death. Upon this the counsellor had determined to spread himself, and had, as all the bar knew, made great preparations for a crushing speech. The stick, a short, hickory cudgel, about an inch and a half in thickness, was in Sam's possession, and at the right time he had determined to draw it forth from his desk, brandish it in the startled eyes of the murderer, before the jury, and carry everything by storm. Sam had prepared himself for this exciting movement by copious doses of "old rye," which he imbibed at intervals from a bottle in the desk, so arranged that as the counsellor bent down, apparently to look for some paper, a sup could be taken, though at wonderful inconvenience. At last came the moment. The counsellor was full of eloquence.

"Not in the broad, open day, gentlemen, when some resistance might have been made, but in the still and dead hour of night. Not with the pistol or the sword, the weapon of the gentleman, not even with a knife, but with this—"

And the counsellor slipped his hand into the desk, still keeping his flashing eye upon the jury, and in an instant was brandishing before the astonished court, a bottle prominently labelled "old rye!"

There had been too much similarity in the size of the bludgeon and the neck of the bottle, and though Cousellor Sam obtained a conviction, the magnificence of the close of his speech—for it did close just there—was not in the least helped along by the roar of court, bar, spectators and even the prisoner himself.

It must not be supposed that the counsellor was an indiscriminate drinker; on the contrary, he was particular in his drinking, and had often been heard to declare that the straight article, and that of domestic manufacture, was the only human tipple. His opinions on this point were once or twice openly expressed in the courts, a sample of which was in this way:

A case was on, Brown against Jones, to recover for a load of potatoes, and the counsellor was for the plaintiff. A dunderheaded New Hampshire fellow had carted the potatoes, and Nevins was trying, by him, to show the delivery.

Counsellor: "Did you haul a load of potatoes to Mr. Jones's house?"

Witness: "Wal, s'pose I did, squire."

Counsellor: "S'pose! Why, don't you know whether you did?"

Witness: "Wal, no; I was so cussed drunk all that week that I doan't 'member nuthin."

Counsellor: "Drunk! Drunk! Why, didn't yau tell Mr. Brown this morning that you hauled the potatoes?"

Witness: "Y—e—s. But you see, squire, I warn't sworn then."

Counsellor (fiercely, and looking the witness full in the face): "Now, then, I want you to tell the court, all—every bit—you know about the matter, and mind what you are saying."

"Witness (very deliberately): "Wal! Jones asked me to haul him up a load of tators from Deacon Brown's. I said I would, and I started to do it. I went down to old Joe Jimmerson's an' got my jug filled with rum, an' I doan't 'member a cussed thing after that for a week!"

Counsellor (with double fierceness): "Got your jug filled with what?"

Witness: "Rum—old Jamaiky rum, squire."

Counsellor (fairly jumping with excitement): "Get down off that stand, sir! Get out of this court-house; or, by the Lord, I'll throw you out of the window. Any man who drinks Jamaica rum isn't worthy of belief, on oath or off."

The scared witness did not wait for a second bidding, but was off like a shot.

It is only a natural sequence that Counsellor Sam should be somewhat oblivious of many social duties, arising out of his devotion to the rosy. Among these shortcomings was that of a proper recognition of pecuniary obligations. It is not recorded that any creditor ever succeeded in collecting his small account from the counsellor, though Sam was full of promises. Here is a dun from a tired-out tailor and the counsellor's answer:

"JACKSON CITY, ILLINOIS.

"DEER SIR—I send you my little bill inclosed, and want it pade rite off. The amount is $14 50, which please remit by return male, to save law expenses in collecting, wich will be dun if you don't attend to it immejeatly.

"Yours, "JOHN WALKER.

"To Counseller Samuel Nevins."

"JACKSON COUNTY COURT HOUSE.

"MY VERY DEAR SIR—I have just received a letter from you enclosing my little bill of Fourteen dollars Fifty cents ($14 50), for which attention please receive my thanks. I would merely remark to you, before proceeding to other points, that your kind missive found me in good health and spirits, and though slightly misdirected, absolutely reached me. I have but one fault to find with it, my dear Walker, which is its brevity. Did I say only one fault? No! I have still another, which is the slight mistakes you have made in spelling. I am willing to admit—as you will possibly advance that argument—that great men, even greater than yourself—if such a thing can be—have sometimes fallen into the same error in their epistolary matters, but still the habit is a painful one to me, and I must call your attention to it. Why should you, my dear sir, spell "dear" with two ee's. I am not one of the antlered denizens of the forest. Again, why should you say "pade rite," when all the rest of the world declares the true mode "paid right?" Either all the world or yourself, in this case, must be wrong, my dear Walker! Once more, you say I must remit by "return male." Whether you really mean this, I cannot say, but my dear sir, I do not know a male who is about to return to Jackon city. In that case, what can I do, my dears Walker? And now, my dear sir, we will proceed to business. You request me to remit the small sum of Fourteen dollars and Fifty cents ($14 50) "to save law expenses in collecting."—I think, my dear Walker, that I use your own words—therefore, my dear sir, if you are driven to the unpleasant resource of so collecting your little bill, I trust you will not regard it in an unfriendly light should I recommend to you an attorney who will faithfully attend to your interests in the suit. I would, therefore, my dear Walker, recommend to your patronage Counsellor Sam Nevins, a rising lawyer, who is especially hard on debtors. By remitting the counsellor a retaining fee of $20, he will at once give you an opinion. After this, if he should advise you to proceed with the suit, it will be necessary for you to send him $50 more for drawing the complaint and bringing the case into court, after which the costs will be regulated by the length of time it is litigated. You needn't thank me for this advice, my dear Walker, as it really gives me pleasure to serve you in so small a matter.

"I must now close this little epistle, and I have only one request to make of you, which is that you will write me again. Do spare a moment for that purpose.

"I am, my dear Walker, yours very truly,
"SAM NEVINS,
"Counsellor-at-Law.

"P.S.—I forgot to thank you for the respect that induced you to sign my name in full, "Samuel." I rarely have such a compliment extended to me in this benighted region. Give my love to your charming family, if you have one. *Au revoir!*
"S. M."

I believe "my dear Walker" dropped the correspondence at that point, as I will Counsellor Sam, after one more reminiscence:

It was during a period when "a solemn conviction" had come upon Sam, and he had joined the church, and began to take great interest in questions of faith and theology, which he would discuss almost nightly at the house of the minister, though people would have it that the parson's pretty daughter had worked the great change. Sam had been retained as counsel by a near-by farmer, against whom a writ of *lunatico inquirendo* had been got by his own father, the old man claiming that the young man was not fit to manage his property, and praying the court to appoint him manager. The old man was on the stand and Counsellor Sam was examining him.

Counsellor: "Now, then, Mr. Wilson, what first led you to suppose your son insane?"

Old man: "'Cos he jined the meetin'!"

The roar that went up just then startled the old man, who was perfectly innocent of the hit he had made, as much as it nonplussed the counsellor, who, however, returned to the attack.

Counsellor: "Well, Mr. Wilson, what else did you see that made you think him insane?"

Old Man: "Why, he tuk to going to the parson's house and talkin' 'ligion with his darter."

That killed Counsellor Sam Nevins.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THERE is but one vowel in the following literary curiosity:

No monk too good to rob, or cog, or plot,
No fool so gross to bolt Scotch collops hot,
From donjon tops no Oronoko rolls,
Logwood, not lotos, floods Oporto's bowls.
Troops of old tosspots oft to sot consort,
Box tops, not schoolboys, flog for sport.
No cool monsoons blow soft on Oxford dons,
Orthodox, jogtrot, bookworm Solomons!
Bold Ostrogoths of ghosts no horror show,
On London shop fronts no hopblossoms grow.
To crocks of gold no dodo looks for food.
On soft cloth footstools no old fox doth brood,
Long stormlost sloops forlorn work on to port,
Books do not roost on spoons, nor woodcocks snort,
No dog on snowdrop or on coltsfoot rolls,
Nor common frog concocts long protocols.

WHAT is that which has got feet and nails, but no legs, toes or claws? A yard measure.

WHY should Africa rightly be considered to rank first of the continents? Because it bears the palm.

WHAT is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet he gave to each of his children? Parents.

THE man who collects the names of soldiers for the town records of Adams was recently the questioner in the following conversation, the "lady of the house" replying:

"Have you any friends in the war, madam?"
"No."
"Any relations?"
"No."
"Do you know anybody from this neighborhood who is in the army?"
"No."

As he was leaving a bright thought seemed to strike her, and she rushed to the door, exclaiming:

"Oh, my husband has gone to the war!"

WHY is a man in the stocks like one who abstains from eating? Because he is fast in (fasting).

"YOU rascal, do you ask me for money, and then take it right out of my pocket?"

"Oh, yes, your honor, I took it for granted."

THERE are as good horses drawing in carts as in coaches; and as good men are engaged in humble employments as in the highest.

A MAN that had been nearly drowned while bathing declared that he would not again go into the water until he had learned to swim!

THE Springfield *Republican* asks what military order is like a lady crossing the street on a wet day? Dress up in front and close up in the rear!

A LADY made a call upon a friend who had lately been married. When her husband came home to dinner, she said:

"I have been to see Mrs. ——."

"Well," replied the husband, "I suppose she is very happy."

"Happy! I should think she ought to be; she has a camel's hair shawl, two-thirds border."

A COUNTRYMAN was shown Gainsborough's celebrated picture of "The Pigs."

"To be sure," said he, "they be deadly like pigs; but there is one fault—nobody ever saw three pigs feeding together but what one on 'em had a foot in the trough."

CHARLES LAMB, in passing through Billingsgate, was witness to a quarrel and fight between two fishwomen, one of whom, taking up a knife, cut off her antagonist's thumb. "Ha!" said Lamb, looking about him, as if he had only just recognised the place, "this is Fair-lop fair."

A HUMOROUS comment on artificial memory was made by a waiter at an hotel where Feinaigle dined, after giving his lecture on artificial memory. A few minutes after the professor left the table the waiter entered, with uplifted hands and eyes, exclaiming: "Well, I protest the memory man has forgotten his umbrella!"

A FARMER, by chance a companion in a coach with Charles Lamb, kept boring him to death with questions in the jargon of agriculturists about crops. At length he put a poser:

"And pray, sir, how are turnips t'year?"

"Why, that, sir," stammered out Lamb, "will depend upon the boiled legs of mutton."

VOLTAIRE, after having been on terms of friendship with the King of Prussia, owing to his wit, gave some offence; when the King said to some of his courtiers:

"When we squeeze the orange and have sucked the juice, we throw the rest away."

"Then," said Voltaire, "I must take care of the peel!" and quitted his Prussian majesty's dominions.

A LOCAL EDITOR'S STATISTICS.—Local editors are evidently an "institution" of no little importance to the public, and as such any statistical information relating to their calling must be of public interest. So thinks, at least, the local editor of the Memphis *Bulletin*, who, after the manner of the insurance companies, banking institutions, state departments, charitable associations, other corporations, thus dishes up his own individual annual report, and submits it to the public as follows:

REPORT.	TIMES.
Being asked to drink.	11,393
Drank.	11,393
Requested to retract.	415
Didn't retract.	415
Invited to parties, receptions, presentations, etc., by people fishing for puffs.	3,333
Took the hint.	33
Didn't take the hint.	3,300
Threatened to be whipped.	174
Been whipped.	0
Whipped the other fellow.	4
Didn't come to time.	170
Being promised bottles of champagne, gin, whiskey, bitters, rum, boxes of cigars, etc., if we would go after them.	3,650½
Been after them.	1
Going again.	0
Been asked "What's the news?"	300 000
Told.	13
Didn't know.	200,000
Lied about it.	999,087
Been to church.	2
Changed politics.	33
Expected to change still.	83
Cash on hand.	$0,00
Gave for charity.	$5 00
Gave for terrier dog.	$23 99
Sworn off bad habits.	722 000
Shall swear off this year.	720 000
Number of bad habits.	10),000

THE servant of a Prussian officer one day met a crony, who inquired of him how he got along with his fiery master. "Oh, excellently!" answered the servant. "We live on very friendly terms; every morning we dust each other's coats; the only difference is, he takes his coat off to be dusted, and I keep mine on."



A VIEW ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK, NEAR THE RAPPAHANNOCK STATION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.



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Lieut.-Col. J. McConihe, 169th N. Y.

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An invincible wit and punster asked the captain of a vessel with bowels how he managed to get dinner on the passage.

"Why," replied the skipper, "we always cook aboard."

"Cook a board, do you?" rejoined the wag; "then I see you have been well supplied with provisions this trip, at all events."

A COUPLE of travellers stopping at the hotel *Frascata*, in the city of Cordova, the capital of the Argentine Confederation, were surprised and amused by noticing on the bill of fare, "Eggs on horseback." Determined to know what it meant, they called for the equestrian dish, when it was steak with an egg on the top.

A Dog is counted mad when he won't take something to drink, and a man insane when he takes too much. A financier remains respectable with a fortune that don't belong to him, while a beggar becomes a criminal for purloining a piece of meat.

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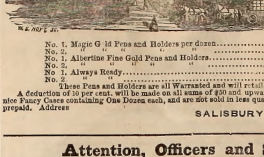
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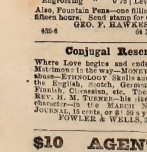
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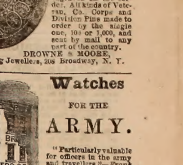
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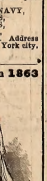
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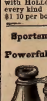
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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

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GEN. CUSTER'S EXPEDITION.

Capt. Ash, with the 5th Regulars, charging into Stuart's Camp.

Gen. Custer, with 1,500 picked men, in light marching order, left Culpeper Court-house about two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 28th.

The 6th and 3d corps marched from their winter quarters earlier in the day, the former halted at Madison Court-house and threw out a strong cordon of pickets, while the latter bivouacked in the neighborhood of James city, and held the line of Robertson's road.

About two A. M. the raiders left their resting-place near James city, and took the road for Charlottesville. The men had been picked from Merritt's and Gregg's divisions, and were well mounted. When they marched up the steep banks of the Ravenna river their coming was unknown and altogether unexpected.

Before us (a correspondent says) was a large cavalry camp, the huts arranged with mathematical precision and soldierly regularity. On one side the horses were quietly standing; on the other side pieces of artillery were parked, with all the appurtenances neatly arranged and in close proximity to the caissons.

The 5th regular regiment of Gen. Merritt's old brigade led the van. Capt. Ash, with one squadron, dashed in among the comfortable-looking huts with reckless precipitancy, and scattered the occupants in all directions.

He ordered the men to destroy all they could, and they obeyed their instructions to the very letter. Neither axes nor rat-tailed files could be found in his command. It was found impossible to spike the guns or chop the gun-carriages to pieces, so they contented themselves with blowing-up the caissons and destroying the camp.

Custer's raid was well conducted. After effecting his purpose, by a masterly movement, masked under another charge which Custer headed in person, he decoyed Stuart from his position, flew past him on a side road, recrossed the river at Banks's mills, and halted safe. His trophies are 80 prisoners, numerous valuable horses, and samples of the ashes of three grist-mills, eight wagon-loads of commissary stores, six caissons, two forges and a set of artillery harness.

RECRUITING IN THE PARK, NEW YORK.

The recruiting service which, for a time, dotted the Park with tents of all shapes and sizes,



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—GEN. CUSTER'S 5TH REGULARS, CAPT. ASH, CHARGING INTO J. E. B. STUART'S CAMP NEAR CHARLOTTESVILLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

has now taken up its quarters in a more substantial structure, which we picture for our city and country friends, as well as to enable some Mr. Dawson who writes a history of the Park in 1900 to give a correct view of the ephemeral edifice that rises beside the new Palace of Justice now erecting on Chambers street.

The recruiting business has been very active, and the numbers who have come forward to get the bounties offered by City, State and Union have nearly filled up the quota. New York city lacks only about 2 000, and these furnished there will be no necessity for a draft

Barnum's American Museum.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MARCH 19, 1864.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 72 Duane street, between Broadway and Elm New York.

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THE present number concludes the Seventeenth Volume of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER, the oldest, and, we can as safely say, the most accurate, comprehensive and prompt Illustrated Record of news in the world. Our pages give the history of our times with a fidelity that has no equal. Tributes to the value of the paper on this point pour in upon us constantly. They come from Generals high in command, from clergymen of distinction, from men of all positions.

As a family paper it possesses superior advantages. Its tales and poems, almost exclusively original, and by writers who have won distinction in the country, are of the highest character, and are illustrated by artists of excellent talent. These stories are selected with great care, and are such as every family must approve and enjoy.

Our next volume will conclude the admirable novel of Mrs. Stephens, "The Gulf Between Them," fully equal to the famous "Fashion and Famine," and in point of illustration will present new and varied features.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

A combined movement has been made towards Richmond, of which the full particulars are not yet known.

Gen. Custer's cavalry started Feb. 29, and, supported by the infantry under Sedgwick, made a feint upon Lee's lines in the direction of Madison Court-house. Custer fell in with Stuart's rebel cavalry, near Charlottesville, destroying his entire camp equipage and blowing-up six caissons; but finding that Stuart was posted there in great strength — nearly five to one — Custer fell back towards Madison Court-house, burning the bridges on the Ravenna. Here he met another force of the enemy, and, after several dashing charges, drove them off, capturing 500 horses and 50 prisoners, without the loss of a man.

Meanwhile Kilpatrick crossed the Rapidan at Ely's ford on Sunday morning, Feb. 28, at four o'clock, and at eleven o'clock the same day had reached Spottsylvania Court-house, distant 18 miles from the ford.

On Monday they reached the Virginia railroad, which they tore up in four places, narrowly missing Gen. Lee, who passed less than an hour before. At Fredericks-hall they captured an unsuspecting Court-Martial.

A detachment of 500 men, under Col. Ulric Dahlgren, was then sent towards Louisa Court-house, to destroy the James river canal, while Kilpatrick kept on upon Ashland, to attack Richmond, by the Brooks turnpike.

Dahlgren was misled by a negro, whom he hanged; and having been taken to Goochland, nearly captured Gov. Wise. They burned the barns of Seddons, the Secretary of War, did some damage to the canal, but from loss of time Dahlgren failed to join Kilpatrick, although a part of his force did. He ultimately made his way to Fortress Monroe.

Kilpatrick reached the outer fortifications on Tuesday, the 1st, and entered the first works. The rebels there threw down their arms and fled or surrendered. At the next line a fight with artillery took place, but Kilpatrick found it too strong, and, hearing other troops coming up, drew off to Mechanicsville. Here he encamped, but was shelled out during the night. The next day he was joined by troops sent out from Fortress Monroe. The destruction of railroads, stores and supplies was very great.

His force operated in three columns, devastating the country as they advanced, being supplied with every engine of destruction that can possibly be used in a raid.

A fight took place on the 1st March, at Deep creek, 10 miles from Norfolk, but the result had not been ascertained, and heavy artillery-firing was going on at the time the correspondent closed his dispatch. The rebels seem to be infesting the Dismal Swamp canal in large numbers, and a party endeavoring to make their way to Roanoke island were compelled to turn back. A Lieutenant and 15 men of the 5th Pennsylvania cavalry were captured, while reconnoitring in the swamp. The precise object of the rebels in these demonstrations is not very clear.

NORTH CAROLINA.

News brought by the S. R. Spaulding, which arrived at Fortress Monroe from Newberne, states that a rumor prevailed that a large rebel force was within six miles of Beaufort.

This seems part of a plan announced as conceived by Davis to hurl an overwhelming force on our posts in North Carolina and drive us out, preparatory to a withdrawal of their entire force from Virginia. This step will make all the secessionists of North Carolina Union men, none of the inhabitants desiring the State to undergo the fate of Virginia. Davis has suppressed the Raleigh *Standard*, but has thus only secured the election of Holden, the editor, as Governor.

TENNESSEE.

Gen. Smith's cavalry expedition has returned to Memphis, having failed in its efforts to form a junction with Sherman's army. They only got to West Point, about half-way between Corinth and Meridian. At this place Lee, Chalmers and Roddy attacked them with a heavy force, and, after some severe fighting, our men began a retreat towards Memphis. The expedition destroyed over 1,000,000 bushels of corn, tore up and destroyed miles of the Memphis and Ohio railroad track, burned many bridges and trestles, captured and brought in over 1,500 mules and horses, about 2,000 negroes and over 300 rebel prisoners. Gen. Sherman advanced to Meridian, and possibly to Selma, but also fell back, after destroying all the railroads. McPherson's 17th corps has reached Jackson.

The notorious guerilla, Col. Richardson, was captured on Sunday, Feb. 28th, south of the Cumberland river, below Burkville, by a detachment of Col. Weatherford's cavalry, and subsequently shot in an attempt to escape.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Two hundred and forty-six shots were fired at the city of Charleston on Feb. 25 and 26, and the rebels report that our troops are erecting a battery on Dixon's island, to command Schooner creek.

MISSISSIPPI.

On the 14th Feb. a company of the 1st Mississippi Union (colored) infantry was surprised near Grand Lake, Miss., by a company of rebel guerillas, wearing Union uniforms, and all but two were killed. Some of the negroes were pinned to the ground with bayonets, others had their brains knocked out, and others were shot through the head while on their knees begging for quarter. The guerillas escaped without losing a man. This is reported upon the authority of the clerk of the steamer Pringle.

ALABAMA.

Our fleet opened a tremendous fire on Fort Powell on the morning of the 23d Feb., and it was thought that it could not hold out long. The rebel ram Tennessee now lies under the protection of the guns of Fort Morgan. The women and children were being removed from Mobile. Admiral Farragut, on board the Calhoun, was inside of Dauphin island, and the flagship Hartford was at Ship island, 40 miles west of Mobile. An attack on our blockading fleet was anticipated, provided that the rebel rams were in good order and condition.

NAVAL.

The small sidewheel steamer Scotia arrived on the 3d March at Fortress Monroe, having been captured running the blockade out of Wilmington. The gunboat Connecticut made her a prize. Her cargo consisted of 108 bales of cotton.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 29th of Feb., the bill extending bounties to the 1st of April was passed. The Conference Committee on the Whiskey tax reported that no agreement could be effected, unless the Senate should instruct the Committee to allow a tax of 20 cents per gallon on whiskey on hand in July.

In the House, after some unimportant business, Mr. Long moved that the President be requested to appoint ex-Presidents Pierce and Millard Fillmore, and Thomas Ewing, to meet like Commissioners from the South, to agree upon the restoration of the Union. The resolution was voted down by 96 to 22. Mr. Pendleton proposed a resolution denouncing the arrest of Vallandigham, which was rejected by 76 to 47. Mr. Schenck then moved resolutions declaring rebels and their sympathisers as public enemies, and that to prevent future rebellions the cause of this must be extirpated. They were unanimously adopted. Mr. Ross offered a resolution, that in consequence of the increased rate of living, the pay of the officers of the army and navy be increased 33 per cent., and that the Committee of Military Affairs be ordered to carry out the suggestion.

In the Senate, on the 1st of March, petitions were presented from citizens of Ohio for a repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law in favor of a Constitutional amendment prohibiting Slavery, and in reference to reconstruction. The minority of the Committee on Slavery and Freedmen presented a report adverse to the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law, which was ordered to be printed. The Senate then took up the House bill for the issue of 200 000 000 of the 600,000,000 of bonds heretofore authorised, redeemable in not less than 5 nor more than 40 years, and of $11,000,000 worth of the 5 20 bonds, to meet the surplus subscriptions. A long debate ensued and different amendments were proposed The bill was finally passed, after the adoption of an amendment making the principal payable in coin. On motion of Mr Sherman, from the Conference Committee on the Revenue bill, the Senate insisted on its Whiskey tax amendments, and agreed to submit the matter again to the House.

In the House, after several routine matters had been discussed, the bill for the establishment of a Bureau of Freedmen's Affairs was, after a long debate, passed by 69 yeas to 67 nays. A message being received from the Senate announcing the disagreement of the Conference Committee on the Whiskey tax, considerable discussion on the subject followed, and it was finally agreed, on the motion of Mr. Washburne, that the House adhere to its disagreement with the Senate amendments, and request another conference declaring its opinion that there should be levied on spirits already on hand and for sale an additional tax of not less than 20 nor more than 40 cents per gallon. A concurrent resolution for the final close of the session on the 31st of May was adopted.

In the Senate, on the 2d of March, the Whiskey bill was taken up, and the Senate, by 25 against 15, refused to agree to the request of the House for an instructed Conference Committee. A resolution was adopted to inquire into the causes of the late disaster in Florida.

In the House the business was of an uninteresting nature, being confined to defining the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims.

In the Senate, on the 3d of March, Mr. Wilson called up the House bill extending bounties to April 1st, and he read a letter from Mr. Stanton, recommending its immediate passage. It was passed. Mr Davis, of Kentucky, submitted an amendment to the joint resolution amending the Constitution; the amendment provides that no person or negro whose mother or grandmother was a negro, shall be a citizen, or hold any civil or military office; that the States of Maine and Massachusetts shall constitute one State to be called East New England; the States of New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut, another State to be called West New England. The bill to prevent military interference in elections was called up, and Mr. Powell addressed the Senate at length in favor of the bill, when the Senate adjourned.

In the House, a resolution to print 10,000 copies of Gen. Grant's report was referred to the Committee on Printing. The report of the Ways and Means Committee against the surplus gold resolution was taken up, and Mr. Stebbins, of this city, made a very forcible speech in favor of the principle of the resolution. Mr. Fenton also spoke in the same strain. Both gentlemen offered substitutes for the pending resolutions, but without taking further action, the disagreement of the Conference Committee on the Whiskey tax was announced. After discussion, the House, by 71 to 61, voted to stick to its proposition to tax whiskey on hand.

In the Senate, on the 4th of March, Mr. Sherman made a statement respecting the disagreement of the Committee of Conference of both Houses on the Revenue bill, and said that inasmuch as the disagreement seemed irreconcilable, the Committee on the part of the Senate would recommend, in order to prevent the failure of the bill, that the Senate recede from its amendments. A vote was then taken on the recommendation, which was adopted by 25 against 17. Mr. Brown called up his bill directing an additional classified census of the population and resources of certain portions of the country, but the passage of the measure was opposed by Mr. Grimes, and it was referred to the Finance Committee.

In the House there was nothing of any public interest.

FOREIGN.

THE German troops had entered Jutland. Lord Palmerston made a strong speech in Parliament on the subject of the Austro-Prussian invasion of Schleswig; but he did not say what England would do if Jutland should be invaded. A Cabinet Council, hastily summoned, met in London on the 20th ult. Napoleon was drawing closer to Denmark. Some of the leading journals of Paris and Vienna are very sarcastic on the Dano German policy of England. The British squadron in the Tagus was ordered to Portland roads, to be ready for any emergency. The German troops had attacked the Danish position at Duppel, along the entire line, but were repulsed after severe fighting. War risks were demanded and paid in England on the vessels of both belligerents, and naval retaliation on traders was ordered on both sides. Twelve Austrian war vessels were to put to sea to protect German merchantmen. Several Danish ironclad vessels appeared in Flensburg Fiord on the 18th ult , and exchanged shots with the Prussian artillery. The minor States of Germany were likely to separate more widely from Austria and Prussia.

The Archduke Maximilian was to receive the Mexican deputation in Vienna and be proclaimed Emperor of Mexico. Previous to this he was to visit Brussels, and attend at the baptism of the son of the Prince of Wales, in London. He will set out for Mexico in an Austrian war vessel, and touch at Civita Vecchia, in order to receive the blessing of the Pope.

From Poland we learn that the Russians had sustained some severe defeats at the hands of the insurgents.

Italy was actively preparing for war.

The frontier seat of war in India was again quiet

The steamship Great Eastern has been chartered to lay the Atlantic cable in 1865.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The deaths in New York during the past week were 558—140 men, 135 women, 146 boys, and 136 girls—an increase of 70 upon the mortality of the previous week, and of 132 as compared with the mortality of the corresponding week of 1863. Of the deceased, 237 were children under five years of age. The mortality by principal diseases was as follows: Consumption, 86; inflammation of the lungs, 60; infantile convulsions, 35; croup, 28; typhus fever, 21; scarlet fever, 18; typhoid, 16; inflammation of the brain, 16; diphtheria, 15; bronchitis, 13; disease of the heart, 10; erysipelas, 9; small pox, 2; deaths from external causes, 56, among which are reported 7 premature births, 10 deaths from old age, 1 murder, 1 suicide, 1 poisoned, 1 drowned, 2 frostbitten, 10 scalded, 8 killed by accident.

—— A man named MacIntyre actually obtained the arrest of a butcher the other day as an absconding debtor, the evidence being that he had closed his shop all day. The butcher proved that he was a religious man, and closed his shop because it was Lent. The informer was, consequently, signally defeated, and the butcher contemplates bringing an action against him.

—— The Eucleian Society of New York University gave an exhibition at Niblo's Saloon last evening before a crowded audience. The exercises consisted of orations and recitations by members of the society, which were, on the whole, excellently rendered. Helmsmuller's band discoursed fine music on the occasion.

—— The regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society was held on the 3d inst., B. L. Swan, Esq., in the chair. From the reports furnished it seems that the society is in quite a flourishing condition. Appropriations for foreign work to the amount of $64,177 46 were received.

—— The annual commencement of Bellevue Medical College was celebrated on the 3rd inst. at the Academy of Music, in the presence of thousands of citizens. The rooms were most brilliantly illuminated, and on every side beauty and loveliness rained down their enchanting showers. At seven o'clock the Academy was so crowded that ingress and egress were equally impossible. The exercises and amusements of the evening were of the most select kind, and up to the hour when the large audience dispersed there was enough to attract even larger crowds than those which thronged the great temple of art, to do homage to the disciples of Esculapius now branching into medical life from Bellevue Hospital.

—— The Brooklyn and Long Island Sanitary Fair finally closed on the 5th of March, after which the executive committee will decide how the goods then remaining unsold are to be disposed of. The gross amount of the receipts was about $372,000.

Western.—The Minnesota Legislature has increased the salary of the Governor of that State $2,000, and gives $500 to the person who killed Little Crow, the Sioux Indian chief and murderer.

—— The civil affairs of Idaho are in such an unsettled state that it is believed it will be impossible to establish good Government there until the Territory is divided. The seat of Government is in the extreme north-west corner of Idaho, from which the eastern part of the Territory is cut off by a mountain range, placing it quite beyond the control of the authorities while stationed so far away. The emigration this spring will be very heavy, and the Overland Mail Company are about to establish a daily line of coaches from Salt Lake City to the Territory.

—— The Chicago *Journal* says the farmers in various parts of Illinois are already sowing their spring wheat. This is unusually early. It also learns that if the weather continues favorable a large breadth of wheat will be put in There was much ploughing done last fall, and the only drawback to extensive farming operations is the scarcity of help. Wages for farm hands, which three years ago were from $15 to $18 a month, are now from $20 to $25 The winter wheat, as far as we have ascertained, has not been injured in the West by the cold weather.

Southern.—The troubles at Fort Jackson, below New Orleans, have terminated in a couple of Courts-Martial, one of which finds Lieut.-Col. Augustus W. Benedict, 4th infantry, Corps d'Afrique, guilty of "inflicting cruel and unusual punishment, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline," and sentences him to be dismissed the service. Twelve of the privates of the same regiment were Court-Martialed on a charge of mutiny Two were sentenced to be shot to death, and seven condemned to various terms of imprisonment, with hard labor.

—— Five additional Union officers, escaped from Libby prison, Richmond, have reached Fortress Monroe, viz., Col. Charles W. Tilden, 16th Maine; Major J. H. Hooper, 15th Massachusetts; Capt. Fisher, 3d Pennsylvania; Lieut. Wallace, 5th United States artillery; and H B. Chamberlain, 97th New York. This makes 55 who have arrived safely within our lines.

—— By the arrival of a steamer at Cairo, we have news from Memphis and New Orleans. Much dissatisfaction exists among the rebel Mississippi troops because of the speculations of their Generals in cotton, which, they allege, is taken from their wives and families by scouts sent out for that purpose. This cotton is brought to Memphis and sold, the scouts sharing the proceeds with the Generals. An enthusiastic emancipation meeting was recently held at Memphis. There is no confirmation of the reported capture of Selma, Ala.

Military.—Colonel Streight, of Indiana, recently escaped from Libby prison, at Richmond, is anxious to have a command under Gen Butler, that he may be enabled to operate against the rebel capital. Streight is just the man to take a cavalry command, and he has a long score to settle with Winder and Jeff. Davis. He and Col. Spear, of the 11th Pennsylvania, would prove to be the right men in the right place.

—— A Louisville dispatch announces the capture of the notorious Col. Richardson, who recently ordered his troops to shoot all men dead who refused to be conscripted. The scoundrel has caused the death of many Union men in Tennessee and in Northern Alabama, and it is to be hoped that due justice will be meted out to a man whose inhumanity has rendered his name a byword and a reproach.

—— The House of Representatives a few days since called upon the President to furnish a statement showing the number of re-enlisted veterans from each State, and other information in that connection. To this the President has replied, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of War, who says that in his opinion it would prove prejudicial to the public service to transmit to the House at the present time the information requested.

Personal.—Through the efforts of J. M. Tobin, the sum of $1,000 dollars has been subscribed by the Board of Brokers and others for the benefit of Mr. Daniels, the centenarian. Mr D. is, we believe, the only soldier of the Revolutionary War living in this city.

— Victor Emanuel has sent the Cross of a Commander of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus to Mr. Hemans, for services rendered to the Provincial Brigade Re d'Italie, when she went ashore at Barnegat. The same distinction is conferred on Admiral Paulding, and Capt. Halford is made a Chevalier of the Order.

— The Senate confirmed the nomination of Gen. Grant as Major-General of the U. S. Regular Army; also, of Gens. Meade, W. T. Sherman, Thomas and McPherson as Brigadiers in the Regulars. Gens. Pleasanton and Warren were confirmed as Major-Generals of Volunteers.

— Miss Emma Webb, one of the talented Webb Sisters, delivered an address at the Academy of Music on Monday night in reply to the public welcome advocated by Miss Ann Dickinson. It is to be hoped never repeated, so hackneyed a topic, and was received with great enthusiasm by a large and respectable audience.

— About nine o'clock of the evening of the 3d of March, on Thursday, Sunday, of March ahead, we mulled in matrimony to Mehitable Jones, of somewhere, both of the residence of Mr. Mehitable Jones. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Jedediah P. Sandcrust, in the Lafayette Avenue Church of the Brooklyn Sanitary Fair.

— Supper was read on the 6th before the Geographical Society, at Clinton Hall, by Joshua Leavitt, M. D., on "Mexico, Its Conditions and Relations." The paper ably sketched the political and social causes of Democracy and gave a lucid analysis of Count Schleswig-Holstein question. Dr. Leavitt took the side of humanity, and represented that country as struggling against unprincipled foes.

— A meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was held on the 4th of March, Mr. President, A. A. Low, presiding. A series of resolutions in reference to the appointment to the death of Hon. Thomas Tileston, who had been a member of the Chamber for many years, was read, and passed a high eulogy on the deceased, which met with the appreciation of all present.

— Prince de Polignac, recently in the service of Jeff. Davis, died on the 3d for France, from New York, where he had been staying for several days.

— Gen. Sickles, President of the Association of St. Patrick, gave a very entertaining lecture on the Irish Bulls on the evening of the 4th of March. He was introduced by Gen. Meagher.

— Robert Bonner, the celebrated publisher, and owner of the famous team of fast horses, has notified his intention of giving his trotting mare, Lady Woodruff, to the New York Sanitary Fair. It will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder; and will, of course, realize a large price.

— Gen. Fitzjohn and Gen. Custer, whose exploits are to-day the leading theme of newspaper amusement and of social resorts, are both of them men of the best type of youth. Kilpatrick is 28 years old, has been a widower for about a year. Custer, he younger of the two, married in our service, is 24 years age, and was married only three or four weeks ago. Both of these fine young men are West Point boys, and were graduated to the same class, that of 1861.

Obituary.—Charles W. Marsh, formerly on the editorial staff of the *Tribune*, subsequently a correspondent of the *Evening Post* and the author of "The Romance of Yorktown," in the Lenox and Tilden of Alexandria, Rypt, on the 24th of January, ages 47.

— Mr. Wm. Mitchell the only surviving relative of the late Sir Colin Campb ll, died recently in Rydale. He was intended to m b for a sea career with that illustrious commander by giving her the rank of the ship in which he was a Hero. An English remarks: "Lord Clyde, in all but his name, is now indeed extinct."

— Baroness Bolton, the daughter of Sir Guy Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, whose name is from early childhood identified with the Canadian people, died recently in England, at the advanced age of 86 years.

— George A. Coffey, United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, died in Philadelphia on the 20th ult.

— Edward D. Whipple, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, died on the 21st ult, at his residence in Morristown, in the 71st year of his age.

— Hester Williams, a colored woman, died in Baltimore, a few days since, having reached the advanced age of 115 years. She deceased was a servant of Henry Williams, who served in the Revolutionary army under Gen. Washington.

— Mrs. Harrison, wife of President Harrison, whose death we briefly recorded in our last, was the daughter of Governor Symmes, the founder of the Miami settlement but who is better remembered as the inventor of the famous "Symmes Hole" theory, according to which the earth is hollow, open at the poles, and habitable by living inhabited within. She was married in 1795 to (then) Capt. Harrison, who was in command of Fort Washington, the site of the present city of Cincinnati. A biographer, writing of her a short time previous to the death of President Harrison, says: "She has been the faithful companion of his distinguished career during the various perils and vicissitudes of his eventful life, and lives to witness the history of his family and the honors paid him by a grateful country." Mrs. Harrison is the "full of years," referred to with the allegory of woman—a true and loving wife, a leader and affectionate mother.

— Hon. Thomas Bussey, of Greene county, Pa., died on the 19th ult., at the advanced age of 85 years. The deceased was for years a member of the Legislature from his county, was an associate judge for terms, and enjoyed a large degree of public confidence and esteem.

— The Rev. Thomas Starr King died at San Francisco on the morning of the 4th of March, of chilblains. A funeral sermon in the memory of member of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

— Sir L. Lafontaine, Chief-Justice of the Court of Queen's Bench, died very suddenly on the 4th of March. While in the act of putting his signature to a writ of which he was author, he was suddenly seized with a fit and expired in a few minutes. When first a tress was heard in the letters of his name. He struck back in his seat, but on being urged to complete his signature, he replied that he was very impatient now falling and did so, and in a few minutes breathed his last. This distinguished jurist, who has attained the highest judicial tribunal of Canada for many years, was a "rebel" in the Canadian rebellion of 1837, and a reward was offered for his head. He was subsequently pardoned and appointed to the highest judicial office in the Province.

— William Scott, formerly British Consul at New Orleans, has just died in England. He was an Irishman by birth, and had spent all his life in the diplomatic service of England.

— Charles Dickens's second son, Walter Savage Landor, Lieut. in the 3d Highland regiment, died in military hospital, at Calcutta, on the 31st Dec., almost at the same time that his father was lecturing at the graves of Thackeray, his favorite son was dying of fever on the other side of the world.

Accidents and Offences.—The counsel for Wallace, the murderer of Lieutenant Paul, has failed and succeeded to be hung on the 8th of April next, has obtained a writ of error, thereby staying the execution, which is returnable to the Supreme Court on the 1st of May.

— A decidedly accident occurred on the 3d March, on the Hudson River railroad. The train left Troy for New York at a quarter to four o'clock, and a car for miles the sides of Bought ends the birdmen on broke the coupling by, being thrown off the track at a broken rail. One lady was very seriously injured and is not expected to survive, and several others were more or less seriously hurt. The consequence was that the cars were thrown over an embankment, and thereby a delay of eight hours took place. Great praise is attached to the engineer, as he did not sound the alarm whistle.

— Two men, named George Andrews and C. Shafer, were arrested on the 3d March and held for examination by the Commissioner of a Board and transfer Rafael Ortega, who charges that they are the proprietors of a gambling establishment on the second floor of No. 23 B oadway, in which, by betting on the game of "Rouge et Noir," some 20 persons have been fleeced. The police are in search of a third person, named George Hill, who, Mr. Ortega alleges, owns a part of the aforesaid establishment.

— William Kuntz was arrested with a thief by a fellow—ork an, name: Adam Schaffer, on the 19th January, in the cabin mansion house in Fulton street. Witnesses were examined. Schaffer does not appear. Kuntz was held to bail in the sum of $500, indicted in self defence. It was committe, to await the action of the grand jury. Justice, it is thought, cannot live much longer, as she has been sinking rapidly for the past few days

— Arthur McMurray, a lad of 11 years of age, was run over on the 4th inst., in the 7th Ward, by a Fourth avenue line, and so severely injured that death subsequently ensued. One of the boy's legs was entirely severed from his body. The car was driven by William Avery, and at the time of the occurrence no one was attached to the car.

— Walter Rouse, a laborer, was almost instantly killed, in consequence of injuries received by accidentally falling from the third story of a new building, corner of Broadway and Liberty street, which was now completed. Deceased lived at 152 Worth street, where he left a widow and two children.

— Rutger Teal, doing business as commission merchant at No. 61 Liberty street, was arrested on the 3d March, charged with defrauding Smith, Rice & Co., out of $1,000. It appears that Teal sent a consignment to the Texas for trial, to default of $1,000 bail. Teal is also charged with several merchants of whiskey and other merchandise.

Foreign.—American oysters have been planted at Arcachon, and are reported to be doing well there.

— The Montignags and Nacagnes Indians, of Canada, are reported to be starving in consequence that they can see perfectly so long as the sun is up, but become perfectly blind when it sets from twilight to dawn. No artificial light is of the least service to them, and nothing under a flash of lightning enables them to see.

— Partridge's "Life of Butler" is elaborately review in the London *Times*, and the reviewer not only states that the book has entirely changed his opinion of Butler, but that it will have the same effect on him, in versatility and energy, of Frederick the Great.

— The Tuscaloosa, seized by the British authorities at the Cape of Good Hope, was a vessel that escaped by the rebel pirates and converted into a privateer, and was captured by the U. S. steamer Sacramento. In accordance with American precedent, it is a question for English Courts of Prize to decide. Privateers are brought into our ports, the British decide that the persons engaged in them are not to be treated as owners.

— The list of October, last year, the French army, exclusive of the reserve, consisted of 330,986 men, the Garrison at Algeria, 65,000; in Algeria, 67,661; in Italy, 19,591; in China and Cochin China, 1,615; in Mexico, 34,561. The reserve on that date amounted to 217,381.

— The watchword of the extreme German party in the Diet has been "Down with Austria" (or any subdivide), words used in the charter of 1600.

— In Canada there are 1,000 men for pioneer one for the rich, another for the poor, and another and sortly different one for persons of color.

— The last Huron of pure blood at the Mission of Loretto, near Quebec, bore the name of Thurollo. He was a painted Indian, and died in his wigwam.

— A French paper, reckons a great authority on fashions, pronounces that the prevailing style of ladies is to wear whiskers! We are considerably told now as to his to be worn, and first of all he must have his hair and trim it down their cheeks in a thick mass

Art, Science and Literature.—The Massachusetts Historical Society has elected Cambridge Farland is merely finished. The historian is seated in his study surrounded by his books, and the figure presented into the open leaves, as he had been collecting points in an argument. The attitude is graceful and the face noble. It has not been settled where the finished picture will be placed, but it will be in the Trinity Chapel, others in the library, the floor of which would not be strong enough to support it, and in order to bear the great weight of marble.

— Phillips, Sampson & Co. announce, and, in the Senate: "I think we have in the army 600,000 men, of which 400,000 are reenlisted veterans. I do not think the rebels have over 225,000. I have good reason to believe that. I think the rebellion will be crushed out by October."

— You can stop a clock at any moment, but you cannot stop a watch. The mainspring is broken, which applies to the stopping of the talk of a man and of a woman. He is generally a man of few words, but he can silence him. She is a beautiful, fragile, jewellike thing, which you can stop by the touch of a finger.

— A correspondent says: "Let me give you an item of your paper. A little girl of this city, only 6 years old, having conceived a passion for a little girl next door to her residence, left her home for the west to the public school the other day, quite alone, as I am credibly informed, and, after a long and tedious ride finding, however, that she was not placed in the same room with her little friend, she left the school. Love is certainly very powerful in the Jerseys.

— Shakespeare and Cervantes are commonly named as having died on the same day, the 23d of April, 1616. This was not really so, as the Gregorian calendar was then in use in England, while in Spain the old calendar, in England until more than a century later.

— The Prussian Government has invited Professor Daniels Passmer to the Brooklyn Sanitary Fair. In alluding to the New York Sanitary Fair, the Berlin *Post* says: "Since a kitchen that King Alfred set while the housewife baked of the King, has ... And when our ancestors left England such kitchens were floating behind them. The French Government has given ... to a handful of cooks on a pile of ships, with innumerable cooking pans, but with the assistance of the best gastronomic jaunts. The Gauls borrowed it from Great Britain, and the Germans from the Gauls, roads and bridges. Its progenitor may be found in the brains of the Anglo-Saxon race, with Russia, which sometimes instead of brick. But the British never forgotten it."

— Twelve soldiers of the Revolutionary times whose services their eyes rage from 70 to 105 years, and they enjoy pensions from 96 to $96 per annum. The oldest of these survivors, they are proud to be.

— Busts of A. Lincoln and Dan Rice were placed together at the great fair in Chicago, and labelled "The one to laugh at, the other by."

— A Leicestrian paper stimulates the authors of the present age to literary exertion, who strive to outdo each with their tales.

— Prof. Whitney, the State Geologist of California, says that the big trees of Tuolumne are 1,500 feet.

— Thomas, the pirate, is now described as carrying a very moustached, gray uniformed, 45 years old, and a tea cloak.

— The latest way to pop the question is to ask a friend if he would have the pleasure of acting her to the minister's.

CONFIDENTIAL.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

I've the quaintest conceit, as I sit here and ponder,
Thinking sweet thoughts to myself;
My glances, made captive, continually wander
To the vase on the mantelshelf.

The homeliest vase, too, just gilt and some roses,
Common in shape and device,
Nobody looks at it and ever supposes
'Twas meant to be quaint and nice.

But it has cares, and it will keep them bending
Forward a little at me!
Demurely drawn up otherwise, and pretending
Never to notice or see.

It does, though—it does; it looks over my shoulder
When, heart all a-flutter like wings,
I see somebody coming, and, bolder and bolder,
It laughs when the door-bell rings.

I would like just to talk to myself for a little;
He loves me, and yesterday
He told me—Hush, hush! if I whisper a little
'Twill hear every word I say.

A CASE OF JEALOUSY.

A HAPPY husband was Philip Campbell, a husband to be envied by all married men in the world.

His wife was pretty—nothing very rare—amiable at home, a virtue sometimes seen, and true in her fidelity.

Philip went in and out when he would, always kissed as he parted, welcomed home with smiles, never scolded or complained. All was calm and bright as his glossy white linen, his well tied cravat, his carefully brushed hat, his overcoat never lacking a button.

One day Hortense said to her husband: "Philip, it is such a beautiful day, why don't you take a walk?" He mechanically acted on the suggestion; but he omitted to have it occurred to him that the request was a strange interference with his usual liberty of action. "Why should she send me out to walk?" she usually likes to walk without some misgiving. So, for all the beauty of the day, his walk was a short one.

When he returned his wife's room she was writing, but instantly slipped a paper, covered with the microscopic fly tracks that ladies delight to, into her pocket, and locked it. All this did not escape the husband; his suspicion increased.

She ran up to give her wonted kiss, but the fair recipient was not in a child caught in mischief, and this did not quiet poor Philip; but convinced that it would be useless to question her, he resolved to watch her by unravelling the mystery, and showed in his demeanor none of the suspicions that tortured him.

Chance at last aided him better than all the devices he had employed in vain. One morning he was putting on a clean shirt; with a shudder he perceived that a button was gone! This neglect, the first that had occurred since their marriage, was full of cruel evidence. He hastened to his wife's room. She was out. Seizing the opportunity, he opened her writing desk. The draft of a letter in his wife's hand met his eye. It ran thus:

"My Beloved—When I address you I seem to breathe a purer air; the paper to which I confide my thoughts exhales perfumes; the humming of the fly that settles upon my ears is full of the treasures of harmony. What sweetness is there in the very remembrance of my name! even in the look of the lapdog that my hand fondles! Oh, ecstacy! were I not rudely aroused by the importunate thoughts of the world.

Philip staggered to a chair thunderstruck. Then he rose with an eye kindling with fury; he cried: "Betrayed!" and he strode up and down, his wrath augmenting, till it burst forth anew: "I will kill them both!"

During a week of agony he watched, he spied, he plotted to surprise the guilty pair. When all failed his last resolve came: "I will kill her and him, and then myself! I will be free!"

Full of this thought he entered a saloon to take a cooling draught, for his blood was at fever heat. Mechanically he took up a paper. A story caught his eye: "Fatal Love!"

The hero thus wrote to his mistress:

"Adored One—Speak not of the air you breathe, the water you taste or the food you partake of; the humming of the fly that buzzes around your ears of the longdrawn notes of your canary, of the fond looks of your lapdog. I am jealous of all; of all, I say, even of your husband.

Philip was astounded. Here was an evident reply to the letter which he found in his wife's drawer. No doctrine of chances could bring together such expressions in two unconnected letters. The mystery was solved. She had fallen in love with some strywriter, and they had concocted this original method of carrying on a correspondence. The fatal letter was sealed! He rushed to the office of the paper and demanded the editor.

As he entered the sanctum the editor looked up with the furious expression of a tiger.

"What is the matter with Philip Campbell?"

A smile crept over the editor's face.

"There is an unfamous article in your last paper, sir!"

A second smile.

"Do you know the author of this story, 'Fatal Love?'

Again a smile, gradually extending over the face.

"You mock me, sir!"

"No, my dear sir," said the editor at last; "on the contrary, take my advice. The guilty author, as you style the editor, was here just now, and I have no doubt is now entering your house—"

"Sir, are you a married man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then, sir, your conduct is infamous!" exclaimed poor Campbell, as he rushed out, eager now only to reach his home before the scoundrel could escape him.

Like a bombshell he burst into his wife's room. It was tenantless. He searched every nook and corner. While he was exploring the wardrobe, seeking the destroyer of his peace amid the shirts, hoops, dresses, he heard a door open, busy steps, chairs move and a voice that he recognised as his wife's:

"I am transported, my beloved, with joy and happiness. The world possesses, then, one heart that beats in unison with my own—one mind that feels as I do—one being, in a word, homogeneous with my own. But is not this one of these illusions that vanish and leave no refuge but death! Oh, my beloved, do you love me?"

Philip was livid with rage, his fists clenched, the perspiration rolled down his face. A voice replied:

"To love thee is to die, this is all my thought, oh, life of my soul!"

Unable to contain himself, he burst into the room. Hortense was alone, seated at her table, writing. As he entered, she exclaimed, calmly:

"Oh, is that you, Philip?"

Philip, unable to find words in the furniture, the curtains, the window, the ceiling.

"What are you looking for, Philip?"

"I am looking for the one who called you the life of his soul," was the melodramatic answer.

"Oh, life of my soul!" repeated Hortense in the voice which she had heard.

"What! Was that you?"

She burst out laughing.

"Of course it was me. When I write a story I always use a common and contralto for the two characters, and speak it all; and if ever you write a story, Philip, try it. You don't know how much better your dialogue is."

Poor fellow, he has her secret, and curses it. She makes him copy sometimes for her; she says that he understands her stories better, and makes him her man of business. How happy he was before he knew he had a literary wife!

WARD'S FREEDMAN.

The Freedman, of which we gave an illustration in our last number, deserves a description. It is a statuette representing a negro escaped from bondage, resting in the forest. He has thrown down a stump of a tree. Listening and on the alert, his free right hand grasps the broken musket, the only weapon in his possession, but from his powerful frame and determined expression it might prove a terrible weapon to those who might pursue him. With a slight expression of fear in his face, there is a look of hope in his countenance, and manly determination in his whole person.

Expression in the statue fully compensates for the absence of clothing and drapery.

The whole treatment of this figure is large, bold, and masterly in the extreme, and is a perfect study of the negro as Ward's Indian Hunter is of as red man of America.

Avoid the Doctor.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune visited a lunatic asylum, where the treatment consisted chiefly in forcing the patients to stand in the cold water or those slightly shrouded up to the knees; others, whose case were graver, up to the middle; while persons very violent were plunged entirely under the water. The visitor entered into conversation with one of the patients, who seemed to have some curiosity to know how the establishment was kept, and asked:

"I have horses and greyhounds for coursing," said the latter, in answer to the question.

"Ah! they are very expensive."

"Yes, they cost me a great deal of money in the year; but they are the best of their kind."

"Have you anything more?"

"I have a pack of hounds for hunting the fox."

"And they cost a great deal too?"

"A great deal. And I have birds for hawking."

"And a great hunting horn. And these swell up the expense, I dreamy?"

"Yes, they do; but for they are not common in this country. And then I sometimes go out with my gun, accompanied by a keeper and a retriever."

"And these are expensive, too."

"Yes, they are; but I find the animals of themselves that run away with the money; there must be 400 or 500 of them, and besides my horses, houses to lodge them in—in short the whole sporting establishment."

"I see, I see! You have horses, hounds, setters, retrievers, hawks, and hunting horn, carriages of races and birds. What an enormous revenue they must cost you! Say, by what I know to be thirty—what return do they pay? What does your property produce you?"

"Why, we kill a fox now and then—only they are very rarely caught—and we have hawks and the big lion the fifty brace of birds each season."

"Eh? Oh! I mean your property, landed property around him. "My friend"—in an earnest whisper—"there is but one way to get rid of them. Get out of this—die you are sane. Don't let the coolest git him. Don't let him know that you are sane. Don't let him see that you are a living man, he will drown you!"

The visitor was astounded. He looked around on. Perhaps he thought that he was as mad as the inmate of the asylum.

A LUNG PROTECTOR.—A very absurd fashion requires men, while wearing four to eight thicknesses of cloth around most of the upper part of the body, to have an opening in front to allow the lungs for the display of their white linen bosoms and gold studs, if they have them. This fresh fashion is not confined to the cities, but every part that should be most carefully guarded from changes of temperature, for the lungs to be just below the throat, are exposed, as we cannot compel the correction of the fashions by anything but ridicule, which is now our standard, which has, to our certain knowledge, proved efficacious in several instances. It is a species of self-defence (sometimes real. Chem—a shift, but usually a scapegoat, imposition) which we could almost everywhere for 20 to 30 cents per skin. From the smaller end of the skin cut off a piece; the rest of the skin may be used for cleaning carriages, windows, silver, etc. Put strings on each corner, to fasten it around the neck and waist. This kind of leather is so open that one can blow a fly out through it, and on this account it is valuable to shut out cold and at the same time permit the perspiration. Those who have worn this article will be pleased with it. Those who have not should have the same as flannel, except that the suds and flannel-water should not be quite so hot as for flannel.



RECRUITING FOR THE WAR—SCENE AT THE RECRUITING TENTS IN THE PARK, NEW YORK.

ONLY A CHILD'S GRAVE.

It is only the form of a heaped-up sod,
And some words in a sculptured wreath,
That tell of a soul gone home to God,
While the rest lies underneath.
It is only the grave of a little child;
A shred on the sea of Time;
A spot over which the winds run wild,
And clothe it with frosty rime.

But I, who stood in this very place,
One sultry summer's day,
Beheld a mother, with whitened face,
Bend over her baby's clay.
Bend down till she clasped the tiny shell,
With all its polish and sheen,
Close up to her snow-white bosom's swell,
Her marble arms between.

I know of a home not far away,
Where peace and plenty abounds,
But the light went out one summer's day,
From the beautiful house and grounds.
There were little feet that pattered about,
Now still in the sleep of death,
And the walls that rang a childish shout
Scarce echo a passing breath.

I know of a drawer in an ebony frame,
Wherein there is hoarded wealth;
Where every day comes a stately dame
To kneel and to weep by stealth.
Her wealth is a half-worn suit of blue,
Some books and a broken toy,
A velvet cap and a little shoe,
And the picture of her boy.

For these—she would give her gems and gold,
Would barter her house and lands,
For these—were they to be bought and sold,
She would work with her delicate hands.
One half of her heart lies here in his grave,
The other is out with the world,
Playing a part as callous as brave,
Till the scroll of her life is unfurled.



Aye! it is only the grave of a child,
Some sods o'er a sinless form.
Could it be by prayer from Death beguiled,
Could it be by love made warm,
The winds would wander around this spot,
And the frost erect its whitened crest,
But the frost and winds would find it not,
For the babe would be on its mother's breast.

CROSS PURPOSES.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, Kate, here are my orders at last; to-morrow night I must start for Washington!" exclaimed my brother, entering the room and throwing an official-looking document into my lap, as I sat with a book, half-buried in the warm embrace of an easy-chair.

"Oh, Frank!" said I, starting up; "must you go so soon? Why you have scarcely recovered your strength yet, and I am sure it is not safe to resume your duties."

"Yes, little sister," said my brother, probably alluding to my short stature, for I was two years his senior, "yes. I have been already allowed only too much favor, and I must not abuse it; besides, I have been promoted, and am now on Gen. B——'s staff, as you will see by my orders," he added, pointing to the packet.

"What of that, Frank?" I exclaimed, sadly. "That may gratify your ambition, but it will be poor consolation for us when you are gone;" and the tears would rise in my eyes when I thought of the desolate home it would be without him, although as a soldier's daughter and a soldier's sister I felt ashamed of murmuring against that which I knew was his duty.

"Come, Kate," said he, kissing me, "don't be low-spirited, but try to cheer up mother; she will need you more than ever; besides, dear little woman, we have no time just now to waste, for I have a host of things to do, and you must help me. You know, after receiving these orders, I ought to start as soon as possible, and to-morrow is the latest I can remain."



THE LATE REV. WM. STARR KING, OF SAN FRANCISCO.

"Yes, Frank, I know; let us begin now," said I jumping up. "You go and tell mother, and I will begin to pack up for you."

Poor Frank! I knew that the few things an officer required were soon arranged, and saw through his little ruse to get me employed and thus banish sad thoughts. But I did not wish to make him gloomy too, so I packed away vigorously, and even found time to go with him and bid good-bye to our nearest friends and relatives, who had petted and overwhelmed with kindness our young soldier while he had the fever.

But for all that it was a sad day, and the thought would constantly intrude that it was his last at home, hard as I tried to drive it away for his sake. Poor mother, too, bore up bravely; but at last Frank and I persuaded her to retire when midnight came and the last visitor had said good-bye and departed, for we feared her weak frame would be worn out by the unusual excitement.

Then Frank and I sat down by the fire to have one more cosy, confidential chat before we parted; but although that was our avowed intention, still words dropped out slowly, and we sat long gazing at the glowing coals, holding that silent heart-communion which can only exist between those that love each other dearly.

Then Frank, starting up, paced thoughtfully up and down the room several times, as if endeavoring to make up his mind on some point. At last he stopped by my chair:

"Kate," said he, in a low voice, "there is something I want to tell you before I go." Here he paused, walked towards the gasburner and deliberately turned off the light. "I always feel more confidential in the dark," said he, with a short laugh, resuming his seat at my side; "and, besides, the firelight is much pleasanter than that glare; isn't it, Katie?"

"Yes, Frank." Then, after a reasonable pause, "But what were you going to tell me?"

He started from the brown study into which he had fallen:

"I was thinking how I should begin, Kate, for I have never spoken of it before, and would not now, were it not for the uncertainty of a soldier's fate. Do not think I have any foolish presentiment," he continued, laying his hand on mine, "which if it were unmanly in one of my profession to indulge; yet none of us can tell what may happen, and I would like to tell you this, although it is a foolish thing, and perhaps were better buried with me should I fall."

"Hush, Frank!" I exclaimed. "I cannot bear to hear you speak so."

"Nonsense, Kate! I shall not die any the sooner for it; but now, open your little ears and you shall hear the mighty secret. But, first, let me ask you a question: Did you ever see Fanny Somers?"

"What, the heiress? Yes. Don't you remember, two years ago, while you were still a cadet at West Point, we were at the hotel at the same time, only I left two days after her arrival, and she spent several weeks there, I believe——"



Seeking for Specimens of Seaweed.

"She passed the whole summer," interrupted Frank, in a low voice.

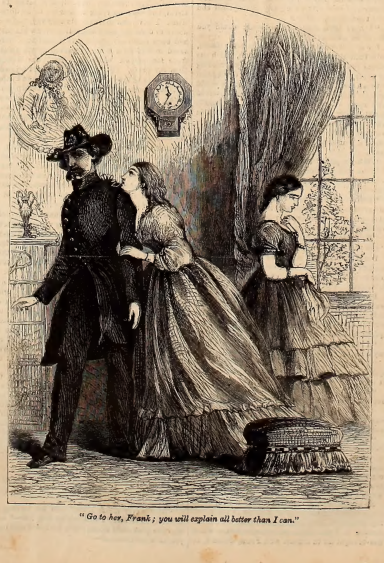
"Well?" I asked, rather impatiently. "What has she to do with what you were going to tell me?"

"It is about her that I am going to speak, Katie. You saw her, and you must have remarked her beauty."

"Indeed, Frank," I interrupted, "I only caught a glimpse of her at table once or twice, and I have forgotten what she looked like."

"She is lovely, Kate. But her beauty is not her chief charm; it is her sweet disposition, her true, noble heart, unspoiled by flattery or adulation. At first I judged her as superficially as you have done, and was determined to avoid her (for I always detested belles and had a mortal horror of heiresses), so that I could laugh and jest about her to the crowd of fellows that, attracted by her wealth, beauty and wit, never penetrated to the depths of the soul that lay beneath. So for several weeks our intercourse was of the most formal kind, until one evening her cousin, Fred Lane, came to me, and saying that he had been suddenly attacked with a dreadful sick headache, begged me, as I was going to the hotel, to make his apologies to his cousin, whom he had engaged to take to the evening band-practice, in front of the Superintendent's quarters.

'Tell Fanny,' said he, 'that I am dreadfully disappointed, and nothing but this confounded hard headache would make me give it up, for she is so surrounded that I have hardly had a chance to speak to her since she has been here; and say, Frank,' he continued, as I was turning away, 'why don't you take her yourself, if you have no other engagement? She is a real nice girl, and I am sure you would like her.' 'I do not doubt it,' I replied; 'but I expect Miss Somers will have half a dozen of her admirers, at least, ready and anxious to accompany her, and who have better claims.' 'Nonsense!' interrupted Fred. 'She doesn't care a snap for any of them; but I wish you would start off and not bother me with all your doubts when I have such a splitting headache!' and I am afraid the generally good-natured Fred swore a little bit as he left me, with both hands pressed to his forehead.



"Go to her, Frank; you will explain all better than I can."

"There was no help for it, I had to go; and so started off with rather a bad grace, hoping, from the bottom of my heart, that Miss Fanny had become tired of waiting for her cousin and gone off with some one else. The hotel I found nearly empty, all the young people having been tempted by the lovely moonlight and the strains of music, which were now floating across the plain, to leave the glaring and heated parlors, which were now occupied solely by a few gossiping old ladies. I soughtevery where for Miss Somers, and at last found her with her mother seated in one corner of the piazza, and, to a wonder, unattended by a single cadet or officer. As I approached she started up, exclaiming, 'Well, Fred, you have—then stopping short as she discovered her mistake, she was about to explain it, I suppose, when I began, in a very formal manner, to deliver her cousin's message, and was of course obliged to conclude by offering my services as escort to both the ladies. Fanny looked pleased, and her mother surprised, as I included her in the invitation; but the latter declined, and so we started off alone on our romantic stroll.

"At first I said but little, though Fanny had such a prodigious flow of her own that interested one in spite of himself, that, contrary to my resolutions to be distant and reserved, I found myself soon drawn into an animated discussion of a far more intellectual character than young ladies generally indulge in; and before 'tattoo' sounded I had actually engaged her to take a walk with me the following morning, and was forced to acknowledge to myself that I was very much pleased when she accepted; though afterwards, on my way toward camp, while enduring the jests and jeers of my comrades for being let last caught in the golden net of the heiress, I reproached myself for my own folly, and vowed that, our walk once over, I would again restrict our intercourse to the cold formality of a distant bow when we met. But it was not to be so; for walk with her made it harder to put my resolution into practice, and in spite of all my struggles, during which I summoned some sweet going to the head for days together, when we again met she would, by her frank, friendly greeting and bright smile attract me to her side. And Fanny, I think, did feel some regard for me at first, as I could not help seeing that she preferred my society to that of others. But that was only a mother fit of repentance, which lasted longer than usual, as I did not go near the hotel for three days, she seemed to have changed, and received me with evident contrariety, when carefully checked all further advances on my part; so that, from being excellent friends, we became almost as formal and indifferent as strangers; only, as I have hinted before, I was not quite sure that something in my face must have awakened in her a suspicion of my feelings, hard as I struggled to appear calm and cold, for she gave me a strange, startled glance, and then, as she turned away, I noticed that her eyes were full of tears. Still," added Frank, mournfully, "that was small consolation to me, for few young girls can leave the fascinations of West Point without some display of feeling, and I made so many friends!"

"But, Frank," I exclaimed, eagerly, "I think from all you have told me that she cares a great deal for you; her reserve at the last was probably only caused by the idea that you avoided her society. You may depend upon it, Frank, we shall yet see you married to Fanny Somers."

"Never, Kate!" said Frank, firmly. "Even could I win her affection, do you think I would ever ask one to share my fortune up in the midst of barracks, to share the hard lot of a soldier with little besides his pay?"

"Oh! Frank," I cried. "do not sacrifice your happiness to a feeling of false pride."

"Kate, it is useless to argue the question; my mind is made up; only should I fail, will you give her this letter?" he said, taking one from his pocket, "and in no other case—you must promise me."

"And now, Kate," said Frank, after I had given the required promise, "we will bury this subject for evermore between us; it never should have been alluded to at all, only I wanted to unburden my mind to you before saying good-bye—so good-night," he added, kissing me affectionately; "go to bed and sleep soundly, so that you may get up bright and fresh to see me off to-morrow morning."

CHAPTER II.

THE house was lonely enough after Frank's departure, and although we heard constantly from him, we both felt a feeling great anxiety on his account. While if, by any accident, the letters were delayed a day or two, we experienced the greatest misery, which each endeavored, most ineffectually, to conceal from the other.

At last my mother, whose health was always delicate, began to show signs of debility, occasioned both by anxiety and the approach of the warm weather, so that the doctor recommended change of air. She resisted all his arguments until June had nearly worn away, and then, under the influence of extreme weakness, at last yielded to my entreaties to leave town and renew her strength in the purer air of the country. So taking instant advantage of her consent I packed our trunks, and in three days time were settled in our new quarters at a quiet seaside resort, taking particular pains to select a place where the mails could be regularly transmitted to us.

The first morning after our arrival, as I descended to the breakfast table, I, of course, watched curiously all the persons who dropped in from time to time, with all the interest one naturally feels in the inmates of the same house with one's self. They were all total strangers, and with two exceptions, seemed very plain, quiet, common-place sort of people. The exceptions were an old gentleman and his wife who sat opposite to me, and who, without having anything remarkable in their appearance, bore the unmistakable marks of good-breeding and refinement.

Presently they were joined by a young girl in deep mourning, who soon riveted my attention, for I was sure I had seen her at some period of my life before. Besides, her face was one that would attract notice anywhere, for without being regularly beautiful it had such a pure outline, and shone all such a sweet expression, that I felt sure her character must be as lovely as her face. She was slightly pale, but of that pure whiteness which, when warmed by exercise or excitement into color, is so delicately beautiful. Then the abundant, soft brown hair, drawn in rippling waves from the pure intellectual brow, the long, expressive, gray eyes, with their long lashes; the sweet mouth, disclosing, when she smiled, the whitest teeth in the world; all had a charm which caused me to prolong my gaze almost to the verge of rudeness.

At last the young lady noticed it, and then, though I exerted my every faculty, could remark with that power we have of seeing one thing when apparently looking at another, that her face were at first a puzzled look, as if she had seen something familiar in my countenance; and then she suddenly dropped her eyes, while a faint color dawned in her cheek, gradually deepening, until the lady next her exclaimed:

"Why, Fanny, how warm you look! shall you unbutton or raise the window back of you?"

"No, I thank you, aunt Helen," she answered, rising rather hastily from her chair. "I have finished my breakfast and am anxious to send off a letter before the mail is closed."

So saying she left the room, and I did not linger long after her departure.

The moment she left, after leaving my mother in a sound sleep, which her weakness often required, and with our faithful maid within call, I donned my bonnet and shawl, and started out, which, as I walked for some distance and then sat down to watch the breakers which came booming into the shore, and soon became lost in reverie, on the top of the waves, which one after another washed over the sand nearly to my feet and then swept away in the receding tide, I was not aware of the passage of time until startled by a voice at my side saying: "I have rescued your hat, which the waves were carrying off, and also your parasol, which, in your fright, had carelessly thrown off and which, having been blown to a little distance, was forgotten by me in my precipitation, and which I ran out to me, its pretty plume dripping with sea water.

"I do not think it is spoiled," said the owner of the voice, who was no other than the young girl, as I hid seen at breakfast. "Sea water does not improve feathers, certainly, but if you shake it until it is dry it may not be injured."

"I am sure you have taken me so much trouble," said I, warmly, "and it was exceedingly careless in me to allow it to drift off in that manner."

"Indeed all; I was quite fascinated by the fascination which bound you; why, the first day after we came here I sat almost in this very spot, so lost in the beauty of the scene that I never noticed you came in with a dash and wetted me all over; so that I went home in a sorry plight," she continued, laughing at the recollection, "and was scolded roundly when she saw me that I must have narrowly escaped drowning."

Then I shook and I risen and was slowly walking with her in the direction of the hotel. She carried a little tin pail in her hand, which doubtless I had noticed before more curiously, she opened and held towards me, saying:

"I have been gathering seaweed; would you like to see some of the specimens I have?"

I was delighted with these delicate sea plants, with their tiny fibres and bright tints, which she offered to show me how to preserve, by pressing on paper; and also directed me how to distinguish between the fine and coarse kinds, for one would scarcely think that the little brown lumps, mixed with grasses, which were strewed upon the beach, would display such delicate beauty when placed in water. We had gathered several clusters, and she was just about picking up a few more specimens, when a receding wave washed it beyond her reach.

"What a pity!" she exclaimed, turning to me. "It was the prettiest one I have seen, but that provoking wave carried it off just as I was about to pick it up."

"I will set it for you," I cried, anxious to show my gratitude for her kindness to me, so I recklessly plunged after the seaweed, regardless of the advancing wave which threatened to overtake me.

"Stay, Miss Emerson," called the young lady, "you will only get your feet wet."

But I had already seized the prize and bore it back to the beach, although the sea punished my presumption by washing over my heels as I turned to it.

I had presented my offering and we resumed our walk, when I suddenly remembered that the young lady had addressed me as Miss, and could not resist the desire to find out how she had become acquainted with it.

"I have not you before," she said, in reply to my question, "and I seldom forget faces."

"I was sure I had met you somewhere," I exclaimed, eagerly, "but I cannot remember where it was."

"It was at West Point, two summers ago," she replied, in rather a reserved manner.

"Oh, yes, I recollect now," I exclaimed, as a sudden light dawned upon my mind, "and your name is Nora."

"Fanny Somers," she interrupted, laughing gaily and blushing a little too; "and now, Miss Emerson, our introduction is complete, so you will, for one, am very happy to have the prospect of becoming better acquainted with you, and hope, if you are willing, that this may not be the last of our walks together."

So saying we reached the hotel, where, with many mutual expressions of pleasure at the meeting, we parted, and I returned to my mother's room musing, as I went, upon the strange chance which had brought me in contact with Fanny Somers, so soon after hearing my brother's strange revelation regarding her, and wondering if her quiet remembrance of my face had anything to do with him. However, one thing I resolved upon, and that was to say nothing of the meeting in my letters to Frank, at least for the present; for I knew that, implicitly as he trusted me, his pride might take the alarm, lest in my anxiety anxiety to serve him I should misadvertently betray his secret.

CHAPTER III.

WEEKS passed by, and Fanny and I became constant companions; our acquaintance fast ripening into a friendship; while my mother also took much pleasure in the society of Miss Somers's aunt and cousin, and Mrs. Cooper. Fanny never spoke of my brother unless I introduced the subject, but always appeared interested, when I quoted from his letters or alluded to him in any way.

At length, one day in August, a letter arrived from him which embarrassed me considerably as to the course I should pursue.

It stated that he had obtained a twenty days' leave of absence, and would be with us in a week's time. Of course I was delighted at the idea of seeing him again, but my courage ebbed rather low when I thought of his reproaches at the deception, and the unpardonable reserve I had maintained, with regard to Miss Somers; while doubts of what he would think, should she discover I had never mentioned to him one word whom I was so constantly, arose in my mind. Yet still I did not speak of his coming to her, withheld by a feeling for which I could scarcely account even to myself, unless it was a vague desire to let events take their chance without my intervention. But Frank must be told, I knew that much, and whether to do it by letter, or wait for his arrival I was puzzled to decide.

I finally decided over the matter, and trying to make up my mind, late one night, after we had retired to bed, and my mother was already in a sound sleep, when I heard a strange bustle in the usually quiet house, and presently footsteps approached along the corridor, and a gentle tap was heard at my door. I immediately sprang up, and hastily on a wrapper, opened it, almost expecting to see my brother's face, but it was only Julia, our maid.

"Miss Kate," she said, hurriedly, but in a low tone, "a fire has broken out in the kitchen, and Mr. Monro said that all the boarders had better be startled, although he was sure there is not very great, so I thought I would come myself, for fear that any one else might give Mrs. Emerson a fright."

"That was right, Julia," I said, proceeding gently to arouse my mother, and explain to her what had happened, for I could see by the alarm on than I feared, so with Julia's aid I dressed her, and requesting her to wait for me in the public parlor below, in addition to the guidance of the maid, and commenced packing up our most valuable things, in case their removal should be necessary.

Having completed this I took in my arms a jewel-box, containing our ornaments, also my little writing-desk, in which I packed in rejoin my mother. The boarders had already taken the alarm, and were hurrying to and fro in all directions in the passages and the main stairway, and was about to descend, when stumbling over a box that had been carelessly placed on the landing, I only saved myself from falling by grasping the balustrade for support, and both the boxes slipped from my grasp. The jewel-box was not injured, but the look of my writing-desk was broken by the fall, and two or three letters and papers and papers which had flown in all directions when I was stopped by the proprietor coming upstairs, who told me that the fire was entirely extinguished, and that we might retire to our rooms, feeling perfectly safe.

Quickly gathering up the remaining letters, I hastened to the parlor, to inform my mother of the good news; but the energy which had sustained me during the immediate apprehension of danger forsook her when all cause of alarm was over, and I could see that she felt much exhausted, as I assisted her back to her room.

The next morning she was confined to her bed, and for several days required my constant attention, so that I was only able to see Fanny Somers for a few minutes each day. The day before Frank was expected her aunt informed me that she was confined to her room with a severe headache.

"The fact is, Miss Emerson," said the kind old lady, stopping at my door after paying a brief visit to my mother, "Fanny's sickness is more of the mind than body, and although her spirits have greatly improved since she has been so much with you, she still grieves for her mother, and at times gives way to a fit of depression, and no wonder, poor thing!" she continued, wiping away a tear from her eye, "for she has no one but us left."

That night, much to our joy, Frank arrived. Of course we had a great deal to say to each other, and my mother declared that joy had made her feel so strong and well that she would not retire until we did. So it was not until after he had bade good-night, and I on some trifling pretense slipped out of the room after him, that I could whisper whom he would see on the morrow. He, however, our introduction is complete, so you will, for one, am very happy to have the prospect of becoming better acquainted with you, and hope, if you are willing, that this may not be the last of our walks together."

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"Oh no, Frank, not a word," I interrupted eagerly; "you surely would not doubt me!"

"It was not your honor I doubted, Kate; but I feared, in your desire to serve my interests, you might have said or done someth ng to betray my secret"

"No, Frank, I assure you I have not; she does not even know of your coming."

"Very well, I trust you," said he, leaving me, as mother's voice was heard calling for me.

The next morning I was hardly dressed before I heard him in the room next to mine.

"Go in our little sitting-room, Frank," said I, peeping at him through the crack, "and I will be there presently."

"Kate," said he, when in a few minutes I rejoined him, "I wish you would give me back that letter I have concluded to destroy it."

"Well, Frank, if you wish it," I said, meekly, knowing that when he spoke in that decided tone remonstrance was useless; so producing my desk from the drawer in which I kept it, I searched in the package where I knew I had placed the letter, but it was not there. With a feeling of terror at my heart, I looked through the desk, while Frank watched me anxiously, but could not find it. I tossed over everything in the table drawer, looked under the table, and then researched the desk in a state of perfect desperation.

"You surely have not lost it, Kate!" exclaimed Frank, in a dreadful tone.

"Oh, Frank," I cried, perfectly heartsick, "I am afraid—on the night of the fire—"

"What, Kate, Kate!" he said, seizing my wrist, evidently unconscious how powerful was his grasp.

"I was going downstairs," I faltered, "when the desk slipped from my arms, and all the letters fell out; but perhaps one of the waiters picked it up," I exclaimed, as a ray of hope darted across my mind.

But Frank heeded me not, he sat with his face buried in his hands, and I did not dare to address him until I thought of mother.

"Frank," I whispered, "for heaven's sake do not alarm mother with your anxiety all she knows—"

"You are right, Kate," said he, by a strong effort, forcing a smile as mother entered the room.

"Hi-Cam, mother," he said airily greeting us, "you see I have made a grand toilet for this great occasion, so let us go to breakfast, and astonish the quiet people of the house by showing off our handsome young captain; and let me tell you, Frank," continued poor mother, never dreaming that a terrible secret she was touching upon, "there is a very pretty young lady who sat just opposite to us—a Miss Somers; perhaps you have heard of her?"

Frank winced, but I managed to reply for him, and divert mother's attention from him, as we entered the breakfast-room. I am sure that my heart beat almost as fast as Frank's as he shook Fanny at her accustomed place, and remembered that she knew nothing of his arrival. Her eyes were directed to the door as we entered, but I saw her start and turn pale as they rested on Frank; but when we had reached our seats she returned my brother's salutation with a coldness that pained me, until I reflected that perhaps it might be assumed to hide a deeper feeling. He, too, was calm and self-possessed; but I could see by his paleness, and by the clenched hand that lay upon his knee, what a struggle it cost him. Then the thought of the missing letter returned to my mind, and acting upon the impulse of the moment, I turned to the waiter who was handing me my coffee:

"Patrick," I said, in a low tone, "do you know if any of the waiters have picked up a letter that was lost the night of the fire?"

"Yes, miss," he answered quite loudly, "I found one under the staircase the day before yesterday, and took it to Mr. Monro; but he said Miss Somer's's name was on it, and sent it to her."

Heavens! what a situation. Fanny had overheard him. I looked across the room at once, but I thought she would faint, then murmuring something about not feeling very well to her aunt, who, taking to be the cause of her illness what she had noticed us, she swiftly left the room. I looked at my side for Frank, but he had also gone, while I in my agitation had not noticed his departure; so that I was left alone to make excuses and explain his sudden absence to my mother as best I might, while my own mind was filled with the most unenviable that can possibly be imagined. Fortunately, after breakfast the two ladies, who, strange to say, had noticed nothing remarkable in all this, went to the public parlor to have a quiet chat together; while I, only too glad to escape, rushed to our own sitting-room to try and arrange my ideas in the best order if possible what course to pursue in this embarrassing state of affairs. I had hardly been there five minutes, when I heard a hand knock at the door, and I opened it to behold poor Fanny Somers, pale and trembling with agitation, holding in her hand the missing letter.

"Here, Kate," she whispered, glancing over my shoulder into the room.

"Yes, quite alone; come in, Fanny," said I, taking her hand, which I felt as cold as death, and pushing forward a chair, I locked the door leading into the hall, for I was sure she would not wish to be interrupted.

"Here, Kate," said Fanny, holding out the letter to me, while she covered her eyes with her other hand, "give this to your brother, and tell him I did not understand until—that all shall be—oh, Kate," she exclaimed, interrupting herself, and sobbing as I sat down by her side and took her hand, "you are his sister, I know, but as a woman you must feel how dreadful, how mortifying it is!"

And the poor girl, burying her face in her hands, gave way to a burst of feeling that I did not attempt to check.

At length she started from her seat, and going

to the window seemed trying to control her agitation, when the door leading into my mother's room, which I had neglected to fasten, suddenly opened, and Frank appeared.

Startled as I was, I could scarcely avoid smiling at the strange chance which seemed destined to bring them together. Fanny looked round as the door opened, and seemed at first inclined to escape, then concealed her face to hide the burning blush which overspread it.

As to Frank, he seemed rooted to the floor, but would probably have rushed off the next moment had I not felt that the time for my intervention had now come, and I might yet repair the injury I had done. So going towards him, I took his hand, and whispering,

"Go to her, Frank; you will explain all better than I can,"

I immediately retreated, leaving them alone together.

What happened I know not; but this I do know, that about an hour afterwards Frank called me out of mother's room, where I was reading to her, for the sole purpose that I could see of giving me a prolonged hug, and calling me "the best little sister in the world." However, I drew my own conclusions therefrom; and you, kind reader, may do the same.

LOST.

BY HARRY WARING.

Through the huge dykes man's skill and patience rear,
To bar encroaching waters from the land,
The trickling drops their devious pathway steer,
Till the rough sea has burst the weakened sand.

And so the firm wall that I strove to raise
To-night has fallen—pierced through by a tear;
And all the tender thoughts of other days
Flood through my soul, as when thou once wert near.

Yet ever rolls between us a vast wave—
A fatal gulf no hope has ever crossed;
While on its brink I stand as on a grave,
And vainly gazing, mourn my treasure lost!

Aye! lost the gentle grace—the winning art—
The true devotion—all that makes the wife;
Fair as an angel to the trusting heart,
Gone! and O God! how desolate is life!

Oh! cruel Fate, that would not let me twine
The orange blossoms in thy tresses' zone;
Yet bade me bend before Ambition's shrine,
And strive to win the laurel for my own.

The laurel! like a draught from Lethe's cup,
One word can banish all the gloomy past;
Swell the worn soul with buoyant dreams of hope,
And raise fair gardens in the desert vast.

Now I will build my guardian wall anew,
So strong, that all save Death it may defy;
Then, through its crumbling wreck, perchance I'll view
My long lost Pleiad in the distant sky.

AN HOUR WITH AN ELK.

In the autumn of 1858 I had occasion to cross the Sierra Nevada, by Noble's pass. Our party consisted of about twenty, and up to the time of which I am about to speak we had known but little stirring adventure, unless a chase after a grizzly and a run in pursuit of some miserable, thieving Diggers might be so called.

It was a clear, frosty morning, on the 1st of November, just at sunrise. I knew that we were short of meat, and I determined to take a run from camp and see if I could not pick up a little something for breakfast even though it was only a few grouse or a hare. We had no intention of breaking camp for an hour or two, and that would give me plenty of time. With this idea I mounted, and was away.

I think I had ridden somewhat over two miles without seeing anything worth powder and shot, when my attention was drawn to the appearance of the ground over which I was passing. It was fairly torn and dug into holes, as though a parcel of ravenous hogs had gone over it within a few minutes past, for the soil turned up was not yet in the least dried; and I might have imagined a drove of those animals to have been there, notwithstanding the unlikelihood of the thing, had I not observed that here and there the bark of the trees about had been freshly knocked off at a height beyond the porcine reach. I had stopped my horse to look at these marks, and had but at that instant made up my mind that they must have been produced by animals fighting, when I heard a heavy sough, something between a bellow and a grunt, not very far away.

I cocked my rifle and rode in the direction of the sound, and had scarcely gone twenty yards when I emerged from the trees, and saw the open country stretching away for miles before me, while just out of the opening was a sight that for a moment made my heart jump with the natural excitement of the hunter. It was that of two enormous bull elks, engaged in a most desperate battle. They would withdraw for a few yards, and then, with fierce and fiery eyes, come together with a clash that seemed as though it must fracture their skulls. They would press and twist, retreat and advance, and go through all the strategy and study of veteran wrestlers. I stood some minutes in admiration of the pair, and then deliberately rode towards them. I was not afraid of disturbing them in the fight, for I had often heard that a hunter might ride or walk directly upon these animals when they were fighting without being noticed. At all events, if they did see me, and start or turn on me, I was well mounted and felt that I could depend on my mare. Therefore I rode up to within ten yards of the belligerents, and, taking a sure aim, sent a ball whizzing through the head of one, that dropped him instantly; and was about to give the other a taste of the same, for I had with me a Sharp's rifle, but before I could load, even as rapid as the thing is done, my gentleman was away, scouring over the ridge of a near-by hill, as though sudden business had called him, though not without a parting salute from me, which, as I had good reason to regret, missed him.

Then it was I should have loaded again, and, in a very unsportsmanlike manner, neglected it. I was too anxious to secure my meat to think of anything else, and instantly dismounted to tether my mare, and proceed to the cutting up of my animal. Every traveller across the mountains carries at his saddle what is called a trail-rope, for the purpose of staking his horse, that it may graze within a certain circle without straying away. I had fastened one end of my rope to the nearest tree, and was just about to hitch the other to the mare, when she gave a sudden snort, and I raised my eyes to see what for an instant froze my very blood in my veins. It was the other elk coming back! At the moment of my becoming aware of this fact he was within ten yards, and before I could make the slightest movement for defence he he had struck my mare full tilt upon the side, sending her reeling across the field, and for an instant the elk followed her. I had no time for thought, for the mare was on her feet in a moment, and dashing away across the open country. I saw it, and made one spring for the tree, to which I had been trying to tether her, a convulsive spring that carried me above the beast's horns, which in another instant made a dash at its trunk that almost shook me from my hold. How I went up the straight trunk of that whitewood was something marvellous to me, but up I went, and in less time than it takes to tell it sat ensconsed in the first crotch above the ground.

There I had time to review the situation, and the conclusion come to was this. My mare was gone, no doubt retracing its way to camp, and whenever she might report there it would bring out a party in search. The only question then was whether they would be able to find my trail, and so relieve me from the uncomfortable and dangerous situation in which I was placed. My rifle lay unloaded upon the ground beneath the tree, and beside it my hunting-knife, which I had drawn for the purpose of cutting up my meat, while my revolver had gone off with the mare. I sat there and thought of all this, as well as of every story I had ever heard of hunters and travellers treed by grizzlies and other "varmints," until my head was hot, and my hands shook from excitement. The hours went by like years until the sun was high up in the heavens, and yet my sentinel was inexorably on duty, scarce ever depressing his eyes from my perch. I thought of every scheme that could be thought of for getting my rifle, and so settling the point at issue between Mr. Elk and myself, but without evolving anything practical. If the beast would only have retired far enough away from the tree, say a hundred yards, to give me a chance of dropping on my shooting-iron, and taking one chance at a load, I think I could have settled our differences; but he would not, and I was obliged to see the sun go over the line, and yet no rescue.

It must have been about two P. M. when a brilliant thought struck me. If I could only get the trail-rope in my possession I felt that I could make an effort, but how to get it? I thought of going down the trunk, and, getting hold of it with my foot, draw it rapidly up; but that was mere theory, and had to be abandoned. At last an idea came I had a large and strong pin in my vest, which I bent in the form of a hook, and taking off my shirt I tore from it small strip after strip until I had enough to reach to the ground. I now changed my position in the tree, and angled for the rope. It did not take me many minutes to get a bite, and slowly and tremblingly I drew it up.

My object now was to make in the end that I had intended fastening to my mare a slip-noose This was soon done, and I had it dangling down before the nose of Mr. Elk. He looked curiously at the line, and up at the fisher. He smelt it and walked around it, and seemed puzzled to understand the matter, but was not at all timid about it. At last he came directly into the position I wanted him, and with a quiet slip I put the noose over his neck, by holding it open with both arms stretched, and then slowly drew it close. He felt then that something was wrong, and began backing away. As he did so I clung to the rope and drew it tighter, until it was upon his neck with a choke. As soon as he felt this he began to back forcibly away, and I let go, knowing that if the rope was but strong enough the tree would hold him, and his game would be up. Yes, the rope was strong enough! He backed away to its extent, and then, with one or two powerful jerks, that only had the effect of bringing him upon his knees, with his tongue lolling out, was for a moment still and breathless. The work was being done, and I was in no hurry to run any risk by helping it on. Up he came to his feet, only to make one more powerful strain, and, as before, to go down, this time upon his side Now was my time, and I was down in a moment, grasped my hunting-knife, and before he knew what was the matter there was an elk with a well cut throat lying before me, and visions of elk meat chasing through my hungry mind.

I only stopped long enough to cut out my two elk tongues, and then started for camp, which I reached in shorter time than I ever traversed the same distance before, and found them still there. My mare had come in, and two parties had gone out in search, one of which had not yet returned. We brought out packhorses, and even as tired as I was, I started with those who went out to bring in my meat, which we did before sunset, picking up the other party on our return; and that night we had a jolly time over our hunting stories, led off by mine of an Hour with an Elk.

LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT.

The nomination of Gen. Grant as Lieut.-General has been unanimously confirmed by the Senate, and he now holds the highest rank in the Army of the United States. Lieut.-Gen. Grant is a comparatively young man to have attained this high honor, but he has deservedly won it by his bravery, his high military skill, and his invaluable services to his country. The sentiment of the whole country pointed to him as the man whom they wished to see honored with this signal mark of distinction. Gen. Grant was born in Ohio, April 27th, 1822, and he is therefore not quite 42 years of age. Lieut.-General Scott, now on the retired list, still retains his rank. Gen. Scott, however, by his appointment, was only a Lieut.-General by brevet, and Gen. Grant is the only man, except Gen. Washington, who has been honored with the full rank of Lieut.-General in the United States. The bill under which Gen. Grant has been appointed says: "That the President is hereby authorised, whenever he shall deem it expedient, to appoint, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, a Lieut.-General, to be selected from among those officers in the military service not below the grade of Major-General, most distinguished for courage, skill and ability, who, being commissioned as Lieut.-General, shall be authorised, under the direction and during the pleasure of the President, to command the armies of the United States." We have now one responsible military head to which the people can look for the guidance of our armies, and he is worthy of the trust.

REV. THOMAS STARR KING.

The sudden demise of this eloquent preacher at San Francisco, on March 4, after a few days' illness of diphtheria, has cast a gloom over his many and warm friends in the East.

Mr. King was a native of New York city, born on the 26th of Dec., 1824. His father, a distinguished Universalist clergyman, died at Charlestown, Mass., just as his son was about to enter Harvard. His collegiate course thus closed before him, he became a clerk and then a teacher, eagerly looking forward to the day when he might succeed to his father's ministry, and devoted his leisure to the study of theology. He possessed an enthusiastic love of learning, delighted to come in contact with free and original minds, and was eager to make himself acquainted with whatever was novel and significant in the progress of thought and speculation. In the autumn of 1845 he preached his first sermon in the rural village of Woburn, Mass., and in the following year—when scarcely more than 22 years of age—was settled over the Universalist church in Charlestown, of which his father had been pastor. In 1848 he was called to the Hollis street church in Boston. He remained in this post for 12 years, gaining a wide and wholesome influence as a preacher, and delighting the most intelligent circles of society by the freshness and cordiality of his manners, and the racy humor and brilliant narrative of his conversation. During this period he made extensive journeys as a lecturer; became a special favorite with every audience, and acquired a fund of incident and anecdote illustrative of American life, which he knew how to turn to the most effective account in the freedom of social intercourse. He was the author of numerous reviews, occasional pamphlets and magazine articles, besides his elaborate work on the "White Hills," containing a complete and admirable account of the scenery, legends and natural curiosities of that region. In the spring of 1860 he accepted an invitation to assume the pastoral charge of the Unitarian church in San Francisco for a limited period, and retained that position till his death. Mr. King's influence in California was great, and of the most important and valuable character. He completely identified himself with the social interests of that young and plastic State. His simple and forcible eloquence, his genial, glowing temperament, his overflowing good-humor, his sparkling wit, always at hand, and always benignant, and the kindly fervor of his manners gave him ready access to the hearts of the people, and clothed him with a degree of popular favor such as is rarely enjoyed by a public man in any station. Business was nearly suspended, the courts adjourned, the public offices were closed, and the flags on every flagstaff put at half-mast, including those on every church that ever raised a flag.

THE BLOCKADE OF CAPE FEAR RIVER.

The blockading of the coast of North Carolina, with its dangerous, harborless shore is not the most agreeable of the duties of our naval men, and except at Wilmington, where captures keep up enthusiasm, has little to compensate. Cape Fear—as its name implies—has ever been an unwelcome sight to the mariner, and the blockading has been no luxury. We give to-day a sketch of one of these—Bald Head inlet—showing Fort Caswell and the rebel batteries, as well as Smith's island and the Lighthouse. This is the old inlet, so called, there being also another, of which a sketch will be given hereafter. Few vessels attempt to run in here. Folly inlet, five miles south of the fort, offering greater chances, but the wreck-strewn shore proves that the chances are often against the high gamesters of England, who would ruin the Universe to gain two hundred per cent.

THE ATTACK ON FORT GRANT,

Mobile Harbor.

On the 15th Feb. the blockading squadron, which had long been awaiting their advent, beheld the approach of some schooners which proved to be bomb-boats, followed by the Octarora, Sebago, Port Royal and Calhoun.

An attack was immediately made on Fort Grant, to divert the enemy's attention and get all the gunboats down at the fort. The fleet bombarded the fort all day, but did little damage, the mortar-boats not getting the range. The Jackson, which has distinguished itself, sent 20 shell into Fort Grant, but her gun finally burst and she had to draw off.

We have heretofore given a plan of Mobile harbor and a view of the fort. These, with our present sketches, will enable our readers to follow the operations of Farragut, who can now run up to Mobile as he did to New Orleans.

THE LOSS OF THE SLOOP-OF-WAR HOUSATONIC.

Our readers remember the daring but fruitless attempt made by the rebels to destroy the Ironsides in October last. The cigar-shaped steamer escaped, and has since sunk, but on the 18th of February she succeeded in striking the Housatonic, Capt. Pickering, a fine sloop-of-war, exploding her torpedo.

The watch on deck perceiving something floating with the current, which to him resembled a porpoise, reported the same to the officer of the deck, whereupon Capt. Pickering was notified, and he, being suspicious on the subject, immediately gave orders to slip the cable and get under way; which order was put into execution, but all to no purpose, for the rebel propeller torpedo-boat Davis struck her on the starboard quarter, making a most frightful report. The propeller was broken off, the stern was torn to pieces, and the ship sunk rapidly in less than eight minutes from the time the torpedo machine was first seen. The vessel sank in six fathoms of water. The writer says:

"As she began to sink, the most frightful scenes, were witnessed. Men with nothing but their shirts on were seen struggling in the water, officers were trying to get the boats loose, while others were mounting the rigging. Boats were finally unlashed and sent to rescue those in the water."

Two officers and three men were lost. The rest of the officers and crew were saved by clinging to the rigging until rescued by the boats of the fleet.

P. O. Muzzy, captain's clerk, and Mr. Hazelton, ensign, are the officers lost.

The torpedo-boat Davis, commanded by Lieut. Davis, of Mobile, must have perished, as the Charleston papers speak of having only ascertained the cause of the sinking of the Housatonic from captured Yankees. They had previously supposed the vessel had sunk in a storm, and only learnt that the torpedo-boat had been successful ten days after the occurrence.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

What woman is mentioned in Scripture before Eve?
Jenny Sis.

What man is mentioned before Adam?
Chap. 1st.

Two gentlemen of high birth, the one a Spaniard and the other a German, having rendered Maximilian II. many services, they each, for recompense, demanded his natural daughter Helena in marriage. The prince, who entertained equal respect for them both, could not give either the preference; and, after much delay, told them that, from claims they both had to his attention and regard, he could not give his assent to either of them to marry his daughter, and they must decide it by their own prowess and address; but as he did not wish to risk the loss of either, or both, by suffering them to fight with offensive weapons, he had ordered a large bag to be brought, and he who was successful enough to put his rival into it should obtain his daughter. This strange combat between two gentlemen was in the presence of the whole imperial court, and lasted half an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded to the German, Andre Eiberd, Baron of Tetherd, who, when he had got his adversary into the bag, took him on his back and placed him at the Emperor's feet, and on the following day married the beautiful Helena.

A young minister, in a highly elaborate sermon which he preached, said several times, when giving some new exposition on a passage, "The critics and commentators do not agree with me here." Next morning a poor woman came to see him with something in her apron. She said her husband heard his sermon, and thought it was a very fine one; and as he said "The common taters did not agree with him," he had sent some of the very best Jersey blues.

Germany has been quarrelling with Denmark for the last 12 years on the Schleswig-Holstein question, but she now seems determined to settle the point by a "General" Wrangle!

Scene, the church door on Sunday.
Frederick: "There, now, how very provoking! I've left the prayer-books at home!"
Maria: "Well, dear, never mind; but do tell me, is my bonnet straight?"

A clergyman was once sent for in the middle of the night, by one of the ladies of his congregation.

"Well, my good woman," said he, "so you are ill, and require the consolations of religion? What can I do for you?"

"No," replied the old lady, "I am only nervous, and can't sleep."

"How can I help that?" asked the parson.

"Oh, sir, you always put me to sleep so nicely when I go to church, that I thought if you would only preach a little for me!"

The parson "made tracks."

ADVICE FOR THE SEASON.

Shut, shut the door, good friends,
Exclude the winter's blast!
This precept to your finger's ends
Keep till the cold is past.

Shut, shut the door! to each
The requisition's put:
Good friends! Sweet friends! Shut, shut the door!
And then the door'll be shut!"

Queer Papers.—The paper having the largest circulation—the paper of tobacco.
Paper for roughs—Sand paper.
Paper containing many fine points—The paper of needles.
Ruled paper—The French press.
The paper that is full of rows—The paper of pins.
Spiritualist's paper—(W)rapping paper.
Paper illustrated with cuts—Editorial exchanges.
Drawing paper—The dentist's bill.
A taking paper—The Sheriff's warrant.

Popular Definitions.—What is Fashion? Dinners at midnight and headaches in the morning. What is Wit? That peculiar kind of talk that leads to pulling noses and broken heads. What is Joy? To count your money, and find it overrun a hundred pounds. What is Knowledge? To be away from home when people come to borrow books and umbrellas. What is Contentment? To sit in the house and see others stuck in the mud. What is Ambition? A desire to become possessed of a leg and half an eyebrow.

Just as Well to Do it in a Hurry.—Why, you see, when my man came a courtin' me I hadn't the least thought of what he was after—not I. Jobie came to our house one night after dark, and rapped at the door. I opened it, and sure enough there stood Jobie right before my face and eyes.

"Come in" sez I, and take a cheer.

"No, Lizzie," says he, "I've come on an arrant, and I always do my arrants fust."

"But you better come in and take a cheer, Mr. W——"

"No, I can't. The fact is, Lizzie, I'm on this courtin' business. My wife has been dead this three weeks, an' everything's going to rack an' ruin right straight along. Now, Lizzie, if you've a mind to hev me, an' take care of my house, an' my children, an' things, tell me, and I'll come in an' take a cheer; if not, I'll go some one else to."

Why, I was skeered, and said: "If you come on this courtin' business, come in; I must think on't a little."

"No; I can't till I know. That's my arrant—an' I can't sit down till my arrant's done."

"I should like to think on't a day or two."

"No, you needn't, Lizzie"

"Well, Jobie, if I must—so here's to you then"

So Mr. W—— came in. Then he went after the Squire and he married us right off, and I went home with Jobie that very night. I tell you what it is, these long courtin's don't amount to nothing at all. Just as well do it in a hurry.

A lass! a lass! exclaimed an old bachelor who wanted to marry. Alas! alas! he cried, after he had been married awhile.

Marriage is designated by some people as a "bridle," because it generally puts a curb upon some.

An Ohio paper says: "Some say there are but two sexes, the male and female; but you have only to get into Massachusetts to find a Middlesex."

The man who courted an investigation says it isn't half so good as an affectionate girl. We presume not.



LIEUT.-GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT, U. S. A.



FIFTY.

BY HELEN WARNER.

Where are the charmers I knew
When the violets of youth were glowing?
All like the dreams of youth,
Some gone—while others are going.

Where is Rachie, so merry and gay,
With cheeks like the first blush of morning;
Alas! where the tiny grave
A marble shaft are adorning.

And Rose, of the waving curls,
Whose wit and mirth were our glory;
Angels of fifty claw
The veil o'er her end, sad story.

Alice, slight, pensive and fair,
Was treated my suit with disdain,
Weigh'd over two hundred—thank Fate
I knelt to that mountain in vain!

Her children—unmannerly boys—
(I called there last week), with a pistol
One planted a ball in my hat,
While the baby smashed my watch crystal.

Sweet Annie, the gem of them all,
Had made such a splendid marriage,
That she cut me last night in the hall,
As she passed from the play to her carriage.

Her picture before me lies—
(I gave my heart for that passion);
Alas! how the living eyes
Soe only riches and fashion.

Heavens! is that a blot
On a tear that sullies the paper?
I'm growing old, my dim eyes
Can scarce see in the lighted taper.

At fifty it is not well
Grieving for faithless lasses;
'Tis better to ring the bell
For Burgundy and fresh glasses.

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE storm was still raging upon the ocean and sweeping in cold wet across the island; but Mellen was not a man to sleep within sight of his own dwelling, after a long absence, without an effort to reach it in defiance of wind and weather. So, heedless of all protestations, he mounted his horse and rode forward, with the wind howling around him and the rain beating in his face. His temporary attendant grumbled a little at the violence of the storm, while the darkness was so intense that both the horses went stumbling on their way like blind creatures on an unknown path. But Mellen scarcely heeded the danger or discomfort. His eyes were fixed on the lights of his own home, which twinkled now and then through the fog and rain, like stars breaking from a cloud.

Their road was along the coast, and they had the rushing winds and roar of the ocean all the way. Before they reached the Piney Cove grounds the blackness of the tempest began to break away overhead; the wind still hulled a little, but the rain still beat, and at intervals the moon would burst through the clouds and add to the ghostly effect of the white lines of foam in the distance.

They passed through the strip of woodland which extended down to the water's edge, making the boundary of the land connected with the dwelling upon that side, and came out upon the broad lawn.

"Home at last!" cried Mellen, as a warm glow of lights shone out from his dwelling. "Ride on, my man; you shall sleep here to-night, and return in the morning." In his exhilaration Mellen dashed forward, urging his horse across the open space till he was considerably in advance of his attendant. The moon broke out again for an instant, and Mr. Mellen saw a woman shrouded in a long cloak rushing towards the house. Some instinct, rather than any real recognition of her person, made him cry out, as he leaped from the horse and left him free:

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

The figure paused. There was a faint cry; at the same instant Mellen heard a violent rustle in the shrubbery, and the downpour of raindrops, scarcely noticed then, as he hurried towards the lady, but well remembered afterwards. She was standing motionless still, as if that unexpected voice had changed her to stone; her hair had broken loose and was streaming wildly over her shoulders; a cloud was lifted above her eyes, as she strained her sight through the gloom.

"Elizabeth!" he called again.

"Who is that?" cried, in a suppressed voice, that had all the sharpness of an agonised shriek. "Who calls to me?"

He reached her side as she spoke.

"Don't you know me?" he exclaimed. "My wife! my wife! I have come back at last!"

There was one wild look—one heavy breath—he heard a low exclamation:

"My God! oh, my God!"

Before he could discover whether this was a cry of thanksgiving or not she fell forward and lay motionless at his feet.

After that first second of stupefaction Mr. Mellen raised the rigid form, shrouded the wonderment of the man—who by this time had come up—and between them they carried the senseless woman to the house.

The servant who met them in the hall gave a cry of dismay at the sight of her master thus suddenly returned, entering the house with his wife lying like a dead woman in his arms, and was ready to believe that the whole sight was a ghostly illusion.

"Bring some wine," called Mellen; "where is there a fire? Are you deaf and blind, girl?"

"It is the master!" exclaimed the frightened creature. "It's the master come back—oh, I thought I'd seed ghosteses!"

Her cries brought the whole household up, but regardless of their wonder and alarm, Gramley Mellen carried his wife away towards the library and laid her upon a couch.

It was some moments before Elizabeth Mellen opened her eyes, then she glanced about with a vacant, stated look, as if unable to comprehend what had happened.

Her husband was standing in the shadow, gazing down at her with the strange, moody look so unlike the active alarm which would have filled the mist of most men, and she did not at first perceive his presence.

"I thought I saw Grantley," she murmured. "I wonder if I have gone mad at last."

"Elizabeth!" he said, in his slow, cold voice.

She struggled up on the couch and looked towards him with a cry which might be forced out by her recent terror or her sudden joy at finding that she had not been deceived by some mental illusion.

"Is it you, Grantley?" she exclaimed. "Is it really you?"

"It is I," he said; "but it is a strange welcome home to a man when he finds his wife wandering about in the storm, and sees her faint at the sound of his voice."

Elizabeth Mellen forced her physical strength back by the sheer exercise of her will. She sat upright—a singular expression passed over her face—an inward struggle to subject herself and act as was natural under the circumstances.

"I was so frightened," she gasped; "I did not expect you for a fortnight—perhaps a month. When I dropped your letter I could tell what I thought—a dread—a terror of something terrible—something supernatural, I mean, came over me."

"But you should have taken you out of doors on a night like this?" he persisted.

She did not hesitate; she hurried to answer, but it was like a person repeating words studied for the occasion, and all the while her two hands clutched hard at the arm of the sofa.

"I don't know what drove me out, the storm made me wild. I thought of the sea—you on it, perhaps—I don't know why I went."

"You are very wet," he said—"thoroughly drenched. You must change your dress."

She seemed to grasp at the opportunity to go away, and started up with such eagerness that his suspicious eyes noticed it.

"This is a singular meeting," he said, bitterly; "two years apart, and not a word of welcome."

She turned impulsively towards him and threw her arms about his neck, with a burst of excited tears.

"I do love you, Grantley," she cried, "I do love you! I am so glad to see you; but this fright—it was so sudden—so——"

Her voice died away in a sob and she clung more closely to him, while he kept his arm about her waist, pressed his lips on her forehead and gave the usual caress, while cold doubts and thoughts which had been in his jealous mind, to feel the joy of reunion and the pleasure of finding himself at home after their long absence.

She felt her begin to shiver all over, and remembered the danger they both ran in standing there in their wet clothing.

"You are cold—shivering—and I am keeping you in these wet things!" cried Grantley, gathering her in his arms and mounting the stairs. "You must change instantly, child. It was wrong to go out in a storm like this."

She made no answer, but was seized with a cold fever-fit in his arms. He carried her into the dressing-room, and, seating herin an easy-chair, took off her hood and cloak, speaking soft, tender words to her all the time, while gentleness smoothed her hair with a caressing movement of the hand.

"You must change your dress, Elizabeth," he said. "Do it at once. I have some dry clothes in my room, I think, which I shall send to you."

"Yes," she returned, hurriedly; "go—go at once. You are glad to get home, are you not—glad to see me, Grantley?"

There was a tone of almost piteous entreaty in her voice; she was so disturbed by the shock she had received that her nerves could not recover their firmness at once.

Grantley Mellen held his wife to his heart and answered fond and tender words such as he had breathed during their brief courtship before a shadow had surged over the beauty of their skies.

But there shall be no more of that," whispered, "no more trouble. Look up, Elizabeth! Say that you love me—that you are glad as I am?"

"I do love you, my husband—with all my heart and soul I love you! I am glad—very, very glad."

"And I love you, Bessie. I did not know how well until I went away. But we shall never part in that manner—never any more."

Elizabeth was weeping drops as cold as the rain on her face. It was unusual for her to allow any exhibition of joy or pain to overcome her so completely.

"You are weak and nervous to-night, Bessie," he whispered, soothingly. "I was wrong to come upon you so suddenly."

"No, no!" she cried, vehemently. But even in her emotion she shuddered, remembering who she had just left and how she had met her husband.

She arose to go, but staggered in her walk and held herself up with difficulty. He looked at her with such tender love in his eyes that she held out her arms to him. He drew her close to his bosom:

"Elizabeth, we will be happy now."

"Yes, yes," she said, in the same hurried manner, "we will be happy now—quite happy."

She went out of the room as she said these words and entered her chamber, locking the door carefully behind her, as if she feared that she might be intruded upon.

Half an hour after the newly-united husband and wife met at the supper-table, and Grantley Mellen saw that Elizabeth had quite recovered her spirits from the sudden shock of his arrival in that unexpected way.

"I cannot realise it yet," she said, as she came into the room and walked up to the hearth where he was standing; "I cannot believe you are actually here."

She stood close by his side and folded his hand in hers. For an instant there was a slight hesitation amounting almost to timidity, as if she were doing something or assuming a place to which she had no right, but it passed quickly. She was looking up into his face with a pleasant smile, a little pallyet from her recent emotion, or else those two year which had elapsed since their parting had robbe her of a portion of her girlish bloom, but settled possessed and full of happiness.

Grantley Mellen looked at her more closely a she stood there in the cheerful light. Two year had changed her a good deal, but that was natural he was altered too.

"Do I look very different, Elizabeth?" he asked She shook her head.

"You are browned, you look a little older, perhaps; but you are not really changed—you are Grantley still."

"I cannot tell if you are altered," he said; "I must wait till I have seen you a day or two. You seem paler just now."

She shivered a little, but quickly regained he self-control and her cheerfulness.

"You are handsome as ever I look to-night," sh said. "I am sorry Ellsie is gone."

"When did she go away, Elizabeth?"

"Only yesterday. She wished to be getting little low in spirits, so I advised her to visit Mrs Harring'on for a while."

"I suppose she has not left you much—you twe kept together?" he asked, the old jealousy creep ing through his voice.

"Of course she has visited a little," replied hi wife, quietly, but she turned away to the table a she spoke.

A servant brought in the supper-dishes, and they sat down opposite to each other at the board; bu even during those first hours of reunion the strang gruesome spirit which he could not well linger i Grantly Mellen's suspicious mind, and, in spite o Elizabeth's cheerful manner, her color would come and go in a tremulous way. Sometimes there was a restless expression in her eyes, and she moved with difficulty to repress a nervous start at any sudden sound—not recovered wholly, it appeared to her self-watchful husband.

"You will send for Elsie in the morning," he said.

"Oh, yes. One of the men will go to town early."

"Don't tell her I have come."

Elizabeth hesitated.

"She would be so startled if I did not," she said "I really think her happiness will be greater if she expects to meet you."

"As you please," he returned, a little coldly. "I believe you are right, surprises are unwise."

"Where is Dolly?" Elizabeth asked.

"I sent him on with the steamer to deliver some letters I had brought for various people; he will be down the morning train. I had the same remarkable darkey as ever. His language is even grander, I think."

When they were sitting over the fire again, Mr. Mellen said:

"Now, tell me everything that has happened, your letters were very brief."

"I had nothing of importance to write, you know," she answered; "we were very quiet here."

"Has Elsie changed?" he asked.

"Not at all; gay and thoughtless as ever."

There seemed a suppressed bitterness in her voice. Perhaps that gaiety and frivolity had sometimes jarred upon the deeper chords in her own nature.

"Little darling!" he said, fondly. "I seem to feel more attached to her than ever since I went away—more as if she were my daughter than my sister."

"And she loves you very dearly, you may be sure of that."

"Oh, yes; nothing could ever come between Elsie and me," he said, then I have thought of the promise I made our dying mother; I have kept it, Elizabeth—wherever else I have erred, I have kept that vow."

"Yes, yes," she said; "yes."

But the tone grew a little absent, her eyes wandered, and she seemed to answer perplexed ones by some thought far away from the subject of their conversation.

"You have been happy and content, then, Elizabeth?"

"Not happy," she answered, "I forced myself to be patient; but the time seemed very long."

"Then, you do love me?" he cried, suddenly.

She looked at him reproachfully, with some sterner pain stirring under that reproach.

"Can you ask me such questions now?" she asked.

"No, no; you do love me. I believe it. But you know what a morbid, suspicious character mine is."

"I had hoped—"

She did not finish her sentence, but sat twisting the links of her chatelaine about her fingers, and looking almost timidly away from his face.

"Go on," he said, what did you hope?"

"That this long absence might have—that—I hardly know how to say it without offending you."

"You hoped I had learned to accept life more like a reasonable being, isn't that it? I think I have, Bessie; we will be happy now, very happy; you and Elsie and I."

He took her hand and held it in his own; was it true that it trembled, or only his fancy that made him think so?

"We shall be happy, Elizabeth!" he repeated, this time making the words an inquiry.

"I hope so—I, I do hope so!" she exclaimed, with sudden passion; "I want to be happy, oh, my husband! I want to be happy."

She threw her arms about his neck, and her head dropped on his shoulder; but the face which he could not see wore a strained, frightened look, as if she saw some dark shadow close between the rope in her words and its fulfilment.

Mellen strained her to his heart, and shortened sixteen down upon her cold face. Knees, so warm from the heart, that her cheeks kindled into scarlet under them, and she began to weep those gentle tears that drop from a loving heart like dew from a flower.

"Our lives shall go on quietly and pleasantly now," he continued, giving himself to the full happiness of this reunion; "we will have one long summer, Bessie, and warm our hearts in it."

"I have been in the cold so long," she murmured.

"But that is over—over for ever! We will trust each other, Bessie: we will be patient and loving always; can't we promise each other this, my wife?" he said, drawing her closer to his bosom.

"I can, Grantley; I do!"

"And I promise, Elizabeth, I will never be suspicious or harsh again. You and I could be so happy now."

"You will love me and trust me!" she cried, almost hysterically.

"Always, Bessie, always!"

Again he clasped her in his arms, pressing kisses upon her forehead, and murmuring words of such fresh, wholesome love as never could have been the romance of courtship could ever be, even in the first glow of of its loveliest mystery.

Elizabeth nestled closer to his heart, and a feeling of rest and security stole over her so inexpressibly soothing and sweet, that she almost longed to float away for ever from the care and dimness of this world upon the sacred hush of that hour.

There was a sound without which startled them both, making Mellen turn hastily, and sending the sickly pallor anew across Elizabeth's face.

"Only the wind," he said, "blowing one of the shutters to with a crash."

"That is all, it——"

She did not finish; her eyes were fixed upon the window; she made one movement; tried to control herself; looked in the other direction before her husband could observe the eagerness with which her eyes had been turned out into the night; but all her attempts at self-control were in vain; she gave one heavy sigh, and sank lower and perfectly helpless in his arms.

For the second time that evening Elizabeth Mellen had swooned completely away.

CHAPTER XV.

THE day was so bright and beautiful that the preceding storm seemed only to have added freshness to the scene.

The hills rose up majestic in their rich verdure, the lovely bay was at rest in the sunshine, and the long white line of distant water shone out tranquilly, as if no dangerous wind would ever again lash it into dangerous fury.

Grantley Mellen stood with his wife on the broad stone portico, looking towards the ocean. They had been wandering over the house and grounds that the master might see what changes had taken place in his absence, having returned late, and, though even in the midst of his happiness the old restlessness would intrude. Grantley Mellen could not avoid noticing the strange agitation of his wife at his return. It troubled him even in his newborn joy. She was quite herself this morning; so lovely in her rich purple morning dress, with the soft lace relieving her neck and wrists. Her dark hair was banded smoothly back from the grave, earnest face, which kindled into smiles and blushes under her husband's gaze. She was so calm that it seemed folly to vex his heart with vague fancies, instead of yielding himself to the full joy of the hour.

But she was changed: his jealous eyes took note of that. She was paler, thinner; there was a single line between the brows that had not gathered there during his absence; an added gravity about the mouth, a slight compression of the lips, as if they had grown accustomed to keeping back words or reasons when he remembered many things which had preceded their parting; the last restless year of their married life had disturbed jealousy and suspicion; the long months of loneliness which she had spent during his absence. There was answer enough for all these changes, which he had vexed himself during the morning.

"O! course Elsie will come home in the afternoon boat," he said.

"Oh, yes; don't think it is in yet—I have not heard the whistle," replied Elizabeth. "Our people will send her when the bay is smooth, no doubt. It is shameful of them to leave the shore road in the state it is; we must either go to the village by water, or take that long out-of-the-way back road."

"There is a sailboat now," exclaimed Mellen, pointing across the bay.

Elizabeth looked and saw the tiny streamers shining like silver traceries in the sun.

"It must be Elsie," she said. She ran into the hall and brought out a glass, which Mr. Mellen took eagerly from her hand.

"'Tis Ielsie." "I can see a woman in the boat—it is Elsie."

His face was all aglow with brotherly love; he

could not remain tranquil. She walked up and down the porch and the hall in spirit, asking a thousand trivial questions again and again, and complaining of the slowness of the little boat.

Elizabeth stood leaning against one of the pillars, her eyes shaded with her hand, looking over the bright waters. The tranquillity and joyousness faded out of her countenance, while her husband talked so eagerly of his desire to see the child—as he called her. Sometimes her face grew quite hard and stern, as if she could not endure that even this beloved sister should come between her and her husband's heart in these first hours of their reunion.

The little sailboat flew swiftly on before the wind—it was quite near now—they could distinctly see the young girl half lying back in the stern of the skiff, allowing her hand to fall in the water with an indolent enjoyment of the scene.

She saw them too, at last, fluttered her handkerchief in the air by way of a signal, and after that they could see how full of eager impatience she was. Every instrument her handkerchief fluttered out, and when the wind took that she flung an azure scarf on the breeze. When the boat neared the landing Mr. Mellen ran across the lawn and received his sister in his arms as she sprang on shore.

Standing on the portico where he had left her, Elizabeth regarded the pair; she heard Ellen's eager exclamation of joy—her husband's deep voice—then the two blended in confused and eager conversation. An absolute spasm of pain contracted the widow's features; her eyes dilated, and a low moan broke from her lips.

"He loves her so! he loves her so! He will believe anything she says," she muttered in a tone which trembled with diverse emotions.

The sound of her own voice seemed to recall her recollection and the necessity of concealing these turbulent feelings. With that power of self-control which she was trying so hard to strengthen, in order to bear her life with calmness, she forced her features into repose, and stood quietly waiting for them to come up. There was nothing in her appearance save the dreary agitation; her pallor seemed only the reflection of her purple draperies, and her lips had forced themselves into a smile.

"There is Bessie," cried Ellen, coming up the lawn, leaning on her brother's arm, holding his hand, dancing about him and shaking her long curls in the sunshine, till the sight of her lovely person and grace might have softened for the time even a heart filled with fear of her sisterly influence, and jealous of the love which she received from that stern man.

"Oh, Bessie" she cried out again, as they reached the steps, "I am so happy! When I go to the new life of nursing I feel as if I must fly here directly. Oh, you darling brother, to come back! you deserve to be punished for staying away so long!"

She raised herself on tiptoe to kiss him anew, allowed her bonnet to fall off, and her curls to trail in bright waves over her shoulders; then she flew towards Elizabeth and showered kisses of greeting upon her.

"I cannot bind that dark subject," she whispered; "we'll be happy now in spite of everything."

Again that singular look passed over Elizabeth. Mellen's face as he listened and endured rather than returned the young girl's embrace, but Mr. Mellen was watching his sister and did not observe it.

"And isn't he brown?" cried Elsie, rushing over to her brother again; "he looks like an Indian, don't he, Bess? Oh, you bad, bad boy, to stay so long."

She laughed and talked incessantly, beginning a dozen sentences and not finishing any of them; she was so demonstrative in her expressions of affection to both, so lovely in her youth and her brilliant happiness, that it was no wonder her brother regarded her with that proud look; it seemed almost impossible that Elizabeth herself could help being won into happiness by her caressing ways.

"You'll never go away again—shall he, Bess? But isn't it luncheon-time? I could eat no breakfast for joy, and I do think I am hungry now."

"Great boy-thing!" laughed Mr. Mellen.

"Oh, Grantley, I saw Dolph on the steamboat; he is coming over with your luggage. The ridiculous creature has a more airs than ever. I like dealing at him. I wish you had forced him to come ashore in the pilothoat, it would have been such fun."

She gathered up her bonnet and shawl, tossed her curls back, kissed her brother again, and ran off, saying:

"I must go upstairs and brush my hair. Do come, Bessie; I never can do it myself."

"I must go and see what the servants are doing," Elizabeth said.

"Nonsense! Come with me."

Elsie caught her about the waist, waltzed away towards the stairs and forced her to ascend, while Mr. Mellen stood looking after them with a pleasant smile.

When they reached Elsie's room the girl drew Elizabeth in and closed the door. Mrs. Mellen sank wearily into a seat, as if glad for a time to escape from that restraint she had been putting upon herself all the day.

"You are quite frightened me so!" cried Elsie. "It was wicked of you to write like that."

"He came upon me so suddenly," gasped Elizabeth. "I was out in the grounds in the rain—I had gone to——"

"And Grantley came upon you there?" interrupted Elsie. "What did you do?"

"I nearly fainted when I heard her voice."

"Good heavens!"

"Oh, you would have been worse in my place," returned Elizabeth. "It was so sudden; how could I tell what he had seen?"

"But were are yourself now. You will not give way again?"

"I must not," she said, drearily. "I must bear up now."

"Don't talk in that dreadful voice," shivered Elsie; "it sounds as if you were dying. I thought you had more courage. Don't be afraid of me; if he held a bowl of poison to my lips I wouldn't tell."

"Oh, Elsie, what would death be compared to the agony of discovery?"

"Do stop!" pleaded Elsie, beginning to tremble.

"We mustn't talk. I won't talk, I tell you! I can put everything out of my head. If you will let me but if you look and talk like that I shall give way completely. Why can't you try and forget it? I will, be sure of that."

Elizabeth rose from her seat; a wan, hopeless look came over her face.

"You are right; let us be silent. But, oh, if I too, only could forget—but I can't, Elsie—I can't! The thought is with me day and night. The dread—the fear!"

"Be still!" shrieked Elsie, with a passion of which no one would have believed her capable. "You'll drive me mad. I shall go into spasms, and then who knows what may happen! I won't promise not to sneak if you drive me crazy."

All the youthful brilliancy was frightened out of her face, her lips turned blue, her whole frame shook so violently that Elizabeth saw there was absolute danger unless she were soothed back to calmness.

"I won't frighten you any more, Elsie," she said. "I'll bear it alone—I'll bear it alone."

"One can always forget if one is determined," said Elsie; "but you won't—you will brood over things——"

"I shall be more myself, now," interrupted Elizabeth. "It was from seeing Grantley so unexpectedly, just when I was waiting for——"

"Be still!" interrupted Elsie, sharply. "I won't hear that. I won't hear a word."

They stood opposite to each other, oppressed by the same secret, but bearing it so differently. Elsie's desire seemed to be only a burning thirst for mystery, there was no evil to be feared for her in its discovery, but deep sympathy appeared to have broken through her careless nature, moulding it into something grand. She was the first to recover from the cold, shivering horror which had come over both. Her volatility, however, prevented her from not dwelling long enough upon one subject, however painful it might be, to produce the effect which trouble had upon the character of Elizabeth.

"You look like a ghost," she cried, in sudden irritation. "It is cruel, Bessie, to frighten me in this way. You know I am weak, nervous little thing I am. It is wicked of you!"

Elizabeth turned slowly towards the door.

"Be at peace, if you can," she said; "I will trouble you no more."

"Now you are angry!" cried Elsie.

"No, dear, not angry!"

"Kiss me, then, and make up," said Elsie, with a return of her childish playfulness. "I'll help you all I can, but you mustn't put me so much on me; you know I am not strong, like you."

Elizabeth trembled under the touch of those fresh young lips, but she answered, quietly:

"I will not overshadow it," Elizabeth answered, "be serious for that. But it is so dread-ful to bear this constant fear! If Grantley should find out anything—he is so suspicious——"

"There you go again!" broke in Elsie. "I vow I won't live in the house with you if you act in this way! Just as one is getting a little comfortable you begin all this again. I can't stand it, and I won't."

Elizabeth did not reply. She looked at her again with that strange expression of astonishment and fear; now a strange sort of pity softened the glance.

"There shall be no more of it, Elsie," she said, after a considerable pause, during which Elsie had shivered herself quiet once more. "I ought to have borne this trouble alone from the first."

"That's a nice darling!" cried Elsie. "Nothing will happen, I am sure of it. Just hope for the best; look at everything as settled and over with. Things don't keep coming up to one as they do in a novel."

Elizabeth said no more, she stood leaning against the bed and watched Elsie as she arranged her ringlets before the glass, and clasped back the brilliant smiles which softened her face into something so youthful and pretty. Then they heard a voice from below, which made them both start.

"It's Grantley," said Elsie. "It sounds as odd to hear his voice! Open the door, Bessie; I am ready."

She ran to the head of the stairs, while Elizabeth followed slowly.

"Are you calling, Grant?" demanded Elsie, looking down at him as he stood at the foot of the stairs.

"Calling! I should think so! Are you both going to stay up there for ever? Dinner is ready."

"And so are we," cried Elsie, "and coming, Mr. Impatience."

Downstairs she tripped, humming a tune and making a little spring into her brother's arms when she reached the lower step.

She was such a dainty little thing, so light and graceful in all her movements, with such childish ways, such power of persuasion and coquetry, so lighthearted and frivolous, that it was quite impossible not to love her and treat her as if she were some blithe fairy, that would be frightened out of sight by a harsh word or look.

She was just one of those creatures whom everybody fondles and pets, who have sacrifices made for them which they are never capable of appreciating; whose loves and fears and hates are only of a shallow and transient kind, though capable of leading them to great lengths during their first fever; creatures whom we miss as we do sunshine and flowers, or any other pretty thing; who seem born to feed upon the fruit of life, and from that very fact take with them, even towards middle age, a kind of lightheartedness and joyous spirit, which is a sort of return for the demands they make upon others.

It seemed hard that a creature like this should have her youth burdened with any secret; it was scarcely wonderful that she grew impatient and angry with Elizabeth, upon whom she insisted upon forcing trouble on her mind, which, when left to herself, she was able, out of the very shallowness of her nature, to throw aside so completely.

Wrong and cruel it seemed in Elizabeth to burthen her thus—she should have kept Elsie aloof from all domestic mysteries, whatever they might be, and have borne her sorrow, her fears, perhaps her remorse, alone. It was not easy to tell from her face how much or how little lay back of her half-uttered despair. But she should have endured in silence things to be held as far away from Elsie's joyousness and Elsie's youth as the deep ocean current of the Gulf-stream was apart from the brilliant blithesome which made the girl so pleasant. Thus the world would have judged had they seen Elizabeth.

While they were still seated at the luncheon-table the door opened, and 'Dolph came in with a tray, which he placed at the right of Mr. Mellen.

"So, there you are, 'Dolph," said Mr. Mellen, carelessly. "Did you lose half the letters I gave you to deliver?"

'Dolph drew himself up with a great deal of dignity.

"Master knows I'se trusty as Solomon's seal," he said. "De 'pistelers is safe in de honorable hands for which dey was originally intended."

Mr. Mellen burst off at the right moment," said Elsie, laughing.

'Dolph rather missed her play upon his misunderstanding of the word, but he gave another magnificent flourish.

"Jes so, Miss Elsie; you've 'spressed it beautiful."

"How do you do, 'Dolph?" asked Mrs. Mellen, kindly, rousing herself from the abstraction into which she had fallen. Elsie and her brother were both busy in chatting gaily. "Are you glad to get back?"

"I'se sherry reason to be satisfactory wid my berth, and am obligatory for de requiry," replied 'Dolph, with a bow so profound that it seemed by a miracle he recovered his balance. "De bery glad to see de family again, Miss Mellen, and de faces of yerself and young Mise Elsie is like de sunshine to me."

"Bless me, 'Dolph," cried Elsie, "that's poetry."

'Dolph gave a degenerate wave of the hand, as the poetry had been unavoidable, and a smile which insinuated that he was capable of still higher flights of fancy, as he said:

"Maybe, young Mise Elsie—I didn't reserve partic'lar—dese tings takes a pusson onawares mostly."

"Now, 'Dolph," said his master, "try and put my things in some sort of order before the day is over."

"Yes, master; shery ting dat's wanting shall be toppermost."

Elsie laughed unrestrainedly, but 'Dolph only took that as a compliment and was immensely satisfied with the impression he had produced.

"Don't go another flirtation with the cook," she said; "I shall be jealous, 'Dolph—your mother, but she's rich—think of that, 'Dolph."

'Dolph bowed himself out of the room with much ceremony, as he had entered it, and took his way straight towards the kitchen regions. His brain had already formed numerous projects on the strength of Clorinda's wealth, and he felt it incumbent upon him to open the interview as soon as possible with this elderly heiress.

He came upon her in the kitchen hall; she was seated on a wooden bench by her door, walked upright as a ramrod, and looked forbidding as if she had been the eldest daughter of Erebus.

"Dat's de ugliest 'oman I ever brought 'Dolph; "she is persimmony and no mistake, but here goes for de power of 'suasion."

He made up his mow which fluttered the sable spinster a good deal, and almost made her drop her pan.

"Dolf, Dolf, am dat you?" she exclaimed, growing a shade darker.

"Permit me," said 'Dolph, gracefully, taking the pan from her hand; "it's my expressive delight to serve de lady, and de most bery, through dis instrumentation, to renew your honorable acquaintance."

He followed this up with another tremendous bow, and Clorinda thought it quite time that she should make a show of her breeding likewise. She gave her body a bend and a shock, but unfortunately 'Dolph was ducking at the same moment and their heads met with a loud concussion.

There was a giggle from the kitchen door—there stood Victoria, the chambermaid, now a spruce mulatto of eighteen, enjoying Clorinda's discomfiture.

"De fault was mine," cried 'Dolph, in his gallantry; "all mine."

"Any how yer needn't stand dar a grinning like a monkey, Vic," exclaimed Clorinda, in wrath.

"Accidents will recur," said 'Dolph. "But, lawa, Miss Victory, is dat you? I had de pleasure of yer 'quaintance afore me and marster started on our devitations."

"I've been alone here ever since," explained Victoria, not proof against his fascinations. "I'm sure yer haint altered a bit, Mr. 'Dolph."

"I guess if you don't go upstairs mise'll know why," cried Clorinda, sharply. "Jes give me dat pan, Mr. 'Dolph; I kin' wait all day for you to empty it."

'Dolph was recalled to wisdom at once—he could not afford to make a mistep on the very day of his return. He emp'ied the pan, followed Clorinda into the kitchen, making a sign of farewell to Vic which the old maid did not observe, and so followed up the impression he had produced that before long he was discussing a delicate luncheon with great relish, and as disturbing Clorinda's equanimity by the compliments that she received, endangered the piecrust she was industriously rolling out on one end of the table where he sat.

While Elizabeth, after Elsie left her, Grantley Mellen mounted his horse, and rode off towards the shore to warn a sad and heavy-hearted man. The woman whom he had loved so devotedly in the first passion of his youth lay in that little chamber waiting for burial. Where destined when she met her fate, or how much she suffered, he could only guess. But there she was, after years of separation, thrown upon his chastity even for a grave, with no one to mourn her death, no one to care how or where she was buried. He had not mentioned her to his wife or sister, an aching memory as the head of Medusa that, but underneath the joy of his return home lay this dead secret, haunting him with funereal shadows.

The woman was in her coffin when he entered the little chamber, which was now perfectly clean; for he had given orders regarding her interment before leaving the house that stormy night, and every thing had been done as he had desired. Delicate gauze covered the face, softening it into singular loveliness. Mellen did not lift this veil, which seemed to shield the coldness of death so tenderly, but his breast heaved with a farewell sigh, while many tears blinded his last look, which carried all sense of material fairness with it. A noise in the next room disturbed him. He turned hastily, and went downstairs, shrinking from observation. Clorinda's hat he observed in the hall—the door which connected this death chamber with a small inner room was pushed open, and on the floor the wild Irish looked at. That chat of North; after a quick survey of the room, he darted towards the door leading to the stairs and shot the bolt. Then he came up to the coffin, drew back the gauze from that marble face, and looked down upon it. Those black eyes burned too hotly for tears, but the heart within beamed about his mouth, and his hand was clenched over the burning consciousness of a great crime was upon him. If North had ever loved this woman all the force of that passion seemed now back upon his soul now in an agony of remorse. As he gazed, his hand released its iron grip, his strong limbs shook, like a weak child flinging himself down beside the cursed himself, his crime and that living woman for whose sake it had been committed.

Then he sprang upstairs. He heard the heavy blundering footsteps of two men, and knew what they were after. Creeping softly to the door he threw the bolt back with trembling haste, and stealing into the little chamber fell upon the floor, and held his breath listening.

He heard the men-fill closed, the slow turning of the screws; a sudden jar, and then the footsteps again, broken and disturbed by the mournful burden which they bore carried. Then all was still for a moment, and up through the passage, vibrating like electricity through that evil soul, came the sound of a clear, solemn voice reading the burial service.

Still he listened, with his head lifted from the floor, and his hands pressing himself to one arm like a worn-out gladiator. A sort of terror had seized upon him with the sweet low sound of that voice. Great drops gathered upon his forehead and crept back thence. He was like an evil spirit looking through the gates of Paradise. Then came another pause, followed by the slow roll of wheels and the sharp tramp of horses. Mellen rose to his feet, and threw up the window. A hearse was moving heavily down the street, and close behind it rode the solitary Mellen alone.

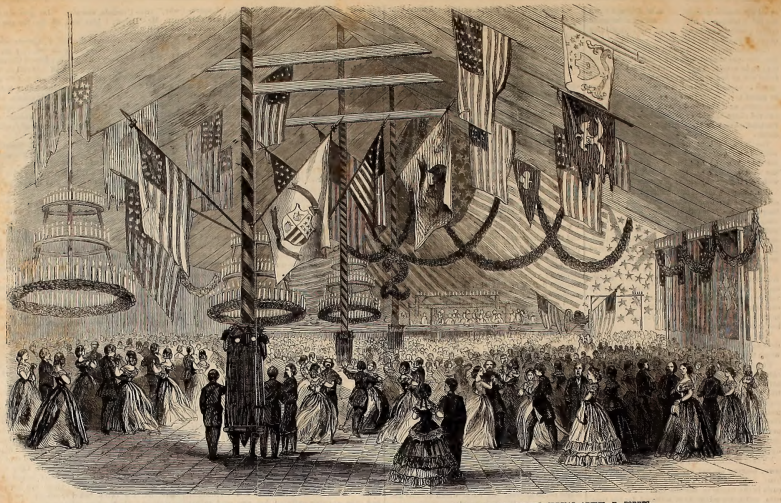
Near the Piney Cove mansion was an ancient burying-ground, with the graves of many generations crowded under its shadow. A church which rose up in solemn stillness among a grove of cypress trees and wild cedars. In one of the remotest corners of this ground a newly-dug grave, and a pile of blossoming turf was laid ready to cover that hapless woman in her place of rest. Grantley Mellen performed their last work. Mellen stood by, with his head bared reverentially, and the heart in his bosom standing still. When he turned away it was with a conformed their work. Mellen stood by, with his head bared reverentially, and the heart in his bosom standing still. When he turned away it was with a conformed their work of relief. The bitterness and the pain of his first love was buried for ever. Henceforth Elizabeth would have no rival, even in remembrance.

Mellen rode home in silence and a better man after laying his lost one down in her grave. Hitherto her memory had been one of unmixed bitterness. Now it had come forgiveness, and out of that his spirit arose chastened, gentle and tending towards a healthy cheerfulness.

Elizabeth was too deeply observant not to remark the softened seriousness of her husband's manner when he came home that day, but every thing in her own heart was so full of fear, so angry, and smote her worse than reproaches. Could the wife who deceived her husband find joy in the confidence which that husband had of her death. Many times during those few days Elizabeth wished that her husband would be harsh and cruel again.

THE latest in the photographic line in London is the representation of the stars on a blanch, which he calls a hard in a plaster for the inspection of his friends, or curious visited up to the sun. We do not know how the matter is managed, presuming the pictures are not correct representations; but there is something very horrid in the fun.

A LITERARY correspondent is informed that the author of the tragedy of "Ion" was not Elcock.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN THE ARMY—BALL AT THE SECOND CORPS HEADQUARTERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.

THE BALL OF THE 2D CORPS.

THE ball given on Washington's birthday by the officers of the 2d Corps was one of the most successful entertainments of the kind ever given anywhere. A large building, with board sides and canvas roof, was erected especially for this occasion, with an extension along one side, the extreme length of the main structure, for a dining-hall. Less than 300 $10 tickets were sold, exclusively officers of the corps, and the invited guests consisted of those only who, by their position, were entitled to that distinction, or were intimate associates of the officers having the matter in charge. This rule has been strictly observed, as a consequence a select company was secured, and not so large as to make every one present uncomfortable. All, therefore, had plenty of opportunity to dance or promenade as best suited their fancy. The bands of the whole corps were brought into requisition. The table, also, was everything that could have been desired. There were almost as many ladies present as gentlemen, and many of their toilets would have been worthy of notice in the most fashionable drawing-room of the metropolis of the nation.



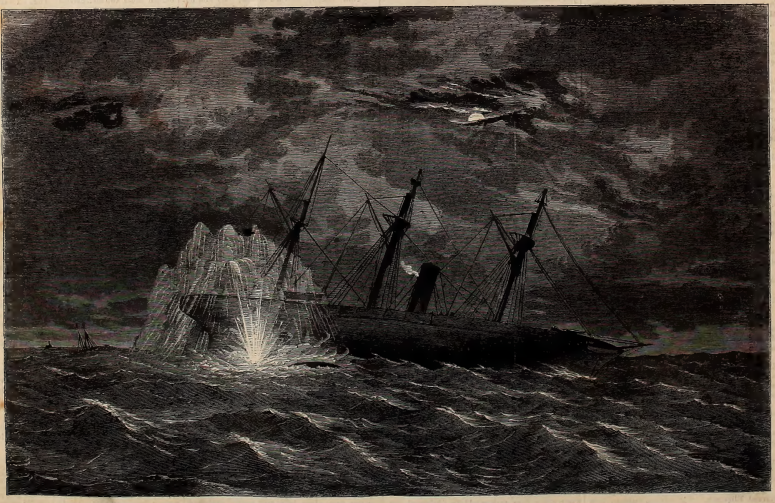
OLD ABE'S NUGGET.

Among the invited guests were Vice-President Hamlin and daughter; Maj.-Gen. Meade, lady and son; Gens. Sedgwick, Warren, Sykes, Newton, Merritt, Davies and ladies; Gen. Kilpatrick; O. A. Brownson, son and daughter; Senator Sprague, Mrs. Kate Sprague, Mrs. Senator Hale and daughter; Senator Usher, the Secretary of the Interior.

The ball, of which we give a view, as well as the music-stand, was tastefully decorated with flags and banners, and the whole affair proved to be a grand success.

OLD ABE'S NUGGET.

WE give a faithful representation of a nugget, valued in greenbacks at $125, sent by a miner of Kiel Idaho, through Capt. James L. Fisk, U. S. A., to the President. The face attached is a natural golden image, believed by the miner to resemble Old Abe, according to his notion, derived from "pictors" circulated while he was running for the Presidency. This specimen is from Bevia's gulch, at the Stinkwater, or Virginia city diggings, on a branch of the Jefferson fork of the Missouri river.



LOSS OF THE U. S. SLOOP OF WAR HOUSATONIC, CAPT. PICKERING, OFF BEACH INLET, S. C., FEB. 17.



THE OPERATIONS AGAINST MOBILE—FARRAGUT'S ATTACK ON FORT GRANT, FEB. 16.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. B. HOUGH.



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—VIEW OF THE BALD HEAD INLET, CAPE FEAR RIVER, FORT CASWELL FIRING AT A U. S. BLOCKADER.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. PERKS.

A WHITE MAN TURNING BLACK.—The Philadelphia *Age* gives a long description of the singular case of Gustavus Brett, a native of Germany, who has been in this country for 15 years, and for most of that time a workman in a cotton factory at Manayunk, Pa. He is a single man, of temperate habits, and 45 years of age. In the autumn of 1861 he was taken with spotted fever, from which he recovered, and the spots disappeared in due time. In August last dark purple spots appeared on the back of each hand, and on each instep, giving no pain, but increasing in size until the whole surface of the body has been covered with a purplish hue. His nose is described as "a mass of corruption." Appropriate remedies are more of a notice case. The palms of his hands and the soles of his feet are as white as they ever were. His health is remarkably good—it never was better. Within the past month a deeper shade has been added to the skin. Neither the microscope nor the investigations of the most learned physicians have found any cause for this singular transformation.

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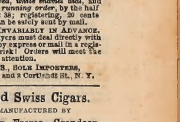
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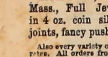
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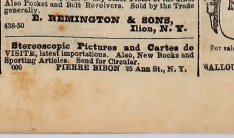
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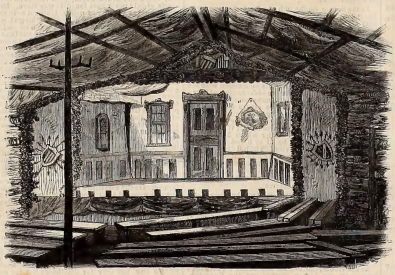
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No. 443—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, MARCH 26, 1864. [Price 6 Cents.





INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC OR OPERA HOUSE OF THE 1ST ARMY CORPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 7.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN NEW ORLEANS—THE GRAND CONCERT IN CANAL STREET.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

The gallant young Col. Ulric Dahlgren, reports of whose bravery and daring reached us, we really killed while cutting his way through the enemy. The rebels, with that brutality in the treatment of the dead which makes the stories of ghouls credible, stripped his body, mangled it, and, to use their own expression, gave it the burial of a dog.

The miscarriage of the expedition is due entirely to the War Department, which neglected the furnish capable guides, or to concert with Gen. Butler, so that he might move simultaneously.

Our forces took possession of Suffolk on the 10th, after a short skirmish with the enemy.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Lieut.-Col. Root, of the 15th New York cavalry, on the 6th returned from an expedition to Hardy and Pendleton counties, where they destroyed effectually all the saltpetre works.

Major-Gen. Sigel has assumed command of the department of West Virginia, and has fixed his headquarters at Cumberland. Gen. Averill captured two spies who were endeavoring to pass southward through his lines. A skirmish is said to have taken place near Snickersville, Loudon county, in which several of the 21st New York cavalry were killed.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Davis is filling the State with troops to oversee the Convention and keep North Carolina in the Confederacy. Twenty-three North Carolina Union soldiers were hung in Kinston on the 6th inst. by the rebels, and the event created a serious riot, which it took a considerable armed force to put down. The indignation of the loyal people was violently manifested, and the Stars and Stripes were conspicuously displayed on the occasion. Poor North Carolina has thus the luxury of being ground down by Virginians and South Carolina cavaliers.

ALABAMA.

Farragut was continuing, Feb. 25, the bombardment of Fort Gaines, on Powell with the ships Calhoun, Jackson, Octarora and Sebago. He has not yet attacked Forts Gaines and Morgan. Even when he has subdued Fort Morgan he will have 30 miles to proceed before he can arrive at Mobile, nine of which are through a narrow channel, with its banks fortified the whole distance. Obstructions are again placed entirely across the channel three miles from the city, in such a way that vessels are compelled to pass under the guns of two ironclad forts and a battery from the shore.

FLORIDA.

Gen. Seymour was, on the 2d, in a fortified position eight miles from Jacksonville, awaiting a rebel attack. The rebels refused to exchange the wounded soldiers. Gen. Finegan is encouraged between Lake Miccosukee and Baldwin. The rebel army is meanwhile gathering and driving off cattle.

MISSISSIPPI.

Our authentic reports from Grant's department show that Sherman's expedition penetrated 35 miles beyond Meridian, destroying all the railroads in the vicinity, 32 locomotives and a large number of cars. There was no more fighting after leaving Meridian. Gen. Wirt Adams's rebel cavalry was scattered. Gen. Sherman's loss in killed, wounded and missing is 500. A large number of plantations were destroyed.

TENNESSEE.

The rebels are pressing our lines near Chattanooga, and our advance has been withdrawn from Tunnel hill to Ringgold. It is reported that the rebel furnaces at Ringgold were recently destroyed by our troops. Our advance in East Tennessee is at Morristown, while on the 5th Longstreet was still reported as holding Bull's gap, with his headquarters at Greenville. Gen. Burnside has returned to Knoxville. The Federal forces were at Morristown, 42 miles from Knoxville. The rebels were at Greenville, about 74 miles from Knoxville. The rebel cavalry were at Bull's gap, 56 miles from Knoxville. There is a tremendous rise in the Tennessee river. The pontoon bridge was carried away at Chattanooga.

Sixty rebels were captured at Chikawee mountain by the 4th Indiana cavalry, and the enemy were repulsed in an attempt to dash into our lines at Mossy creek on the 6th.

On the 5th a large force of rebel cavalry attacked a detachment of the 3d Tennessee at Panther springs, but met with a loss of 30 killed and wounded, our loss, two killed, 40 wounded and 22 missing.

Our position at Chattanooga is considerably in advance of the one held during the winter. Gen. Palmer's line, embracing the Chickamauga battlefield, Ringgold, Taylor and White Oak ridges to Cleveland gap, is already fortified. The rebels are said to be 29,000 strong at Dalton and Tunnel hill.

NAVAL.

On Saturday, March 5, a rebel party under Lieuts. Maxwell and Fitzhugh of the Confederate navy captured the tug Iolas, in the employ of Government as a dispatch-boat, and the sidewheel steamer Titan, loaded with Commissary stores, both lying in Cherrystone inlet, Chesapeake bay. The rebels destroyed the telegraph station and the submarine cable.

The English Government has ordered the release of the pirate Tuscaloosa at the Cape of Good Hope; and the English Judges in the Provinces release the pirates of the Chesapeake. The grounds of the latter decision are curious. 1. The Government or the United States has not demanded the pirates; 2. She would have no right to them if she did; 3. They have not been indicted for piracy.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 7th March, after several discussions on unimportant subjects, Senator Foote, of Vermont, presented a petition from Eli Thayer, praying that the confiscated lands of the rebels be given to the freedmen; referred to the Committee on Slavery and Freedmen. The Minnesota railroad was then discussed.

In the House, the resolution ordering 1,500 copies of Lanman's Directory of Congress at $2 a copy was rescinded, and the price altered to $1.

In the Senate, on the 8th, the proceedings were entirely routine, having reference to subjects already discussed.

In the House, resolutions of the Iowa Legislature were presented for the appointment of disabled rebel soldiers to fill situations under Government as they occur—referred. The Deficiency bill was taken up, and nearly all the Senate's amendments were concurred in. Mr. Stevens, of Pa., moved to authorize the sale by the Secretary of the Treasury of the surplus Government gold, after considerable discussion, passed in a much amended and considerably emasculated form. The bill authorizes, nevertheless, the Secretary of the Treasury to anticipate the payment of interest on the debt from time to time, whenever he may deem it expedient. It passed by a vote of 90 to 35. A portion of the morning was taken up in a somewhat spirited debate on the Vallandigham resolution, referred by the Military Committee, for the retirement of unemployed army officers, which was finally laid over for further consideration on the 11th. The bills to establish a uniform system of rank for officers, to restore the rank and pay of the Provost-Marshal-General to those of a Brigadier-General; and providing for the payment, when absent on leave or as prisoners, shall not suffer diminution of pay, were passed.

In the Senate, on the 9th, the resolution calling on the Secretary of War for the minutes and report of the Military Commission, of which Gen. McDowell was president, was defeated by 25 to 11.

In the House the morning hour was a sort of entry for Western Virginia, and various suggestions and bills appropriate to the locality, referred to the War Office, some of them very severe on the Secretary of the Navy Department.

In the Senate, on the 10th, the resolution empowering the Secretary of the Treasury to sell coin was very angrily discussed, and postponed. The bill to make the pay of officers in the army the same as white soldiers was then taken up, the question being on the adoption of the amendment of Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, for the appointment of commissioners to ascertain the value of property belonging to slaveowners taken for military service. Mr. Pomeroy, of Kansas had the floor, but gave way to Mr. Davis, in a speech, to define his position in regard to the President's emancipation proclamation. He declared his circular recently issued for the advancement of Secretary Chase, to be a manifestation of the Republican party. He set forth, in eleven separate and distinct articles, the grounds of his opposition, which he concluded by urging on his party the necessity of an election, as was signified to it by Mr. Williamson, of Minnesota, and others. After which Mr. Davis's amendment was rejected by 29 to 11, and the bill was then passed by the same vote. The bill granting land to aid in the construction of a railroad from St. Paul to Lake Superior was passed, after some debate, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the whole time was taken up in speeches of little public interest.

In the Senate, on the 11th, took up the House joint resolution in reference to the surplus gold in the Treasury, with the amendment of Senator Sherman, authorizing the Secretary to dispose of the same to the highest bidder, after giving sixty days notice. Other amendments were offered and rejected, and a long debate took place, finally the resolution, substantially in this form, was adopted by 29 yeas to 8 nays. The Indian appropriation bill was passed; adjourned to Monday.

In the House, the bill for the better regulation of the pilot law in the country and the Executive, Legislative and Judiciary Appropriation bill were passed. The Senate amendments of the Pension and Homestead acts were reported, but acted upon. The Senate's amendment to the Deficiency bill, repealing the foreign coasting trade on the lakes, was reported from the Commerce Committee and passed.

BOOK NOTICES.

LA GAVIOTA. By FERNAN CABALLERO.

J. Bradford Kip has published a spirited translation of a novel by the most popular romance writer of Spain, a lady whose *nom de plume* is Fernan Caballero. "La Gaviota" is a story of real power and interest, and has found its host of readers and admirers in this country, as well as in the mother land, for a long since apaced. It cannot fail to win its way among us, and will be a welcome addition to with her other works.

The translation is fair, not always idiomatic or graceful, but will compare favorably with most foreign works rendered into English of late.

TOWN TOPICS.

THE spring is opening, and the pavements of the city as positively show the genial effects of the sunbeams as the fields do, or the birds and highways of the country. With its first glad approach they blossom and bloom in beauty, and the hand of the searcher finds them with the first make nature tremble with sheer envy. The shops put forth their gayest tints, the windows of unfailing flowers, and the butterflies of fashion wing their way idly from point to point, sipping here or flitting there, until the time shall come when they will fly away to Saratoga and Newport, or ruralise in some yet unexplored country nook.

Broadway is beginning to assume a summery look, and the time-honored dirt is fast disappearing. The Broadway railroad is in course of occupation, or the larger part of it, in escorting fair ones from curb to curb through the dust and slush, and is occasionally obliged to fill its time with passing on fulsom honors not assisting them to rise—and viewing the pageant that passes beneath with their critical eyes.

And this reminds us that the daily press has during the last few weeks devoted much attention to the subject of street obstructions, and how to remove them. Now, where can you have a better spot upon which to exercise your wit than on the same sunny Broadway? From the Battery to Fourteenth street it is nothing but obstructions, and those of a nature that could not be removed by the Broadway squad. No person should be allowed to set a box or package upon the walks. No persons should be allowed—even though they be the prettiest and best dressed of the fair promenaders—to gather and talk before the show windows, without being imperatively ordered to move on. A knot of gossipers will throw the whole street into confusion as much as will a countryman forcing his way up on the inner side of the pave or down on the outer. We have seen a porter or a boy from a store come deliberately out upon Broadway at the crowded hours of the day and shake a doormat, or empty an ashbox thereby covering a hundred people with dust or ashes, and go unpunished, a thing that would hardly be believed in a European city.

The absorbing topic of the week, and perhaps will be for many years to come, is the Sanitary Fair. An army of builders and carpenters make Fourteenth street vocal with clang of hammers, and the vast buildings that are to contain the contributions of nation are fast approaching completion. They open upon the 25th inst., and until that time there is only the monotony of receiving and receipting for the stream of goods that is flowing in from every part of the world. While upon this subject let us enter a protest against the petty jealousies that one or two actuate those who have been engaged in the same good work in other cities towards those who are engaged at it in New York. The sending of that broom from Cincinnati to the Brooklyn Sanitary Fair was a bad specimen, and was not made any better by the latter from the New York Commercial. The remarks of Henry Ward Beecher, on the last Sabbath, from his pulpit, were more equally fair and candid. Coming to New York that unless her enterprise turned out a brilliant success, the city of Brooklyn would be mighty hog her head in shame. Brooklyn should be proud of her efforts, all that she has done, and in the contest that she has contributed a great sum to a great cause, without any wish to say a word of unfriendly jealousy. This false rivalry can do no good, but only lead to efforts that will overreach the cause for which they are working. The Brooklyn Fair closed finally on Friday night, and what was termed a grand ball, an entire failure so far as numbers or profit were concerned, and a mingled, jumbled affair, not very creditable than agreeable. A few called dresses made their appearance, somewhat hastily borrowed with training, but the majority of the ladies were in full dress, and slightly overdressed. It is to be hoped that New York will not, for the sake of adding a few dollars to the fund, give way to absurdities that can do nothing but bring disrepute on the cause.

There is a singularly void of excitements. "There's nothing stirring but stagnation." The Opera has finished its season, with "Faust" still drawing overflowing houses—which reminds us to say a word or two upon the subject of the management Bachi. Those connected with the stage are perpetually descanting upon the impossibility of their private affairs, and yet, as in the case of this lady, they are as perpetually throwing away money upon the most foolish ideas. We hold that any affair like that of Mad. Bachi, which has, within this and the few weeks, been realized in our courts should never have found its way there. Even when argued in her favor, the verdict which was paid her to have acceded to all the demands of the girl, who claims she was seduced; she should have argued they were, than to have allowed her name and fame to be dragged through the public prints. Managers of opera should never allow their private affairs to be ventilated in courts of justice or by the press except because of the kind invariably ending in a loss of reputation and popularity to the lady, who can ill afford that they are glaringly right. The theatres are going over the same old ground. Wallack's is now varying it with a round of benefits, which, in the olden time, would have spread a blaze of light over each, but which in this case probably does not. It is to be hoped that, if the promise be true, that the veteran gets a few days of rest to look about him, he will look at the outside of the theatre and see how some other houses are flourishing of the building, that it may not retain the reputation it now has of being the most unsightly-looking upon the line of Broadway.

With the gay appearance of the street cars upon all our thoroughfares, and the consequent fading out of the omnibus, all efforts relates to form a new interest. We heard a few days since of a lady who entered an omnibus where there already were persons and room for one. On the side where the seat should have been five ladies grasped the straps, and, as each moved the new-comer, after paying her fare, to stand while the remainder sat down, she waited in patience, and then quietly seated herself upon the laps of the two who opened their knees for her reception. Despite their arrangements for the trip, the lady was requested to get out, and the driver refused to move. She got down, and the lady took her seat, remarking as she did so that she regretted that she was forced to give five women a lesson in the etiquette of the omnibus. We should like to engage that lady as a public teacher in this line, not only for omnibuses but for cars. Just now there is considerable discussion whether a gentleman is bounden in chivalry to give up his seat to a lady, and to stand during the period of his ride. This has only been generated by the past conduct of women, who sometimes would not enter a city car or omnibus to unsex themselves and study to see how rude and unmannerly a man can be. A lady may crowd in, no matter under what inconvenience, take as a matter of course the proffered seat, cover up her neighbors on either side with her spread of skirts, sometimes absolutely sit on the knee of the man opposite, and taking up the room of two. It is impossible for a man to move without treading on her dress, and then let him look out for the withering glance; let him breathe but he moves too near her for the same rule for an in-comer. Her manner of drawing up her offended robes will be a study for him through all time. Should the lady bring a child, he must reconcile himself to the little creature's dirty face, the remains of his cousin tails or pantaloons, or possibly ornamenting him with little dabs of chocolate candy should it be a precocity for that article. Should the lady be given to snacks, let him reconcile himself to them. "Love me, love my basket," and not venture to set it upon the floor, should he want the seat it occupies. Remember all these things, and—ride with the driver.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Of Mrs. Z. R. Plumb's Gymnasium, 60 gentlemen and ladies, masters and misses, have kindly consented to give a select entertainment for the benefit of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, at the Cooper Institute, on Saturday evening, April 16th inst. All admirers of good gymnastic's should attend this entertainment. Those desirous of purchasing tickets can have them at the Gymnasium, 59 West 14th street. Tickets of admission, Reserved seats, $1. Doors open at half-past seven, to commence at eight.

A new epidemic is thus described in the Pensylvania Inquirer: "Since the inhibition of the presence of this disease is noted by a sudden trembling of the hands and arms, which is followed by short symptoms of fever, pains in the arms and the lower part of the back, with severe pains in the back of the head. The victim generally goes to bed, and the physician have not yet established any data to determine the diagnosis of the disease, as it is neither typhoid or typho-malarial fever, but seems to partake of a very definite conclusion as to its nature. Its action throughout resembles the effect of some powerful narcotic poison on the system."

The Sanitary Fair will open in Pittsburg, Pa., May 30.

The Albany Bazaar for the Sanitary Commission—$10,000.

The Calico Ball, in aid of the families of soldiers of Brooklyn and King's county, was given at the Academy of Music on the 16th inst. It was in all respects a deserved success. About 2,000 persons were present. The object of a Calico Ball, the ladies generally appear more expensively dressed than at Opera and Sanger's Grand Soirees, the music. The receipts amount to over $3,000.

Gov. Buckingham, of Connecticut, has appointed the 28th of March as a day of humiliation and fasting.

George Thompson, the well-known English Abolitionist, who has made a fashionable tour to the 11th of March, in Mr. Beecher's Church. The subject was the Popular Sympathy in England with the Efforts in the United States for the Suppression of the Rebellion and the Liberty of the Slave." Mr. Thompson that the act of Congress favoring freedom had done more than anything else to convert Englishmen into advocates of the cause of the North. The working and operative classes had always been with us, which he trusted we should remember when, no longer threatened with a great evil continually sapping our institutions, we should be rejoicing as a great nation, and give them the benefit of our example, that they might soon enjoy similar free institutions.

— Gold has ranged from 102 to 103.

— The propeller Taylor, from New York, arrived at Albany on the 11th of March, being the first boat through.

— By a curious fatality Gerritt Smith drew the President's autograph copy of the Proclamation of Freedom at the Albany Bazaar.

— The annual report of the statistics of crime in the State of New York, presented to the Legislature by the Secretary of State, exhibits an increase of minor offenses and a decrease of more serious crimes. The total number of convictions at special sessions for the year 1863, and in the city proper, the decrease of convictions for drunkenness in New York city was 8,000 during the past year.

— A Boston paper facetiously said: "I have 46 children, and I have reason to hope that Heaven will remember him a good many more. Before 50 years my descendants will exceed in number the population of the State of New York, which consists of 3,000,000 souls."

— Owing to the rise in real estate almost every property holder is anxious to sell. It is, consequently very difficult to hire a house, unless altogether with the contingency of a sale.

— The receipts of Greenwood Cemetery for the year 1863 were $174,691 60, and the expenditure, $170,017 46—of which $45,000 were invested in the U.S. stocks. The number of lots sold during the year were 831, and the total, including the number sold previously, 17,000.

— The Sophomore Class of the Free Academy will hold an exhibition on the 30th March, at the Cooper Union; the proceeds of which will be for the aid of the Southern Colonization. The students to the said class have used their utmost exertions to accomplish the design of securing the interest of the public to this worthy cause, and they look forward to the public's hearty support. There will be some very interesting selections from the most noted authors, and will, no doubt, afford a pleasing entertainment for the audience. The following are the speakers selected by the class for the evening: Charles M. Hibbard, William C. Hess, John G. Jones, Charles H. Brodhead, Edward C. Page, Lewis H. Spence, Rod Gordon, Jr., Horry S. Cary, James W. Wilson, Henry Knowlton, Gustavus Werner, James J. Condon, Ernest Surich.

— On the 25th inst. Sherman's expedition penetrated 35 miles beyond Meridian and destroyed all the railroads in that vicinity, together with 20 locomotives and a large number of cars. There was no more fighting than was anticipated. Forrest, with his cavalry, retreated through Allowed him to traffic. He now occupies the railroad to the Tombigbee River.

— The Choctaws have called a convention to arrange for rehabilitation in the United States Government. Chief Pushmataha, of Jackson, is actively distributing the Amnesty Proclamation and trying to bring the people back to loyalty. The Seminoles and Chickasews still hold out, under the influence of the rebel Gen. Cooper, who was for a long time Indian Agent among them.

— The brutality of the rebels is almost superhuman. Recked prisoners, arrived from Richmond, state that the rebels placed 20 or 30 barrels of powder in the alley and other parts of Libby prison. Kilpatrick's raid, intending to blow up our forces as they succeeded in capturing the city.

— The Raleigh (N. C.) *Standard*, formerly supported by Governor Jed Davis, has been purchased by Mr. Holden, the editor, announces himself as a candidate for Governor.

— What slavery leads to is thus described in one of the slave papers, the Richmond *Whig*, of the 7th March: "A young German, named Charles F. Reese, called officer Kell out of the court-room, during the session of the Mayor's court, and proceeded to a negro girl, about 10 or 11 years of age, wanted her taken into custody for having had a stockook. On examination, the officer discovered that Reese had literally cut the hook out of the child's head, causing the blood was trickling down from her person and collecting in pools at her feet. Reese said she had stolen his pocket-book, and that he resolved to whip her until she had confessed what she had done with it. On being taken before the Mayor, Reese was committed, and the wounded, miserable girl was taken to a hospital."

— A correspondent, under date of Nashville, March 9, observes that since Gen. Sherman has penetrated the heart of the Confederate States, his enemy have reported that the country through which he has passed is barren, with all life's necessaries for man and beast. In addition to this, he states that it has been ascertained that the aggregate of the rebel army amounts to 344 000 men, composed of 224,000 veterans and 120,000 conscripts, lately added.

Military.—Gen. Wool has written a letter to the Secretary of the Albany Bazaar, in which he gives his views for the defeat and suppression of the rebellion during the ensuing campaign. He would have 200,000 under Grant, and as many more under Meade, moving upon the enemy at once and with their whole power. Thus placed between the upper and nether grindstones, the rebellion would be effectually crushed.

— Gen. Grant paid a visit to the Army of the Potomac on the 11th. A speedy movement forward is expected. All indies have been banished from the lines.

— Major-Gen. Sigel arrived at Wheeling on March 16th, having assumed command of the department of Western Virginia, headquarters at Cumberland, Md.

— The hanging of 23 Union prisoners is reported to have taken place at Kinston, N. C., on the 8th inst. The hanging of others is promised, at Salisbury, N. C., is rumored in consequence. Preparations are being made to resist the attack of the rebels on the coast, which is believed to be impending.

Personal.—Lowell, the popular comedian, is at the point of death.

— Parson Brownlow has cleared $60,000 by his "rushed system and limited hopes." So much for modern manhyrom.

— Princess Helena, third daughter of Victoria, is to marry the brother of the Emperor of Austria. More exchanging of brothers.

— M. Auber, the composer, was seized with a giddiness, and fell down, striking his forehead against a marble chimneypiece. Happily he sustained no serious injury, and so far recovered from the fit that he was able, a few days after, to do the honors of a dinner party invited to celebrate his 81st birthday.

— The *Albion* says that Signor Brignoli's voice has taken a sign of decadence.

— Secretary Chase has declined being a candidate for the Presidency.

— John M. Murphy, a former resident of Dalles, Oregon, recently sloped from Boise river with a Miss Cunningham, who is said by a California paper to be a daughter of Mrs. Cunningham of Bucktail murder notoriety. At last accounts the fugitives had arrived at Salt Lake city, on their way to Colorado Territory.

— Col. Dahlgren's body servant arrived in Washington on the 16th. He confirms previous statements concerning Dahlgren's death and the barbarous treatment of his rebel murderers.

— Col. Basil Duke, the notorious guerilla, graduated from Yale College, in the class of 1861.

— The London papers say that the present income of Mrs. Bateman, the actress, is not less than $60,000 a year.

Obituary.—Robert Grigson perished in a snowdrift, near his own house, on New Year's day, about 10 miles from Oshkosh, Wis. He was about 30 years old, and was known as the warrior who captured Black Hawk.

— Mrs. Sarah B. Potter, wife of the Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, D.D., LL.D., died on the 5th of March.

— Mr. Ch. W. March, a literary gentleman, well known in this city, died recently, at Alexandria Bay, N. Y. His death seemed the more untimely, as Mr. March had newly entered upon a large fortune.

— We regret to record the death, at the age of 70 of the Rev. Edward Hitchcock, D.D., LL.D., ex-President of Amherst College, and for many years a pastor, as a teacher and as a man of science.

— Mr. Hoagland, vendor of crayons, who made a fortune by dressing up in an eccentric way, and boasting that his carriage cost his enemies a dead. Most visitors to Paris will recollect the man, a genius in his way, whom the Parisians called "Jo."

— Mrs. Sarah Watere died at Hoosick Falls, R. I. on the 9th March, at the age of 101. The husband of the deceased, Mr. Jacob Watere, was a soldier of the Revolution, and his widow received a pension up to the time of her death.

— A veteran musician, formerly one of the most attractive performers in Vienna, and at the instructor of one of the first artists of the past and present day, Herr Joseph Czerny, died on the 15th inst. Victor Douglas was the composer of "Cagliostro," "Sonnambula," "Ernani," "Lucrezia," and one or two of their day. In 1816 he was Professor at the Conservatoire of Paris. He was a pupil of Haydn, and he wrote a treatise on harmony, which has been highly praised.

— The wife of the gallant Brig.-Gen. Daniel Tyler and the wife of Gen. Sherman were both taken ill in March, after a short illness. Gen. Tyler was in Boston at the time of his wife's illness. Tyler was a highwhose estimable qualities endeared him to all who knew him, and whose reputation as a soldier, as well as those of personal friends, will be well remembered in his painful and sudden bereavement.

— **Accidents and Casualties.**—On the evening of the 5th March Mrs. Mary Cannell attempted to light the fire in a sitting-room adjoining the bed-room she occupied. The paper under the wood had been lighted, and the flames communicated with a can of oil, thus causing it to explode. This set her clothes on fire, and she rushed into the bed-room, where she was so burned as to cause her death a few hours afterwards. Blood was lying on the floor.

— The total loss at the late fire in Meridian, Conn., was $70,000.

— A small boat, carrying passengers from Port Morris to Riker's island, was swamped on the 11th March, and seven persons drowned. Two others were rescued.

— A man named Craig was robbed of $925 by a man named Young, in West Greenville, Pa., on the 3d inst. Young was arrested and committed to jail pursuit to Philadelphia and New York, where he discovered that Young had purchased tickets for gold and had taken ship for Liverpool, whither he was followed by Craig, who arrested him in advance of the steamship in which Young had sailed. Young had $1,000 in gold. Upon the arrest of Craig, he went to sleep and missed his man, but traced him to Liverpool, where he found Craig, who had been jailed on capturing the robber, and recovered his cash and $1,000 in gold. Young's counsel claimed that the prisoner was on his way to jail, a lot of powder exploded, and Young escaped. Subsequently returned from his wedding tour, having been married only about a month since.

— As Gov. Smith was passing up North Main street, Providence, on the 14th inst., a drunken fellow, who had escaped from an officer, came dashing down the street, driving a spirited horse furiously. The Governor caught the culprit as he was rushing past, and, holding on to the reins, the horse was started again, this time with his Excellency at his beels. The fellow was taken to the lock-up, where he was sent, and, just as the fellow was making a fence, the Governor handed him a gold eagle, which he left the officer, and then proceeded to the State House, to sanction the acts of the Legislature of the day before.

— There was a fatal collision on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, between Tullahoma and Decherd, on March. Two freight trains, with one passenger car between, coming north, met on a curve of the last train, with the greatest carelessness, ran his train into the passenger car, which was smashed. The conductor struck was broken up and set on fire from its lamps and stoves. Seven persons were killed outright, and other persons were injured. The engineer would have been killed but for jumping in time.

— John Bell, who was shot in a dance-house on the 26th Feb., by an unknown person, died on the 11th March.

— The brutality of corner grocery clerks is proverbial. On the 10th inst. Mr. Christian Hansen, of Benson, entered a store on the corner of Laurens and Franklin streets, and, after making a purchase, asked the latter seized a meat axe and inflicted such severe wounds upon her head that her life is despaired of. The ruffian was immediately arrested.

— **Foreign.**—The husband of a lady belonging to the Countess Rilovia, on the banks of the Como, lately fell into the lake; most fortunately no persons were present but the lady and her child. She returned with a magnificent dinner were given to the fishes.

— The Emperor Napoleon has given 100,000 francs to build a tunnel. The cost will be about half a million dollars.

— At a recent ball in Rome the Princess Massimo lost a diamond bracelet worth $30,000. A well-known and wealthy aristocratic is suspected as the thief. The Princess refused to dance with him since he made a present of some jewels to his mistress a few days after the ball. The affair has flashed up.

— A letter from Rome, of a late date, states there are but few Americans in that city at present, owing to the high rate of exchange.

— A paper has just appeared in Paris called *Le Grand*, gold enough, the subscription is $40 per year.

— At a public ball given by the wife of the President of the Swiss there were 2,000 ladies present, not one of whom wore crinoline.

— The Russian fleet at Odessa, has just awakened from a sound sleep of 10 days and nights, the longest on record, and is now all right. Yes, and has breathing was distinctly audible all the time.

— **Science and Literature.**—Prof. B. Carpenter, the artist, is now in Washington, painting a historical picture representing the reading of President Lincoln reading his Proclamation of Emancipation to his Cabinet.

Chit-Chat.—Humboldt says: "We saw, on the slope of the Cerra-Dinda, shirt trees 50 feet high. The bodies cut of cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and brown bark, without breaking any longitudinal incision. This bark shrinks from a sort of garment which resembles a sack of very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head, and the two lateral ones are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts of skins in the rainy season."

— On the 1st of March the price for board at our hotels were increased to $5 50 per day. As omnibuses cost but six cents per ride, it will amount to fifty 11 50 more, the question seems to be now, What is to become of the bachelors?" who have not $3 a day?

— There was a Leap-Year Ball at Hartford, on the night of the coming round of "Sir privilege." Ladies invited the guests, made what offers they pleased, selected the partners, and took numerous other "steps" according to fashion. It is said that some even went so far as to "pay the fiddler."

— The Richmond *Examiner* contains an advertisement of the Danville Female College, announcing that the institution will open its doors on the 1st April, for the reception of flour.

— A paragraph has been going the rounds of the English and American papers, concerning the marriage of Miss Maxwell, daughter of the late Mr. John Maxwell, publisher. This is contradicted by Mr. R. B. Maxwell, a near relative of Mrs. Maxwell —who is still living.

— Letters from Venice state that the cold there has been unprecedented this winter. The whole of the Lagunes are frozen over, and can be crossed in safety by passengers from the Campanile to Mestre, and from Murano to Fondamente Nuovo.

— The Academy of Music, Philadelphia, has made a public meeting, at which it was resolved that for the future the price of his box should be reduced by two sauas; a Fanese, four; a Bolsmanesian, five and a half dollars; and a Venetian, six. The European prices were not disturbed, for being able to shave themselves, and wash their own linen, might enable them to self-protection. There were 3,500 barbers present, and the meeting broke up in consequence of the present dearness of the necessaries of life.

GEN. CUSTER.

BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE A. CUSTER is a native of Ohio, and graduated in the lowest graduates of the class of 1861. He is, therefore, a very young man. He entered the United States army as a Brevet Second Lieutenant of the 2d U. S. cavalry and Second Lieutenant of the 5th U. S. cavalry on the 24th June, 1861. He served on the staff of General of the Potomac, and distinguished himself in the affair at Williamsburg, on May 5, 1862. For distinguished service in the battle of Gettysburg he for a Brevet of First Lieutenant. During the campaigns in the Shenandoah Valley he again distinguished himself, and was nominated for a Brevet of Captain, to date from May 20, 1862.

On July 26, 1863, he was appointed First Lieutenant of Company M. of the 5th U. S. cavalry, and was immediately appointed an aide-de-camp on McClellan's staff, with the rank of Captain, to date from June 5, 1863. In this capacity he gained great honor.

He was promoted to the rank of commander of a brigade of cavalry in the army of Washington, under Gen. Stahel, and on June 29, 1863, was appointed to the command of the Michigan Cavalry Brigade. He commanded the second brigade of Kilpatrick's division of the cavalry corps at Gettysburg, the battle at that place, and the pursuit of the rebels from that battle-field.

He took an active part in the cavalry fights upon the Rappahannock, in June, 1863, and was at one time wounded in the leg, but not seriously.

On November, 1863, Gen. Custer had in charge of the post of Stevensburg, Va., one of the advance cavalry posts of the army of the Potomac.

When the present expedition was organized Gen. Custer was appointed to the command of a brigade, formerly under the charge of the late gallant Gen. Elon J. Farnsworth.

At the recent battle of Stanardsville he well maintained the reputation of a brave and skillful officer under their late noble leader.

Gen. Custer has recently returned from his wedding tour, having been married only about a month since.

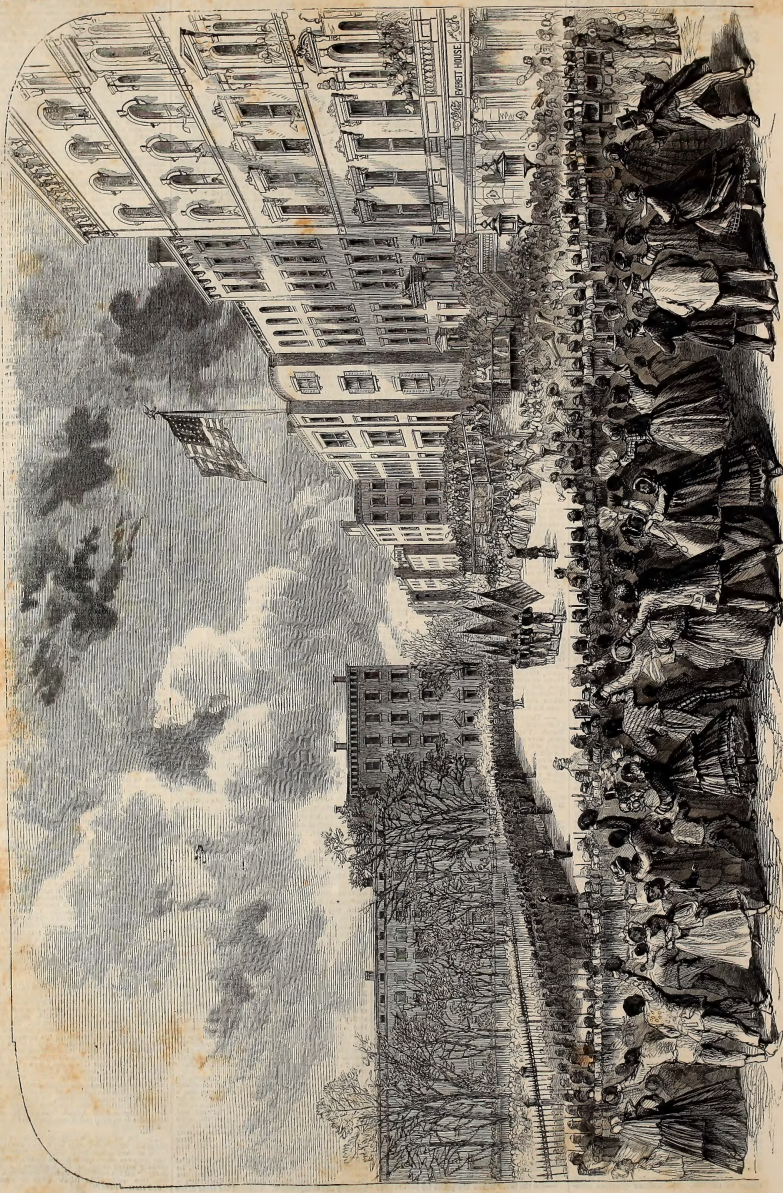
JOHN N. PATTISON.

True unequivocal success which the young American pianist, Mr. J. N. Pattison, he displayed in the Academy of Music yesterday justly entitles him to a place among the celebrities whose portraits from time to time find a place in our columns. We are glad to record a decided success in favor, and has won his place among the first by the choice of a difficult programme, and by that determined perseverance by which eminence, in art, if not always achieved.

Mr. Pattison was born at Niagara Falls on the 22d of October, 1839, and is, consequently, now a little more than 24 years of age. His early youth was passed almost within sight of that wonderful work of nature, whose grandeur, with poetic minds, increases the wonder with which they contemplate it, and it is evident that its influence may have been felt, unconsciously, by the boy, and have done much towards expanding and strengthening the musical nature of the child. He received his early education at a school in Lockport, and during his boyhood his love for music was first developed. His studies were pursued in the room next to the music-room, and though not pursued with any remarkable degree of diligence, sprang up in his mind to become master of the art. The first instruction he received in music was given by the women of Turkey, he brings the women themselves before you, as they sit in the bazaars and in the streets, and forms picturesque tableaux of Eastern life and manners. This is entirely new, and serious censure is marred by the graceful movements of musician, and the many pleasing incidents and startling contrasts—hence his popularity. Ladies are invariably interested in the beautiful and graceful by their sisters in the Orient: the youthful mind is more attracted to the study of music by the following of illustrations than it would be by a six months' course of congregating with the dry rules of harmony. Then enjoy an opportunity which would otherwise, from the force of circumstances, be lost to quite that interesting class, and we have all read so much and seen so little.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—The new fairy drama, which has been produced with more scrupulous attention and a manager has made a legitimate success. Not only is it a fairy drama in the sense of the term, but it is a fairy in spirit and effect. Mrs. Prior is especially entitled to commendation. Her performance is, we believe, her acting admirable, and she is worthy to be one of the most talented attractions of the museum. Miss Alvord is also an actress of great merit, and is a great favorite with the audience. The drama will, undoubtedly, have a long run. It is full of the most delightful sentiments of humanity, each one being well formed and of the right kind. The other attractions, such as the wonderful Sah, Albino family, etc., are too numerous to be even mentioned, and must be seen to be appreciated.

In one of our Sunday schools, recently, the pastor asked the pupils what they would rather have, if they could have whatever they wished. The answers were various, and mostly of the extremely selfish order, as for instance: "A bag of gold," "all the bank bills to be counted in a day," etc. One ruddy little fellow spoke up promptly, "I'd Jeff Davis's head!"



PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE 20TH U. S. COLORED INFANTRY, COL. BASTRAM, AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE, N. Y., MARCH 5.—[SEE P. 7.

THE MARGUERITE.

ERE the swallow's homeward wing
To its native bower hath flown,
Or the genial airs of spring
Prompt the cuckoo's monotone;

When an unseen presence fills
Every pulse with fresher life,
And the warm, moist air distils
Dews with honied fragrance rife;

Hidden from the garish sun,
In some nook of tender green,
Waiting to be sought, ere won,
Peeps the violet from her screen;

Coy as maiden modesty,
Bowed the common gaze beneath;
Blue as fair Floranthe's eye;
Fragrant as her odorous breath;

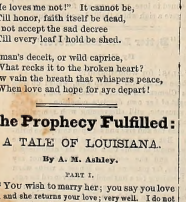
Redolent of pleasures past—
Hopes that no fruition knew;
Bliss, too bitter-sweet to last;
Faith, no vows can now renew;

Remembrancer of love and spring,
Of days that long have taken flight;
Thy simple perfume seems to bring
Sweet dreams of vanished years to light!

And she hath gathered violets blue—
To mingle flowers might break the spell;
And fain would try the test anew
That may her saddest doubt dispel!

Such ordeals now are idle all;
If needed, love is love no more;
And tests that wishes vain recall
But tell us what we knew before!

"He loves me not!" "He loves me still!"
Oh that such faith were yet my lot!
Or that this leaf might work my will,
That says, alas! "He loves me not!"



"He loves me not!" It cannot be,
Till honor, faith itself be dead,
I'll not accept the sad decree
Till every leaf I hold be shed.

Of man's deceit, or wild caprice,
What recks it to the broken heart?
How vain the breath that whispers peace,
When love and hope for aye depart!



JOHN N. PATTISON, THE YOUNG AMERICAN PIANIST.—FROM A PHOT. BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 3.

The Prophecy Fulfilled:

A TALE OF LOUISIANA.

By A. M. Ashley.

PART I.

"You wish to marry her; you say you love her, and she returns your love; very well. I do not approve of it. She can do as she likes; but remember what I tell you, Albert Bruno. If you are kind to her she will make you a good wife; but if you are not, she will prove a sword to pierce you with."

So said Mrs. James, in answer to the young man who had pled with her for her daughter's hand in marriage. Aphia, the young girl who had betrothed herself without her mother's consent, was one of three daughters of this the most wealthy and aristocratic family in the neighborhood. Her two sisters were married to rich planters, who made them good husbands, and were already at the head of luxurious homes, where the *élite* of the country were daily received and entertained as familiar friends.

Mrs. James's plantation bordered on the Red river, in that richly cultivated district where the waving cane and the snowy fields of cotton yield abundant wealth to their possessor. Thirty years ago the wealthy gentlemen of that part of the country were all hunters. They loved the chase as as their chief amusement, and many a feat was made more merry by the recital of some of the daring feats performed by these more daring spirits, in the pursuit of game they delighted to bring back to their plantations, as the trophy of their success; and jokes passed round, and glasses were filled and emptied, with toasts and songs, in honor of him who was acknowledged to be the boldest hunter of the Red river.

"So Bruno has carried off the last of the sisters, eh?" exclaimed Col. Hunter, an old planter, better known in the neighborhood as Uncle Hunter. "Boys, you were not sharp to let such a fine deer escape you."

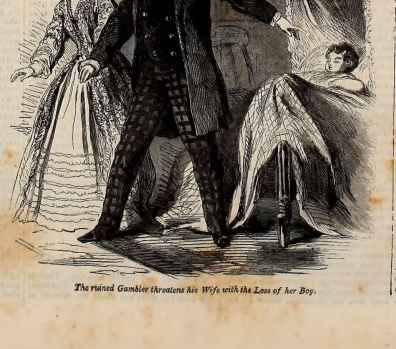
"What would you have us do, uncle Ben?" replied his nephew. "She's a fine jewel, surely, but not as strange as she is rare."

"Bruno has won, but he will not wear her long, mark my words," replied the old planter. "He's not the man for that girl: he's too cold a nature for that high-spirited, noble creature. Why, I've seen many a fine fellow ride an hour on a full gallop to catch up to her, just to have a talk—and he had to ride fast to overtake her, for no one knows better how to sit a horse. I tell you, boys, Bruno won't understand how to treat her; she's too fine a woman for him."

And the old gentleman filled his glass and emptied it at once to hide his rising indignation.

"She will marry him. Her mother does not approve of the match; but what can she do, uncle Ben? Those girls were always independent spirits, but wonderfully interesting and well-informed upon every subject."

"You are right, Jim!" exclaimed uncle Ben. "Did you never hear how this one educated herself?"



The ruined Gambler threatens his Wife with the Loss of her Boy.

"No; tell us!" cried out the young men at once.

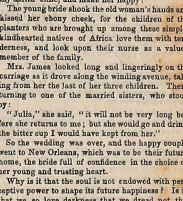
"Why, I've often heard her father say that she got all her education from his English edition of the Encyclopædia. 'Hunter,' my old friend would say, telling me of it, and looking at me, with his head on both his hands, elbows resting on the table and a twinkle of delight in his round blue eyes, 'that girl's a perfect wonder! She never hears a word or a name that is new to her but she searches for it in that valuable work.' Think, boys, of marrying a girl who is a walking encyclopædia!"

"I would have run the risk, if she had agreed to it," replied his son. "But I hope she will be happy," he added, "for she deserves to be."

And truly Aphia James was a worthy favorite of the country round. With her *petite*, delicate figure, large, lustrous dark eyes, and silken black hair that could completely envelope her like a cloud, she possessed a mind richly stored with varied information, derived from a widely extended course of miscellaneous reading. For, so wedded was she to her home and Southern life, she could never be prevailed upon to enter a school for those accomplishments which could best be obtained in our Northern cities.

We will pass over the great wedding at the hospitable mansion of the widow. Mrs. James overcame her prejudices (or rather laid them aside) against the favored bridegroom, who had secured first her daughter's love, and then the share of the estate, which, by her husband's will, came to each child on her marriage, leaving the widow still a most luxurious home and ample support. The family mansion was crowded with visitors, who, with their servants and attendants, as is the custom at the South, had collected to witness the marriage and enjoy the festivities. The negroes, dressed in their best suits, gathered round the dwelling, showing, by the rolling of their eyes and a fine display of ivory teeth, their high appreciation of an event that secured to them a glorious holiday. Each held in hand something, some little gift for the young missus that was about leaving them.

"God bless you, Miss Phia," said an old woman,



The Threat fulfilled.

who had been nurse to the sisters, "God bless my darlin' child, and make her happy!"

The young bride shook the old woman's hands and kissed her ebony cheek, for the children of the planters who are brought up among these simple, kindhearted natives of Africa love them with tenderness, and look upon their nurse as a valued member of the family.

Mrs. James looked long and lingeringly on the carriage as it drove along the winding avenue, taking from her the last of her three children. Then, turning to one of the married sisters, who stood by:

"Julia," she said, "it will not be very long before she returns to me; but she would go and drink the bitter cup I would have kept from her."

So the wedding was over, and the happy couple went to New Orleans, which was to be their future home, the bride full of confidence in the choice of her young and trusting heart.

Why is it that the soul is not endowed with perceptive power to shape its future happiness? Is it that we so love darkness that we dread not the shadow which coming evil casts before it? Or does hope, that will-o'-the-wisp of our inner life, bewilder us with its fitful light, till it leads into those depths of sorrow and despondency which so often prove our ruin? I would rather believe that each heart receives the discipline it requires, and which alone could have the power to cleanse and purify it, even as fire tries gold, and removes from it all that is impure.

Three years have passed, for time is no laggard; and whether its path lies among thorns or flowers it has ever a sure, steady pace, marked by events and experiences, or heartbeats, more than the dull, leaden sound of clocks and bells.

To the young bride the first year of wedded life was one of sunshine and flowers; her husband loved her—or seemed to do so—and anticipated every wish. But soon a change came over their home. Her evenings were spent by her alone, or in the company of friends who visited her. He, for whom she had left mother, sisters, and the home of her happy childhood, sought other companionship, other pleasures. She remarked not; but as rumors reached her of his habits, and the haunts he frequented, reason told her that her hopes of happiness were gone—like withered flowers they lay scattered, dropping one by one from that consecrated vase—her living heart—that had treasured them, and would have kept them fresh and sweet. But no one is ever wholly bereft of all

Something tangible or intangible, something to love in form or in the ideal, is ever left as a gleam of light to cheer the sorrowing heart, even as a single star is seen shining in the thick darkness as a lamp to make visible the surrounding gloom.

The young wife became a mother, and that new born life brought with it a dawning hope—Albert Bruno would love his child—he boy who was to bear his name and inherit the talents which he knew he possessed (for the father felt the was wasting the gifts with which God had endowed him), he would turn now from those ways which led to ruin; that young child would be his star, lighting his pathway to a new life.

But he was now a noted gambler; play was his profession, his life; the gaming table supplied him with food, employment—all he desired. To it everything was sacrificed, and it had become his Moloch, crying for more, as each object was given to satisfy its insatiable demands. To those disappointments at monstrous losses, the cup was resorted to as a Lethean draught, and the poor wife saw the gradual advances of want and misery with consternation—for she had a brave spirit—but with a wasted form and a sad heart.

"I must have money!" he would exclaim to his wife, "or I am ruined man. My honor is at stake; your mother has plenty, and you must get it."

Alas! for the honor of a gambler! But the world acknowledges and provides for it in its Decalogue.

Then went forth another heartrending appeal to that mother on whose bosom the young wife longed to lay her head and find rest, as she had done in childhood's days. But these requests became so frequent that Mrs. James could no longer grant them.

"Come home, my child," she would write to her daughter, "come back to cheer my heart and share all I possess. I am alone, and you are suffering in want of the comforts which I cannot secure for you while you are from me. Bring the boy with you, perhaps he will miss you both and follow. I am ready to forgive and receive him too, if he will but forsake that terrible sin which drags himself and the two beings he should cherish into disgrace and misery."

One morning the husband returned home—now a scene of sad desolation—desperate and infuriated by his fulfilment of new and adventurous. He had risked all—house, furniture, even to the bed on which lay his wife and the young child who had not just learned to call him father. She piled with him to fly from the scene of his disgrace, and showed him the last letter received from her mother, begging for her forgiveness and readiness to receive him with herself and child.

"Oh, Albert!" she exclaimed, "let me make the more appeal to the love which you so earnestly plied, and I know I listened with joy! Come with me to a home, happy and pure, where we shall again find peace and love, where our boy will be as a bird in groves, joyous and free. This is no place for him, that tender bud of innocence, he cannot bloom in this barren spot."

Albert was restless, tender and pathetic, had been made and rejected before; but the poor wife thought the time had now come when no other alternative offered, and he would be forced to listen and comply. Vain hope! idle dream! When it is so dark with evil that it cannot be darker, for its tendency is ever downward into a deeper gulf.

"Your mother is the besotted man, "and not a step shall you take in that direction; you vowed to share my fortunes for better or worse, and I claim the fulfilment of that vow. The child is mine, and with me it shall stay!"

"And have I not fulfilled my promise?" she asked. "What is it I offer you but all in a desperate condition? There is nothing else left for us, even though I did not wish to join my mother."

"Your mother is mean and intriguing, or she would send you more money, and not try to force you from your home and me."

Aphia's heart ached with wounded feeling at this unjust attack upon her noble-hearted, generous mother, whom she so fondly loved, but she did not mount the lists.

"But has she not again and again sent means, till I am ashamed to ask? Must I reduce her, too, to poverty? Is nothing else settled yet?" she replied, tears forcing themselves into her eyes.

"I wish no scene!" he replied, brutally grasping her arm, till she screamed from pain, "but look you, Aphia, if you take not my part, by or by yourself, I will follow you, and wherever you hide there will I seek you, and drag him from you—not from love—but to strike you in the tenderest part," and the unhappy man went forth to his daily work of ruin.

The poor wife looked after him as he left the room, and the big tears dropped slowly and silently from her eyes as over a new-made grave—for there she buried all the deep and devoted love she had given to the husband of her youthful heart. From that mound of ashes of the Past she rose, the strong, courageous, devoted mother, ready to battle for the sake of her darling boy.

"To secure his welfare, his happiness," she exclaimed, "shall now be my only care; to keep him with me, my only desire."

The preparations for her departure were soon made—few and few—and that evening found her on board the steamboat, on her way to the home of her happy days.

PART II.

MRS. JAMES received her daughter with open arms and heart—but the child, the boy who was henceforth to be the object of their constant watchfulness, engrossed her tenderest love. He was to bear the family name, and by him the honor of the house was to be sustained.

A dressing for her daughter was soon procured, and Albert Bruno's name was never mentioned. But was it forgotten? Ask the slight needle if it forgets ever to turn to the North Star as its true attraction? or the sunflower if she neglects to give her last look to the God of Day? and they will answer: "The law that governs us is Supreme!" So is it with the woman that has truly loved—that has sacrificed herself to the one affection. It may be shrouded in the deepest grief and hid from outward sight, but the heart travels to it (the love, we mean, not perhaps the object of it) through the distance of years, even as we journey far to visit the green spot where we have laid away the forms of those we love.

They grew and was lovely. In appearance he resembled his mother, while bright intellect looked out in him from the same lustrous eyes. He was allowed to mingle with the young children with the young negroes, his playmates, who loved him and would have died to protect him.

"Where young master gone?" asked the nurse, of his mother, late one afternoon, as she sat on the piazza, reading. "Did missus give'm leave to go any?"

"No, Elsie. I have scarcely seen him to-day. I thought he was with you," she replied.

Young master had disappeared woman. "You tell Cato him and massa Albert could go pick berries in de glen by de brook—but dey not yet cum home, and de night coming on fass. I'se not like dat boy way dis time o' day."

"You need not be alarmed," replied the mother, "they have been careful and will surely bring him home safe. They will be here soon," she continued, taking up her book.

Twilight came on and brought no sign of the missing child. Twilight deepened. Several of the men were sent out in search of the boy and the young negro who accompanied him. The horsemen glanced fitfully in the adjoining woods as they continued their search into night. At last they returned to the house bringing with the negro groom the lifeless body of the boy, in a by-path, some distance off, apparently stunned by a blow he had received. He soon recovered under the care and tenderness of his mother, and was able to give the following account:

The child and himself had picked berries for some time, in the pleasant brook, and then wandered slowly till they reached a footpath among the cedar woods, quite remote from the road, when they saw a stranger coming from the direction of Arrowhead. He drew up near the boy, and looking at the child, he asked,

"Albert Lane, is your name, little fellow?"

"Albert James," replied the child. "Now, tell me yours, if you please, for I like to know who I talk to. Mamma tells me never to talk to strangers."

"Your mother is quite right; but I am not a stranger—your name is Albert Lane, and I am honey; jump up with me and I will take you there."

"No, no, sar, massa Albert can't do das," exclaimed Cato, catching up the child and beginning to run, but the stranger gave the boy the blow that stunned him, and then the poor negro could tell, adding, "I dunno what for I was feared uv de gemmin—him didn't look good."

"Good God, my darling boy!" exclaimed the frantic mother. "But which way did he go, Cato? Speak! quick! I must follow!"

"I dunno, missus," replied the boy, weeping and wringing his hands. "He knock me down fuss—I no see den nuffin. I go wid you arter massa Albert. Oh, Lor, Lor, what'll poor Cato do?"

The night was now far advanced, but no ray o light yet heralded the approach of morn.

"Stay with your child here!" exclaimed the unhappy mother. "Quick, boys; you love me, I know. Some of you come with me."

"Mother, mother, what is my daughter?" asked Mrs. James. "You do not know who took him or where to seek him."

"But he could do that deed!" she exclaimed. "His words ring in my ears—I will drag him from you, to wound you in the tenderest part, O God! I could kill myself—I would instantly reclaim them. I'll search the woods—the whole country round. Every inch of the ground is familiar to me. I will track him like a bloodhound and find my boy!"

Mrs. James saw that all remonstrance would be vain; so she desisted from making it.

The men were soon at the door, and the men mounted were ready to accompany their young mistress.

Hours passed, of weary watching to Mrs. James. To her daughter, of hard riding and deep, varied emotions of anxiety for her child—of sorrow and self-reproaching towards the mother who could nurture his boy, to annoy and wound her whose life he had turned to bitterness. For truly she could say of herself—"Call me Mara, for I have drunk of the bitter waters of life."

The next evening, as the sun was dipping behind the hills and kissing the waters of the bay in a blush of promise for the morrow's light—the dull, distant sound of hoofs was heard drawing nearer and nearer, till the young mother was seen in front of the door, and gave the tired child to the arms of her mother.

"I found him, mother, dear!" she exclaimed, jumping from the back of the jaded animal. "I said I would ferret him out though he burrowed in the vaults, and take my child away from him. Dear mother, I told him, and called Heaven to hear me, that if ever he again stole him from me I would kill him! Oh!" added the weary, heartsick woman, sinking down exhausted by her mother's side—"this is the man I once loved! this the state to which he has brought me!"

Mrs. James comforted her afflicted child and soothed the boy, who was weeping with fatigue and joy at finding himself again in her loving embrace. His father had taken him far into the dense woods miles away from the plantation, where he had erected a log hut, in which he had lived for months a solitary life, on game and whatever he could occasionally purchase from the neighboring town, in the hope that the opportunity would occur of carrying into effect his wicked design of robbing the mother of her child.

They had spent the whole day in their search, when, all at once, the keen eyes of the mother spied a thin and scarcely perceptible column of smoke rising from distant part of the dense woods that skirted the horsepath. Dashing into its thick undergrowth, which barely allowed a passage, they reached a spot where a few trees had been felled, affording an open space to build a log cabin scarcely large enough for the abode of man. The boy, who had been left with the negro boy, ran at the sight of his mother and the faithful negroes, and threw himself on her neck. Aphia James kissed her child and thanked Heaven for an inherited the Southern nature fostered under a hot sun) and advanced towards the prostrate form of a man who was sleeping on a straw bed within.

"Albert Bruno," she cried, wildly, her face lighted up with an unearthly light, "you stole my child from me. God has led me to your lurking-place, and given him back to me. You may go this time; but if you touch him again, as sure as there is a God in Heaven, I will take your life," and she held a loaded pistol within reach.

The man, half awakened from a deep sleep after the day's hunt, stared at the figure bending over him, and before he could collect himself the young mother was riding with her boy and her dark escort through the woods, on her way home.

Nearly a month elapsed since the event we have undertaken to relate. Mrs. James and her daughter remember it as a horrid dream, not likely to be repeated during the course of six years old, and looks upon their whole care and affection. His mother charges herself with his instruction, for on him are centred the hopes of the remaining few joys of her withered life. She is courted and again sought in marriage by many a noble heart, who would gladly purchase the love of her child by a hardened pathway. But that noble woman is true to the idol of her youth; it was not realised, but another cannot now take its place. She begins now to feel the nothing effect of rest and returning peace upon her health and spirits.

"This is Albert's birthday, mother, dear," said Aphia, sitting down at the breakfast-table on the morning of that interesting anniversary. "Shall we not give the people a holiday, and help them to be happy? I have a plan in my morning hat! They can have a dance on the lawn, a good dinner afterwards, and then amuse themselves as they wish in their own quarters."

"Surely," replied Mrs. James; "and they will learn to love the boy all the more for the pleasure he gives them, as well as unexpected."

So the large plantation bell was sounded loud and long, and the hands came back from their fields—where they had heard the news from the young master himself, who stood among them the future lord of their earthly destiny.

Dance had begun, and the old fiddler, uncle Joe, had scraped his bow till it drew forth an uncertain sound, not musical, but sure to excite the dancing propensities of the merry impressed race; the little ones, half-baked, were tumbling and rolling over on the ground, while their elders chattered, laughed and showed symptoms of the "big flake." All was going on as merry as the marriage bells, when a scream, a child's cry of terror and agony suddenly hushed and silenced the fiddler's efforts, above the laugh and the chattering of the happy negroes assembled to celebrate that eventful anniversary.

"Albert! Albert!" "Where is Albert?" exclaimed Mrs. James and her daughter at the same time, running in the midst of the negroes from different directions.

They had both recognized the child's voice, even in those tones of terror and distress, and their pale faces told the truth that flashed like lightning upon them.

But no one could answer their question, uttered in accents of fear and frantic emotion. Some had seen him but just before at play in their midst, others had missed him for a moment since running after the dogs, but now he could nowhere be found.

The gentlemen of the neighborhood, who were dining that day at the house, were soon in the saddle, ready to scour the country in search of the missing child, but the mother would not be prevented from accompanying them. Mounted on her favorite, the same animal that had borne her on her former search, and whose mettle she had often tested, Aphia James followed in the lead, urging them on and on, led further by that natural instinct that leads the dam to its young than the knowledge that she could find her own sought. She reached it at last, the log cabin in the dark cedar woods, where she had found him lying before. But

"Gone, God!" she exclaims, "it is empty. Long since he has deserted it, for no sign o life is here. Where shall I seek him next?"

She turned her horse's reins to the noble animal that bears her onward. Her friends follow, wondering where this wild chase will end. But night came on without any return to the house of dejected, baffled, and impatient for the returning daylight to renew their search in a different direction.

Three days were thus spent; three terrible days of suspense and agony to the poor mother! On the fourth, after a hot, long ride, they stopped at a small house on the wayside, to rest their horses and refresh them with water. While waiting to mount again, a child's voice is heard from an inner room, begging in tender accents to be released.

The mother starts—she listens—her cheeks flush.

"Come," she says, in a hushed tone, "he is here! I know his voice. I heard it from that room. I cannot mistake it."

Her friends obey without speaking. There is something in her eye that compels obedience; they force the door; she stands one moment on the threshold; looks at him who is holding her child, to keep him from her arms; rushes forward, and plunges something that glittered in her hand deep into his breast.

"I warned you, Albert Bruno!" exclaimed the poor, frantic woman, in a subdued but terribly audible voice, "but you would not heed my warning. I have killed him," she continued. "God have mercy on me! I resign myself to the law."

It was all the work of a moment; and she stood with her hands clasped around the neck of the child, who had run to her as soon as released by his wounded father, who had fallen, bleeding, on the floor.

All stood for a moment as if transfixed to the spot. The mother, pale as death, and looking like a spectre, with her long black hair, which had escaped from her riding-hat, flowing wildly to her feet, led her boy from the room, passing slowly through the crowd, that had now gathered, remounted her horse, and placing the child before her, retraced her way back to her home.

"I have—killed—him—mother!" were the first words she uttered, slowly and solemnly, as she again placed the boy in her arms. "Our prophecy is fulfilled; he made me the sword to pierce him with; but I have again brought the boy."

For weeks Aphia James laid at the point of death, the few words she uttered at intervals only proving that reason had deserted its throne, and life in any form would be a burden. But gradually she recovered, and demanded a trial by the laws of her country, which she had broken in the state of frenzy excited and goaded on by the dread of losing her child. She rode daily, in her weak state, to the courthouse, accompanied by her judge and friends, to hear the pleadings of the able arguments and eloquent pleadings for and against herself. She attempted no pallation of her crime; which was acknowledged by all. But the public opinion was in her favor; her family was loved by rich and poor in the neighborhood; she, herself, a favorite, and deserved so; her husband's name known to have been great, and nobly borne; the case was one of aggravated provocations; and, as the verdict was "not guilty," all those present secured in that part of our country where deeds of violence were in those days, as now, the rule, and not the exception, she was sentenced to a short imprisonment, which was made as light by the companionship of the child for whom she had endured so much.

Albert Bruno was never seen in that section of the country after. It was rumored that he began a new life in some distant land, which rumors of his disgraceful conduct never reached; and where he tried to retrieve his character, and redeem the talents he had so shamefully wasted.

WALKS IN PARADISE.

By Ernest Trevor.

LAST night we paced beneath an avenue
Of shadowy trees, whose feathered leaves had past
Away for ever in the wintry blast,
Which oft returns their boughs to revel through—
Invisible and unconfined wings!
Touched by the grim solemnity of night—
Starless and chill, with just enough of light
To see the branches and the stately things,
Their arms above us—for awhile we rest
'Neath the bare choir, where a wild requiem rings
Of wind, sighing, as for a soul unblest!
While thus we stood, with breathing hearts all mute,
Yet tuned to love, mine arm she fondly prest,
And I gave a sigh which thrilled me like a lute.

"Better Late than Never."

By F. Brock.

"AHAB for womanhood!"

Those words, with a deep sigh, welled up from Miss Clementina Smith's inmost soul, as she thought of her own desolate condition. She was still romantic, still effervescing with romantic affection (to use her own language), though she had seen the sun rise and set upon thirty-five birthdays. But would-be scattered hair? Ah! that, she knew, would at some time meet its acknowledged master, and she could wait. She did not say patience, for she knew there is no hurry when one is waiting for a husband at so advanced an age. On one circumstance were all her hopes placed:

Miss Clementina Smith was situated near the beautiful and well-known Lake George, and who would presume to say that among the summer boarders who come from from from from some one could be smitten with her charms? In fact, our heroine had already had her lovers among them, and there had been a time when she believed herself the undisputed object of their choice. She maintained the doctrine that more matches were made by these summer trips than in any other way; and she would, with a knowing smile, that she knew nothing else induced young men to visit the city except a desire to flirt and chat with the girls, declare that she could see heels in love before they knew what they were about. They said they came to fish, but she could not be blinded as to what they came to fish for. For girls, she knew, were the bait.

Her old bachelor uncle, for whom she had kept house ever since the death of her parents, had often twitted her about her flirtations, and asked her "Who was to be the happy man?" Ah! she knew that well enough herself. A handsomed fellow was uncle Ben, and one much thought of in the village, and when he took his accustomed seat on the church steps during the hour between morning and afternoon service (for it was a good, old-fashioned Presbyterian church, and most of the people took their lunch in their pockets and staid till their church affairs for the week were concluded), many friends gathered around to hear him tell his oft-told but always amusing stories. He had his fav-

orite story, too, and his jolly sides would shake as he told of the summer morning when he slily took away he ladder from below the tall tree in which the schoolmaster was perched, eating apples, and absorbed in reading his favorite, "Pope's Essay on Man." And then how he watched till the master, looking at his huge silver bullseye watch, found that it was schooltime and for the first time discovered that the ladder was missing. But fears were excited lest he should never recover his gravity, when he described the many ways in which the betricked pedagogue endeavored to reach *terra firma*.

But enough of uncle Ben. You know now what a protector Miss Clementina had, and can judge how little he would be apt to appreciate her romance. But you should have seen the corners of his mouth twitch with the ill-repressed smile when he spied his niece sitting by the open window, in the pleasant summer twilight, warbling (as she said) "Ever of Thee!" and "Would I were with Thee." She heeded him not, for in bright fancy-land she was dreaming of enchanting some wandering swain, who was lying in ambush among the trees, and who would, when he could no longer restrain his feelings, rush to her side and beg to be allowed to make her acquaintance without the formality of an introduction. But it was all in vain. No one came to admire the sweet singer, though she donned the simple white dress (an emblem of purity she said) and exhausted time and patience in arranging the ringlets to fall so as to cover the neck, which each returning summer was rendering less bewitching, for years will leave their mark, and this the lady well knew. She met good-looking gentlemen in her daily walks, and wondered that they could not see in her face what a fond and loving wife she would make. However, all things have an end, and so did the single life of Miss Clementina Smith.

One evening uncle Ben burst into her room, exclaiming;

"Here, Jinny, where are you?"

(He always called her by this name, much to her horror, for he said he could not bother to say her real name, for he averred that it was a good mouthful for any one.)

She answered his summons and saw that he had company with him.

"Here, Jinny," said he, "let me introduce Major Winslow and his cousin, Miss—Miss— Well, now, it is too bad, but I've clean forgotten your name."

"Miss Lucy Norris," said the young lady smiling.

"Ah, yes. Well, I declare I don't see how I forgot it. It puts me in mind of the time when I was young and bashful and forgot my own name. It was one Sunday——"

"Well, never mind now, uncle," interrupted Miss Smith; "you are keeping the gentleman and lady waiting, and it is not likely that they will fancy your stories as well as your village chums."

"That's so," said uncle Ben; "forgive me, young lady. And now to the point, Jinny. The hotels and boarding-houses are all full, and Mr. Martin, down to the depot, told the major that perhaps we could accommodate them until they could find rooms elsewhere."

"Well," said Miss Clementina, whose heart beat wildly at the thought of having a major staying in the house, "if they can be comfortable in our unostentatious domicile, far be it from me to interpose any obstacle in the way of their enjoyment." So the business was settled, and soon the major and sweet Lucy Norris felt completely at home with the hearty joker and his romantic niece. To be sure Lucy often felt like laughing when Miss Clementina and her cousin wandered off together, and left her to amuse herself with uncle Ben, who seemed to care for nothing better than to say or do things to make the merry laugh ring out, and the bright eyes sparkle with delight.

A bright sunny creature was she, and nothing pleased her better than to mount on the hay by the side of uncle Ben, and ride through village or wild country, she little cared which, though she rather preferred to go where she thought there was a chance of meeting the couple who had become very well acquainted with each other, and seemed to wish now to explore every lonely place in the vicinity. The way in which Lucy happened to be with her cousin was simply this:

Her parents lived in Burlington, Vermont, and she had never been to New York, a circumstance that she very much regretted, for she wished to visit her uncle (the major's father), who was very fond of her. Still she could not go alone, and there was no one who wanted to take her. But at last an opportunity came in the shape of the major, who paid Mr. and Mrs. Norris a farewell visit before his departure for the seat of war, and volunteered to escort Lucy to the city, and also said that he would like to have her go with him to the pretty place in which we now find them. Lucy, nothing loth, agreed, and here they are. But the major is fairly entrapped. Bright eyes are dangerous things for epaulets, and *vice versâ*.

The major was not very young, but then how infinitely better is a man who knows the ways of the world and has risen to a position like his than one who has all these things yet to gain. So thought Clementina, and she strove hard to bring the major with his fifty years and his shoulder-straps to her feet. She shrank a little from Lucy's roguish eyes, yet with true Spartan will she never swerved from her purpose. And so she won him.

It was an evening in June, and an eventful one it proved to be. The moon was shining brightly, and in the little sitting-room of the Smith mansion no lamp opposed its rude glare to the mild moonbeams. The major was standing by the open window, thinking probably of the future, when, crowned with bright laurels, he should return to his home. A light hand touched his arm, and he turned to see Miss Clementina.

"Ah!" quoth she, "a beautiful evening, and I see you enjoy it. It is with those who love the beauties of Nature that I ever wish to affiliate, and I am rejoiced to see that you are one of those. I have ever been searching for companionship which may bring sympathy to my soul. My uncle is a good old man, but I ask you, major, you who must understand the cravings of a romantic female heart, if he is one to make my home congenial?"

"Indeed, Miss Clementina, I cannot say he is, for you are as unlike as a major's straps and those on the shoulders of a first lieutenant. Still, as you say, he is a good man, and not so very old either."

"No, not so very; yet half a century seems to me a long period, though in some persons years add dignity, without detracting any other merit. Is it not so?"

"Yes, my dear miss, and I fondly hope that age will not stand in my way when I wish to take to my home a companion for life."

"Oh! my dear major, how could you think for a moment that I—that she—I mean that any one could so far overlook your worth, as to think of those years which have elevated you to a position from which you can look down on the common herd at your feet. No, sir, you need have no fears on that score, but march boldly up to demand the surrender of the fortunate lady's heart with less timidity than you would feel in battle, for I know your bravery, and feel that you are a lion in war, though gentle in peace. Am I not right, major?"

Her companion was overwhelmed by her oratory, and for a few minutes remained speechless and motionless, till at last he ventured to take the lady's hand (which was still resting on his coat-sleeve) in his, where it remained passive, as she knew it should, according to popular novels.

"Then I may," he said, "hope that you are not averse to my suit. Spare me further persuasions, and tell me if you will indeed be mine?"

What should she do? She had heard of ladies fainting when they received a proposal, but that was so troublesome, she concluded not to do it; so she moved towards him and rested her head confidingly on his shoulder.

After a few minutes' silence, she said, "Perhaps it is hardly maidenly in me to be so lightly won, but my heart is untutored, and will have its own way. However, I must refer you to uncle Ben, who is my guardian."

The compact was sealed by a kiss, which was rather louder than the enamored swain intended, and was heard by uncle Ben, who was standing at the garden gate, telling stories to Lucy.

"Well, now, did you ever?" said he; "I vow if army and dimity ain't kissing each other! Would you believe it, little Lucy, nobody ever kissed me but my mother."

"You shan't say that any more, uncle Ben, for I'll kiss you myself."

And she did, too, and ran away before he could half realise what she had done. Poor fellow, that kiss on his rough-bearded cheek traversed every part of his body, and he felt like seizing his finger ends to keep the delightful sensation from leaving him. He realised how blessed he would be had he such a one to kiss him always, and a tear rose to his eye as he felt how hopeless was such a future for him. He soon recovered himself, and with a low laugh, murmured:

"Pshaw! I shall make myself as ridiculous as the major. That happy creature could never content herself with me, even if she could love me, which is very unlike to happen, and couldn't be in the common course of nature."

But Ben could not deny to himself that he loved the winsome Lucy, though he tried to laugh at his foolishness. But he watched her more carefully and talked less. He gave his consent to the major and Jinny, but ventured no joke on the subject. Sometimes, too, a day would pass without one of his stories, and Lucy, who would really liked him very much, began to fear that he was sick. At last she ventured to ask him what was the matter. Looking her full in the face to see if she suspected his secret, he asked if she really wished to know.

"Indeed, indeed I do," she said, manifesting her ignorance by her very eagerness.

"Well, then, listen, and you shall hear. I am now nigh onto fifty years old, and since my dear old mother died I have lived almost alone, except since my niece has been with me, a matter of nine year or so. And I've had no one to love except my good dog, Jack, that used to follow me everywhere. I must tell you a story about him some time."

Here his eyes brightened, but they soon dimmed again, and he continued:

"But never mind Jack's story now. I am telling you one that is sadder than any I ever told before, Lucy. Well, as I say, I have had no one to love; but this summer a dear little girl has crept right inside of my tough old heart, and, though I know she don't care a cent about staying, somehow I can't help a keeping of her there. Don't laugh at me, Lucy, I shall get over it perhaps, and some of these days I'll come and see you when you are married, and if you'll only think once in awhile of poor uncle Ben—"

Here he stopped and brushed his rough hand across his sunburnt face, while he gulped down a huge sob that was struggling for mastery.

Lucy's eyes, too, were flooded, and she put her arms around uncle Ben's neck, and whispered:

"Why, don't you keep the little girl, uncle?"

He looked up and said, sorrowfully:

"Because she would not stay."

"Have you asked?" persisted Lucy.

"If I haven't, I do now; will you, little darling, will you come to the home of one nearly three times as old as you, but who would like to make you as happy as a bird?"

"If my parents are willing, so am I, and here's my hand on the bargain."

Now uncle Ben's happiness was complete, or nearly so, for he only waited the sanction of Lucy's parents, which, I may add, he received. And here we may leave the two couples. Brave major and romantic Clementina, dear uncle Ben and charming Lucy.

My readers may disdain the idea of these old bachelors and this old maid getting married, but why should they not? Marriage is an institution established by God, and, I say, let every one enter into the holy state, even though they may be on the wrong side of forty, for the doing of a good work is "Better Late than Never."

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN NEW ORLEANS.

The Concert.

THE 22d day of Feb., says the New Orleans correspondent of the *Times*, was celebrated in this city by a variety of events that certainly mark an era in its history, and will be always remembered by those who passed through the varied excitements with unusual pleasure. The day was one of the finest that ever dawned upon the earth, and, after the unseasonable cold, was therefore doubly enjoyed. At an early hour the people were astir to witness the parade and hear the grand concert to come off at the head of Canal street.

Long before the hour set for them in the programme the wide street was densely thronged from Camp to the Levee. The Custom-house and every other available space were literally covered over with spectators, including large numbers of ladies.

Just above the Custom-house was erected a large stand, on which were stationed the members of several of our best military bands, formed for the moment in an immense orchestra or instrumental music. At the intersection of Tchapitoulas street with Canal was a park of 40 pieces of artillery, loaded with cartridges, and so arranged by a galvanic battery that they could be fired as the bass notes of the rolling music. The first piece was appropriately "Hail, Columbia," and we never heard it given with more effect. As one note after another of that swelling anthem struck the ears of the enthusiastic listeners, the crowd gradually assumed a perfect silence. The ladies convulsively kept tune with their hands, the gentlemen's eyes glistened and the bronzed veterans present of the Department of the Gulf wore a more fierce and martial aspect. Amid this profound moment of interest, as the speaking harmony swelled and reverberated even across the glorious Mississippi, the climax was reached by the sudden belching forth of the artillery and the cheers of the enthusiastic crowd.

A number of pieces followed; the most noticeable of which was the "Storm Galop," in which the soldiers of Col. Dudley's cavalry brigade gave great effect by their hearty cheering, the charge or battle-cry of the men. The musical entertainment concluded by a finale furioso, in which our national airs mingled with those of other nations, the whole ending with the rapid discharge of artillery.

This novel concert and most appropriate celebration of Washington's birthday consumed nearly two hours. There were present on the stand Maj.-Gen. Banks, his staff and most of the distinguished officers of the department, as well as a large number of our most influential citizens.

The Masquerade Ball given by Mrs. Gen. Banks.

The entertainment which Mrs. Gen. Banks offered to the *élite* of the New Orleans population as a proper conclusion of the glorious festivities of the day was a *bal masque* at the Opera House. The building for the occasion was most profusely decorated with flags, and further ornamented with a magnificent gas jet, forming the name of Washington. Two splendid bands, one in the second gallery and one in the rear of the stage, discoursed the music, alternately relieving each other.

At ten o'clock the streets were alive with carriages, the occupants, in their various and gay dresses, glistening most picturesquely in the bright moonlight, while on the pavements long processions might be seen of ladies and gentlemen, masked, wending their way to the Opera House. New Orleans looked for the time like an Italian rather than an American city. All was joyous, the ladies delighted with the novelty of the affair, the gentlemen additionally exultant from the now officially announced Free State victory.

Entering the Opera House, the guests, ascending the steps, entered the building, and finally reached the first tier of boxes, where the centre of the front had been removed, and a platform erected reaching over the parquette. From this platform a winding stairs descended to the floor of the ball-room. On the stage stood Mrs. Gen. Banks, the hostess of the evening, dressed as a lady of the era of Louis XIII., supported on the right by a lady in the dress familiar to the dames of our first Revolutionary period, and here, supported by Gen. Banks, she received her guests with a dignity and ease that charmed the immense throng present.

The entire affair was a most brilliant success. The boxes were crowded with elegantly-dressed spectators, the floor was overflowing with maskers, including many representatives of aristocratic families. They have withstood all inducements to be friendly and accept the Federal rule until the fascinations of social and elegant entertainments, under the patronage of Mrs. Banks, brought them from their seclusion. All were forced to admit that the Crescent City, in her palmiest days, never gave so brilliant a ball, or one in every particular so rich in costume and distinguished for its guests as this closing *fête* of the celebration of Washington's birthday in New Orleans.

THE FETE TO THE 20TH U. S. COLORED INFANTRY.

THE 20th regiment United States colored troops left Riker's island at nine o'clock on the 5th of March, on board the steamer John Romer, and were conveyed to the foot of 26th street, East river, where they were disembarked and formed in regimental line, and marched to Union Square, arriving in front of the Union League Club House at one o'clock.

A vast crowd of citizens of every shade of color, and every phase of social and political life, filled the square, and streets, and every door, window, veranda, tree and housetop that commanded a view of the scene was peopled with spectators. Over the entrance of the Club House was a large platform ornamented with flags and filled with ladies. In the street was another platform tastefully decorated and occupied by prominent citizens. From the stand the colors were presented by President King, of Columbia College, who addressed them with warmth and eloquence.

At the close of his speech President King read an address which had been prepared by H. T. Tuckerman. The address was neatly engrossed on parchment, and signed by the ladies who presented the colors to the regiment.

Col. Bartram responded in fitting terms.

After the presentation ceremony was over the men stacked arms, and partook of a collation provided for them. Corpulent cans of coffee and fat baskets of sandwiches were carried into the square, and their contents generously distributed among the sable soldiers. They ate heartily, and were not backward in presenting their sentiments in relation to the reception they had met. "This is what we get for being soldiers." "If Uncle Sam treats us in this way, we should like to board with him." "Hurrah for the Committee." "This doesn't look like July." "How are you, rioters?" "Three cheers for the ladies." "That flag is a big thing, boys." "We will show the Copperheads what we can do for freedom when we get a chance." "That was a jolly speech made by our Colonel." "Didn't Professor King talk like a book?" &c.

After luncheon march was resumed in the following order:

Police Superintendent Kennedy.
One Hundred Policemen.
Members of the Union League Club.
Colored friends of the Recruits, marching with hands joined.
Governor's Island Band.
The 20th regiment United States Colored Troops.

The line of march was down Broadway to Canal street, through Canal street to the North river, where they embarked on board the Ericsson for New Orleans. The men made a fine appearance in their blue uniforms, white gloves and white leggings. They are hearty and athletic fellows, many of them six feet tall, straight and symmetrical. A majority of them are black; indeed, there are but few mulattoes among them.

THE DANNEWERK.

WE give in this paper an illustration by which our readers can form some idea of this great historic bulwark of the Danish monarchy.

The Dannewerk is situate at the extreme southern part of the duchy of Schleswig, and is now an enormous earthwork that stretches almost across the entire country. The length of the peninsula of Schleswig-Holstein to the end of Jutland is said to be 300 miles. The breadth, however, is but one-third of its length, and the Dannewerk is a fortification that reaches very nearly across the land from the German Ocean to the Baltic. This border wall is said to have been erected in the ninth century, and, according to the accounts given of it in Olaf Tryggveson's Saga, it was built of wood, stone and earth. In the year 937 the wall, we are told, was strengthened by Queen Thyra, whom the people, in their thankfulness for the national defence, christened Danabod, which, literally translated, means the Pride of the Danes; and as a proof of the extreme antiquity of the structure, there is at Flensburg a splendid collection of flint arrow-heads and axes which have been collected from the barrows or earth mounds in the immediate neighborhood, and which resemble absolutely those found in this country, and which the Indians used at the period of the European colonization.

The fortress consists at the present day (without going into all the niceties of historical detail) of three enormous earthworks, stretching across the entire breadth of the land; they are so arranged as to form the neck, or funnel, with a long outwork to protect the narrow channel through which the troops are ultimately intended to be driven. Toward the Baltic, or East Sea, there runs the "Oster-Wolden" (or east rampart); this lies toward the "Eckenforde," and is sometimes called the "Camel-Dannewerk." It is about two English miles long, the earthworks being from four feet to five feet high, and 16 yards broad, and beset with a ditch, the depth of which varies from six to 20 feet. Beyond this is the great bay formed by the river Schley, which is so wide that no troops could possibly attempt to pass it. Stretching immediately in front of this is the "Kurgraben," which is upwards of a mile in length, beginning at the end of Selker lake; it is from 10 feet to 12 feet broad, and from four feet to six feet high. Behind this lies the great "Dannewerk" itself, which consists of earthworks not less than 14 miles long. In some parts it is from 30 feet to 36 feet high, and the ramparts are from 16 feet to 20 feet broad.

The whole of these earthworks are immediately in connection from one side of the peninsula to the other, with the river Treene, which falls into the Northern Ocean; so that the Danish forces have it within their power to flood not less than 64 square miles of land in front of the great bulwark of Schleswig at a moment's notice.

KILPATRICK'S RAID.

THE recital of the sufferings of our prisoners at Richmond had excited throughout the land the deepest interest in them. The refusal of the rebel authorities to exchange them, and the unfair advantages which they take on every occasion, compelling us to forego the superiority of numbers on our side in order to release any, made their release almost hopeless.

A forcible delivery by a sudden dash was next projected. The first attempt made by Gen. Butler failed by the treachery of a deserter, who rewarded Mr. Lincoln's clemency by doing all the injury in his power. The next was the late raid of Gen. Kilpatrick, which failed from circumstances too well-known, but chiefly from the neglect of the War Department to provide suitable guides. Kilpatrick was delayed, Dahlgren misled and killed, and Butler warned only in time to protect the retreat of the cavalry to Yorktown.

It is questionable whether, had all gone well, Kilpatrick could have taken the city. The first alarm was too fresh in the minds of the rebel Government and the citizens to allow them to leave Richmond so defenceless as to be taken by a cavalry dash.

We give a sketch of the setting out of this historic expedition, to which the death of Dahlgren gives such a sad interest.

The Richmond papers call on Davis to take the cavalry from Lee, and keep it oscillating between the city and his camp.

THE OPERA IN THE 2D CORPS.

WE must not suppose that balls and operas are the privilege of the denizens of the peaceful cities. The army has both; and we give a couple of illustrations to-day of the Opera House erected by the 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 1st Army Corps, commanded by Gen. Rice.

With scant materials they managed to erect a very presentable edifice of pure logs, chinked with clay, after the fashion of the Sunny South. The roof is a miscellaneous collection of shelter tents and wagon covers; a greenroom was made with the help of a stolen door. The scenery is, according to our Artist, the most wonderful part of the Academy of Music, the pigments employed being red clay, blacking and charcoal.

The dress circle and parquette are furnished with neat log seats; and though intended to accommodate only 200, more than twice that number have crowded its interior to listen to the charming melodies, not, indeed, of Verdi and Donizetti, but of Foster and his imitators.

A CASE OF CURIOSITY.—Some people have very inquiring minds—but few, we think, carry their curiosity so far as a Yankee friend of ours, who rung the bell of a fashionable residence, the other day, and when the servant girl made her appearance politely inquired:

"What are you going to have for dinner to-day?"

The girl, thinking the man was one of their tradesmen, and had made the inquiry in his business capacity, innocently replied:

"Mutton!"

"With sauce?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! well, I was passing by and thought I would inquire. Good morning."

The servant girl was indignant when she came to comprehend the motive, but he was too far up the street to hear her angry denunciations.



THE RAID ON RICHMOND—GENERAL KILPATRICK'S FORCES SETTING OUT.—FROM A



T.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 7.

THE POET AND THE LEAVES.

BY REV. T. S. HODGSON.

He stood beneath an arbor's pleasant shade,
Crushing the juice from sweet Pomona's fruit,
When lo! a bunch of leaves with yellow suit
Dashed in his face, and rested where leaves fade
To browncst rottenness. He thought it said,
"Mark where I lie, and let thy pensive lute
Embalm my fall in song! I am mute,
But would not in Oblivion's grave be laid;
And so in flitting leave I wakened thee
To lie on earth, a dead but famous thing."
"Oh, thus will I, when swept by Death's decree
Along that sea which knows no fathoming,
Naught left behind whose worth men long will prize,
Just touch one plume of Time's all-sweeping wing!"

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XVI.

As they were sitting at dinner the next day Mellen observed Stuart Fuller.

"I have quite forgotten to ask you about Tom, he said; "he was in town when you last wrote to me."

"He has not come yet," Elizabeth replied; "the house in which he was employed conducted to keep him at Nordmore for a time; in his last letter he wrote that he might be gone another year."

"Poor old Tom," Elsie said, laughingly.

Elizabeth's lip contracted a little; she had never been able entirely to forget the suffering this girl had caused the young man. Whenever she heard her mentioned it came in that trifling way it jarred upon her feelings and irritated her greatly.

"Bessie doesn't like any one to laugh at Tom," said Mellen, noticing the expression of her face.

"I confess I do not," she replied; "he is such a noble fellow at the bottom, with an honest, kindly heart, and it seems to me that no one really acquainted with Tom can help respecting him, in spite of his eccentricities of manner."

"But you will not be so heroic, Bessie," returned Elsie; "Tom always allowed me to laugh at him as much as I pleased; you know I don't mean to be unmannered."

"No one would ever suspect you of that, Birdie," added Mellen, with a fond glance.

Elizabeth said nothing more, and the conversation changed.

"We shall have the house crowded with visitors, I suppose," Elsie said; "Mary Harrington told me she should only give us one day for family affection—"

"I hope she won't come to stay any time just yet," said Elizabeth.

"I hope so, too," added Mellen; "I should like a little enjoyment of my home, if possible, for a week or two at least."

"But people will come," said Elsie; "you must expect it. They look for all sorts of invitations, and you must give them or mortally offend everybody."

Perhaps the idea of the gaiety that would ensue was not unpleasant to Elsie, in spite of her joy at Mellen's return; it was quite natural at her age, and to her character, which drooped in solitude like a flower deprived of the sun.

"Oh," said Mellen, "we will give them as many dinners and parties as they like, provided they won't demolish themselves with us; is not that so, Elizabeth?"

"Yes; I don't mind that so much."

"Shall you take a house in town, Grant?" asked Elsie.

"Do you particularly wish it?"

"Oh, it would be pleasant, of course."

"Just as you and Elizabeth choose," he said.

"For my part I would rather stay here," exclaimed Elizabeth.

"And so would I," said Mellen.

Elsie looked a little disappointed, but she concealed the feeling with her usual quickness.

"I have not told you what, Dr. Peters said," she continued.

"What?" her brother-asked, anxious at once.

"He thinks the air too strong for me in the winter; but, I dare say, it is only his fancy; I would not have either you or Elizabeth disturbed on my account."

"My dear child," cried Mellen, "that settles the matter at once; we will certainly go away from here before the cold weather comes; any where you like; will we not, Bessie?"

"Certainly," she answered, quietly.

Elsie looked triumphant; she was always elated at having her own way, whether the thing was of importance or not.

"We need not think about it now," she said, demurely; "it will be warm and pleasant for several weeks yet."

"But you must be careful," returned Mellen, dear child; I cannot reach home safely only to see your health give way."

"Oh, nonsense, Grant, don't begin to fidget! I am perfectly well; make him believe it, Bessie."

"I think so," she replied; "you are stronger than you look."

"Elsie requires great care," said Mellen, decidedly.

Elsie did not look displeased; she liked being considered weak and delicate; it made her more petted and at liberty to indulge her numberless whims and caprices.

The family had that evening entirely to themselves, and it passed off very pleasantly. Elizabeth and Elsie sang the old songs Mellen loved, and hey all talked and laughed gaily, forgetful for the time of any clouds which might have oppressed the minds of either.

The next morning when they met in the breakfast-room the post had arrived, and Dolph presented Elsie and Elizabeth with several letters; these were only the journals for Mellen, and he said, laughingly:

"The division is not just; Bessie having two letters; you might give me one."

"I am too selfish," she answered.

"Mine is from Mary Harrington," observed Elsie. "Bess, you shall not read yours till you have given us our coffee. I'll just see what the news says."

Elizabeth poured out the coffee while Elsie opened her note.

"She coming to-day," she exclaimed; "I told you so. She sends all sorts of messages to you, Grant; calls you a darling and a wonderful creature, and is dying to see you."

"Oh, of course," said Mellen.

"She asks after Mr. Rhodes, Bessie—poor old fellow—she has quite turned his head."

"What is that?" asked Mellen.

So Elsie explained how the widow delighted in worrying Miss Harrington, and making desperate love to the stout man on every occasion; and in laughing at her quaint speeches Elizabeth quite forgot her own griefies.

"Why, where are your letters?" asked Elsie.

"I forgot them," returned Elizabeth, drawing them—she has quite turned her head—and as she glanced at the superscription of the upper one, "it is only from the dressmaker."

Elsie drew it from her, and cried out:

"Why, this is from Tom Fuller; oh, see what it says."

"From Tom? oh, I am so glad; I have been expecting a letter for a week past."

Elizabeth took the letter, and her face lighted up quite joyously as she broke the seal and began to read.

"Well," said Elsie, impatiently, "what does he say? read it out."

Elizabeth uttered an exclamation of delight.

"Oh, you provoking creature," cried Elsie, "do tell us what it is?"

"You must have found a diamond mine," said Mellen.

"He has," echoed Elizabeth, "as good."

"Bless me," said Elsie, "will he go about covered with diamonds?"

"His old uncle has left him a fortune," explained Elizabeth.

Elsie fairly screamed.

"Who would have thought it! Only fancy Tom Fuller rich! Why he'll be robbed every day of his life."

"How much is it?" asked Mellen. "I am very glad. Tom deserves a little success, he is such a fine fellow."

"Thirty thousand a year," replied Elizabeth; "Tom is in a state of bewilderment that makes his letter sadly incoherent; he never expected a penny; his uncle changed his will at the last moment."

"But wasn't he your uncle, too?" asked Elsie.

"No; he was aunt Pullen's brother."

"Oh, let me see the letter," said Elsie.

Elizabeth gave it to her, but between excitement and his usual odd penmanship Tom's epistle was not a pleasant one to unpractised eyes, and Elsie went into shrieks over its appearance.

"He promised to bring me a bracelet," said she; "I'll be dowdy like this if I shall have no return—at the—he—can that be Millennium?"

"Scarcely, I should think," said Mellen, laughingly.

"Try and make it out, Bess," said Elsie, giving her the letter.

Elizabeth took it, looked at the lines to which she pointed, and after a moment's study read it correctly.

"I shall return by the Hammonia."

"Why that's due now," said Elsie.

Elizabeth glanced at the date.

"The letter has been delayed," she cried; "he may be here to-day."

She was in a state of great delight, and her companions fully sympathised with her eagerness.

"Well, Elizabeth, you will have to find Elsie," said Mellen; "why, he will give all he is worth to the person that asks first. Won't it be fun?"

"I shall not ask for anything," said Elsie; "if he offered me a diamond star, as you formerly did," said Elizabeth; "I will not have it."

"But I will," said Elsie. "Thirty thousand a year! I declare, he will act as if he had fallen from the moon."

About midday Mrs. Harrington arrived with a little party of friends, and soon after Mellen and his sister her till she had overwhelmed him with compliments and congratulations, all of which he received with becoming resignation. When they were quite alone she said to Elsie:

"I haven't seen anything of that mysterious creature, North, in an age; what can have become of him?"

"Horrid creature," cried Elsie, "don't mention his name! Now, Mary Harrington, don't forget for once in your life I shall know we have had even one visit from a stranger he would be furious; if you let it out neither Elizabeth or I will ever speak to you again."

"My dear, I won't open my lips."

"Mind you don't, that's all; if you do, I'll be even with you, as sure as my name is Elsie."

"You need not be so ferocious."

"Oh, I hate to be scolded, and Grant would be dreadfully angry! I promised Bessie I would warn you, so be sure and remember."

"I'll swear it if you like."

"Bless me, don't be tragic! The matter is of no consequence to me, only Bess makes such a point of it; besides that, I dread to see Grant angry."

"He never could be with you," said Mrs. Harrington.

"Well, it would be just as bad if he scolded her."

"How good you are!" cried the widow. "You are just the dearest thing in the world."

"Of course I am; but there's no use in standing here to say pretty things to each other, for there is no one to hear."

"Oh, you odd creature!" laughed Mrs. Harrington. "But, what man was the strangest, fascinating person—"

"There you go!" interrupted Elsie, angrily.

"My dear, there is no one in the room but ourselves."

"I don't care if there is not; I don't want to hear his name."

"I can't see why you dislike him so," pursued the widow. "It always seemed to me he and Elizabeth treated each other coldly—"

Elsie interrupted her, quite pale with anger.

"Mary Harrington," said she, "if you and I are to remain friends, stop this instant. I won't hear another word, nor must the subject come up again."

Mrs. Harrington was quite subdued by her friend's vehemence, and dropped the matter without another allusion.

When they went downstairs after the rest of the party were assembled, Mellen began laughing at the widow about the conquest she had made of Mr. Rhodes.

"Isn't it delicious?" she cried. "I just want you to see us together—it is better than a play."

"And Jemima's spite is something to witness," added Elsie. "I know she will poison you yet, Mary Harrington."

"I am on the watch constantly," replied the widow. "I don't engage a strange servant now for fear it should be one of the old maid's secret emissaries."

"You are as badly off as the Duke of Buckingham," said Mellen, laughing at her pretended distress.

"It is dreadful, I assure you," she said, shaking her plumage; "but it is very amusing, nevertheless."

Of course, if you can annoy somebody," answered Mellen; "that is the very acme of female happiness."

"Oh, you barbarous creature!" shrieked the widow. "Let's you ashamed to utter such atrocious sentiments! Mrs. Mellen, your husband has come back a perfect savage."

Elizabeth had never been never accurred to the widow that it could be at her own airs and graces; she was too thoroughly satisfied with her own beauty to fascination to suppose it possible, even for an instant.

"After all, it is tiresome to inspire a *grande passion*," said she, with a theatrical drawl.

"No woman ought to be better able to decide," cried Elsie; "you have made enough in all conscience."

"Oh, dear, no!" said the widow.

"Don't deny it," said Elsie, who never scrupled to make sport of her most intimate friends, and with all her fondness for Mrs. Harrington was always leading her on to do and say the most absurd things.

Elsie was in the most extravagant spirits, as she had been ever since her brother's return. She flitted about the house like a beautiful elf, and Elizabeth could see Mellen watched her every movement, while his face kindled with affection and pride.

"He has not changed," she thought, sadly; "all his tender words were only the first pleasure of finding himself at home."

Then she began to shudder, as she often did now when the icy wind of some stern thought crept over her.

"Better so," she muttered; "what should I do with love and affection—what right have I to expect them?"

But she banished these reflections quickly, determined to have at least a few days of perfect freedom from anxieties, a little season of peace and rest in which her mind and soul might restore its strength, like a seabird reposing on the sunlit bosom of some inland lake after the exhaustion of a long and perilous flight amid storm and tempest.

Mellen, too, was laid by the suspicious feelings which the strange circumstances connected with his return had caused, and appeared, as he could when disposed, the charming host possible.

Elizabeth sunned her heart in the smile which lighted up his face whenever their eyes met, and drew from the dark shadows resolutely aloof from the mind.

"Peace and rest!" she murmured. "I need them, and they shall not drive them at any cost."

The day passed as such days usually do; the guests were easily amused, and though the conversation might not have been such as altogether suited the intellectual tastes of Mellen and his wife, they were too well-bred for any expression of such feelings, and Elsie made even the nonsense charming by her brilliant sallies and buoyant spirits.

The widow had not forgotten her old desire to fascinate Elizabeth, and her efforts were highly amusing to the lookers-on. She was in doubt whether he preferred the queenly manner and repose of Elizabeth or the arch grace and exuberant gaiety of his sister, and attempted airs which she considered a happy medium between the two. Her efforts to support the double character delighted Elsie immensely, who, with the usual good-nature of intimate friends, made as much sport of her before her very face as she dared.

They were all assembled in the library before dinner, tired with laughing and roaming about, tired of rowing over the sunny waters, and glad to rest a little before the important business of dining should commence.

Suddenly there was a bustle in the hall, and a loud, goodnatured voice that made Elizabeth start to her feet.

"It's Tom," she cried. "Grantley, Tom has come."

She rushed into the hall, and sure enough there stood Tom, sunburned, a little thin from seasickness, but the same droll old Tom as ever.

He caught Elizabeth in his arms and uttered his first incoherent expressions of delight when Mellen came up, and Tom commenced shaking his two hands with immense energy, as if they had been pump handles and nothing but the greatest exertion on his part could save the ship.

"I'm so glad to see you!" he cried. "I'm so glad to get back. I declare I can't say a word."

"And I'm glad; very, very glad," replied Elizabeth.

"And we congratulate you heartily on your new fortune," said Mellen.

"Oh, don't speak of it," cried Tom; "it's no end of a bother to me already. God bless you, I don't know what to do with it! How—how is your sister?" he stammered.

"She is quite well," Mellen answered, "and will be charmed to see you; we were expecting you."

"That's more of you. Do you've only just got back! Well, it's good to get home, isn't it? that is, if I had any home—but it's dreary for a solitary chap like me."

"This house will always seem like home to you, I hope," said Mellen, kindly.

"Always," added Elizabeth; "don't forget that, Tom."

"You're too good to me," cried the grotesque fellow; "you always were!"

"Of course they were," said a laughing voice, that made Tom start, and appeared to take every particle of strength out of his limbs.

Elsie had followed them into the hall and suddenly appeared before Tom in her brilliant evening dress and weird loveliness, reducing him to a pitiable state at once.

"Don't you mean to speak to me?" pursued Elsie.

"Of—of course!" said Tom. "I'm so glad to see you—will you shake hands—will you—be—be glad to see me?"

"There is my hand," replied Elsie; "my pleasure depends on how agreeable you make yourself. I suppose you have come back with such fine foreign manners that you will hardly deign to notice us poor plain untravelled people."

"Oh, you don't think that!" said Tom. "You are laughing at me just as you always did."

"Did you bring me my bracelet?" demanded Elsie.

"Indeed I did; I'd have brought all Paris if I had thought it would please you."

Elizabeth now plainly thought poor Tom had returned no wiser than when he went away; but Mellen, man-like, never paying much heed to which Elsie's fascinations had thrown the honest fellow, and would not have thought seriously of the matter if he had.

"Of course you speak French like a native—Ircquois, I mean," pursued the pitiless Elsie.

"Just about," replied Tom, as ready as ever to laugh at his own blunders.

"So you did not forget the bracelet?" urged Elsie.

"Indeed I did not; it's in my carpet-bag."

"Then I will be goodnatured to you all the evening," said she, "and won't tease you the least mite."

Tom was quite in ecstacies at the prospect; but Mellen said:

"She can't keep her promise no matter how hard she tries—don't trust her, Fuller."

Elsie made a gesture of playful menace and carried Tom off into the drawing-room, quite regardless of the fact that Elizabeth had, as yet, found hardly an opportunity of speaking to him.

Mrs. Harrington was not excessively cordial in her greeting; as a poor man she had always liked Tom for his extreme good-nature and willingness to wait on her caprices to any extent, but now that he made his appearance in the character of a rich man, it was perfectly natural that she should look upon him, like the world generally, in a totally different light.

Tom's awkwardness would only be a pleasant eccentricity now; his unfortunate tastes in dress would only be the peculiarities of wealth, and all his good qualities, which had been quite overshadowed during his days of poverty, would now be fully appreciated.

Not that Tom ever thought how much would be the case himself; he was too unsuspicious even to think about it, and when people bestowed more interest in him than before he would only wonder at their kindness and think what a pleasant world this was after all, and what good-natured people there were in spite of the vile slanders of misanthropes.

Elsie kept her word; she did not tease Tom in the least, but deliberately bewildered him worse than ever with her arts and her coquetry—which set Elizabeth's teeth on edge, for she could not help it—but perhaps she had none at all, and was only obeying the whims of the moment.

Tom produced the gold bracelet and for Elsie's hair, and a lovely little ornament it was, with the gorget in its throat composed of emeralds and rubies and pearls, the slender link and delicate wings formed of the most beautiful enamel.

Elsie perched it among her curls and was happy as a child with her new toy. Not that the world was ever to much delighted with novel things, and nobody ever allowed the gloss to wear off them so quickly. In all probability she would rave over Tom's gift for a week, and by that time, if she did not lose it, would break the wings first, by way of amusement, or tear the tail off to make the paint

of a stiletto, or ruin it in some other way, just to gratify her caprice and wicked love of destruction which was in her nature.

Tom Fuller spent the first happy evening he had known for months at Piney Cove, and he was so deliciously goodnatured and noisy in his pleasure that he would have supplied any lack of merriment on the part of the other guests if it had been necessary. But it was not.

CHAPTER XVII.

No man with any wisdom whatever thinks of returning from a journey without gladdening all the feminine hearts in his sphere with goodly presents, and Mellen had by no means forgotten his duty. There were all sorts of curious Chinese ornaments, wonderful pagodas for glove boxes, scented sandal wood repositories for laces, exquisitely carved ivory boxes, and such costly trifles which kept Elsie in perfect strokes of delight during the first glow of possession. He had brought stores of valuable ornaments which had once belonged to wealthy Mexican families, their value increased by the quaint, old time setting, and the romance connected with them; and Elsie contented herself in ornamenting herself with them, laughing at her own appearance, and dancing about like a regular Queen Mab.

Among these presents were a pair of very valuable bracelets, made after a fashion prevalent in Spain two hundred years ago—you may see such things even now treasured among the old Castilian grandees, to be kept through all changes of time and fortune, and aired on festive occasions only.

When Don LUY. was a youth and in love with Marie Mencini, he once offended her mortally by bestowing a similar bracelet upon a young stranger at the ceuta. A dare wager it required a whole set of jewels to put the haughty Marie in goodhumor and satisfy her Italian cupidity.

These bracelets Mellen brought with him, and gave one to his wife and the other to Elsie. They were made of a gauntlet-shaped piece of gold, widening at the back of the wrist, and covered with delicate chasing; the gold was so fine and thin that they were supple as a bit of kid. A double row of pearls and rubies ran about the edge, and the clasps were of diamonds, arranged in the shape of a shield.

These jewels were exceedingly valuable, though to anybody possessing the least fancy that made the least charm of the ornaments; they looked as if they owned a history, and one might have woven a thousand romances concerning the lives of those who had once worn them—that is, anybody who is not ashamed of being a dreamer in this running, practical age.

These were the last gifts Mellen displayed, and they certainly made a very splendid climax to the costly exhibition.

As I said, the first fortnight passed off delightfully, then the visitors departed, and there were a few days of quiet. The Mellens renewed the parties then by giving a dinner-party to several families in the neighborhood to whom they owed civility, and as Elsie said:

"They are stupid people to be sure, but then it's a little change from our own genial dullness, and we have been alone for three days."

"You are such a foolish puss!" returned Mellen.

"Oh, that's all very well," laughed Elsie; "but I don't wish to make a female Robinson Crusoe of myself, I do assure you. Bessie, old Mrs. Thompson will wear that wonderful new head-dress, and her son will ask me to sing and be so scarlet and fluttered when I look at him."

She ran on, and the expected guests in turn, and did it so cleverly that her companions were both obliged to laugh, so everybody prepared for the infliction of a country dinner in the best possible spirits. It was rather stupid to be sure, but Elsie so lighted up the room with her radiance, and Elizabeth was so pleasant a hostess in her stately beauty, that everything passed off quite tolerably, and even the most commonplace of the party warmed up a little under the influence of their hosts.

The ladies had risen from the table, giving the men an opportunity to enjoy their cigars in comfort, and were passing through the hall towards the drawing-room.

The scene was broad and full through the windows of the hall, and somebody remarked on the beauty of the night. Elsie darted away and flung open the door.

"You will get cold," Elizabeth said; "don't stand there."

Elsie stepped out on to portico in playful defiance of her sister, and they went after her, everybody expostulating with true feminine eagerness.

As Elsie ran away to the other end of the veranda something fell upon the stones with a ringing noise, followed by a little shriek which she uttered in starting back.

"What is the matter?" called out several voices, but before they reached her Elsie stooped, picked something up and ran towards them.

"I thought it was French," she said; "come in, I am chilled through and through."

She drove them playfully before her, and they all entered the portico laughing gaily—all but Elizabeth. It was a little thing to disturb any one, and her nerves must have been in a strange state from constant sleeplessness when this little event could have moved her so greatly. She leaned against the door-frame quite cold and chill. As Elsie passed her the girl slipped something in her hand, unperceived by the others.

Elizabeth stood motionless until they had all gone, then she started forward, gave one shuddering breath and moved towards the hanging lamp. She opened her hand and looked down at a slip of paper carefully folded about a broken bit of iron, as if to give it weight enough to be thrown with ure aim. She shut her hand quickly as if the sight of the harmless paper filled her with loathing, conquered the convulsion which shook her from head to foot, unfolded the note and read the brilliines it contained.

Then with spasmodic haste she tore the paper into fragments and thrust them down into the ball fire, watching till even the ashes were gone, fearful that any trace should be left.

"I must!" she muttered; "I must go—I dare not wait!" She looked eagerly about; the gay laughter of the men rang up from the dining-room; she could distinguish her husband's voice; through the closed doors of the parlors came the sound of the piano and a birdlike song, gleeful and joyous, with which Elsie was amusing the ladies.

Elizabeth flung her arms aloft with sudden passion.

"Laughing, singing," she moaned, "and I here with this horrible suffering! I must go—I must go!"

She caught up a shawl which lay on a chair, opened the outer door softly, hurried down the steps and disappeared among the trees.

Mr. Mellen did not give his male guests a very lengthy opportunity to enjoy the cigar and cognac he had no interest in their talk about the political affairs of the country, a recent bankruptcy, the price of corn, or any of the topics which came up, and some time before it might have been expected from his nature, anxious to counteract the dulness by the presence of his wife and sister, both of whom he had regarded all the evening with new tenderness he had thought lavishing like a couple of rare birds among all those fine feathers, he strolled away and was still at the piano when the gentlemen entered Mrs. Mellen looked about for Elizabeth, but she was not there.

"She had not come in yet," said old Mrs. Thompson, in answer to his inquiry.

Elsie had the words—she had ears like a little beast of prey.

"One of the servants stopped her," she called out; "she wants to see Bessie, I suppose, and will be better regulated. Come here, Grantley, and help me in this old song you like so much."

"In a moment, dear," he replied.

He left the room, fearing that Elizabeth might be drawn away by a headache. He had never felt any tenderly solicitous about her. The warm glow of sunshine had made his proud nature kindly genial. He was anxious to atone for all his old coldness and little neglect of her comfort.

He was crossing the hall, when the outer door opened and Elizabeth entered. She did not observe him, and he saw her in all her unrestrained emotion. She was deadly white, and rushed in as if seeking escape from some danger.

"Elizabeth!" he called out.

She started as if he had struck her, but she was accustomed now to controlling herself, and after that first trembling threw off her shawl and forced her face into composure.

"Where have you been?" he asked.

"Only on to the veranda," she said, a little too hurriedly; "I was so tired and my head ached—I wanted air."

He looked at her dissatisfied and suspicious.

"You might have caught your death," he said; "I wonder at you."

It was foolish," she returned, trying to laugh, "but the dinner was so long. Come into the drawing-room."

She made an effort to speak playfully, as Elsie might have done, but it was a failure.

"Your shoes are damp," he exclaimed suddenly; "you have been on the grass—pray what could you have been there?"

"I—I just ran down the steps—I won't do so again."

Elsie heard their voices—she always heard everything—and opened the door.

"Come in here, you naughty people," she cried, laughing and speaking with the gay grace she bore as a gleam in her eyes. "Oh! Mrs. Thompson, the husbands and wives who have been separated are now united lovers."

She forced them to enter, talking in her wild way, and making everybody laugh so much that neither Mellen nor Colonel Mellen's brow nor his wife's paleness were observed.

"You have been out," she found an opportunity to whisper to Elizabeth; "you must be mad!"

"I shall be!" groaned the woman; "I shall be!"

Elsie gave an impatient gesture and ran away from her. The very sight of her carelessness and gaiety made Elizabeth feel how necessary it was to be composed; her husband was watching her closely. They asked her to play, and she went to the piano and played one of her most brilliant pieces—to sing, and her rich contralto voice rang with new passion and power. I tell you even women can only marvel at the power many of the sex preserve over themselves when playing for a husband's sake, and the least betrayal of look or movement might be full of danger.

The evening passed off without further incident, and the guests went away delighted with their reception, thinking what agreeable people the Mellens were, and how happy they must be in their domestic circle.

"Oh—oh—oh!" cried Elsie, with a yawn that distorted her pretty mouth out of all proportion. "Thank heaven, they are gone! I am sure another half hour would have killed me."

"You deceitful little thing!" said her brother, who had entirely recovered his cheerfulness. "I heard you tell poor young Thompson that you had never enjoyed yourself so thoroughly."

"Of course I did; what else could I say."

Mr. Mellen laughed and went out of the room.

Elsie was standing by the fire, she was always complaining of cold, and Elizabeth walked towards her as the door closed.

"Don't!" whispered Elsie, "you are going to talk—don't!"

Elizabeth dropped into a seat with a wearied look, such as a person wears after hours of self-restraint.

"It's no use to talk," she said.

"You ought not to have gone out——"

"I know; but I dared not wait. Oh, Elsie! such a scene——"

"Be still!" exclaimed Elsie, with the old passion which seemed so foreign to her nature. "I can't hear—I won't! Grantley saw you!"

"Yes; he was in the hall when I entered," she replied, in the same dreary way. "I know, I feel that something will happen at last."

"There must not—there shall not!" broke in Elsie.

"Such madness—such greedy selfishness——"

"Don't tell me," shivered Elsie; "please don't!" Elizabeth clasped her hands into her lap with a gesture full of weariness and desolation; as they fell apart she uttered a low cry.

"What is it?" cried Elsie. Don't frighten me!"

"My bracelet!" moaned Elizabeth. "My bracelet!"

"You have lost it?"

"Gone, I tell you! He would have money—was nearly mad—I pulled it off to pacify him."

"Which scoundrel has got it now one?"

"Yes; the one Grantley brought me. Oh, what shall I do?"

"It won't notice it," said Elsie; "you can wear mine."

"He will notice it," returned Elizabeth. "It may be anywhere, and who may find it."

"You can say that you lost it."

"But he is so suspicious."

Elsie drew her head away from her sister, and said Elsie, fretfully.

"It is easy for you to talk" exclaimed Elizabeth. "But I will be seen in my place, listening to those threats——"

"Stop, stop!" Elsie almost shrieked, hiding her face in her hands. "I am going into spasms—I shall choke!"

"But a crisis is near" exclaimed Elizabeth. "Oh! you know all that a bad, desperate creature is capable of to extricate himself from his ends."

"I can't do anything," moaned Elsie. "What am I in all this? You promised to leave me in peace——"

"So I will, Elsie—I will. God knows I am ready to bear my burthen alone; but sometimes I must speak."

"It does no good," said Elsie, beginning to cry. "I'd rather be dead than live in this way"

"Be a woman!" cried Elizabeth, roused into severity.

"It's all very well for you to talk, you are a great strong thing. I am a woman that you are big, but your nerves are like iron and I am so weak. Grantley says he believes the least thing would kill me."

Passionate indignation lighted up Elizabeth's face for an instant, but it softened into pity, like that with which a strong man might have regarded a pet animal whimpering under a hurt.

"Be good to me," said Elsie. "I can't help you. I don't want to be selfish, but I must have my sunshine. I don't care even to talk about it at all. If Grant ever should find out anything, even my talking to you about it would enrage him so."

"And what would become of me?" demanded Elizabeth. "Do you never think of what would happen to me?"

"Oh, but he won't find out anything," urged Elsie, changing her tone at once. "Just let things rest. The wretch will be quiet for a time."

"No, no; I tell you money must be raised."

"More money?"

"I promised it; there was no other way. But heaven knows where to get it from all over it."

"Well, tell Grant about some family or household——"

"Lies!" interrupted Elizabeth; "always lies! Sinking deeper into the mire every day. I tell you this constant deceit makes me hate myself!"

"Now you are going to spoil it. Oh, my head!"

"Hush, I say! You are safe."

"Whatever comes I shall not be dragged into it?" pleaded Elsie.

"No, no; have I not promised?" returned Elizabeth, in her anguish and her bitterness hardly noticing the girl's words.

Elsie threw both arms about her neck and kissed her.

"You are so good!" she said. "Oh, I wish I wasn't such a weak little thing! Don't despise me, Bessie?"

"No—I—I don't. Your arm hurts me" and Elizabeth pushed her away, struggling hard to be calm.

"If I had never known——"

But Elizabeth checked the selfish wail.

"It is too late now to think of that. I tell you I shall not trouble you any more."

"When the paper fell on the stones," said Elsie, "I was so frightened."

Elizabeth gasped for breath at the very thought.

"But I managed about it. I am very weak and nervous, but I have my wits about me sometimes."

Elizabeth was shivering from head to foot, whether with fear or from the knowledge of evil which this young girl had gained through her, or some sudden fear, no one could tell.

"I must go to town," she said; "but what excuse can I make?"

"Oh, anything! Tell Grant we want to make something for baby. But why must you go?"

"The money, I tell you the money. I have those stocks; if I could sell them. I might tell Mr. Hinchley I was in debt, and feared to have my husband know it. Another lie—another lie!"

"Oh," groaned Elsie, "the lying is the least part of it!"

"You don't know the worst. If you had to face him! Oh, Elsie, the shame, the remorse!"

She wrung her hands again with the same passionate fury she had displayed after reading the note, till Elsie began to grow hysterical and cry out.

"You must stop! you must stop!"

Elizabeth made an effort to control her own suffering and soothe the girl's nervous paroxysm, to which she gave way half to escape a scene.

By the time they were both quieted Mr. Mellen returned to the room, and by one of those evil chances that often happen he began speaking of the very subject that had roused their fears.

"Those bracelets are the admiration of everybody," he said.

Elizabeth glanced at Elsie. Her first impulse was to hide her hands, but she checked that and looked herself to utter some sort of answer to his remark.

Elsie gave another long yawn.

"Oh, Grantley," she exclaimed; "I advise you both to do the same."

"I wish I understood the meaning of the device. Let me see your bracelet, Bessie," he continued, bent on his own train of thought, and not heeding his sister. Just let me look——"

Elsie thrust out her arm.

"Look at mine," she said.

"No, no; Bessie's has a different design. I want to see something. Show me yours, Elizabeth."

Elizabeth did not stir. Whiter she could not grow, but a hopeless despair settled over her face pitiful to witness.

"Can't you show me your bracelet?" demanded her husband, with his natural impatience.

"I haven't it," she faltered.

"Why, I saw it on your arm at dinner!"

"Oh, don't bother, Grant," interposed Elsie; "talking about jewels when one has a bad asleep."

"Elizabeth, where is your bracelet?" demanded her husband, imperiously.

The exigency of the case gave her courage.

"I have lost it," she said, her voice sounding fairly indifferent from the effort she made at composure.

"Lost it!" he repeated. "How? Where?"

"While I was out——"

She was beginning to tell me when you came in," interrupted Elsie. "We are both frightened to death, so don't scold."

"Such inexcusable carelessness," continued Mr. Mellen. "At least, Elizabeth, you need not appear so indifferent."

"I am sorry," she answered, coldly.

"Oh, if I had lost mine I should be wretched," cried Elsie, kissing hers. "You dear bracelet!"

Elizabeth shot one terrible look at her, but was silent.

"I am glad that you at least prize my gift," said Mr. Mellen. "I suppose you have not taken the trouble to search, Elizabeth?"

"I have had no time——"

"The moon is down," said Elsie.

"There will be servants, I suppose."

He rang and ordered the servant to bring a lantern, went out and searched for the missing ornament, while Elsie lighted candle after candle in the hall, and Elizabeth stood, cold and white, in the way.

Clorinda came out of her domains while Mr. Mellen and the servant were in the hall.

"Lost somethin', marster?" she demanded, with the coolness peculiar to her race.

"Miss Elsie lost her bracelet," interposed Dolph.

"Law!" cried Clorinda, not perceiving her mistress on the verandah. "I rather reckon nobody loses things so; 'taint a month since she lost a diamond ring, and all she said, when her maid missed it, was, 'I s'pose I've dropped it.'"

This was an aside to Dolph, but Mr. Mellen heard the words plainly, so did Elizabeth.

"If his wife lost a ring," pursued Clorinda, "I heard steps early in de evenin', I reckon I did, though missis called me a foolish cullud puson when I told her of it next morning 'cos Dar's trees about, now; 'member I tells you so."

"Clorinda," called Elizabeth, "go into the house. The next time you venture any remark on me you will leave my service."

Clorinda called back as if she had been shot, and darted into her own dominions, less favorably disposed than ever towards her mistress for reproving her before Dolph.

Mr. Mellen had reclaimed the man, walked into the verandah and confronted Elizabeth, who was pale in the moonlight. His agitation made Elizabeth more sternly cold and proud than before, and he was, in his suspicious, jealous moments in the old time.

"Did you lose that bracelet, Elizabeth?" he asked.

"Did I not say so?" she retorted.

"I can't understand it," he went on; "these sudden frights and tremors, these mysterious losses——"

"The old suspicions," she broke in, goaded into defiance by her mortal danger. "You promised me to have done with all those feelings."

"Admit nothing. I will not talk to you when you speak in that tone. I am sorry the bracelet is lost, but I am sure it will be found at last."

He heard it all, and when the dialogue reached that point she crept quietly upstairs, determined that at least she would be beyond even the hearing of their difficulty.

For a few moments they retorted bitterly upon each other, then Elizabeth had been Elizabeth's way to bear in silence, but it is hard to be patient when one has wrong to conceal.

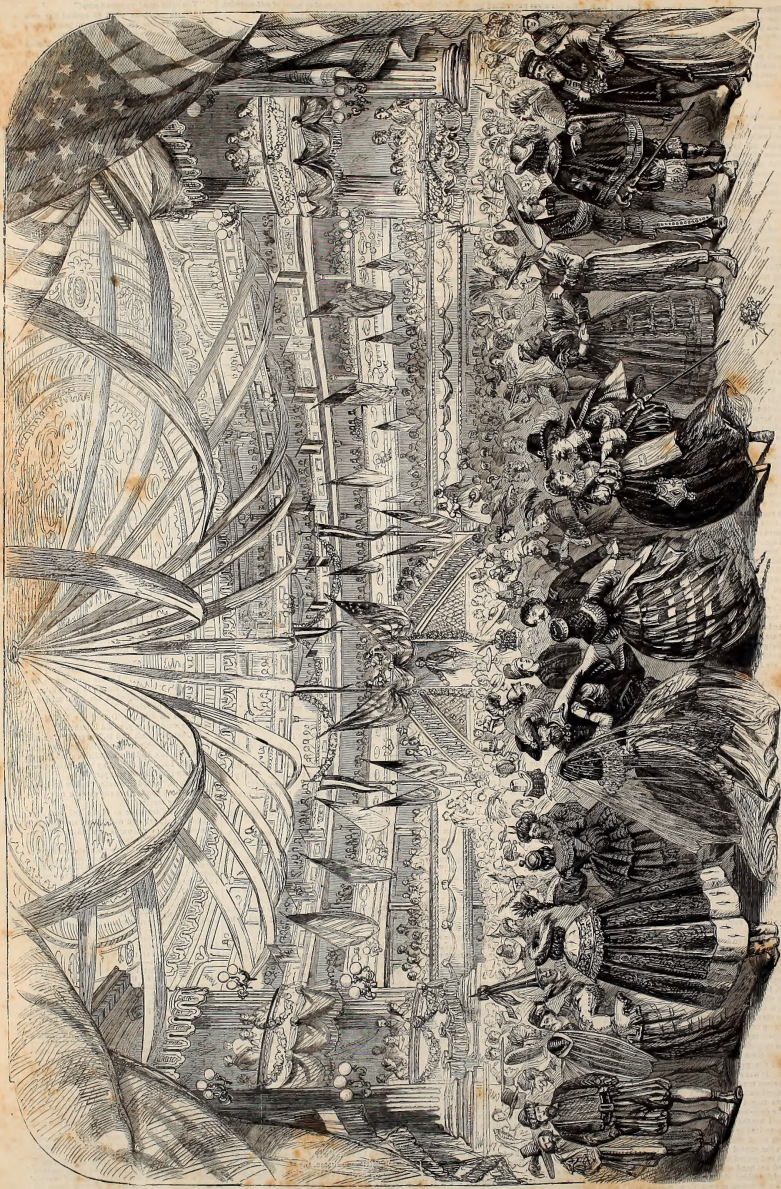
It was all very unsatisfactory, but there the matter ended.

The next morning Mr. Mellen made another thorough search for the bracelet. Still no sign of it was discovered, not he did find traces of footsteps in the grass, which proved the truth of Clorinda's suspicions.

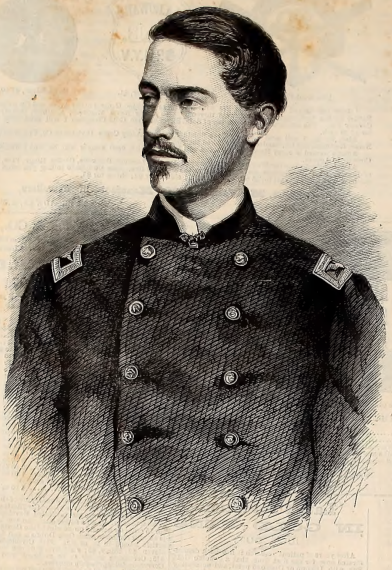
"It's over, at all events," said Elsie, as she met Elizabeth on the stairs.

"Over!" repeated the half-distracted woman, desperately; "who can tell how or when it may come up again?"

Elsie kissed her and flew away, leaving Elizabeth to seek solitude in her chamber, while she went in search of her brother, not with the object of benefiting Elizabeth, but anxious to impress upon his mind that she at least did nothing to distress or vex him.



WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN NEW ORLEANS.—THE MASQUERADE BALL GIVEN BY MRS. GENERAL BANKS.—Sketched by C. E. H. Bourne.—See Page 7.



COL. ULRIC DAHLGREN, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



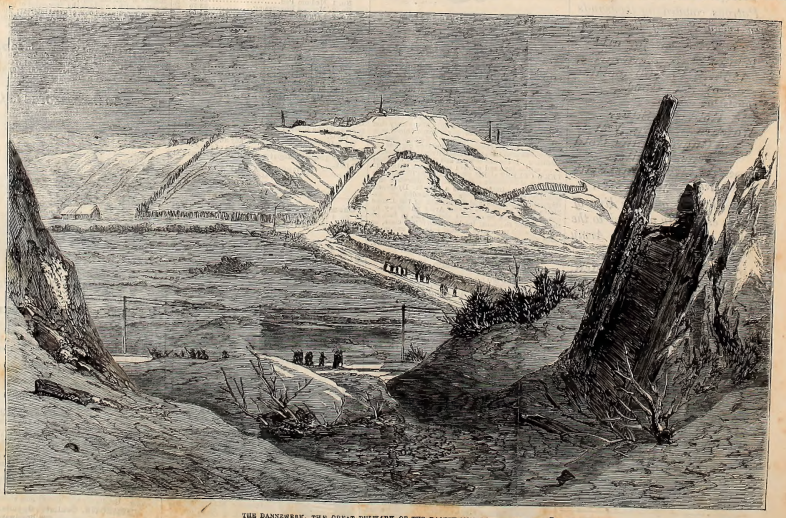
GEN. GEORGE A. CUSTER, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—PAGE 7.

COL. ULRIC DAHLGREN.

THE brutal circumstances attending the death of Col. Dahlgren, no less than his youth and distinguished services, have excited throughout the land a feeling akin to that kindled by the fall of the earlier martyrs of the struggle, before the myriad-handed Death had, by his repeated blows, familiarized us to the loss of the young, the brave and the good.

Col. Ulric Dahlgren was the son of Admiral Dahlgren, and at the opening of the war his predilections were for active service in the navy, but he abandoned that idea to assist his father in the Navy Ordnance Department. At the time Gen. Saxton was in command at Harper's Ferry, and that place was first threatened, Com. Dahlgren received instructions to place a naval battery on Maryland heights. No suitable person being at that time available to take charge of this battery, Com. Dahlgren selected his son Ulric, who was familiar with all the details of ordnance and gunnery, and under his supervision the two 9-inch Dahlgren guns were placed in position and successfully worked. He thus became Captain of artillery, and when Gen. Sigel took command was appointed on the staff, and became Aide-de-camp, with the rank of Captain. He continued with Sigel through Pope's campaign, and was especially distinguished in the artillery movements at the second battle of Bull Run.

He next accompanied Gen. Stahel in several reconnoissances and scouts, and when the army moved



THE DANNEWERK, THE GREAT BULWARK OF THE DANISH MONARCHY.—SEE PAGE 7.

down into Virginia, in November, 1862, the 11th corps advanced to Gainesville, and from that place Capt. Dahlgren, with Gen. Sigel's bodyguard, made the attack upon Fredericksburg, which has now become history. Gen. Burnside expressed his thanks for the valuable information furnished. Returning with the corps to Fairfax Court-house, he was sent for by Gen. Burnside, prior to the assault upon Fredericksburg, and detailed as Special Aide upon that General's staff. At the crossing of the Rappahannock he was the only one of Gen. Burnside's Aides who went in the boats and was one of the first to land.

When Gen. Hooker took command Capt. Dahlgren was transferred to his staff, and distinguished himself at Chancellorsville and in the cavalry fights at Aldie and its vicinity. Learning that a bearer of dispatches to Gen. Lee was *en route* for that General, he secured the country between the columns of the rebel army until he anticipated his arrival at Greencastle, where he attacked and captured the whole party, including the dispatches.

To find his way to Gen. Meade's headquarters was no easy task, but by adopting every possible resource, dividing his men into small parties, and riding himself with only an orderly, he succeeded in reaching headquarters after the first day's fighting, where before the council of war was being held which was to decide the fate of the army. Covered with dust from his long ride, he walked into the General's tent and presented before the council the dispatches of Jefferson Davis to Gen. Lee, the most important capture which could possibly have been made.

Returning with his 100 men, he assisted materially in worrying the enemy, by destroying wagon trains and attacking them at every point.

On the retreat of the rebels he was in the famous charge into Hagerstown, where, of five officers who led, two were killed, he was wounded and one was saved by his scabbard. Capt. Dahlgren was then brought to Washington, where amputation was performed. Owing to the severe inflammation which had set in, the operation was a very critical one, and it was not until five operations had been performed that the wound could heal. His life was despaired of at the time, but his indomitable will brought him safely through the trial.

His services won him a Colonel's commission. As soon as he was able to walk on crutches he sought to resume active service, and at his own urgent request took part in the raid in which he fell.

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

What's the difference between your greatcoat and a baby? One you wear and the other you wean.

What is the difference between perseverance and obstinacy? In a strong will and the other is a strong won't.

What is the difference between a miller and a matron? One is a moth and the other is a mother.

What's the difference between a boy running after a girl and running after a carriage? One chases the miss and the other misses the chaise.

What is the difference between the chief effect of catching cold and the loss of Grace? In the one case it is you cough; in the other it is Corfu.

What is the difference between Noah's Ark and an Archbishop? Noah's Ark was a pretty high ark, but an Archbishop is a hierarch (higher-ark).

A SCHOOLMASTER in one of the neighboring towns, while on his morning walk, passed by the door of a neighbor, who was excavating a log for a pig-trough. "Why," said the schoolmaster, "Mr. ——, you are not furniture enough yet!"

"Yes," said the man, "I supply for my own family, and expect to board the schoolmaster this winter, and am making preparations."

In a year a woman asks you what you will bet, answer that you will lay your head to hers.

The evils from which a morbid man suffers most are those that don't happen.

A SINGLE woman has generally but a single purpose, and we all know what that is.

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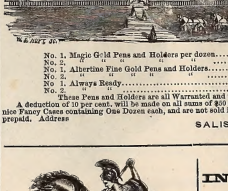
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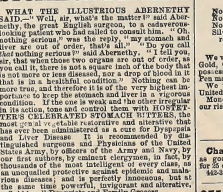
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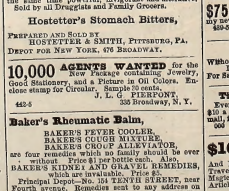
















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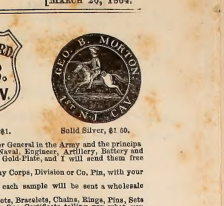
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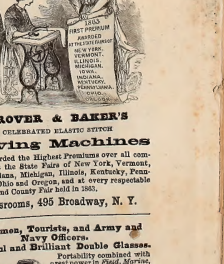
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Capt. Whybacker's Co., Canton, Mo.	
Capt. McGee's " Lexington, Mo.	
Capt. Hunter's " Sedalia, Mo.	
Capt. Olds' " Perryaville, Ind.	

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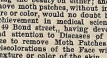
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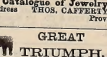
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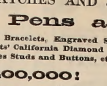
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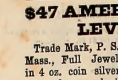
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No. 444—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1864. [Price 8 Cents.

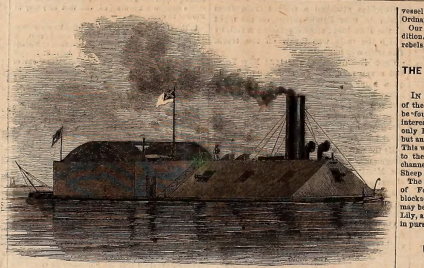
THE SIEGE OF MOBILE.

MOBILE, for a place of its size, has been frequently the scene of military operations. One of the earliest stations of French power on the southwest, it was menaced by the Spaniards, and at a later date, in the hands of the latter, exposed to English attack. During the present war it has been blockaded by a Union fleet and commanded by Fort Pickens, which the rebels vainly endeavored to take.

When Sherman and Smith recently advanced, and Farragut began to thunder at Fort Powell, all expected to see Mobile soon in our hands. This hope has been doomed to disappointment. The capture of Mobile was not the object of Sherman's expedition, and Farragut's bombardment of Fort Powell proved ineffective, his vessels not being able to approach nearer than two miles, too far to inflict any serious injury.

Recent Southern news explains Farragut's attack as an attempt to co-operate with a revolt of the garrison of Fort Morgan. This was, however, discovered, and 30 of the mutineers shot.

We give, as illustrations of the operations, a view of the rebel ram Baltic, Admiral Buchanan, Commander, one of the main defences of the place, as seen from Farragut's fleet on the 20th of February, the last day of active operations; and the explosion of a rifled gun on the J. F. Jackson. This steamer, which has been in very active engagements during the war, was this time most unfortunate. In the first attack her rifle gun burst, and on the 20th she went into action with a new one, but this too burst after two hours' service, wounding several and injuring the vessel. Evidently there is some oversight in the Ordnance Department that requires remedy.



THE REBEL RAM BALTIC, NOW LYING AT MOBILE, AS SEEN FROM THE BLOCKADING FLEET, FEB. 20. FROM A SKETCH BY R. B. HOUGH.

Our view of Fort Powell shows its present condition. It has been greatly strengthened by the rebels, and will make a stubborn resistance.

THE BLOCKADE OF CAPE FEAR RIVER
North Carolina.

IN our last we gave a sketch of the mouth of the Cape Fear River. The new inlet, which will be found in our present issue, is a much more interesting view. The rebels to guard it have not only Fort Fisher, a well constructed fortification, but an artificial mound with a heavy rifle gun on it. This was erected in order to give a sufficient plunge to the balls to injure monitors. It controls the channel between Fort Fisher, on the one side, and Sheep Head and Smith's island, on the other.

The view of Folly inlet, which is five miles south of Fort Caswell, shows the vigilance of our blockaders and their daring. In this single sketch may be seen the ruins of the Bendigo, Ranger and Lily, as well as of the U. S. steamer Iron Age, lost in pursuing too closely one of the blockade-runners.

HON. MICHAEL HAHN,
Governor of Louisiana.

THE Hon. Michael Hahn, to the imposing ceremonies of whose inauguration as Governor of Louisiana we give so much space to-day, is a native of



EXPLOSION OF A CANNON ON BOARD THE J. F. JACKSON, DURING THE SIEGE OF FORT POWELL, MOBILE HARBOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY R. B. HOUGH.

Klingenmister, in Rhenish Bavaria, where he was born in 1830. His family came to New York in 1831, and resided there till 1860, when they removed to Texas, but after a short stay in that State proceeded to New Orleans. Here young Michael grew up, receiving his education at St. Anne's school. He was early left an orphan, but being aided by his brother-in-law, John E. Schmitz, he studied law with Christian Roselius, and for the term of age began practice. He took an active part in politics, and when secession was first openly advocated came forward as a Union man. On the 8th of May, 1860, in a Union meeting in Lafayette Square, New Orleans, he offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That we, the citizens of New Orleans, regardless of all the minor differences of opinion that divide the people of this country politically, are of one mind and one heart in support of the Union in these States, and that, as long as the Constitution of the Republic and the laws enacted by Congress in accordance therewith can be maintained inviolate, as we confidently believe it can now be done, we shall regard with abhorrence and horror the attempt, wherever made or however originated, to destroy the paternal ligaments which bind in links more durable than brass the sovereign members of this glorious Confederation together; and we here solemnly pledge ourselves, one to the other, and all to our country, to oppose all parties, or fragments of parties, and all aspirants to public office, irrespective of party or distinction, whose claims to public confidence are in any manner identified with disorganizing or disunion sentiments or designs; and to regard as enemies to Republican liberty all who attempt to produce a separation of these States, while within the Union their equality rights under the Constitution are susceptible of maintenance without recourse to physical force."

During the rebel rule in New Orleans he never swore allegiance, omitting it in his oath of office as Notary Public.

When the United States authority was restored in New Orleans Mr. Hahn at once became active and conspicuous. He was one of those who met at Polar Star Hall, which was Dan Rice's, May 18th, 1863, and was elected to Congress, and satisfied all men as to his ability and fitness.

Under the loyal scheme for restoring State Governments in the revolted districts, Mr. Hahn was the Free State candidate, and on the 22d Feb. was elected by a large majority over his competitors, Fellows and Flanders.

Barnum's American Museum.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 2, 1864.

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THE Publisher of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER invites his present contributors and others to send him Sketches of Scenes and poems suited to its columns, as well as ideas for comic sketches on subjects of the day.

Summary of the Week.

WASHINGTON.

The President, by the order of March 10, appoints Gen. Grant to the command of the armies of the United States; and by another order retires Major-Gen. Halleck, with thanks.

The President calls also for 200,000 men, to be raised before April 15th, or then drafted.

VIRGINIA.

On the 11th a detachment of 100 men from Gen. Custer's cavalry command started on a scout towards Blair mountain in Madison county, Va., which is a well-known rebel guerilla resort. Some time during the night they made a dash into a guerilla camp on the stream known as Conway river, just west of the above-named mountain, and drove about 40 of the guerillas across the river, and captured 20 horses, together with them all. The command returned to their camp yesterday morning in good order, not having lost a man or a horse, or had one injured.

In the recent attack upon Suffolk the 2d colored cavalry, under Col. Cole, behaved with great bravery in a fight of an hour's duration. They had a largely superior force to contend against, but cut their way through with a loss of 20 killed, wounded and missing. One of our lieutenants was killed. The rebels are said to have had 67 killed.

Gen. Wadsworth left Washington for Fortress Monroe on Sunday, with orders from the War Department to stop all the exchange of prisoners upon the basis recently acted on by the rebels, by which 100 rebel prisoners are exchanged for every 75 of ours in possession of the rebel authorities. Gen. Wadsworth has been instructed to state that no more prisoners will be exchanged except upon the principle of man for man, and that, too, without regard to color.

The army of the Potomac on the 18th was preparing for an advance of the enemy.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

On the 19th a detachment of Gilmore's rebels made a raid into Bath, Morgan county, and carried off Hon. Mr. Bechtel, of the W. V. Senate, and Hon. Mr. Wheat, of W. V. House of Delegates. The guerillas were pursued by cavalry, and some of them captured.

TENNESSEE.

Guerillas attacked a freight train from Nashville, near Estill springs, on the night of the 10th inst., after displacing a rail, by which the train was throw off the track. The train was burned.

Capt. Beardsley, of the 123d New York, and seven men, arrived at Decherd, Tenn., on a handcar, having been paroled, after being robbed of clothing, money, watches and jewellery. The rebels killed three of the negroes on the train. Two of the guerillas were killed. There were no other losses.

By the new arrangement Major-Gen. W. T. Sherman is to command the department of the Mississippi, which is to embrace the departments of Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee and Arkansas. Major-Gen. McPherson is placed in command of the army of the Tennessee.

On the 19th the enemy were in strong force in our front, but no movement was visible.

ARKANSAS.

Gen. Price had resumed command in this State, and addresses his army hopefully.

LOUISIANA.

Admiral Porter, with the gunboats Ouachita, Conestoga and Lexington, Fort Hinman and Crockett, ran up Red river a few days since, and opened on Trinity. The Osage passed the fort, but the Ouachita was disabled. The Ouichets then silenced the fort. The enemy were driven from Harrisonburg and the place burned. The Conestoga was run into by the Gen. Price on the 10th and sunk. The fleet is to co-operate with Gen. Steele, in an advance on Shreveport, which Gen. Steele will also attack from Arkansas.

The rebels have reappeared at Lake Providence in force, committing shocking barbarities on the negroes.

MISSISSIPPI.

A portion of the marine brigade, under Capt. Crandell, recently surprised a rebel camp east of Fort Gibson, Miss., capturing 47 prisoners and releasing five Union soldiers taken at the Big Black.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Peck thus sums up the result of recent operations in North Carolina: "Besides the repulse of Gen. Pickett's army at Newbern, the following rebel forces were captured: 6 officers, 281 prisoners and dangerous rebels, 500 contrabands, 250 arms and accoutrements, 138 horses and mules, 1 bale of cotton, 1 piece of artillery, caisson complete, 2 commissary saddles, harnesses and wagons. Much property of the rebel government has been destroyed from inability to remove it, as appears by a partial list: 250,000 pounds of pork, 80 barrels of lard, 75 barrels of meat, 20,000 bushels of corn, 32 barrels of beef, 5 hogs heads of sugar, 5,000 empty sacks, 1 cornmill, 10 waggons, 1 ton of tobacco, 18 mules, 2 warehouses of salt, and 2 extensive salt manufactories."

NAVAL.

The Navy Department has received official information of the following captures: On Feb. 25 the U. S. bark Roebuck captured in Indian river; abreast of Fort Capron, the British sloop boat Two Brothers, from Nassau, bound to Dixie and laden with four bags of salt, one keg of liquor, four boxes of goods and one keg of nails. On the 27th the Roebuck captured, at the same place, the British sloop Nina, from Nassau, bound to Sand Point, laden with liquors, coffee and boxes of goods. On the 29th the same vessel captured the schooner Rebel, with a cargo consisting of salt, liquor, cotton, &c. On March 1 the Roebuck also captured the British schooner Lauretta, laden with 52 bags of salt; two miles from the entrance of Indian river. These prizes were all sent to Key West for adjudication.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 14th, the bill defining the duties of paymasters' stewards and clerks of officers was passed. The West Point Academy bill was taken up, which led to a lengthy political discussion, but was finally passed with an amendment, fixing the pay at $40 per month, the same as naval midshipmen.

In the House, various important matters were brought up and disposed of. The House agreed to the report of the Conference Committee on the Deficiency bill. A resolution to print 10,000 copies of Gen. Meade's report of the battle of Gettysburg, and accompanying papers, was referred to the Printing Committee. Mr. Washburne offered a resolution instructing the Ways and Means Committee to report a bill taxing liquor on hand 40 cents per gallon, respectively, where such tax has and has not been paid. The resolution laid over. The Gold bill then came up, and elicited a long discussion, but without concluding to action the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 15th, a petition was presented from 1,000 colored citizens of Louisiana, and representing equal to $15,000,000 of property, that their rights be acknowledged, and that they may be allowed to vote.

In the House the bill giving full franking privileges to the Presiding and Vice-President was passed. A bill was reported to establish Assay Offices in Nevada and Oregon. A resolution to pay John S. Sleeper $750, for coming to Washington to examine the seat of Mr. Rice of Massachusetts, was laid on the table. The report of the Committee in favor of printing 10,000 copies of Gen. Rosecrans's report; also, 10,000 of Meade's report of the battle of Gettysburg.

In the Senate, on the 16th, Mr. Wilson introduced a bill to disqualify for voting or holding office all deserters who have left the service of the United States, but directs the President to issue a Proclamation of amnesty to deserters upon their return to the service, with no punishment but loss of pay during their absence. Referred to Committee on Privileges. Deserters hereafter are to be deprived of those rights of citizens. The other proceedings were of no public interest.

In the House Mr. Farnsworth introduced a bill to increase the pay of the United States artillery, which was referred. The House concurred in the Senate's amendment to the Deficiency appropriation bill. The Gold bill was then taken up, and after a lengthy discussion was passed by 97. The resolution, as passed, provides that the Secretary of the Treasury may authorize the payment of coupons and the public debt by a period not exceeding one year, from time to time, without the Treasury's refusal of interest; and he may dispose of any gold in the Treasury of the United States not specifically appropriated by law. The House then took up the bill to amend the several acts relative to the rolls, which was discussed at length, but without action.

In the Senate, on the 17th, the proceedings were of no public interest.

In the House, the bill to make the Delaware and Raritan Bay and Camden and Atlantic railroads military roads, and to grant to them other rights and privileges, was taken up, and, after discussion, passed. The report of the Select Committee on Foreign Affairs reported a bill to appoint a Commissioner to settle the claims of the Hudson Bay Government. The House then proceeded to the consideration of Territorial business. Territorial acts were passed for Nevada, Colorado and Nebraska. An act was also passed to provide for the temporary government of the Territory of Montana.

In the Senate, on the 18th, after much discussion on the Mail bill, Mr. Wilson called up the Senate bill to increase the pay of privates, his amendment as a substitute for the bill being in order. This was subsequently agreed to, extending the pay to such children of the slave recruit in the first section. The second section authorizes the Commissioner of Slave States to award to loyal owners of said wives and children a just compensation. Debate followed, in which Messrs. Pomeroy, Sumner, Wilson, Conness, Williams and others participated. The bill was finally postponed. After Executive session, the Senate took a recess.

In the House, the proceedings were unimportant, being confined to lengthy discussions on the Homestead bill. The House also passed a favorable report on paying Gale and Seaton for certain volumes of Congressional Globe and Debates, claimed to be delivered before the resolution authorizing the supply was enacted. The latter subject was tabled, 67 against 66.

The Senate did not sit on the 19th, and the time of the House was entirely occupied in listening to several speeches on the war and slavery.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Ariel we have dates from Panama to March 7.

The Congress of the United States of Colombia, on Feb 25, elected Señor Murillo to have been constitutionally elected President of the Republic.

The Congress of Panama has sanctioned the extradition of ex-President Barrios.

In Chili the invitation for a general Congress of the States of Latin America has been received with universal enthusiasm.

In Nicaragua the Central American Transit Company contract has passed both Houses of Congress, and was signed by the President on Feb. 18; on Feb. 20 the first payment, in accordance with the stipulations of the contract, of $60,000 in American gold, was made to the Treasurer-General of Nicaragua. Ambaghiman, Capt. Gen. of Guatemala, Costa Rica, asking for large grants of land to enable him to organize a colonization party, with a view to opening a railroad through the Republic from the Caribbean Sea to the Pacific.

On Feb. 24 President Martinez sent in his resignation, but it would probably not be accepted.

THE Howard Money Belt is at once the neatest, safest and most elegant repository for money ever presented to the public. It is made of the best leather, and has several compartments, so that a soldier and a traveller can carry with him, safe and undisjured, his dearest relics, the photographs and letters from his friends—as well as his greenbacks. In a word, it is the very thing a soldier and traveller ought to have always with them.

TOWN TOPICS.

THE cold that precedes the storm has just now settled upon New York. Nothing is heard of or thought of but the Sanitary Fair. It absorbs all lesser things, but being in embryo it makes only the great calm. Next week the storm will burst, and we shall be Sanitary Faired at breakfast, dinner and supper, in our sleeping and in our waking, in church and out of church. It will meet us at every corner, and fill upon us from the housetops, and for several weeks we shall know nothing but its sounding echoes. All places of public amusement will reap harvests of gold—provokers, we mean—enough to bring back the bread they floated out upon the waters in the days of famine. But the Fair, the time and all New York will be full of the country until the air will be redolent with greenness.

The first arch of the buildings on 14th street are nearly finished, and another of a semicircular form, large enough to allow a dozen horsemen to ride abreast, on the upper end of Union square, as an offshoot, to help hold the superabundance of wealth that is flowing to the great Fair. Between the two, on the centre of this stream, we will only mention that, up to this date, the largest merchandise alone have received over $125,000. Should other branches of trade equal this, the grand result will swell into millions!

The week we have been looking among the pictures. We have seen Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains," and Kensett's "Lake George." We shall discourse of the first:

Upon entering the room of exhibition we are at once taken by surprise. It is not a picture. There is no art. It is a fact; and we are but looking out of a window upon a veritable scene. Here we see far hills, tipped with everlasting snow, the nevertiring streaming light of the noon-day sun shining with noisy foam, within a few minutes walk. There is a sheet of glassy water, too wonderful not to be anything but nature, and in the foreground the groups of Shoshonee Indians, engaged in their bustling, half-lazy everyday avocations.

The picture is taken upon the Wind river range, in Nebraska Territory, and the principal peak of the group is called the Wind river mountain. But for its merit alone upon a translation of the scenery, but there a band of Shoshonee pleasure in the prairie of Indians scattered over the entire foreground, some engaged in the chase, in the women's work, and dear, with loads of ducks and small game and one immense grizzly bear, others, dressed in their finest gewgaws of the race, are occupied about the tents in scores of various employments, and others recruit or render them real. We see but one fault in this picture, and that is the want of variety and interest in the field in these peaks. They look cwarfed. Against this we commend the wonderful variety of color existing between the hills, and the perfect transparency of the water, as marvellous.

We would we could say as much for the "Lake George," but coming from the very scene of Bierstadt to the cold chilliness of Kensett's was too much. It has always an autumn, but it is a cold, hauling in winter, and the picture is unrelieved by a solitary bird or beast. We look for no one upon entering the room, and we find nothing to sit and gaze upon as we said of the grand out upon the "Interesting" finis of the "Rocky Mountains."

As an instance of the high prices paid for pictures, we would cite a sale made during the past week of a "Cranberry, entering Lake George," by Gignoux, sold to Marshall O. Roberts for $3,250. It is about 10 inches by 14, a single foot of canvas, and is not anything startling about it but its price. Another Messonier, about the same size, but a better picture, sold for $2,500.

There are many fine pictures now in Goupil's gallery, among which we would note a large and fully portrait of himself, by Meissonier, and "Portrait of Paul Delaroche," "The Temptation" and "Maternal Love," by Lambinet. We wish that we can not make pictures as are daily shown in the gallery, there is no reason they should not study art.

In music and the drama the promises for the week are—first, the Philharmonic Society's concert, Wed., on Monday, the 28th, which, it is presumed, he will give the public the first performance of his early matinée, until they have had enough of it. The closing up of the Academy of Music for the debut of Madame Methua Scheller in a musical drama; the opening of the new Broadway theatre, under Mr. Mercier-politan Hotel, by Robert Heller, for the exhibition of what he calls "Sensation Novels and Stories," and, most important, the first appearance before a New York audience of Wm. Davidge, a Bowery boy as we have heard much, in a grand Biblical legend of "Judith and Holofernes." We intend to be of the heaviest dramatic artillery, perhaps a 15-inch bore.

Le Fair Face, standing from the middle of our writing-table, wishes to know why it is that each week we are favored with a notice of the new style of the theatres, but absolutely nothing of the churches! She desires us to state, for instance, that the last nice man, the Rev. Mr. Hanks, who preaches such a sweet sermon, and would be so good to have it understood that he is anxious to see his name in print, oh, no—but it might have the effect, perhaps, of inducing more sinner into the fold; besides which he is so handsome and so gentlemanly, and has such a beautiful way of stretching out his white hand towards the congregation and addressing his sister-christians, when he desires to impress something particularly on them; to say nothing of his—a—beautiful voice, which cannot be surpassed by any congregation in New York.

To all this we have only to answer, that as we are not able to own a pew in every church in the city, we are only enabled to see those others when we are sleeping strangers, who present themselves, peewless, at the doors of our grand churches, standing the congregation is seated shall be abolished, and then we intend visiting them.

"But is it not right that the congregation shall have first choice?"

"Undoubtedly: but why cannot each church spare a small part of their space from Monday and devote it to the stranger who shall present himself at the gate! Let it be one-tenth of the church, and we are satisfied that none are favored with more than that proportion of non-pewholders, and that would be disgraceful custom of keeping crowd of would-be worshippers standing at the doors will be abolished by the Most High, awaiting, but in hand, that the crumbs that fall from the table may also be offered them, would be at an end. There is no necessity for any such degradation of the temple—for rarely is any one of them filled. In England, more of the great churches are free, and now, that by law, no church can be built, but free, the Catholics have set the only the last Sabbath one-third free sittings in their new church.

We were one of the waiters at the door of the Rev. Mr. Chapin's Tabernacle, and were astonished at the number of persons who, apparently in the gallery, that came to worship, and were turned away. Perhaps the church was not two-thirds full, and we thought during the sermon of the matter. It is disgusting and reprehensible practice, and should be done away with. It is entirely unchristian and ungrounded as it is only upon a grasping desire for the attainment of worldly lucre.

One of the most instructive calls that can be made through this of all cities is upon the poor. We do not mean the poor of their own street, but the poor of the working women, and in the first precincts of the Sanitary Fair Protectorate.

The "upper ten" of fashion and wealth, of which the sum is as it costs were put by a great manufacturer, whose name will be given. There are will see a linen coat made for 25 cents, and an army shirt at four and one-sixth cents. Mark the sixth! There

she will see a pair of drawers made, all by hand, by an old woman of 60 for the munificent sum of seven cents, her week's work being one dozen, or 84 cents' worth, out of which she was obliged to find herself in thread. Think of it, you that have mothers, and you that may be snatched away from loving wives at any moment, leaving them dependent.

This association proposes to make itself an office of intelligence and justice between the employer and employé. They desire the workers to come and register their names, and the employers to seek them there. They ask that ladies through all the land requiring sewers, or any kind of female labor not connected with household service, will send to them or call and their demands shall be rigidly complied with. Every lady sometimes wants a semptress, and at the very moment of necessity and haste oftentimes cannot find one. The association will supply the want. Gentlemen have shirts to make, and, in these days of dear cotton, to mend; let them put them in first hands, instead of going to fashionable establishments, and paying 200 per cent profit for plateglass windows and marble counters.

On the night of the 21st the working women made a demonstration at the Cooper Institute, presided over by Judge Daly, and addressed by the Rev. W. M. Milburn, the blind orator. Miss Teresa Esmonde read a poem written by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, and altogether the affair was one of the highest success, of which we shall speak next week.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The official vote in this city on the soldiers' voting amendment shows thus: For, 16,388; against, 6,830. Total vote, 23,218. There were only three wards which gave a majority against: the First, yeas 144, nays 166; the Bloody Sixth, or Five Points, yeas 221, nays 308; and the Fourteenth, yeas 270, nays 359.

—— The Philadelphia *Press* says that the Government has called upon the locomotive builders of that city for 200 engines, to be made forthwith, and in case of default the Government would seize the shops. The engine-builders have agreed to do the work.

—— The French Consul at San Francisco informs the mercantile world that Acapulco and Manzanilla, west coast of Mexico, are under blockade, and neither passengers nor merchandise will be allowed to enter those ports.

—— The Fenian Brotherhood of Philadelphia have resented, through a public meeting, the recent attack of Bishop Wood (Roman Catholic) on their organization. They deny that the Brotherhood is a secret society; adding that the society have no oaths, signs or grips. Their constitution and by-laws are open to inspection. 50,000 men have subscribed their names, of membership in the United States, and in the British Provinces and Ireland 150,000 men are enrolled. The Fenian Brotherhood had not established any line of conduct. It is not definitely declared that they must resort to force of arms in aid of Ireland. So far, they have but exerted their energies to unite the people and form one sentiment.

—— St. Patrick's day was celebrated with unusual vigor on March 17. The 69th regiment paraded, and the display made by the civic societies was very fine. High Mass was solemnized at St. Patrick's cathedral by Vicar-General Father Starrs, and a panegyric pronounced by the Rev. Father Boyce, of Washington. The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick honored the day by a "feast of reason and flow of soul" at Delmonico's, corner of Fifth avenue and 14th street. The Knights of St. Patrick celebrated their national holiday by a banquet at the Astor House, at which about 150 knights and a score or more of invited guests were present. Speeches were made by the President of the society, W. F. Lyons, Esq., and by Col. O'Mahony, Mayor Gunther, Judge Daly, Edwin James, John K. Devlin, John Butler, Mr. Meehan and others. The exercises were enlivened by music from the Navy Yard band and by appropriate songs sung by Mr. Gustavus Geary.

—— A Gen. McClellan mass meeting was held at Cooper Institute on the 16th March, at which speeches were made by Hon. Amos Kendall, of Washington, Lieut.-Gov. R. T. Jacob, of Kentucky, Gen. A. B. Norton, of Texas, and Dr. Max Langenswartz.

—— The sum of $1,112 25 was realised by the Sanitary Commission from the benefit entertainment given by the pupils of the 13th Ward Common Schools, at Cooper Institute, on 16th of March.

—— On the 18th March the new Board of Police Commissioners was organised by the election of Thomas C. Acton as President. Messrs. Acton, Bosworth and McMurray were present; Mr. Bergen, being ill, was absent.

—— Justice Barnard has granted a commission for the examination of a witness in Chicago, on behalf of the plaintiff, Benjamin Franklin Hatch, in the somewhat stale "Hatch divorce case."

—— On the 19th of March the pupils of Mrs. Z. R. Plumb's Gynasium held a select entertainment at the Cooper Institute. The exercises were admirably performed, and reflected great credit on the institution. Several speeches were made and received with great applause. The proceeds were for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair.

Southern.—The Richmond *Whig* has the following brutal paragraph: "The body of Col Ulric Dahlgren, killed in the swamps of King and Queen, by the 9th Virginia cavalry, was brought to the city Sunday night and laid at the York river depot during the greater part of the day yesterday, where large numbers of persons went to see it. It was in a pine box, clothed in Confederate shirt and pants, and shrouded in a Confederate blanket. The wooden leg had been removed by one of the soldiers. It was also noticeable that the little finger of the left hand had been cut off. Dahlgren was a small man, thin, pale and with red hair, and a goatee of the same color. His face wore an expression of agony. About two o'clock P.M. the corpse was removed from the depot and buried—no one knows, or is to know, where." So much for the chivalry of Lucifer, who punishes the dead body of a son because the father bombarded Charleston.

Naval.—The Navy Department has received the details of two expeditions sent out from the gunboat Tahoma during the past month, the objects of which were successfully accomplished. Having marched through swamps and dense woods a distance of four miles, they destroyed the rebel Government salt works at St. Mark's, Fla. These were seven miles in extent, and connected with them were, among other things, 390 salt kettles, 170 furnaces and 165 houses and shanties. Similar works, 10 miles distant, shared the same fate. The property destroyed is estimated at $2,000,000.

—— The recent captures reported by Admiral Farragut are these: The schooner Henry Colthwist, by the Virginia, near San Luis Pass, 20th Feb.; she was from Kingston, Jamaica, with 200 kegs of powder, 250,000 percussion caps, 500 ounces of quinine and other stores. On the 28th Feb. the English schooner Lily, near Velasco, Texas, was taken by the Penobscot; she was from Belize, Honduras, with powder. On the 29th Feb. the schooners Stingray and John Douglas, with cotton, were taken off Velasco. The Virginia took also the Camille, laden with cotton, and burned a sloop laden with the same kind of cargo.

Military.—The work of re-organising the Army of the Potomac is proceeding this week The number of corps will be reduced to three—the 1st and 3d being absorbed into the 2d, 5th and 6th—to be commanded respectively by Majors-Gen. Hancock, Warren and Sedgwick. This will make three very strong corps.

—— The President, by an official order promulgated March 17, makes the following military assignments: First, Lieut.-Gen. Grant assigned to the command of the armies of the United States; second, Major-Gen. Halleck is relieved from duty as General-in-Chief and assigned to special duty at Washington as Chief of the Staff of the army; third. Major-Gen. Sherman is assigned to the command of the military division of the Mississippi, lately commanded by Gen. Grant, and comprising the departments of Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee and Arkansas; fourth, Major-Gen. McPherson is assigned to the command of the department of Tennessee, recently commanded by Gen. Sherman; fifth, Lieut.-Gen. Grant will establish his headquarters in the field, with the respective armies operating under his personal supervision.

—— Rebel news from Charleston to the 9th represents the shelling as moderate, and doing no damage. The dispatches say there was unusual activity in the Union fleet on the 6th of March.

—— Col. Bruce has been reinstated as military commander of Louisville.

—— Guerillas attacked and burned a freight train from Nashville, at Eslette springs, on the 16th inst. Capt. Beardsley and seven men of the New York 23d, after being stripped of the property about them, had arrived at Dechard, Tennessee. Three negroes on the train were killed by the guerillas.

—— The Confederates are moving their artillery from Dalton towards Ringgold. Taylor's Ridge gap was picketed by them on the 15th inst. They have a large force.

—— Col. Wolfe has arrived at Nashville, having been released from arrest, and is ordered to report in person to Lieut.-Gen. Grant.

—— Lieut. J. R. Meigs, son of Quartermaster-Gen. Meigs, has been appointed Chief Engineer of Gen. Sigel's department, with rank of captain and A. D. C. Capt. Meigs is but 22 years old, graduated second in his class, and Gen. Sigel has entire confidence in his capacity. Gen. Sigel has applied for Gen. Stahl and Col. Wyndham to be assigned to his command. Gen. Averill has command of all the cavalry in Sigel's department.

Personal.—Gen. Neil Dow and Capts. Flynn and Sawyer have been exchanged, and have arrived at Fortress Monroe.

—— A matrimonial intelligence office has been opened in St. Catharine's, Canada. Ladies sending in their names are requested to enclose a photograph, for the inspection of those about to make a choice.

—— Thackeray's daughters received a kind and handsome letter from Lord Palmerston, offering to recommend them for pensions on the British Literary Fund. The children of the man who had constantly exhorted his literary brethren to rely on themselves, and to discard any notion of State recognition or assistance, respectfully decline the offer, adding, as one amongst other reasons for doing so, their opinion that their acceptance of it would not have been approved by their father.

—— Gen. Sherman is described as being an inch less than six feet high, and about 45 years old. His frame is of good size, but a moderate development of muscle gives him an appearance of being more slender than he really is. His hair and eyes are dark; his forehead high, and so exceedingly fair that, standing as it does in marked contrast with his hair and eyes, it is his prominent feature. His cheeks are marked with deep lines, while age's crow has made a very palpable track at the corner of either eye. A benevolent countenance, together with a kind and genial manner, make him look more like a minister than the war-dog he is.

—— Louis Napoleon's present personal appearance is thus described in a late letter from Paris: "The personal appearance of Napoleon III. would puzzle the most accurate observer of physiognomy. The face of the man with the iron mask is not more devoid of expression than is his. One may study it for hours without deriving the slightest satisfaction as to the emperor's mental characteristics. Those fishy, rayless eyes, the parchment-like cheeks, the stiff, pointed moustache, all suggest a sort of artificial face prepared for the occasion, while the real man, like the priestess of Apollo, lies hidden, and delivers short, oracular responses behind it. He is short in stature, though his body is full the average size. Hence he appears to greater advantage in a sitting posture. Of late years he has grown somewhat corpulent, like the first Napoleon and other members of his family. His habits at the present day are said to be simple and regular, perhaps necessarily so, if the stories told of his early excesses be true. His appearance on horseback does great credit to his horsemanship, which is generally allowed to be the most skilful in Europe. He is very fond of horses, and has that thorough understanding of their nature which establishes a certain sympathy between that animal and his rider."

—— A statue of the Empress Eugenie is to be erected in the market-place of Puebla, Mexico.

—— J. B. Gough has refused 900 invitations to lecture this season.

—— The eldest daughter of Capt. Semmes was married in Mobile on the 18th ult. to Pendleton Colsten, Judge Advocate to the Confederate army.

—— Professor Sullivan has gone to California, to examine the mines of Nevada.

—— A few weeks ago (says the Hartford *Post*) we made mention of the marriage of the armless color-sergeant of a Massachusetts regiment, Plunkett, to Miss Nellie Lorrimer. The wedding took place in Worcester, though the parties belong in Leicester. When he left for the wars, Plunkett was engaged to a Miss Lorrimer. Upon his return he considered his helpless condition, and offered a release to his betrothed, which was readily accepted. Her sister was so indignant at this that she said she would marry the brave man herself if he was agreeable, and agreeable he was; and they married. Thanks to the generosity of the people he has met since his return, Plunkett is in independent circumstances.

Obituary.—William B. Cozzens, widely known in this country, for many years a hotel-keeper in this city, and proprietor of Cozzens's hotel at West Point, died at his residence at that place, of heart disease, on the 12th inst.

—— Capt. James B. Halstead, of the 102d regiment of New York Volunteers, died in this city on the 12th inst., aged 30 years, of hemorrhage of the lungs. Capt. Halstead had served over two years in the Army of the Potomac, under Gens. Banks, Hooker and Burnside. He had just received his promotion to a captaincy, and was preparing to accompany his regiment to the West when prostrated by disease contracted in the service of his country. His remains were taken to Pittston, Pa., for interment.

—— Lieut. Fred. Zeiter, of Co. H., 84th regiment, N. Y. S. N. G., died suddenly at a ball given by that company, of congestion of the brain.

—— Mr. Eben Merriam, the well-known meteorologist, died at Brooklyn, on Saturday. March 19, of dropsy of the liver. He was born in Concord, Mass., June 17, 1794. Soon after arriving at his majority he proceeded to Kentucky, and was employed for a number of years in the manufacture of saltpetre and other mineral productions of the Mammoth Cave in that State. He subsequently engaged in the drygoods business in Zanesville, Ohio, and about 26 years ago removed to Brooklyn, and pursued the manufacture of soap and candles in New York city. From his earliest childhood Mr. M. was engaged in scientific pursuits, devoting himself more particularly to meteorological researches, the records of which are intact and extend to the hour of his death. The theory of cycles of atmospherical phenomena is exclusively his own, and he has repeatedly been complimented for their accuracy by some of the most profound scientific men in Europe. His notoriety as a careful compiler of these records caused him to be considered an expert thereupon in courts of law. In 1841 Mr. M. commenced the publication of the *Municipal Gazetteer*, a work which is now complete, with the exception of a few months. He was a contributor to various journals of the day on scientific subjects, under the well-known signature of "E. M."

Accidents and Offences.—Mrs. Callery, the wife of a policeman, was burned to death on the 18th of March, at her house in Scammel street. The fire was occasioned by the bursting of a kerosene lamp.

—— Messrs. B. F. and N. Hapwood, of Acton, Mass., were both killed on the 17th of March, near their home, by a locomotive engine that struck their carriage.

—— Two young men, one claiming to be a son of Secretary Welles, and the other a son of Gov. Morton of Indiana, were arrested on the 16th instant, charged with breaking into the residence of John Sedgwick, Esq., No. 49 East 30th street. Owing, however, to the non-appearance of Mr. Sedgwick, they were discharged.

—— A fearful powder explosion occurred in a cartridge factory in the city of Springfield, Mass., on Wednesday, the 16th inst., by which 16 persons were injured—five of them fatally. The sufferers are nearly all women and girls, of whom about 40 were employed in the building.

—— In the U. S. District Court, Judge Betts, a decree of restitution was entered in the case of the barque Saxon, claimed as a prize, but without costs, charges or expenses. The questions of salvage and probable cause for seizure were reserved for future consideration.

—— A married woman in Salisbury, Eng., aged 27, had been held for stealing a child of five weeks. On her examination she pleaded guilty, and sued for mercy, saying, among other things—"You don't know how I have had to bear the scoffs and sneers of the people!" Those who had derided her on account of her childless condition should have been made to bear their part of the year's imprisonment to which she was sentenced.

Foreign.—Kate Bateman recently met with an accident while taking horse exercise in London. An enamored post in the street attracted the riding-habit of the actress, to which it clung, and the fair young lady was carried away, without adjunct, and in semi-male costume. A gallant gentleman came to the rescue; and the skirt being bound round the waist again with string, and the damage rectified, she mounted and rode off none the worst for the *contretemps*.

—— A week or two since the Lord Chancellor gave a decision in a case which had been pending for 200 years. The party interested was a laborer at Kemberton, named Lawrence; after the decision he received a letter informing him that he was entitled to the snug little sum of £30,000.

—— The bell of a fashionable residence was rung the other day. When the servant appeared a man politely inquired, "What are you going to have for dinner to-day?" The girl, thinking the man to be one of her tradesmen making the inquiry in a business capacity, innocently replied, "Mutton, sir." "Mutton, with sauce?" "Yes, sir." "Ah, well! I was passing by and thought I would inquire. Good morning." Mary's indignation can well be imagined when she learned the man's motive; but he was too far up the street to hear her angry denunciations.

—— Nine cardinals' hats are at present disposable. Pius IX. has during his reign created 45 cardinals and seen 65 disappear from this world.

—— From a book lately published on tulipmania we extract this amusing anecdote: "A wealthy merchant, who had prided himself on the rarity of his tulips, received a valuable cargo of merchandise from the Levant. Intelligence of its arrival was brought to him by a sailor, and the merchant, to reward him for the tidings, munificently presented him with a red herring for his breakfast. The sailor had, it appears, a great partiality for onions, and seeing a bulb, like an onion, lying on the desk, he slily slipped it into his pocket, as a relish for his herring. Clear off with his prize, he proceeded to the dock to eat his breakfast. Hardly had he left when the merchant missed his valuable *Semper Augustus*, worth 3,000 florins. A fruitless search was made for the precious root, and at length some one thought of the sailor. The merchant, with all his clerks, hurried after him, and they found the unconscious tar quietly sitting on a coil of rope, masticating the last morsel of his onion, little dreaming that he had been devouring a meal which would have regaled a whole ship's crew for a year."

—— A Russian citizen, named Matianoff, having inserted in the journal *Kolokol* a letter addressed to the Emperor, in which he blamed principles that guided the policy of the government, has been condemned by the council of the empire to five years at the galleys, and to spend the remainder of his life in Siberia.

—— The Paris correspondent of the N. Y. *Times* says: "The fact that Queen Victoria did not reply personally to the letter of the Emperor Napoleon to the sovereigns is descanted upon as a national affront, and Her Majesty is reminded that other potentates as good as she did not disdain to write autograph letters to the august head of the glorious nation, whose mission it is to spread liberal ideas all over the surface of the earth." Louis Napoleon lived long enough in London to know that the Queen could not reply to his letter. Every Englishman considers it a great impertinence to write to the Queen at all. Victoria wrote an autograph letter to President Buchanan, but that was on her family matters—namely, about her son.

Art, Science and Literature.—Two rival illustrated papers in England recently selected as the subject for a sensation picture the accident to a man who got one of his arms mangled by lions at the Islington Agricultural Hall. In one picture the lions are crunching away at the poor fellow's right arm, while in the other the ferocious brutes are represented gnawing the left. "You pays your money, and you takes your choice," as the showman said.

—— The Prince of Wales, in sending to the laboratory of Cambridge University, Mass., a copy of the photograph of the Samaritan Pentateuch, taken during the visit of his Royal Highness to Nablous, directed his private secretary to say "That the Prince of Wales will always be glad of any opportunity which may enable him to evince, in however slight a manner, the lively sense which he entertains of the kindness and hospitality he received during his visit to the United States, and that with these recollections he cannot fail cordially to reciprocate the wish to which you have given expression, that nothing may occur to interrupt the friendship which ought ever to subsist between the old country and the new."

—— The *Scientific American* states that in England the coffins from over-crowded burial-grounds are dug up, dried and ground, and used as an ingredient in the adulteration of coffee. We are inclined to think that Mr. Shoddy would not object to do the same thing in this country.

—— We observe in an Irish paper a very complimentary notice of Mr. Stopford, one of the most popular British artists in water colors of the day. It will be remembered that Mr. Stopford sent several pictures to our Crystal Palace in 1853, all of which were much admired. The present works are Lismore Castle from the meadows, Blarney Castle and the Lakes of Inchegeela. His great specialty is Irish scenery, more especially of the lake counties. The European critics praise his treatment of meadow, wood and water very much, as well as his charming summer skies.

—— The intention of giving Mr. Thackeray's unfinished story—Dennis Duval—to a distinguished *litterateur* to complete, has been abandoned, in consequence of Mr. Dickens's disapproval. Mr. Thackeray's stories are not so excellent as to be continued by his executors, in which case his tales might be interminable.

—— Adelaide Ristori has engaged an Italian poet, Paolo Franchi, to write for her a drama, to be entitled "Henrico VIII.," in which she intends to play all the king's (five) wives, one after the other.

Chit-Chat.—The new *tragedienne*, Miss Jean Hosmer, who has made so great a sensation in Philadelphia and Boston, is a sister of the celebrated sculptress. A Boston paper says: "Miss Hosmer possesses not only great personal beauty, but a positive genius, which is displayed by her in a most artistic manner. We especially admire her power, and above all her moderate use of it. She has also immense versatility, which is evidenced by the fact that she is equally admirable in Lucrezia Borgia, Mrs. Haller, Julia, in the "Hunchback," and that very peculiar character, Camille.

—— The New York *Herald* says: "The arrival of the unpretending victor of Fort Donelson, Vicksburg and Chattanooga reminded Mr. Lincoln of nothing he ever saw before, and he has quite lost his senses in consequence. The people at the War Department never had any to lose, while we all know that there never was method in the madness of Chase. Secretary Welles would be crazy had he awakened from his long nap; but he still sleeps. He gave instructions, when he last turned in, that he was not to be disturbed until the Alabama was caught, and we all know that has not as yet been accomplished."

—— The London *Railway News* states that not less than 100 tons of crinoline steel are carried over the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway, weekly.

—— It has been decided that a lover cannot legally recover gifts made to a lady while courting her.

INAUGURATION OF GOV. HAHN, OF LOUISIANA,

At New Orleans, March 4, 1864.

The place selected for the inauguration ceremonies was Lafayette square, opposite the City Hall. The surrounding buildings, and the large buttonwood trees which line the square, were all ingeniously worked in as decorations.

In the middle of the square was erected a circular platform, 50 feet in diameter, which served as a base to a tall flagstaff, bearing aloft, above all rivals, the national standard. From this point as a centre, in a sweep of a half mile, towered an amphitheatre of seats, which in height, accommodations and magnitude was never before erected on this continent. On these ranges of seats were comfortably accommodated 10,000 children, together with ample room for 5,000 specially invited guests. At the base of this immense amphitheatre was a platform for Gilmore's 500 musicians, and 40 anvils and their "beaters." In the rear of the amphitheatre 34 upright columns, each surmounted by a glass colored globe underneath a shield; in this way every State of the Union was represented. Behind all this was stationed, by Gen. Arnold, 50 pieces of brass artillery. Over the centre square were the festoons of evergreens and gay signal flags of all nations, and all around were various patriotic mottoes.

The day of the inauguration ceremonies, 4th March, 1864, was ushered in by a salute of 100 guns from batteries under command of Gen. Arnold. Mingling with this pealed forth merry chimes from all the bells of the city. At an early hour ladies, gentlemen and children commenced wending their way towards the centre of attraction, and before ten o'clock the sides of the square outside were densely packed with spectators. The time consumed in waiting was happily relieved as one delegation of school children after another threaded their way through the multitude, waving their Union flags and, in interminable rows, ascending one above another, took possession of the amphitheatre.

At eleven o'clock, when the school children had all arrived, when the ladies had taken possession of their allotted seats, when the veteran soldiers, two regiments, 1st Regulars and 30th Massachusetts veterans, passed into the square, the excitement grew intense. A procession crossed St. Charles street and entered the square as follows:

The Governor Elect, supported by Brig.-Gen. Shepley, Military Governor; Charles Claiborne, Esq., Clerk U. S. Court; Alfred Shaw, Esq, Clerk U. S. District Court; Hon. E. H. Durell, Judge U. S. District Court; A. C. Graham, Esq., Marshal U. S. Court; Judges B. K. Howell, J. H. Hiestand, C. A. Peabody, J. S. Whitaker, C. Handlin and A. A. Atocha; Recorders H. T. Vennard and Judge Leaumont; Aide-de-Camp; Mayor Hoyt; Aide-de-Camp; Maj.-Gens. Banks, McClernand, Sherman and Reynolds; Brig.-Gens. T. W. Sherman, C. P. Stone, Bowen, Arnold, Lee, Ransom and Cameron, with their several staffs; followed by the officials of the Federal and City Governments, a large number of distinguished citizens and the different committees of arrangements.

Order being at length obtained, Hon. R. K. Howell, Judge of the Sixth District Court, called the vast assemblage to order, and invited the Rev. F. E. Chubbuck to open the ceremonies with prayer.

When the prayer had been offered, "Hail Columbia" was performed in the following manner: First verse, full band, 500 performers; second verse, full band and grand chorus of the 10,000 public school children present; third verse, full band, grand chorus by the children, and a chime of all the bells in the city; fourth verse, full band, grand chorus, the chiming of the bells and a great gun accompaniment of 50 pieces of artillery! It was some time before the delighted and astonished audience could control their feelings, and when silence was apparently restored, there would break out in some parts of the vast assemblage involuntary shouts of applause, which would be echoed back again.

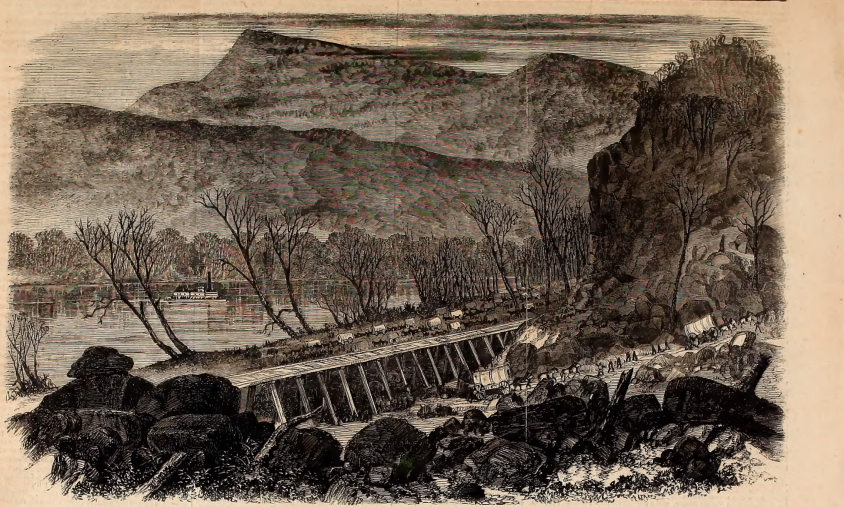
Order being restored, the Governor-elect, amid deafening cheers, stepped up to the table and, amid a profound silence, listened to the words of the oath as they were repeated by Judge Durell. The Governor-elect then kissed the Bible, and was sworn into office under circumstances of extraordinary interest, not only the first loyal Governor of a State once identified with the so-called Confederacy, but also the first Free State Governor of the South-Western States.

The "Star-Spangled Banner," which followed, was never before given with such splendid effect: First time, full band; second time, full band and grand chorus; third time, full band, grand chorus, and a chime of all the bells of the city; fourth time, full band, grand chorus, chiming of bells, and a great gun accompaniment by 50 pieces of artillery.

Judge Howell now introduced the newly-installed Governor of the State, who, in a clear voice, read his inaugural, and closed by again returning thanks to those who had elected him Governor, and promised to do his duties in that office.

Music, "Anvil Chorus," performed by the full band, accompanied by 40 time-beaters upon anvils and 50 pieces of artillery. The novelty of this new musical treat, after what had taken place, was indeed a surprise, and it seemed as if the audience would never tire in their plaudits. Meantime, a beautiful young lady, a teacher in the Barrack street school, accompanied by several beautiful children, miniature representatives of the Goddess of Liberty, came on the stand and presented Gov. Hahn with a beautiful wreath, the flowers wrought so as to read, "M. H., our Governor." The wreath was justly admired for its delicacy and good taste.

At this stage of the proceedings Gen. Banks rose and addressed the audience. At the close the band gave "Our Flag is Still There," first time with full band; second time, full band in grand chorus; third and last time, full band, chorus, chiming of bells, with artillery accompaniment. The Rev. Mr. Horton then offered up an eloquent prayer, followed by a musical medley of our most popular airs, ending with a benediction. Then followed the musical *finale*, which was one of the grandest affairs of the kind that was ever attempted in this country.



VIADUCT ON THE CHATTANOOGA RAILROAD, TENN., BETWEEN SHELLMOUND STATION AND WHITESIDE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. E. HILLEN.

THE VIADUCT ON THE CHATTANOOGA Railroad between Shellmound Station and Whiteside.

THE difficulties to be encountered by our troops, in the long wished for advance on Dalton, may be conceived by the sketch of a portion of the railroad near Chattanooga. No army ever had a more difficult field to operate in, nor one in which a march is attended with greater risks of being cut off from all supplies. At all times the rear of our line has been exposed to attack from rebel cavalry, who have often inflicted serious injury on our trains.

The viaduct spans a rugged ravine surrounded by wild scenery, and the wagon road passes under the bridge which the rebels destroyed, burning the woodwork and coating the stonework with pitch. The steamer Dunbar, moving quietly up the Tennessee, forms a striking contrast to the toiling men and beasts on shore.

THE VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO RAILWAY

WAS opened by the President of Chili upon the 14th Sept. last with great ceremony. Its length is somewhat over 114 miles, and, as its course lies through a portion of the Chain of the Andes, it offers, in some respects, features seldom encountered upon works of this nature. Upon it are five tunnels, several viaducts of 70, 80 and 126 feet in height, and an incline of 12 miles in length, rising 135 feet per mile, attaining an altitude of 2,840 feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean. It is, therefore, one of the highest railways in the world at present in use; and, with one exception—that of the Copiapo Extension, also in Chili, which is 4,400 feet in height—it crosses the loftiest summit yet passed by the locomotive in either North or South America.

The passage of the mountain range of Tabon, between Valparaiso and the capital, was a very formidable undertaking, and in accomplishing this the chief difficulties have been surmounted. For 80 miles the line climbs along the face of precipitous cliffs, at a considerable height above their base, while above it tower rugged porphyry cliffs more than 1,000 feet in height, the favorite haunt of condors, eagles and other birds of prey. Here there are three tunnels in quick succession; and at one point occurs the Maquis Viaduct—which we illustrate—an iron structure 126 feet in altitude, 600 feet in length, and which presents the rare features of being curved to a radius of 600 feet; and, on account of the incline over it, being about 14 feet higher at one end than the other. The superstructure of this viaduct is tubular, the principal span being 150 feet, and it is the first example of a tubular bridge erected in South America.



THE MAQUIS VIADUCT ON THE VALPARAISO AND SANTIAGO RAILWAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. BOULET.

A SONG FOR THE LOYAL.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

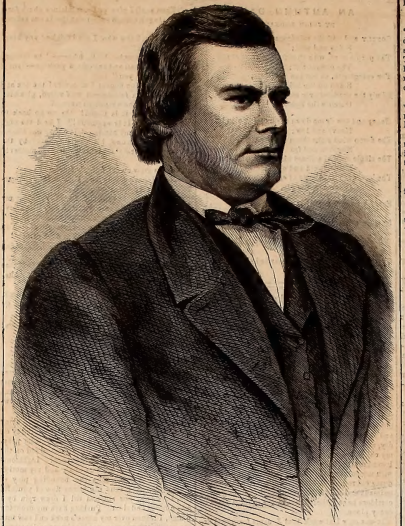
BELOVED Columbia, peerless one,
Through glory's gates exulting enter!
For thou art Freedom's morning sun,
Of all her stars the shining centre.
The KING of kings, whom worlds revere,
Bent down and from the darkness won thee;
Placed thee in thine effulgent sphere,
And set his radiant seal upon thee.

Ah, well we know Jehovah's love,
When all European flowers did wither,
Bade the swift breezes westward move,
To waft the seed of Freedom hither.
Wild roared the blast; the hardy germ
By secret dews of eve was nourished:
Soft sang the wind; erect and firm,
It rose and by the waters flourished.

Eden of earth! thy generous clime
Gave Freedom's plant sun, wind and shower:
It bloomed—the brightest rose of time;
And on our hearts we wear the flower.
With loyal blood in every vein,
In spirit free, though bond in letter,
We clasp our golden Union chain,
And bless the Power that forged the fetter.

Queen of the seas; when, o'er the flood,
Came armies, mad with thirst for slaughter,
Upon thy hills our fathers' blood,
For love of thee, ran down like water.
And when the blatant cannon stormed,
By Treason's bastard hand directed,
At once thy patriot legions swarmed,
And every stream their swords reflected.

Live on, unshamed and unenslaved,
When all that seek thy hurt have perished!
By Freedom won, by Freemen saved,
And by the God of Freemen cherished.
Heaven's crystal gates, thou peerless one,
Uplift their heads to bid thee enter;
For thou art Freedom's morning sun,
And all her stars around thee centre.



HON. MICHAEL HAHN, GOVERNOR ELECT OF LOUISIANA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LILIENTHAL. SEE PAGE 17.



A WOMAN'S HAIR.

By Lucy A. Randall.

IT was the afternoon of a clear February day, blue sky above, capital sleighing beneath, and a keen knifelike wind midway between, when Silas Montagu's superb chestnut-colored horses were checked in front of the plateglass windows of a fashionable *coiffeur's* establishment, just out of the whirl and tumult of Broadway, and a young lady of about seventeen alighted from the chocolate-colored *coupé*, to enter the dominion of pomatum and frizettes.

The knight of the comb and scissors advanced briskly from behind the counter to greet his pretty customer, who was dressed in velvet and sables, that might have, and probably did, cost a small fortune.

"Don't let me interrupt you, Mr. Macassar," said the lady, carelessly sinking down upon a crimson broccatelle sofa, and glancing towards two women with whom the *coiffeur* had been in deep conversation at the moment of her entrance, "I can wait a few minutes perfectly well."

"You are very kind, Miss Montagu, but our business is completed." He added, in a lower tone of voice: "Only some women come to sell their hair. You see they have stepped inside for our cutter to take it off."

"To sell their hair!" repeated Miss Montagu.

"Certainly, ma'am. It's a very common thing, I assure you, more particularly since it has become unusual to wear the hair short. And then, hard times, you know—"

"But surely it is impossible to gain enough to be any compensation for the loss of a fine head of hair?" said the young lady, earnestly.

"Oh, you are mistaken. For long, luxuriant hair, of a good color—such hair, for instance, as yours, Miss Montagu—we give as much as three dollars."

"Three dollars!" repeated the girl, scornfully.

"Hair will soon grow again, Miss Montagu," said the hairdresser, shrugging his shoulders. "In what can I serve you to-day?"



Miss Montagu sells her Golden Locks for Three Dollars!

"I came in to request you to send some one to arrange my hair for to-morrow evening."

"Mrs. Warrener's ball?" smoothly interposed the man, who appeared to be *au fait* in fashionable intelligence. "Certainly ma'am, to be sure. I will send Francis. What jewels do you wear?"

"Only a small wreath of netted pearls round the braids."

And Mr. Montagu bowed his fair young patroness out of the store with smiling complaisance. She stood a moment on the step as if thinking, then spoke to the liveried servant on the box:

"You may drive home, John. I shall not need you any more to-day," she said, quietly.

John touched first his gold-banded hat and then his horses, and in a few moments was out of sight, very glad to be relieved.

Then, and not till then, Miss Montagu walked briskly away, brushing the pavements of obscure streets with her costly silk, as if she cared not for its lustrous splendor, threading narrow alleys, and at length ascending the uncarpeted stairs of a tenement-house, and knocking at the door on the third story.

It was opened by a pale, shadowy-looking woman, scarce older in the calendar of years than Miss Montagu herself, but, alas! how much more aged in the record of care and grief.

"Flora, dearest, how kind this is of you!"

For Flora Montagu had thrown her arms round the slender figure and was showering kisses on the pale forehead with true girlish warmth of affection.

"You can't be more surprised to see me, Lizzy, than I am to be here! I was out shopping, when suddenly the idea occurred to me of stealing an interview with you. So I sent John home, and here I am."

"But, Flora, what would my uncle say?"

"He will never know it," said Flora, demurely. "And, besides, Lizzy, my conscience does not condemn me for this visit. Papa's conduct has been so unkind, so actually inhuman towards you. Think of it, dearest. After giving you a luxurious home until now, to turn you out of doors just for marrying a poor artist—and you his own sister's daughter, too!"

"True!" sighed the delicate young creature whom Flora addressed as Lizzy. "Yet if it were not for Clement's continued illness and our poverty, I should never for a moment regret that—"

The door was rudely pushed open at this moment without even the trifling formality of a warning knock, and a wiry head, with sharp terrier eyes to match, was thrust unceremoniously in.

"I say, missus, is that ere money ready?"

Lizzy had turned very pale and clasped her wan fingers tightly together.

"I am sorry," she stammered; "but——"

The head and eyes now advanced entirely into the room with the short, thickset figure to which they belonged.

"Look here, marm!" said the man, harshly. "This is the third week you've had these ere two rooms, and not a red cent of rent have I set eyes on. Needn't tell me your husband's sick; there's enough tenants I can get without sick husbands, I don't want to hear no excuses—they don't amount to nothin'. I jest want you to understand this much—if them three dollars ain't paid down afore the clock strikes five, out you go, bag and baggage, on the pavement. I've stood this kind o' nonsense long enough!"

He disappeared, closing the door behind him with a bang that made the walls rattle. Flora had listened to the brief colloquy with paling cheek, which grew still whiter as Lizzy burst into a paroxysm of bitter tears, hiding her face in her hands. Flora rose and bent over the bowed form with caressing touch.

"Dearest, are things really as bad as this?"

Lizzy replied only by her sobs.

"Can't you contrive to raise the money to pay this man?"

"How can I?" moaned Lizzy. "Everything we have, except the very bed Clement lies on, is sold or pawned. I am faint from lack of bread, and it is impossible to get even the most poorly paid work."

Flora's lip quivered; she had never seen poverty in this ghastly guise before.



The Tenement-house Landlord demanding his Rent.

"Oh, if I could only help you!" she sighed. "But papa never gives me money; he pays my bills cheerfully, but everything passes through his own hands."

"It would kill Clement to be moved," sobbed Lizzy. "If I could but obtain the three dollars I would not care for aught else!"

As Flora bent over her cousin one shining braid of glossy golden hair became detached from its fastening and fell from beneath her bonnet. She put up her hand mechanically to replace it, and at that moment she remembered Mr. Macassar's words.

"Lizzy," she exclaimed, impetuously, "wait a few minutes and you shall have the money. I will be back in half an hour."

And she hurried away with crimson cheeks and sparkling eyes.

Mr. Macassar was lounging over a newspaper when Miss Montagu entered his luxurious room a second time.

"Sir," she said, advancing close to the counter, and speaking in a tremulous tone, "I have concluded to have my hair cut off; will you give me three dollars for it?"

The spruce *coiffeur* stared. Was Miss Montagu in earnest or was this only a jest?

"Why do you not answer me?" she asked sharply.

"Certainly, Miss Montagu," stammered the hairdresser, recovering his tongue, "I shall be most happy, if you wish it. Please to step into the back room, and Francis shall attend you in a minute."

Poor Flora! Never had her golden waves of hair seemed half so lovely and lustrous as they did at the moment that the deft fingers of Francis unbraided them and passed the cruel, gleaming scissors among the bright strands. And when at length Mr. Macassar, with polite alacrity, presented her with a banknote, the big "3" might as well have been an Egyptian hieroglyphic for all that her tear-swimming eyes could decipher it.

She carried the money to Lizzy, and then, woman-

like, went home, looked in the glass, and cried heartily.

For she had been passing proud of those pale brown tresses, threaded with gold and blending into auburn lights at every turn of her dainty head. And now they are gone—all gone!

"Who is that pretty girl, just coming in the room, in the white crape, with blue forget-me-nots in her hair, and the little, short, dancing curls, like bits of gold sunshine round her head?"

The speaker was an elaborately-dressed young man, who stood, with gold-mounted opera-glass at his eyes, in Mrs. Warrener's brilliantly-lighted *salons*. At his side stood a tall, foreign-looking gentleman, with large black eyes and a somewhat haughty, although handsome, face. He had been eagerly forward at his companion's words.

"It can't be possible!" he exclaimed. "And yet—it is Flora Montagu!"

"Faith, Gilroy, you're right!" ejaculated young Manvers. "Flora Montagu, and none else! But what on earth has the bewitching little fairy done with that glorious hair of hers? Cut it off to be in the fashion, I'll be bound!"

"I do not know," said Gilroy, contracting his grave eyebrows, "that Miss Montagu is one to enslave herself to all the idle freaks of the reigning mode."

"I know you're a sworn admirer of the young lady, Gilroy," returned his companion, laughing; "but all women are alike!"

"All women are alike!" The words fell like molten iron on Clarence Gilroy's heart. Was it indeed so? Had the idle dream that Flora was better and truer than the rest of her sex proved but a vanishing delusion after all? He remembered the words he had heard her speak but an evening or two before.

"Nothing shall ever induce me to have my hair cut off in the absurd way that people call fashionable!"

She had not scrupled to perjure herself, then; she was as unthinking and frivolous as the idlest butterfly that ever fluttered around the flower gardens of society! He turned away, silently, and when Flora Montagu's innocent, violet-blue eyes were raised inquiringly towards his face, they encountered a cold repellant gaze that the fair young girl was unable entirely to comprehend.

The evening of the forget-me-nots had fallen from Miss Montagu's hair, and she had gone into the comparative solitude of the conservatory, with saucy Nelly Hyde, to re-arrange them. One chandelier alone diffused its soft lustre among acacias and tea-roses, from shades of crimson-tinted glass, and the two girls stood directly beneath its rosy glow, all unconscious that Clarence Gilroy leaned against the farther door, a few steps beyond, in the shade of a blossoming tropical tree, whose fiery scarlet stars almost touched his forehead.

"Do you know, Flora," said Nelly, as she adjusted the truant flowers, and stepped backward to observe the general effect, "that everybody is wondering what in the world possessed you to cut off those splendid golden locks of yours. Some lay it to the score of vanity—others to that of caprice, and——"

"Nelly!" said the soft, serious voice of Flora, with a tremulous falter in its accents, "I never meant to reveal the secret to any living soul, but I cannot leave that you, dearest, should imagine me capable of such frivolous folly. I will tell you just why it was cut off, if you will promise me to keep the sorrow religiously within your bosom."

"I promise," said Nelly, passing her arm caressingly around Flora's waist.

Clarence Gilroy moved uneasily amid the morning flowers and fiery drooping stars of his fragrant screen. But he could not well retreat now; and besides, it is not a very dignified characteristic to spend much of a stately *preux chevalier* as Mr. Clarence Gilroy, but there certainly was a keen impulse of curiosity stirring the depths of his heart, to see why Flora Montagu had cut off the lovely amber tresses of which she well knew him to be such an enthusiastic admirer.

And so, with a secret misgiving, he played the part of listener.

"You know," resumed Flora, "all about my poor cousin Lizzy's unfortunate marriage with Clement Percy?"

And she went on to tell the simple story of her adventures in Paris with much innocent pathos that Nelly Hyde was in tears ere the recital was finished. And there was another pair of eyes not very far off almost unmanned also.

"I had no money," pursued Flora. "I felt that it would not be honorable to sell anything that papa had given me, knowing his feelings on the subject, and so——Was it very wrong, Nelly, to sell my hair? If you could only have seen how welcome the money was to poor Lizzy!"

When at last the conservatory's perfumed aisles were vacant and Clarence Gilroy left his nook among the vines, he felt that that one glimpse into Flora Montagu's heart was worth half the fortune that made him the idol of manœuvring mammas and marriageable daughters. The eclipse upon his sun had passed away.

The next day Clement Percy was astonished very agreeably by the receipt of an anonymous letter, containing a banknote for fifty dollars. And the next day after that Flora stole round to tell her cousin that she was engaged to Clarence Gilroy.

"And will I have a bonne of my own, dearest," she said, "you and Clement shall share it. Clarence says so."

Mrs. Gilroy kept the word that Flora Montagu had pledged.

A FARMER, who could not get rid of his crop, said, pointing to his wheelbarrow, "There, that is where the shoe pinches, where the corn is!"

TENFOLD.—Being kept out of a fortune by a prolonged chancery suit.

AN AUTUMN DIAN.

BY JULIE LEONARD.

SOFTLY and still the raindrops patter down,
Softly and still;
The purple haze, with shadowy mists, enwrown
The distant hill;
The evergreens, as warders at sentinels,
Stand on the height;
Dimly the shadows over moor and fell
Obscure the light.

Heavy and low droop down the hanging clouds,
Heavy and low;
The damp wind sighs through lofty trees,
Sweet to and fro.
The single song of solitary bird
Rings sweet and clear;
The low, deep undertone of earth
Chimes on the ear.

Far, far away the restless, surging ocean,
Far away,
In stern unrest, in ceaseless strong commotion,
Its billows play;
While the fierce storm-bird recklessly is flinging
The blinding spray,
Over the rocks, where dank seaweed is clinging,
In Ocean bay.

Insufficiency.

By Catharine Earnshaw.

The years they come and go,
The races drop in the grave,
And fresh ones fill their room;
Which here in my heart I have.

The brown muirland answers sombrely; it offers only one shade of sadness to the bosom, and I have within myself too much of gloom and of cold, and my eyes ache for the picture of a summer gone by, my lips pant for the breath of the warm south that never shall blow again. Down by the stream that used to purl through the moor, I find that the bluebells of remembrance bloom stiff in their bed and never will blossom. The bed of the stream is dry, and the pebbles that shone, diamondlike, to my childish eyes are coarsened and black with earth. I went down there the other day and came back with my sorrow renewed—came back to find, in the dusty old rooms of this house, a voice that spoke pleasantly to me, and of the sorrow that the neglected corridors have hitherto said in the muffled tones of decay alone.

It was my last week that I came from that demure little town in Saxony. I ought to have brought with me its placid goodhumor, its poetized phlegm, but I could not. Sombre, sombre, and they were not congenial. Instead, I came home with the spirit I carried out, the same that nursed its sorrow and its wrath in the Schmerwald, and refused to be comforted among the viney valleys of Gaul. Since I have been in this house, in Scotland, which I only remember walked back to after many years to the day when the sun rose to gild my twentieth birthday. So vividly do I remember myself that morning, that day, that I could see the sun glass, I almost expected to see a head crowned with crimson autumn roses, as when, twelve years ago, that day, I had arrayed myself in the mirror of my sister's dressing-room. My sister wove the wreath, and pressed it down on hair that was then pure bonnie brown. She said, as she turned me round:

"It's a pity, Psyche, that these roses are scentless; I wonder if it's a bad omen."

My father stood at the open door. In the fondness of his pride for his firstborn daughter he had named her Psyche, and now, with pride no whit abated, he said:

"Rather say the crimson of their petals is typeroyal of my Psyche's heart. Your soul shall furnish fragrance, and these blossoms shall be perfumeless no longer."

He fondled my crowned head with his hand.

"Psyche, my darling, you are mine and thinks he reads your eyes, my darling, forget not that your father translates the characters you reveal behind that deep veil. Forget not that none can love that language better than he."

My soul was thickly crossed and veiled with the golden mystery of my father's nature. I loved his flowing sentences better than the sharp cut ones that stung my ear from others. Pleasure made my cheek its own ruddy tint, and I said, as I pressed a kid my face in his tawny beard, and cried like a child for nothing else than because I loved him so, "Foolish father," he said. "But I like you better for bedding them; they keep your eyes all the brighter for the mirth that will come to sit in them when the tenantry come to celebrate your birthday in dance and ale-bawl."

"What a queen you are making of that girl," my sister pettishly said, with the vexation coming out in her tones. "Many's the time our mother has said that your dawdling and petting will do the child no good in the end. It's not wise."

"Then we mauun be silly thegither," he said, with a laugh; "and you, Hester, shall embody the wisdom of our family."

"I did not mean that, you know," Hester said, softening her face. "It's not that I don't love Psyche as well as myself, but it's you who are putting highflown notions in her head. But we will not chasbow her exodus from teendom. So, Psyche, there's this is from me; a present after your own heart, I'm thinking."

She clasped round my wrist a golden serpent, with eyes of rubies, red as fire.

"You are such a child for the horrid, and admire the sinuosities of snakedom so much, that I got you this. Never mind the thanks," and Hester left me in the speaking of my gratitude.

"You do not wish such a hideous image from me, do you?" my father asked.

"It is beautiful!" I said.

"Then shall I give you a miniature shark for a pin? Do you eschew everything that is not venomous?"

"No; you know what I shall think of any keepsake from you."

"Dear flatterer! Well, here——" he stepped back into the hall and brought a package—"see if it be worthy of you."

With fluttering fingers I uncovered the box and lifted the satin foldings—a half-veiled, gleaming figure; at last the features were off.

"Oh, father, it is Cupid! Do we go back to Heathendom? It is exquisite!" I held the pure Parian thing in my hands. His quiver was almost rustling with arrows, his wings feathery by the perfection of art. "He is beautiful as his mother!" I cried.

A smile grew on my father's face.

"Now I have Cupid and Psyche in my household," he said; "was ever man so blest?"

"I never thought of that," I said, renewing my gaze at the form of the boy. "I shall die of love for him! And why was the animate this matrix?"

"No, you will not die," was his answer. "You will be made immortal, even as in days of old."

"May I be fitted for the gift," I said, in sudden earnestness.

I set my Love on the window-ledge, and the roses there languidly gave their pink tinges to his whiteness.

"See!" I said, running my finger over his neck. "You remember, father, in that paraphrase on Apuleius—

On the god's shoulders, too, she marked his wings
Shine faintly at the edges, and resemble
A flower blown, but not full blow'd.
And, sorrow, though these plumes lay reposing,
The feathers of a bird prepared to sail and live,
As if, by instinct, closing and unclosing."

I had my god by the mirror where I stood every morning to take the last look. I put him there that day and garlanded him about with the wreath I had worn on my head, and there he stood, faintly glowing with borrowed roses.

Came nightfall of that same day, I galloped alone across the heath, leaping the stream, and away on to the Parkhill. Never, during my life gray-bound to follow, I scented the air and fed on the moonlight as youthful maiden can. Lightsome and free, my bounding was elixir and my motion elasticity. Feeling thus the bounding play of muscle, drinking thus the winey flow of youthful life, I rode on, nor stopped till I drew rein by a fallen heather rock. Shining back my drooping plume, I leaned over my horse's neck and saw that the prostrate horseman was inanimate and fastened down by his steed. All my gaiety flowed back on heavy tides that slackened my pulse's beating. While I drew my skirt from the pommel, my grayhound came to me, fawning, with dainty nose, the stranger's face and hands. I see him now as plainly as then; one foreparm hid, as though the artist's taste created beard enough to make him a gentleman plebeian. I remember I spoke sharply to him as I jumped to the ground, and he stunk behind me and started reading my face on my long walk as I stooped to the fallen man. His horse was dead. Ridden to death, it seemed to me. The man's head was bleeding against a moonlit stone; his hands seored blackly out, and the night raised a glamour of terror before my eyes. What would my father say, did he know I was out in the night with a sight like this? Inhumanly I half wished that I had not seen the man. Why did he come with his gorenese, like an assassin, on my homeward night? And I must help and help him, if help could avail him now. I drew his crumpled hat from his head, and long, girlish curls fell on the heath plumes.

"The lad is a boy," I muttered, grimly. "Mayhap he's been riding to meet his truelove. Poor thing, long and ugle will she wait his coming."

I remembered a mountain pool close by in the copse, and I parted the boughs and pushed through, knelt down by the bank, and drenched my kerchief in the cool water; then I dipped in his hat, and running back fast, with now and then a slop of the darksome stuff as I stumbled over the ridges and hollows of the heath, I sat down and washed away the stains from his forehead and off his still, shut eyelids. I sprinkled the water in gentle jets on his temples, and bathed and chafed his wrists. I hoped he would revive, but I felt a silly fear of seeing his eyes open. They did open, though, and looked up to the sky in simple wonderment. I stood back and spoke:

"The gentleman will remember that he was falling across the moor and his horse fell."

He turned round and round and him thoroughly.

"And my brave hunter is dead," he said, turning his eyes to his horse's face.

"Even as you say, 'killed to the strain at last;'" my voice had asperity in it; I loved my own horse, and that love widened to his kindred.

"I will ask your pardon," the stranger said; then suddenly and with vivacity, "but pray come into sight, my helping genius, it may be that I can rise with your assistance."

I came forward, but stood back to the moonlight.

"Direct me and I will help you. Here is your hat;" I dropped it on his hands.

With smothered groans and many twistings at length he writhed his foot from under his horse. He lay still a few moments after that. I thought he was faint, for his face grayed again and his eyes drooped. I came nearer.

"No, only wait," he said, with a little motion of his hand.

I went to my horse and led him, and stood with bridle over arm and my bound crouching at my feet. The moonlight was falling on me and him, and it seemed a different thing from the light of an hour ago. I thought I was brave with a courage that trembles not, but I hated to be there alone with this wounded man, so the moon sheen had changed to ghastliness and the fresh night air was sickening. My horse snorted his neck right proudly and dilated his eyes at the sight of his fallen fellow-creature. I hugged his face between my hands, and furtively kissed the star on his forehead. He seemed so human to me then, out on the moor with blood at my feet, and sq unman my hands whose hands I was going to clasp, and whose pains I was bound to soothe.

"Now, lady, give me your hand, if you please; just stand as firmly as possible, and I think I can rise."

He pulled hard, but finally he stood and held to my arm, to steady himself.

"You will mount my horse, and I will conduct you to my home: that is, if you are able to ride."

He was looking at me sharply, and I met his glance to see if he were strong enough.

"Who ever thought that I should be succored by a Scottish fairy," he cried, letting go my arm to smooth back his curls.

"That will do," I said, drily, "you can mount now." I stood at my horse's head and motioned him on.

"I ought to bind up your head," I said, but loth to do it. "Sit down; it shall be done in a minute."

I twisted my handkerchief on, and bade him get on. "He is from south of the Tweed, I know by his ready tongue," I thought.

"I shall not get on and you go afoot," he said, but he leaned against my horse, and was too weak to walk. To cut short our words, I said:

"Then I shall mount and away, and you may go where you please, with no care of mine."

Then he labored up in the saddle, and I and my hound walked by his side, back over heath and long-ago blossomed broom; back through the sheepy yellow of the grass and the steady silver down of the stars; back through the night that came down on my twentieth year, and that never lifted for the perfect sweetness of light again. In the poplar-lined carriage drive we met my father. I knew he was watching and coming, for he always met me when I came back from the heathery, palpitating rides that I almost daily went through. We entered the gate with funereal slowness, and I pulled the bell-rope at my father's solid wall.

"Extend our hospitality to this unfortunate stranger. I found him on the heath beyond the Farther Pool. His horse was falling under him."

I went into the house and left them as the man was beginning a sentence and trying to dismount. I walked to my chamber and sat down in front of my new-found god, whose beauty now shone in moon-lighted perfectness. I fastened my hair, for the riding and the darkness had flown out on my shoulders. I was looking steadfastly at myself in the dim mirror, when my sister came up behind me. My face was pale, and her eyes alight.

"What is it?" I asked.

A satirical laugh rippled out of her lips.

"Why, a very handsome stranger has come from the moors. Did you bring it here to set the jewel in our own home casings? Did you fear it would perish in the night?"

I did not answer her, but my eyes grew hot as the words I wanted to say.

She laughed again.

A fitting companion for your Cupid here. We maynow have love both in flesh and marble." She played with the roses about my statue.

"You may stop your talk, Hester!" I burst out. "If I cannot help a poor man because he is young and handsome, then I should belie my own sex. Shame on me when I am ever hospitable. I know nothing what you mean."

I looked fiercely at her, and swallowed down my tears, that it was hard-to keep the vexing drops from flowing.

"Go down and share the curly-haired lad talk, and see his eye shine when he tells our father of the kind fairy he met on the heath. Sooth to say, he is dead in love with you now, and my father already looks on you as a child thought of losing you."

"Are you all daft together?" I cried, with blushing cheeks. "I thought you had a little sense in your head, Hester."

"And it's because I have that I think it so strange that this stranger should allow himself such freedom as to kiss the hand of a fearful. There, Donald is shewing him up to a room by the south turret; I hear their steps on the staircase. Now come down and see father."

I followed her down, and walked up to my father, asking:

"Who is that man who came home with me? Hester has been as unkind as though I rode out to elope with him."

I said this in anger, and repented as soon, for my sister's face showed distress and reddening.

"A little sisterly envy, perhaps. The youth is impulsive and lacks the discretion that matures in years, father replied, "but I believe he is leal-hearted. He has a winsome face; did you not think so, Hester?"

"Yes; he's pretty enough, but over bold for my ides."

"And his name and home?" I said.

"Lord Ragsidean from the neighborhood of Lancaster, and he calls himself John Derwent. Your first conquest, Psyche," my father said, gravely.

"A dire conquest!" I replied, crossly. "If he publishes his fancies, as this Derwent seems to have done, he may e'en gang his gait without sight of my face again." My countryside Scotch always sprang readiest to my tongue when vexed.

My father laughed constrainedly. "No, no. It was not one of those words we fair and tame. He can't be many months older than you, and likely enough he'll sleep off his first thoughts, and be sober enough in the morning."

I echoed my father's words, but my vanity mused far into the night, and wondered if this "was to receive" would harden into marble—for like many another maiden, I did not despise my own charms nor the victim who was smitten by them. The next daylight showed me vividly the youthful fire of his face and its almost feminine beauty.

A FARMER, who could not get rid of his crop, said, pointing to his wheelbarrow, "There, that is where the shoe pinches, where the corn is!"

TENFOLD.—Being kept out of a fortune by a prolonged chancery suit.

My father carefully inquired after his health and seated him at his right hand at the breakfast table, where he sat throughout the meal, neither eating nor drinking, only barely touching his lips to the wine. His temple was swollen black round its red gash, and his eyes had no sire or brightness in them. He stood by the breakfast-room door, and thanked my father and his daughters for their kindness to him, and said he must beg the use of a horse to the nearest station—then he fainted dead away and fell across the threshold. It was not I who went to him with pungent correctives. I walked out of the room and left my father and Hester to do as they pleased. Let the man stay as long as he liked, I would have no more to do with him; so through the weeks that came I only heard his moans and callings from the hall outside his room, or sometimes when they came shrill and cutting even down to the parlor.

Hester tended him, Hester cut off his long curls Hester sang him to sleep, and Hester loved him. They called me unkind that I would not share the task with her, but my father ceased to reproach me when I had declared, with a pout and a shrug, that I knew nothing about illness and should as soon as not poison the man with his medicines. Tempted to retaliate upon my sister for the blushes she had made color my cheeks, I was satirical and sarcastic, genial, and she told me nothing of her patient. I asked not if he were better or worse, but I listened for her answer when my father asked.

One day she said his fever was gone and he would get well. Could he read the letter that had come for him in his delirium? My father took the letter from his desk and gave it absently to me. I dropped it on the table by Hester's hand, and turned away.

"I have some accounts to discuss with Hester, and you will please carry that up and present my congratulations, Pyche. It would be well if you like to give him your own, also;" my father said.

I curtly thanked him for the suggestion, and went upstairs. My letter was inside, Effie, was sitting by him, and she opened the door to my knock. I walked breathlily in. I had not seen him before since he lay on the floor of the breakfast-room. He did not turn his face, so Effie whispered:

"He also na ken it is ye, miss; he thinks it is Miss Hester."

"Diana ye speak," I said, almost savagely, but very lowly. I stepped to him and spoke:

"My father wishes me to express his pleasure at the prospect of your recovery." I held the letter behind me and watched him slowly move so that he could see me.

"It is not Hester; it is Psyche—the moorland Psyche."

He devoured my face with his sunken, unnaturally large eyes, and boyishly blushed from the temples to the gaze. As for me, I repeated what my father had said, and after a moment's thought added:

"I am very glad you are better."

"I am," he replied, then irascibly—"for I can leave this house all the sooner. 'Oh, the cursed woods of Sussex! where the hunter's arrow found me!' I wonder why that runs over and over in my head so."

"Because you are weak and have been ill. You will be able to go in a week or two, I should think," I said, encouragingly.

"Never you fear," he said, with feeble-sounding energy. "I'll keep from you for my own good; there's little danger of my having to do it for years. I'm hardly more than a boy yet, or I might do something I wished. I'm always foiled."

"Here's a letter that came a week ago for John Derwent." I put it on his pillow and turned to go. His voice arrested me.

"If I lay here a year you would not bless me by a sight of your face?"

"I was not needed."

"May you some day know whether you have been needed or not."

I went out at that and met Hester in the hall. My face was masked in blankness as I passed her, and I said:

"I almost decide to be ill myself, Hester, so that I had you for nurse."

The day came when he could get downstairs, and all the hours of the shortening fall daylight he sat by a window in the drawing-room, paying little heed to Hester or my father. I did not see him. How could I have the lad look at me in his way, and my father there to see?

At last he went off, and he left no troth-pledge with Hester, and he whispered no love-word in her ear, and he never expected to see him again.

I stood at the door on my father's arm and gave the Englishman my hand with my farewell. He wedded all the sadness with me the rest were over, then he bowed low before me and went over the moor with never a last word for me to remember.

"The brave Englisher will be ne'er be a cheery lad," Effie said to me when I called her up to my room.

"And why not?"

"I ken by the glint of his e'e; it's na like other folk; he's far too brave and pure-hearted."

"So much the better, if he's good," I said; "the Lord will give him good cheer if the world does cast him out."

Hester kept her own sorrow, and we never talked of the departure; and for aught she could tell, we had forgotten that we had seen him.

As the winter came on, and the snow killed the roses and lay over the heath, I sat oftener and oftener in front of my marble god, and knew with bitterness that I had no flowers with which to wreathe him—that the air had no softness in which to bathe him.

It was four months since he had stood there—four months since I had found all my happiness, with my father and sister. The glimpse of other world light left gloominess at the country house. The winds went roughing and bent down the poplars; the snow went swirling and choked up the linn at the bottom of the garden—the place which, in childhood, I had feigned to be the Dead Sea, for it was deathlike in its blackness, deadly in its deepness.

I thought often and long of the gloom and the terror of the linn. I walked to the place sometimes when the snow thawed, and saw the inky water sucking in the white fleece and lying dormant and filled after its feast. My heart caught at the place as fitting for its resort, and through the dark months I absorbed its ghastliness and read its dialect of horror, till, well nigh crazed with the solitude and the thought, I begged to go to my cousins in Glasgow, to stay till the warm months.

Hester stopped me with a timid endurance. If she would rather stay with her past, she might, and hear no remonstrance of mine; but for me, the house was a lazar-house of infant joys, and would have no more loneliness.

I took the hurrying, trading Glasgow enthusiastically to my heart. My gay young cousins could not usher me to too many routines; I could not receive too many callers; I could not tamper foolishly with too many young men.

"You have taken the town by storm with your winning Scotch ways and your bonnie blue e'en. Spare our hearts!" laughed cousin Katy, one morning, as I brushed my hair.

"Have you not Scotch ways yourself?" I asked.

"We have lost the winsome ways, my dear; but you have the countenance, shape and fragrance. you are as fresh as a flower from the brass. You know not how sweetly a broad accent slips from your tongue."

"You should know that you can pile up too much flattery on a flower; you'll extract all the perfume and break the stem. See, I am ready."

"Ye ken weel that I'm aboon the art o' phrasin; it ill becomes a truthful lassie."

Katy laughed, answered me not willing to own my vexation. I would be no sweet blooming violet. I must be a city blossom or none. Silly ambition, which I could not have acted upon, try hard as I might.

"Don't pull my hair so, if you are vexed," Katy implored. "I did not mean to offend you; indeed, you ought to take my part. See how jealous I am that you lay the braids smooth, for we have a new visitor to-day."

"Who is coming?" with restored goodhumor.

"A young Sunderland—a son of father's partner at the wharf. So lace your bodice right gaily, and brush your hair right prettily."

Miss Ainslie is a cousin of mine from the moors at the source of the Ayr," Katy somewhat maidenlessly explained when she presented Sunderland.

I flushed and grew proud on the instant, for he was the man whom I had found on the heath, and his voice and face were to me what they had been from the time I first heard and saw.

I had good need to draw pride, as a veil, about me, when Lilian Ainslie met Sunderland at the door out the asking. He had had little time to grow old; so his face was innocent and grew as passionful as in the day we parted. He took my hand in greeting, but he promised so gladly to come again that, for all I could do, my heart would be glad with him.

I wish I had written all this in the days gone away, when the grass was green for me, and the gowans bloomed sweet with the daisies. I wish I had written when the glow of my love went burning and dancing through my veins, and the very heartbeatings like draughts of the red wine. Now I can only write the words that have had plenty of time to cool in, and the years that have even long cannot be animated by the eyes that gave them meaning—by the hearts that folded them warm within their bosoms. We were to bring good to red the enchanted book of love and read its pages with clasped hands and eyes that melted in their meeting.

I wanted my father to know my tremulous happiness, but wished it might be hidden for ever from Hester. I had known her to be jealous of my successes, but the wilful Psyche Ainslie could never make one. How could it be sure that the remembered soul of mutual love would bring good to Hester, whom my lover could not love? My cool, unfeeling reason would not prompt the deed, and no voice spoke to me.

My father came up to Glasgow after my first note had reached him. Now the blackness which had settled me at my birth began to lower around me. Happy to be with my father once more, I waited for him to say why he came.

He said: "So Psyche finds her real Cupid here, and her worldly father's pelf is only a faint type of him. Tell me the story."

"Indeed, I have no story to tell," I whispered, with burdened cheeks; "only love—love a man other than you; but oh, believe me, loving you no thought the less all the while."

And will the babes leave me lone in the bitter dool of this loss, and she go roam in the world with this lad of her heart?"

My father grieved.

"Diana ye call the saut tears to darken this hour," I said. "You cannot help loving him. He's the same who came to our house from his fall on the moor, only his name is more than he told us—it is John Derwent Sunderland."

My father's arm slackened round me, and his face grew dusky. I rose in trembling, and sat down at his feet.

"I want no Ainslie blood mingling with that stream," he said, and walked away from me. Presently he turned his head from the far window where he stood, and asked:

"Do you know his father's name?"

"John Sunderland."

A piercing silence fell upon us. At last he said:

"Go away, my child; you have hurt a wound you know not of. Let your prayers be heartfelt this night."

It was a teary face that pressed my pillow through the dark hours. I waited till morning—what would my father tell me? He would not ban my happiness without good cause. I knew his true soul so well that I believed that. But some terror was coming to shut out my lessome love from my life.

Next day I expected with shivering dread my father's coming. I sat in the parlor alone, and his footfalls blanched my face when I heard them coming up the walk.

"Did you ever know why my brother Alexander Ainslie's name was forbidden to be said by those who loved me?" he asked.

"No; but I often wondered."

"We are a proud race, and he who says we are not honorable lies in his throat."

An angry coruscance danced in my father's eyes. I clung close to him, and said:

"Tell me."

"Your uncle Alexander died a transported convict, only saved from the gallows by the bribed kindness of the jury. I know this well, for it was I who bribed them. We like our Scottish blood to run pure—do we not?"

He absently smoothed my hair, but his brow was not unbent or his mouth unmoved from its stern curves.

"Was he innocent?"

"Why do you ask that of an Ainslie? Yes; pure of the crime as I; and he who procured the trial, who piled up circumstantial evidence from mouths of false witnesses, he who shielded his own minions at the expense of innocence—my poor Psyche, he was John Sunderland. English arrogance came over the Scotch integrity. By the honor of my name, dear bairn, by my love for you, I know this to be truth. I am not so old but I remember where and how it was, so you know what I feel now to tell you—you cannot marry the son of one who ruined an Ainslie."

I sat still in my father's arms, close to the grand heart to which I had drawn me. I clung for him to save me from the horror which rose about me. I felt like the e did in Goethe's Erle-King, but my demons were not facts in the forms of despair would have me if my father did not hold me fast. I know that I kissed his cheeks, and implored him to grasp the tightest, closest love. Did I fear? I do not believe I did. I was only drowned for awhile in the grief that had become mine. I was in my chamber when my father came, my illness; my father was kneeling by my bed with his head on my pillow. Next day I went down to the drawing-room. My father was away when Derwent called—not knowing what I would tell him. I remember no words of that time. Many a time have I sat on the seashore and seen the tempest clouds come up with the darkness in them, but I could not draw with pencil minuteness the edges of the cloud, or tell the volume of the thunder; but oh, I knew as well that the thunder was in my heart, and the lightning scathed it so that it beat red and glowing no more. He begged for one last interview, anywhere that I chose. It was not wrong to grant it. Would he come to the little house we called our own on the banks of the Clyde, two miles outside of the city? Come to-morrow before noon, when the sun se med most as if it would some day bring the summer. I told my father I was going to see Derwent, and that the time never was coming when I should see him again. I rode out horseback and alone, save my greyhound who would come with me to Glasgow, and now would rain see the last of my lover. I should came from the city in a boat, and rowed up to the place of meeting.

"I am going over to France, Psyche," he said, "and I would have you promise never to marry or know if you marry another. Keep it from me for my love's sake."

I kissed his long curls that fell on my cheek.

"My love," I said, "dinna ye ken that you have the troth-plight of a Scotch lass, and she an Ainslie? Besides your mother's love I shall not know. Have you not come to me as the one out of the world for me? Though I never look in your eyes again, I shall know that only there can I read that which my heart prizes best of all? Gin I see through this strife a wary length of years, oh, then, you know full well how leal I shall be. Doubt me as much as it not will enough that we part for a lifetime? So you maunna gang away frae me with mistrust in your heart."

A shower of gold rattled the bank by us and carried its melody far up in the blue lift. Our eyes were turned to it with a vague strain in them. Midway out of sight a lark was poised in the track of its mate, and together in rising curves they passed beyond our vision.

"Diana, strangible, but ever mingling, our souls shall finally reach the great white throne. John swear to be honorable, swear to be good, so that no stain shall be on the bonnie purity of your life. Loof in loof we stand over God's heaven, promise that the man I love shall be worthy of God's great love!"

"Oh, Psyche! I hold my heaven in my arms, and when exiled I'll keep the oath I take for your sake."

"And now go," I said, but without loosening my arms. We "kissed so close we could not speak." Does Paradise furnish recompense for the torments of moments like these?

At last he went. I stood by the bank, and he stepped into his boat. My soul writhed in torture; through his strife a wary length of years, oh, then, I was still and rigid—if I moved I should lose self-control. He stood upright—he raised an oar—dropped it, and cried:

"Oh, let me come back for one moment! Death is before me—I cannot go yet!"

I did not say yes, I did not speak, but he leaped to the shore; I felt his presence an instant with an intensity that scare like lightning. Then I saw him rowing out into the river. The boat rocked and tipped, then, for the first time, I knew that a fierce wind was blowing in gusts. The frail thing careered over the bubbling water. With magnetized eyes I watched him into the middle of the stream. His face was towards me, and he handled the oars without skill or force. Once his boat tipped more fearfully; he suddenly beat himself with a will to his work; but, my God! he did not work right; the craft turned on her side and Sunderland went down in the water. He could not swim; he rose to the top, and I shouted with an energy that thrilled and awakened me:

"Will you swim to the boat? I will get help."

I mounted my horse and scoured over field and road to the nearest house—it was not far. I came to a cottage where who was a swimmer, boating ropes with him. Was I accursed of heaven? The boat was there, but Derwent Sunderland had gone down to the river's bottom and drowned my heart with him. The men brought him home to my cousins, and I rode by their side, and saw that his face was still with the sand in a kinsman and went her ways without my father or I. The years came and went. I have came a day when my father fell sick and died. My brother was in India, and far from him, and it died long and sorely; and where is the need of words that tell so little?

Twelve years since the day I was twenty. I have gathered my sister for slivering lastly will be ever dawn when I may weave the blithesome hawthorn of hope, and see the sun shig mer gaily in the long summer days. I am in Glasgow, where I first drew this breath that is now such a weary thing to me. Here my father's bairns went tranting in glee—in this moor the wee bit things helped each other with blooms. Bitter that I should live to see the day. The sun rises and he sets, and my heart is dead and my occupation is gone. I go up and down, hungry for that which I have not, thirsty for the drinks I cannot reach. My life is a want—my years are a weight. I am in the twenty-seventh and crieth, for I have not yet found that which is sufficient unto me.

BRIG.-GEN. JOHN A. RAWLINGS.

To be Chief of Staff of the Lieutenant-General commanding the armies of the United States with his headquarters in the field, is a position which may well be envied. This rank has been gained by Gen. Rawlings in a steady line of promotion, and by services, modest and efficient, like those of his great chief. He has been attached to the army since the time when the latter took command at Cairo. He was at first volunteer Aide, and then long his Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain, and was the sole intermediate in communication between the army headquarters and the President. As may be supposed, Gen. Rawlings is a plainspoken, honest, straightforward military officer, devoted to his duty.

After the glorious capture of Vicksburg, Adjutant-General Rawlings, to the great satisfaction of the whole army, was made a Brigadier-General, become Chief of Staff. He accompanied Grant to Chattanooga, and is now the new General-in-Chief holds his old position at its head.

A Yankee Hotel in Dixie.

WHEN Gen. Banks's army moved on up the Shenandoah Valley from New Market, Quartermaster-Sergeant Reuben W. Oliver, of the Second New York battery, had to be temporarily left in a barn on account of illness. Before he had recovered, news of his departure he made application at the lady's house adjoining for board, but he was informed, in true Virginian style, that she did not "board Yankee barbarians."

"Very well," replied Oliver, "if you won't board me, I shall keep a hotel in your barn, but shall probably call upon you occasionally for supplies;" and he immediately set to work.

Oliver was every inch a soldier, and he went to work in one. Taking a board from the lady's garden's finest young porker, which his assistant speedily dressed. His able assistant next went to the apiary of the lady, and in a few hours had transformed the honey to the barn; he then went to the lot and milked the cows. The lady's chickens soon met the same going to her servant's house, he made a "requisition" for a quantity of fresh corn-dodgers that had been prepared for the use of the Union soldiers. The article of spices to his ordinary rations placed him far beyond the reach of scurvy, and by the time the battery moved, he invited the lady to take tea with him, at the new hotel across the way. The lady, she became quite a regular inmate; but Oliver was so happy as a lark, and for the time must be laid up in ordinary. Soon he had several sick soldiers added to his list of boarders; and in due time he had a large number under his care, and second hire of boys were gathered under the roof of his "hotel," and were themselves set a-cook round the premium with on the morning dawned. By this time, the lady's curiosity was also "cooked up," and sent word for Oliver, who, as promptly as the nature of his case would permit, appeared at her door.

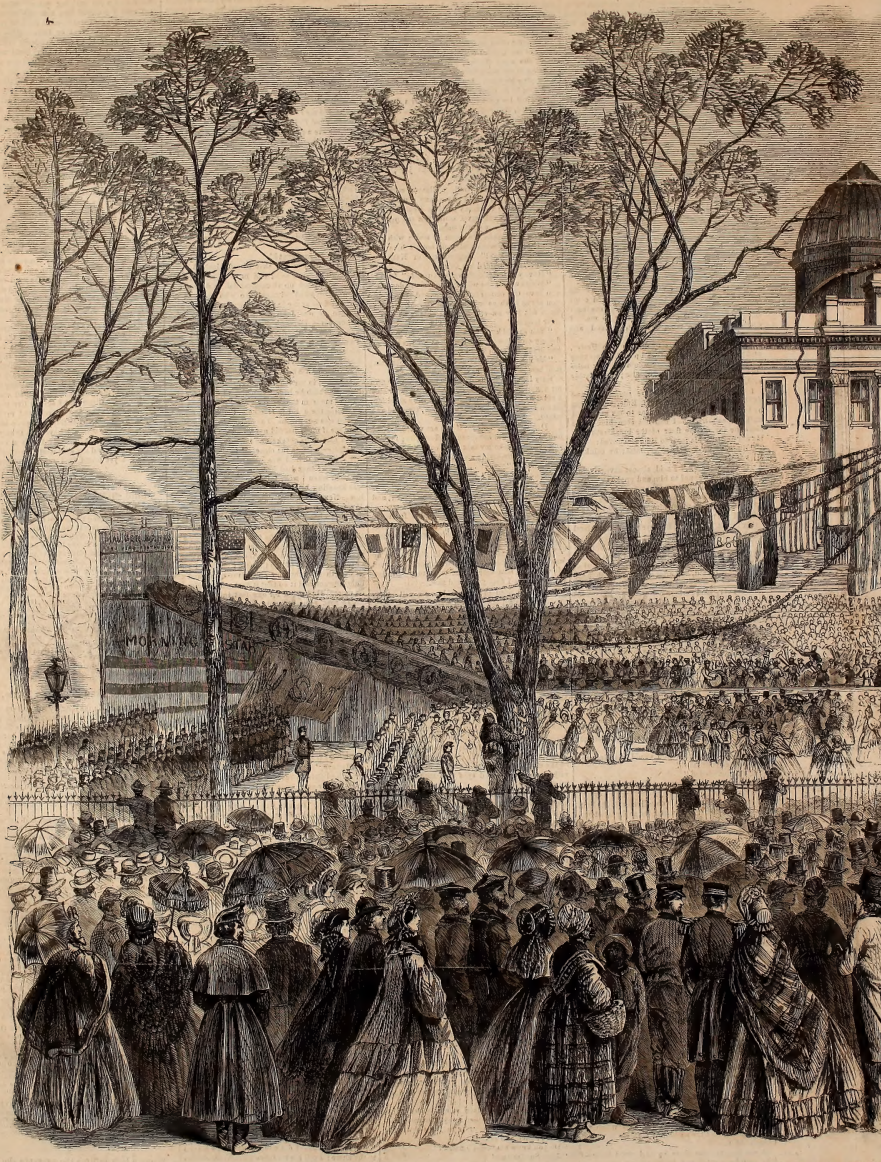
"See here, young man," said she, "I perceive that you are very happy for me to remain in my house; and if you will accept it, you can have board and a welcome."

"Thank you, madam, thank you," replied Oliver, "but I must decline, as I am happy where I am. I prefer boarding at a first-class Yankee hotel to stopping at the second class in Secessia, regardless of price. You will, therefore, be so kind as to excuse me for declining your generous offer, as I cannot leave my sick;" and back he nodded to the barn, and actually remained there for two weeks, taking in and boarding every sick and struggling soldier that came along, making many new acquaintances to the number for supplies.

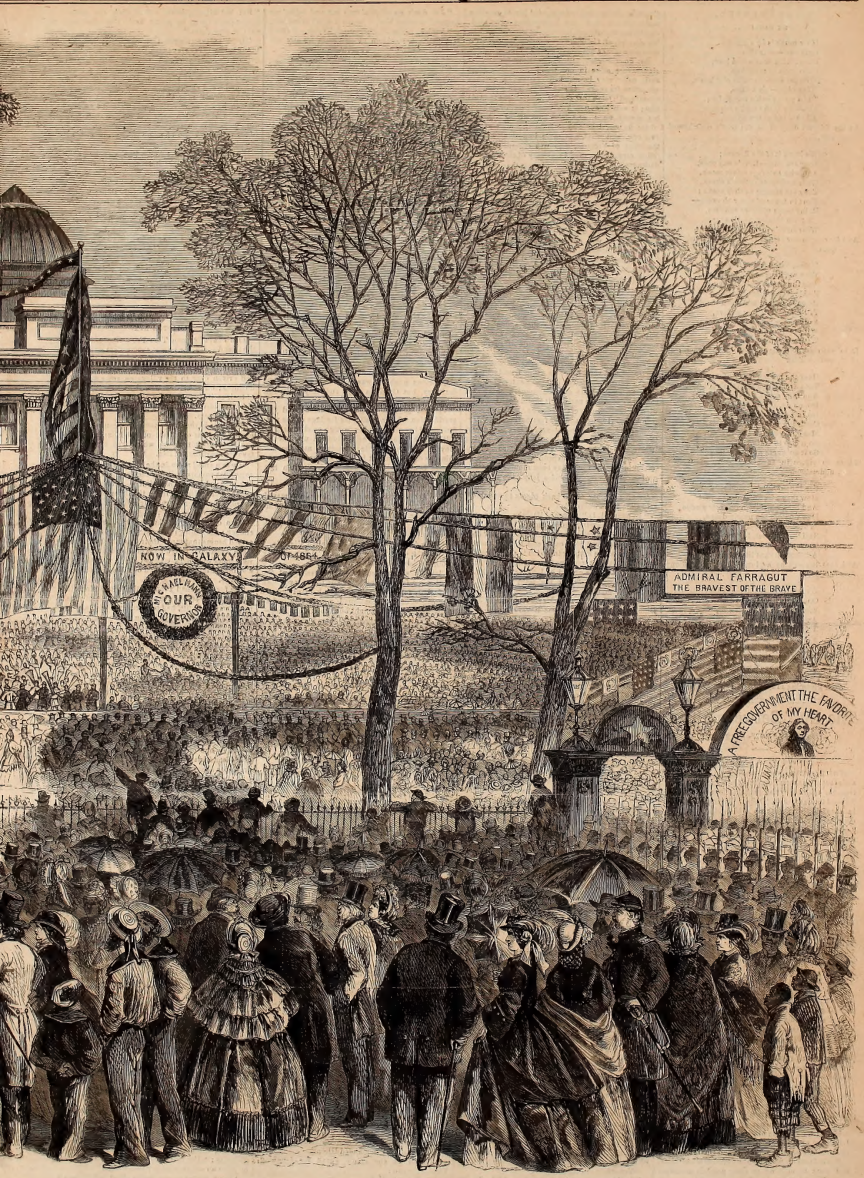
Her ladyship was mightily pleased when Oliver's Yankee hotel was discontinued; but as learned in a valuable lesson, and no Yankee soldier ever thereafter applied to her in vain for food or shelter. They always got what they wanted, and evidently not relishing the Yankee hotel system.

WHEN a lady returns the presents she has received from her lover, is she supposed to include a return of his affections?

IT is a fallacious hope to look out for beer because you perceive there's a shing brewing."



THE RESTORATION OF THE UNION—INAUGURATION OF HON. MICHAEL HAHN, GOVERNOR OF LOUISIANA, ON LA



LAFAYETTE SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS, MARCH 4.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, C. E. H. Bowill.—See Page 28.

SWEETNESSES.

BY PAULINE.

How much is in a kiss?
Only this—only this!
Unto loving hearts and true,
Unto souls of royal hue,
Who the crimson print o'er knew,
'Tis a bliss—'tis a bliss,
'Tis a power—this regal kiss;
Speaking at the soul's request
All that lips can interpret,
In the deepest deep of all the soul's unfathomed rest.

We learn it of the flowers;
They are ours—Love's and ours,
And with shining velvet-meek
Each against the other's cheek,
They are kissing as they speak;
Thus in tones of silver showers—
Rainy tones of silver showers,
They are bidding us, like them,
Wear Love's lucent diadem,
And for ever in our beings to enshrine the princely gem.

Listen, listen to the trees—
They are kissing in the breeze,
And the tender words they say
Float away—float away,
Down the night and down the day,
Telling you and me to love,
As the angels do above,
With their brows entamped with Right,
Their purity so white,
To wrap around our bosoms all the wealth of perfect light.

Hear the molten plash of streams!
They are kissing 'mid their gleams,
And they speak to every heart,
Do, oh do, the nobler part!
Do in Love the nobler part—
Circle life with loving dreams,
Make it gentle as the streams,
So it flow to truth and good—
So it grow where angels would,
There to ripple in the atmosphere of Beauty understood.

See the liquid, diamond rills,
How they kiss amid their frills!
And they whisper, *eLhair* steeps,
Down within the pearly deeps,
Where the twilight ever sleeps,
Saying, "Child, love thy brother"—
Then shall diamond hues like mine
All your onward life entwine,
And that life will be a glory, girt with harmony divine.

Oh, uplifting Beauty—Truth!
Oh, immortal child of Youth!
Thee I worship as the sun,
And I feel thy kisses run,
Through my heart as purple-spun!
Far within thy golden fire
Snowy winglets beckon higher,
Liquid voices mingling say,
As they wave away—away,
Oh, come, hither, hither! come and drink of gleaming May!

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHILE matters were moving on thus above stairs there was an unusual commotion in the lower regions, effected by the machinations and deceptions of Clorinda, Dolph. He had succeeded in accomplishing what no sable gallant had ever done before; he had softened Clorinda's obdurate heart, and made her think it possible that at some future time she might be persuaded to place her fair self, and what she prized more, her money, in Dolph's keeping.

But the worst of it was, Dolph's susceptible fancy led him strongly in another direction, even while he was endeavoring to follow up the success he had achieved with the culinary nymph. Victoria was a stylish, handsome young mulatto, and Clorinda, a comparatively pure African to the very end, I cannot say point, of her flat nose. Indeed, it is quite possible that Dolph's yellow skin went for something in her admiration; but unfortunately Dolph preferred the lightening up of complexion also, and had a masculine weakness in favor of youth and good looks.

Poor Clorinda, Dolph did present a rather dry and withered aspect; her hands more resembled claws than was satisfactory to a man whose flirtations had been with ladies'-maids, and she was sadly destitute of the airs and graces with which Victoria fascinated the grand sex so freely upon all occasions; Cle's wool might have been some profit to her had she been a sheep, but as it was she could only hide it under gorgeous bandannas and pass cavilously at Victoria's long curls, feeling her fingers quiver to give them a pull when that damsel fluttered them too jauntily in her eye.

There had always been trouble enough between the two, but after Dolph's arrival the kitchen department was hot and uncomfortable, and even the wary Dolph himself, skilled as he was in Lotharian practices, frequently had great difficulty in steering clear of both Scylla and Charybdis.

Clorinda was much given to devotional exercises, and went to meeting on every possible occasion; while Victoria, with the lightness of her years, laughed at Cle's psalm-singing, and interrupted her prayers in the most fervid part by polka steps and profane redowas. In order to propitiate Clorinda, Dolph had accompanied her to meeting much oftener than his inclinations prompted, expressing the utmost desire to be remembered in her prayers, all the while denouncing himself as a miserable sinner not worth saving.

But good women with a weakness for helping sinners are alike in one thing, no matter what their color may be—wickedness has a strange attraction for them. It was the peril in which she considered Dolph that made Cle so lenient towards him; it would be such a triumph to win him from his wicked ways, and lead him up to a height where he would be secure from the craft of the evil one, and what was more important, beyond the reach of Victoria, who was regarded by her fellow-servant as a direct emissary of the prince of darkness.

She labored faithfully with Dolph, though it must be confessed she allowed her religious instructions to be diversified with a little more lovemaking than was proper for the first time in her life became extravagant in the matter of dress, wearing the most gorgeous bandannas every day, and even appearing in a bonnet which she managed so badly that it was constantly bringing her into grotesque difficulties, to Victoria's intense delight.

Of course they never quarrelled openly about Dolph, but they found endless subjects of dispute to improve upon, and sometimes that adroit fellow got into serious difficulty with both by attempting to mediate between them.

Then on occasions the sable rivals would hide their bitterness under kind goodnature, and appear almost affectionate in their sudden truce; but Dolph learned to dread those seasons of deceitful calm, for they were the sure precursors of an unusually fierce tempest.

These three restless persons went out on evening to pay a visit to some white friends in the neighborhood, where the colored gentry often met and had choice little entertainments; where the eatables came from perhaps it would not have been wise for their owners to inquire.

Old Mrs. Hopkins and her fascinating daughter, Miss Dinah, were the possessors of this choice, and Cle and Victoria had for some time been promising Dolph a visit there. That night seemed a favorable occasion for the expedition, as a store of pumpkin-pies and that day been furnished by Cle's own expert hands, and half a jelly cake set aside in the closet.

And I nebber sends back pieces to de table," said Cle; "it's vulgar."

"In course it is," returned "Dolph; "I'se sure nothing could be more unmannerly."

Vic did not attempt any deceptions on her conscience; she liked jelly cake, and did not trouble herself about those matters after it was obtained; since her earliest remembrance stolen delicacies such as her palate craved had never given her a moment's indigestion, or the least approach to moral nightmare.

They went over to visit Mrs. Hopkins and Miss Dinah, and the evening was a very pleasant one, what with Cle's pies and the hard cider which Mrs. Hopkins provided.

But Miss Dinah would have it, two or three other of their friends dropped in, and among them was a young woman as much given to coquetry as Dolph himself; and before a great while "Dolph's love of flirtation got the better of his prudence, and plentiful doses of the hard cider rendered him reckless. In spite of the indignation which both Cle and Victoria displayed, he was exercising all his fascinations on the new-comer, while he neglected beau sat looking like a modern Othello, with every glance eczpree of vengeance at his rival.

When the damsel went out with Miss Dinah, for an extra bench from the wash-house, Dolph followed them, and during the absence the company heard bursts of laughter and doleful shrieks.

Cle flew to the door and opened it; Victoria sprang over her shoulder; there was that pestifidious Dolph encircling the stranger damsel with his right arm, and making bold efforts to lay hold of Miss Dinah with the left.

Dolph looked up and saw Cle; he was not so much under the excitement of the cider that he could not understand the evil eye he ran.

"Dere is pretty conducts!" exclaimed Clo.

"I shud tink so," chimed in Victoria. "If you please, Miss Christopher, I tink I will become a member. I isn't accustomed to sich goings on myself; day isn't de fashion in de Piney Cove basement."

The outraged damsels would hear no persuasions, and Dolph was forced to accompany them back, and a very uncomfortable time he had of it.

Cle scolded and the impudent young puppon they had left behind, and nearly annihilated Dolph, when he attempted a word in the young woman's favor.

"I declar," cried Clo at last; "Mr. 'Dolph, yer go 'long as crooked as a rail fence; what is de matter wid yer?"

'Dolph only gave a racy chuckle.

"I guess goin' into the wash-room turned his head," said Vic.

"De piety I'se enjoyin' at dis minit," said deceitful 'Dolph, "is enough to turn de head of any gemman."

"Oh, we know all 'bout dat," said Vic.

"In course you does, dear," returned 'Dolph, forgetting Clorinda, and trying to seize Vic's hand; but so uncertain were his movements that they looked as if he were trying to strike her.

"Dere is sumfin all; it was fuel to the flame which consumed her.

"Miss Victory," said she, "yer needn't push me into de brook."

"Who's a pushin' of yer?" retorted Victoria, with equal acidity.

"Yer was, yer own self."

"I didn't—so dar! Guess somethin' aile yer head too, de way yer go on—pushin' indeed."

"I scorns yer insinivations," said Clorinda, "and despises yer insinations!"

"'Sh! hi! hi! oh, laws, I shall die! Ole folks had'nt oter try to be young uns. I've telled yer so, Clo, fifty times."

'Dolph snickered—yes, Clorinda heard him actually snicker as she lay there, like a second Medea, deprived of her strength. Another struggle, a more furious yell, something broke with a loud crack, and Clorinda sprang to her feet with a yell of triumph and rage.

She made a dart at Victoria, caught that yellow maiden by her much-prized tresses, and for a few moments the battle between the rivals raged furiously. 'Dolph tried to separate them, and came in for a goodly share of blows in the madness of the onset.

Cle quite forgot her religion in the excitement, and her language might have shocked the elders had they heard it, while Victoria was not at all behind her in the use of either of tongue or fingers.

"De hall dor's a openin'," cried 'Dolph, struck with a brilliant thought; "I do believe it's marster comin' out."

The battle ceased. 'Dolph ran towards the house and the combatants after him, but 'Dolph never stopped till he was safe in his own dormitory, not caring to trust himself in the presence of either of the infuriated damsels.

Indeed, the next morning it required the special interference of Mrs. Mellen herself to settle the matter, and several days passed before perfect harmony was restored in the lower regions at Piney Cove.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE next afternoon Tom Fuller came down to the island again, for he was too restless away from that spot to make his absence of long duration.

Elizabeth and Elsie were quite alone, for Mellen had driven over to the village on some matter of business, and the latter was not taking advantage of their solitude to indulge in one of those long, cosy, confidential chats which had been their habit in former years.

Elsie was in the upper part of the house amusing herself after her own fashion, and Elizabeth sat in the little morning room which had become her favorite apartment of late.

It was a small room in the old part of the house, somewhat antiquated in its character, but a bright day relieved by the beautiful view of the Sound which was afforded from the French windows, the only modern feature which Mellen had added to it.

On a dark morning the apartment was gloomy enough; the ceilings were low and massive, the heavy carved beams that made their want of height still more apparent; the upper portion of the walls were hung with dark crimson cloth, and there was a wainscoting of unpolished oak, dark and stained with age.

The furniture had been in the house since the Revolution; it was massive chairs, each one of which was a weight to lift, had been covered with a fabric to match the hangings. The whole room held a similar appearance, and was filled with a host of relics and curiosities which would have delighted a lover of the antique.

Elsie detested the apartment and never would occupy it, but when alone Elizabeth sought it from choice; the drearier and darker the day the more pertinaciously she clung to the classics of the old room, where the shadows lay heavy and grim, and every sound echoed with preternatural acuteness.

But this day was bright and beautiful as summer itself. The apartment looked cheerful and picturesque, and Elizabeth, who made a pretty picture, seated by one of the open windows, with her light dress forming an agreeable contrast to the sombre draperies about her.

She had a workbasket on the little spider-legged table by her side and a muse of embroidery on her lap, but the needle had fallen from her hand, her hands were folded upon her knee, and she was looking out over the bright waters with a dreamy, wistful gaze, which had become habitual with her whenever the necessity for solitude was removed and she was free to relinquish herself to gathering anxieties.

Tom entered the room in his usual haste, and found her sitting in this dreamy attitude; she started at the sound of his tread, and with the caution she had long since learned under her listless position, and drew the mask over her face which it was so dangerous to lift even for an instant.

"Here I am," cried Tom; "back again, like a bad penny. I hope you are not sick of the sight of my ugly face."

"And you are not tired of seeing me, Beasie, you are sure of that?" he repeated.

"You are a silly old fellow to ask such questions," she replied; "you know how glad I am to have you come."

"You're a darling old girl," cried Tom, "and there's no more to be said about it."

"Then, if you have finished, please pick up my unfortunate table. See what a state these poor silks are in."

"I'm always in mischief," said Tom, contritely, restoring the table to its equilibrium with great difficulty. "I'm more out of place in a lady's parlor than an owl in a canary bird's cage."

"Your mistakes are better than other men's elegancies," said Elizabeth, heartily.

It rested her to be in Tom's society; with him she was not forced constantly to play a part, and

"Kil! kil! kil! oh, laws, I shall die! Ole folks had'nt oter try to be young uns. I've telled yer so, Clo, fifty times."

'Dolph snickered—yes, Clorinda heard him actually snicker as she lay there, like a second Medea, deprived of her strength. Another struggle, a more furious yell, something broke with a loud crack, and Clorinda sprang to her feet with a yell of triumph and rage.

She made a dart at Victoria, caught that yellow maiden by her much-prized tresses, and for a few moments the battle between the rivals raged furiously. 'Dolph tried to separate them, and came in for a goodly share of blows in the madness of the onset.

Cle quite forgot her religion in the excitement, and her language might have shocked the elders had they heard it, while Victoria was not at all behind her in the use of either of tongue or fingers.

"De hall dor's a openin'," cried 'Dolph, struck with a brilliant thought; "I do believe it's marster comin' out."

The battle ceased. 'Dolph ran towards the house and the combatants after him, but 'Dolph never stopped till he was safe in his own dormitory, not caring to trust himself in the presence of either of the infuriated damsels.

Indeed, the next morning it required the special interference of Mrs. Mellen herself to settle the matter, and several days passed before perfect harmony was restored in the lower regions at Piney Cove.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE next afternoon Tom Fuller came down to the island again, for he was too restless away from that spot to make his absence of long duration.

Elizabeth and Elsie were quite alone, for Mellen had driven over to the village on some matter of business, and the latter was not taking advantage of their solitude to indulge in one of those long, cosy, confidential chats which had been their habit in former years.

Elsie was in the upper part of the house amusing herself after her own fashion, and Elizabeth sat in the little morning room which had become her favorite apartment of late.

It was a small room in the old part of the house, somewhat antiquated in its character, but a bright day relieved by the beautiful view of the Sound which was afforded from the French windows, the only modern feature which Mellen had added to it.

On a dark morning the apartment was gloomy enough; the ceilings were low and massive, the heavy carved beams that made their want of height still more apparent; the upper portion of the walls were hung with dark crimson cloth, and there was a wainscoting of unpolished oak, dark and stained with age.

The furniture had been in the house since the Revolution; it was massive chairs, each one of which was a weight to lift, had been covered with a fabric to match the hangings. The whole room held a similar appearance, and was filled with a host of relics and curiosities which would have delighted a lover of the antique.

Elsie detested the apartment and never would occupy it, but when alone Elizabeth sought it from choice; the drearier and darker the day the more pertinaciously she clung to the classics of the old room, where the shadows lay heavy and grim, and every sound echoed with preternatural acuteness.

But this day was bright and beautiful as summer itself. The apartment looked cheerful and picturesque, and Elizabeth, who made a pretty picture, seated by one of the open windows, with her light dress forming an agreeable contrast to the sombre draperies about her.

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"Your mistakes are better than other men's elegancies," said Elizabeth, heartily.

It rested her to be in Tom's society; with him she was not forced constantly to play a part, and

he had been a great resource to her ever since he returned.

Many times she said to herself:

"He would love me, whatever came—I could always depend on him."

She was thinking something of the kind, just then, while she began assorting her silks; and Tom stood meekly by, longing to repair the mischief he had occasioned, but perfectly certain that he should only do a good deal more harm if he attempted it.

Besides that, something else was in his mind—there always was before he had been five minutes in the house if Elsie did not make her appearance.

He shuffled about, answered Elizabeth's questions haltingly, and at last burst out:

"Where is the little fairy—has she gone out, too?"

"Elsie, do you mean?"

"Who else, of course! Where is she?"

"Up in her room, I fancy," replied Elizabeth.

"I don't see how you can hear her out of your sight for an instant," cried Tom; "I am sure I couldn't if I lived in the house with her."

"Nonsense, Tom!"

"There is no nonsense about it," thundered he; "it's just the truth."

Several times Elizabeth had attempted to point out to him the folly of going on in his old insane way, but either he would not listen or something interrupted their conversation. Now she determined to take advantage of the present opportunity and speak seriously with him.

"I have brought her a paper of Maillard's sweet things," said Tom; "might I call or send for her?"

He darted towards the door as he spoke, but Elizabeth stopped him.

"Wait a moment, Tom," she said; "come back here."

"Yes, of course; I'll be back in a flash—I'll just send her these traps," and he pulled a couple of tempting packages from his pocket, nattily tied with pink ribbon and put up generally in the exquisite taste which distinguishes everything from our Frenchman's establishment.

"No," replied Elizabeth, "come here first; I have something to say to you, Tom—Elsie can eat her bonbons after."

Tom came back, rather unwillingly though, and stood leaning against the window like a criminal.

"Sit down," said Elizabeth.

"No, no; I like to stand! Well, what is it, Bessie?"

"Tom," she said, seriously, "I am afraid you have forgotten the experience which cost you so much pain before you set off to Europe; I fear you are making other and deeper trouble for yourself."

"Oh, no, Bessie—it's of no consequence anyway," replied Tom, turning fifty different shades of red at once. "What a pretty green that silk is."

"It is bright blue, but no matter! So you won't listen to me, Tom?" continued Elizabeth.

"My dear girl, did I ever refuse to listen in all my life?" said Tom. "But you see, you're a little mistaken, Bessie; I'm not such a goney as I used to be."

"That has nothing to do with the matter."

"Oh, yes, it has; I mean, I don't allow myself to be such a dunce, even in my own thoughts. I never even think about—about—you know what I mean."

Tom broke down and made a somewhat lame conclusion.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" Elizabeth said.

"Well, there!" cried he, with sudden energy; "there is no use in standing here and telling you fibs! I do love her—I must love her—I always shall love her—hang me if I shan't!"

He was in a state of great agitation now, and trembled all over as if he had been addressing Elsie herself.

Elizabeth sighed wearily.

"I thought so," she said; "I feared so."

"You mean the dear girl will never care for me. How could any one expect her to—couldn't—don't—in reason."

"Tom, she certainly ought not to treat you as she does and lead you on."

"She doesn't lead me on."

"But her conduct does not forbid your attentions, and you are too worthy, dear cousin, for anything but honest dealing."

"It's my fate—all my fault."

Elizabeth shook her head.

"You have the best heart and the worst head in the world," she said.

"You mustn't blame her," continued Tom; "I can't stand that! Fitch into me as often and as hard as you like, you never can say enough, but don't blame her."

"Let us leave her share in the matter, then, out of the question," continued Elizabeth. "If you believe what you say, is it wise to run into danger as you do?"

"There's no help for it, Bessie; I should die if I could not look upon her face! Oh, you can't think what I suffered while I was gone—I didn't talk about it—I don't even want to think of it; but, Bessie, dear, sometimes I used to think I should go out of my senses."

He was speaking seriously now; his face was absolutely pale with emotion, and his eyes—the one fine feature of his face—were misty with a remembrance of old pain.

"Poor Tom," murmured Elizabeth, in her pitying way, always full of sympathy for others' trouble, whatever her own might be; "poor, dear Tom, I know how hard it was."

"No; you can't know, Bessie; you can't have the least idea! You don't know what it is to have something to hide—to go about with a secret gnawing at your heart—never able to open your lips—suffering night and day—"

He stopped suddenly and looked at his cousin with wonder; she was leaning back in her chair, her face was pale as death, and her lips parted in a dreary sigh.

Tom drew close to her chair and bent over her, with a look of anxious surprise on his disturbed features.

"Are you sick, Bessie?" he asked.

"No, no," she answered, controlling herself.

His words brought up her own secret burden so vividly before her that for an instant she had been dreadfully shaken by the keen pang at her heart.

"You look so pale; I'm afraid you are going to be ill."

"Indeed, I am not," she answered.

Tom knelt down by her on both knees, played with her embroidery silks, and finally said:

"Bessie, since we're talking plainly, may I say something?"

"Yes, Tom."

"Somehow, since I came back from Europe," pursued he, "you don't seem so happy as you used to be; there's only one of my blunders—but I have thought you looked troubled—like a person that was always expecting something dreadful to happen."

She forced a smile upon her lips as she forced them to answer:

"Oh, you foolish Tom!"

"Then it is not so?" he urged. "You are not unhappy?"

"How could I be unhappy—is not my life pleasant, prosperous, beyond anything I could ever have hoped for?"

"It seems so; that made me think it must be just one of my fits of fancies."

"Nothing more, Tom."

"Mellen's the most splendid fellow in the world," pursued he; "and you couldn't well be sad with that little darling about you."

Elizabeth took up her silks again.

"Dismiss all such thoughts from your mind, Tom."

"I shall be only too glad. But tell me once more that I am not over-anxious busybody, minding everybody's concerns but my own. You see, Bessie, I love you like a sister, and will stand by you, by Jupiter, always. But these stupid ideas of mine, there's no foundation for them?"

"How could there be?"

"That's what I say to myself always," cried Tom. "Well, dear, I won't think such nonsense again."

"Do not, I beg; and never mention it to anybody."

"There's no danger of that," said Tom. "But you know, if you should get unhappy or in trouble, you will always one shadowing old chap you could lean on."

"I believe that, Tom; I do indeed."

"And you mean to come to me, Bessie?"

"If you could help me, yes. But trouble must come to all, Tom; and, generally, we must each bear our burdens alone."

"How sad your voice sounds, Bessie."

She made an effort to speak playfully:

"You are getting all sorts of ridiculous fancies in your head; don't be so foolish."

Tom was relieved by her manner, and began to laugh at his own ridiculous ideas, rising up from his knees and brushing the dust away with his handkerchief.

"My head is poor old trap," he said. "Well, well, I am glad you are happy, dear glad."

"And I want you to be happy, Tom."

"I am, upon my word, I am! I don't allow myself to think any more or to look forward, but just live on, glad to be in the sunshine. Tisn't a bad world, after all, Bess; things usually come right in the end."

If she could only believe it—if she could but accept his cheerful philosophy and his unwavering trust, how glad she! the sleepless dread at her heart prevented that.

"And about my stupid self," Bessie, added Tom. "You, about your dear, good self," answered Elizabeth, glad to remove the subject from any connection with her secret dread.

"And my various bits of affairs," pursued Tom; "just let things rest as they are, it's the best way."

"I don't wish to do anything to annoy," she replied; "and you know very well I am the last person in the world to interfere—"

"Oh, don't talk like that, or I shall think you are offended."

"Not in the least, Tom; I only meant to say that it was my regard for your happiness that made me speak."

"I know—I feel that, Bessie; but just let things go on! Perhaps I am asleep and dreaming, but the slumber is pleasant, so don't wake me; it's cruel to disturb one."

Elizabeth said nothing more; it was useless to pursue the subject; where Tom was concerned she saw plainly that it could do no good, his heart was fixed.

Just as she was thinking that, and giving another little sigh for Tom and for those who feared for him, a blithe young voice rang in the hall, carolling like a bird.

"Where she is!" exclaimed Tom.

His face lighted up, his whole frame seemed to expand with delight. Elizabeth watched him. She knew better than ever that his heartstrings were twined about that young creature, that his very soul had gone out in worship at her feet.

And where are you hidden, Lady Bess?" sang Elsie, gaily.

Tom rushed to the door and flung it open, upsetting the table again, and this time leaving Elizabeth to pick it up herself.

"Here she is, my fairy princess!" he called, standing in the doorway and looking up at her as she paused on the stairs.

In that dismal den and guarded by a dragon," cried Elsie, peeping at him through the banisters, mischievously. "Pray where did you come from, Cœur de Lion?"

"If you knew what I had brought for my lady-

bird, you would be on your prettiest behavior and give me your best welcome," said Tom.

"It's bonbons!" cried Elsie with a shriek of delight. "The ogre means pralines and caramels and marons glacés!"

"Come down and see," said Tom, mysteriously.

Elsie danced downstairs and entered the room where her sister sat.

"Ugh, the ugly place!" said she. "It makes me shiver!"

"Better come into the den than lose the sweets," said Tom, opening the papers and pretending to eat greedily.

"He won't leave a drop!" cried Elsie, darting upon him.

Tom prolonged the playful struggle artfully enough; and when a truce was concluded it was only on condition that he should feed her with the sugarplums, and as he did not satisfy her greediness fast enough there was a great deal of sport and laughter between the pair.

Elizabeth sat in the window and watched them, sighing sometimes and regarding Elsie with a strange pain in her eyes, self annoyed and troubled that this hapless creature could not leave her the full affection of this one heart.

"I want to go out on the water," said Elsie. "Will you row me, you ugly giant?"

"Won't I!" said Tom. "I'd take you to the moon if you liked."

"But I don't want to try the moon, thank you; a nice long row will satisfy me. Come along, Bessie!"

"Not to-day," answered Elizabeth coldly.

"You're a poky thing!" cried Elsie. "Well, I shall go, the sun is lovely."

"I'll run down to the shore and get the boat ready," said Tom, excitedly.

He darted away, and Elsie stood for a few moments crushing the candies between her white teeth and looking at Elizabeth, half frightened, half defiant.

"You are very busy," said she.

"One can't be idle," replied Elizabeth.

"Oh, can't one? It just suits me, thank you."

"Elsie," said her sister, suddenly, "I want to say something to you."

"If it is anything unpleasant, I won't hear. I won't hear. I want to be happy. Let me alone!"

"It is about your happiness I am alarmed."

"Well, say it; but you are going to scold or something else dreadful, I know by your voice."

"Don't be such a baby," said Elizabeth, impatiently.

"There! I knew you were cross! How can I help being a baby? I like it, and I will be one."

"Do you think you are acting honestly with Tom?" said Elizabeth.

"I'm not acting at all," replied Elsie fretfully. "I can't help myself, I'm not constantly. You wouldn't have me rude to your own cousin?"

"You know what I mean. He loves you, in spite of your conduct before he went abroad—"

"I can't help it," Elsie broke in again. "If people will fall in love with me it's their own fault; don't ask me."

"But you can help encouraging him and leading him on to greater pain."

Elsie pouted.

"How do you know I shall?"

"You would not marry him," exclaimed Elizabeth, suddenly. "You know you—"

"You don't know anything about it. Let Tom and me alone. I think you are growing a cross old thing."

"Oh, Elsie, do be serious for one moment."

"Let me alone!" she repeated. "You are always spoiling my sunshine. I believe you hate me!"

"Don't talk so wildly, Elsie. But you cannot blame me for feeling anxious about Tom's happiness."

"And, pray, should I not feel when watched if I answered him?" she exclaimed defiantly.

"You ought to do that. You—"

"I'll do what I like, and don't you meddle with me, just remember that!"

The voice was sharp and unlike Elsie's usual tone, but she quickly resumed her childish manner, and added:

"I'll be good—don't scold. There, I'm going now—good-bye!"

She danced out of the room and through the house, and Elizabeth heard her voice on the lawn calling to Tom, to know if the boat was ready.

Elizabeth kept her seat, looking absently across the water. Presently she saw the little skiff shoot out from the shore, the impetus of Tom's muscular arms, while Elsie leaned back in the stern, wrapped in a white shawl, and reminding Elizabeth of the old picture of Undine in the Lurley.

She sat there a long time, with her former mournful thoughts all trooping back, like ravens to a deserted nest. The gloom upon her spirits waxed deeper, and the child that had begun during the past days to creep like a ring about her heart seemed to grow and grow cold, as if it were changing to an icy band, which would soon bind her pulses in its tightening clasp. She looked out through the sunshine, watching the light boat till it became a mere speck in the distance and finally disappeared among the windings of the long curve of land which stretched out into the ocean.

Thinking, thinking, always the same dreary round, till she grew so weary with the ceaseless anxiety, the constant necessity for plots and plans, the need to watch over the subtlest acts, words, and, worse than all, the sleepless fear of discovery which hovered near her, asleep or awake, that it seemed to her sometimes she could no longer uphold the burthen, but must allow it to fall and crush her.

The afternoon was passing, but the little boat had not yet appeared in sight again. There was no danger that Tom would think of fatigue while he could sit looking in the face of his syren and listening to her low, weird songs; nor was there the slightest possibility of her ever remembering that the strongest muscles must at last feel a little need of relaxation, just as long as it pleased her to float over the sunlit waters, carolling her pretty melodies or talking gay nonsense to Tom, and blinding him utterly with the wicked lightning of her eyes.

At last Mr. Mellen's step sounded in the hall. Elizabeth heard it, and she immediately gathered up her embroidery silks, making a great pretence of being busy, lest he should enter and surprise her in the betrayal of that abstraction, and pierce her with one of his dark, suspicious glances, which made her heart actually stand still with apprehension.

He came on towards the room, looked in at the door and saw his wife sitting there apparently quiet, comfortable and wholly occupied with her pretty task.

She glanced up and nodded a welcome.

"So you have come back," she said; "I have been wishing for you."

He smiled at her words, came forward and stood by her, saying:

"I thought you had given up any such weakness. You seem very busy."

"This tiresome embroidery has been lying about so long that I am working on it for very shame," she replied. "Elsie began it and was delighted with it for three days, but she has not touched it since."

"Very like the little fairy," he said, with a smile any such reference to the young girl always brought to his lips.

Elizabeth did not wish to talk, it was difficult for her to hide the real feelings that oppressed her under a playful garb, so she said:

"If you were goodnatured you would sit down here and read to me. There is Bulwer's new book."

"I will, with pleasure; but where is Elsie?"

"Oh, Tom Fuller came, and she made him take her out for a row; so I have been alone in my den, as she calls it."

"The child can't bear the least approach to a shadow," he said; "she must have her sunshine undisturbed."

He drew an easy-chair near the window where Elizabeth sat, took up the novel she had asked him to read, and began the fascinating story.

He read beautifully, and Elizabeth was glad to forget her unquiet reflections in the melody of his voice and the interest of the tale. Mellen himself was in a mood to be comfortable and at rest.

The brightness of the sunset was flooding the waters before either of them looked up again. Then Mellen said:

"These careless creatures ought to come back; it grows chilly on the water as evening comes on, and the least thing gives Elsie cold."

Elizabeth shaded her eyes with her hand and looked over the bay.

"They are coming," she said; "I can see the boat."

Mellen looked in the direction to which she pointed, and saw the boat rounding a point of land and making swiftly up the bay.

"She is as strong as young Hercules," he said, watching the little skiff as it fairly flew through the water under the impulse of his arm, and aided by the inward current of the tide.

They remained watching it till it approached near enough for them to distinguish Elsie's white wrappings. Suddenly Mellen said:

"She is rocking the boat dreadfully! She is standing up—she is crazy to run such risks!"

Elizabeth looked and saw Elsie erect in the skiff, her shawl floating out around her, rocking the boat to and fro with reckless force, and being checked by Tom's gestures that he was vainly expostulating with her upon her imprudence.

Mellen rose from his chair and out on the verandah, with some vague idea of trying to attract the imprudent girl's attention by signals; but the skiff was far off, and she too much occupied to observe them.

Elizabeth threw down her work and followed him out, standing by his side in silent apprehension.

"She is mad!" exclaimed Mellen, "absolutely mad!"

Elsie's gay laugh rang out over the waters, and they could see Tom expostulating with more animated gestures.

"She will capsize overboard, as sure as fate!" cried Mellen. "Oh! Elsie, Elsie!"

But the exclamation could not reach the reckless creature; probably she would have paid no attention had she heard it.

"Oh, see it rock!" cried Elizabeth with a shiver.

"She is frightened at her own recklessness," said Mellen, "but she will not stop, because it disturbs Tom."

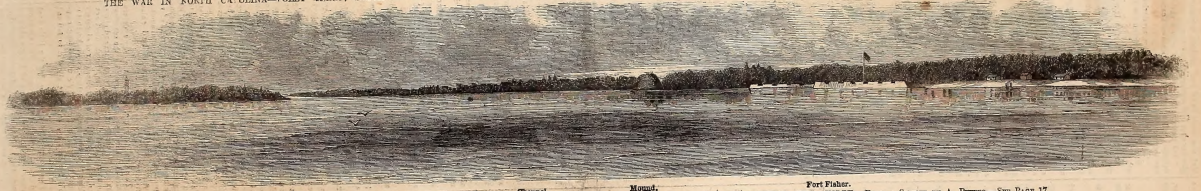
"Perhaps there is less danger than it seems," began Elizabeth, but a cry from her husband checked the words.

She looked—the boat had tipped till the edge was even with the water; suddenly it righted, but her balance—there was a smothered shriek from the distance—then she disappeared under the crested waves.

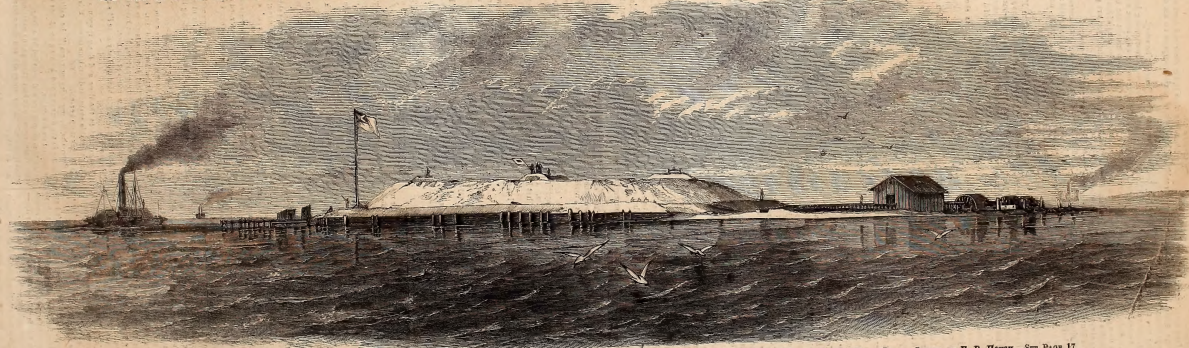
THE RHINOCEROS'S FRIEND.—The rhinoceros's friend, and the rhinoceros hunter's most tiresome enemy, is the *Sophaga Africanus*, a bird singularly known as the rhinoceros bird. It constantly perches on the rhinoceros' back, feeding on the ticks that infest its hide, the bird's long claws and clear whistling alike betraying to whatever enemy it may be behind it its foe. If it rendered the rhinoceros no other service than robbing him of these biting pests it would deserve his gratitude; but, in addition, it does him the favor of warning him of the approach of the hunter. With its ears as busy as its beak, the little sentinel detects danger at a call, and at once mounts up into the air, uttering a sharp and peculiar note, which the rhinoceros is not slow to understand and take advantage of; he doesn't wait to make inquiry, but moves off at once. Cumming asserts that when the rhinoceros is asleep, and the Sophaga fails to wake him with its voice, it will peck the hinder part of his neck and otherwise exert itself to arouse its thick-headed friend.



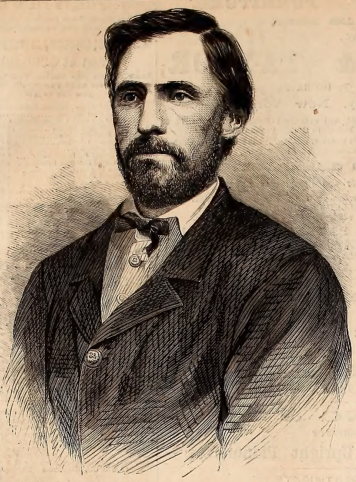
THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—FOLLY INLET, SOUTH OF FORT CASWELL, N. C., SHOWING THE BLOCKADE-RUNNERS DESTROYED BY OUR FLEET.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. PETERS.—SEE PAGE 17.



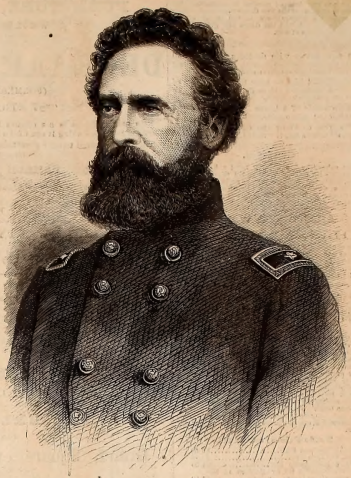
THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—NEW INLET, CAPE FEAR RIVER, SHOWING FORT FISHER AND THE MOUND ERECTED TO CONTROL THE INLET.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. PETERS.—SEE PAGE 17.



THE SIEGE OF MOBILE—FORT POWELL, AT GRANT'S PASS, NEAR MOBILE, RECENTLY BOMBARDED BY THE UNION FLEET UNDER FARRAGUT.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. B. HOUGH.—SEE PAGE 17.



BRIG.-GEN. J. A. RAWLINS, U. S. A.—SEE PAGE 23.



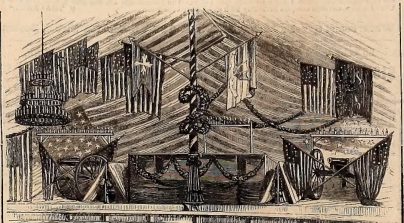
BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE SYKES, U. S. A.

GEN. GEORGE SYKES, U. S. A.

In the list of officers of the regular army few names will be more honorably mentioned than that of Gen. Sykes, even though at the present time his name is not encircled with the factitious halo of momentary popularity. He is every inch a soldier, an officer thoroughly versed in the science of war; brave, energetic and capable. He was born in Maryland in 1823, graduated at West Point in 1842, and was there appointed Brevet 2d Lieutenant in the 3d Infantry. He was made 1st Lieutenant in Sept. 1855, and brevetted Captain, for gallantry at Citro Gordo. During the war he was Assistant Commissary of subsistence with the division commanded by Gen. Twiggs. In Sept. 1855 he became Captain, and on the commencement of hostilities by the new Confederacy he was commissioned Major of the 14th Infantry, May, 18, 1861; and on the 28th of Sept., in the same year, made Brigadier General of volunteers. In this capacity he commanded in the army of the Potomac the splendid division of regulars in the 5th corps, which won such high renown. He finally succeeded to the command of the corps, enjoying the confidence of all.

THE SINKING OF THE CELEBRATED STEAMER PETERHOFF.

The Peterhoff was a blockade-runner, the capture of which enabled our transatlantic cousins to give us a charming representation of "London Assurance," till an examination of her cargo and proceedings in the English Bankruptcy Courts left not a particle of doubt on the subject. After her condemnation the Peterhoff was purchased by Government, but was run into and sank by the U. S. steamer Monticello off Wilmington, N. C., on the morning of the 6th inst., at 5 A. M. The Monticello left the south side of Cape Fear on the previous evening, bound to Beaufort for coal. At 5 A. M. the officer of the deck saw a vessel on his port beam, he supposed it to be a blockade-runner, as she made no signal, which she ought to have done, being on that line of blockade. The officer of the deck of this vessel immediately bore down towards her, and seeing she did not challenge him he challenged her, on her answering correctly, he—the officer of the watch—shifted his helm to keep on his course, the Peterhoff went ahead at the same time, and before the Monticello could be backed, she struck the Peterhoff just before her smokestack, sinking her in fifteen minutes. Owing to the promptness with which boats were cleared away and sent to her assistance, there were no lives lost. It was just before daybreak and hazy on the water, so that it was hard to tell what distance the two vessels were apart when last seen.



MUSIC STAND AT THE BALL OF THE SECOND CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE MUSIC-STAND IN THE BALL OF THE 2D ARMY CORPS.

The Army Artists, even with poor material, can produce fine effects, as all will admit who examine the sketch sent by our Artist of the music-stand at the ball recently given in the 2d Army Corps. The flags and cannon even, here play their part in decoration, as at New Orleans the latter



SINKING OF THE CELEBRATED STEAMER PETERHOFF BY THE U. S. STEAMER MONTICELLO OFF WILMINGTON, MARCH 6.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

eater into the class of musical instruments. But under the regime of the new General-in-Chief, who is to make his headquarters at the Army of the Potomac, the ball and the dance will give place to the stern realities of war.

A NEGLECTED wife declares that she and her husband are like two milestones, because she may say that he and she are never seen together.

WE should like to hear the sentiments of of the schoolmaster's wife on the subject of her husband being at home abroad.

WHICH side of a horse invariably has the most hair on? The outside.

WANTED—To know the exact length of a rope used when a man is "tied to time."

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The subscriber has now on hand a SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF CARRIAGES of all descriptions, warranted perfect both as to style, material and finish, warranted perfect both as to style, material and workmanship, which he offers on reasonable terms. G. WITTY, 459 Broadway and 60 Crosby st., N. Y. 444-9

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After years of patient research it has been demonstrated now, for the first time, that a genuine Gold Pen, with Iridium or Diamond points, and possessing all the elasticity and durability of the highest-priced Pens, can be produced at prices far below anything of the kind heretofore offered. Years have been spent in trying to produce an Elastic and Diamond-pointed Pen at a low figure, and until now all attempts have been futile. We have nothing to say against parties advertising low-priced Pens and calling them Gold. We know that ours is the only Solid Gold and Genuine Diamond-pointed Elastic Pen in the market that can be afforded at anywhere near our prices.

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No. 2 Medium Pen.....$3 50
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Silver Mounted Ebony Holders, in Morocco Cases (extra).....$4 00

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The great reason so packers on the inside of the turn-down collars—they are AS SMOOTH INSIDE AS OUTSIDE—and therefore perfectly free and easy to the wearer.

The Gravette collar has a smooth and evenly finished edge on three sides.

These Collars are not simply flat pieces of paper cut in an oval form, but are MOULDED AND SHAPED TO FIT THE NECK.

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The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, $2 each.
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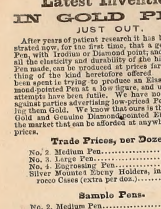
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STOMACH BITTERS

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The outer rim highly polished as Silver can be for the Name, Co. and Regiment. These Pins are Silver, and cost One Dollar and Twenty-Five Cents, with the Name, Co. and Regiment engraved upon them, or One Dollar without engraving. Any engraving is desired be-sides the Name, Co. and Regiment, Three Cents per Letter will be charged.

Figure will be furnished at Six Dollars per dozen. The Emblems are raised, and the Pin about the thickness of a two shilling piece.

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The cut is a correct copy of the Monitor and Turret as they appear in Silver. The name of the Monitor and purchaser of Pin will be Engraved upon them when ordered for $1.50 each. The Pins are very beautiful and got up expressly by desire of many officers of the Navy. Same pins got up in Solid Gold.

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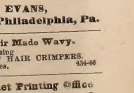
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Treats successfully all
Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair and Premature Blanching;
ALSO
Removes MOTH, FRECKLES, and other DISCOLORATIONS from the FACE, without injury to the texture or Color of the skin.

☞ NO CHARGE FOR CONSULTATION. ☜

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Fine Gold Plate, $1 50. Solid Silver, $1. Solid Silver, $1 50.

I have best issued a New Battle Pin with a likeness of either General in the Army and the principal Battles he has been engaged in engraved in rosewood thereon. Also a new Naval, Engineer, Artillery, Battery and Cavalry Pin. The above are all made either of Solid Silver or Fine Gold-Plate, and I will send them free for $1 50 each.

Also, for $1, I will send a Solid Silver Shield or either Army Corps, Division or Co. Pin, with your Name, Regiment and Co. handsomely engraved thereon.

Agents wanted in every Regiment, Hospital and Vessel. With each sample will be sent a wholesale Circular to Agents.

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Capt. Gist'	Perryville, Ind.

LEAVENWORTH, Jan. 12, 1863.

DEAR SIR—The Rifles (33) were put to a severe test on the 7th, at the State Fair, AND WON A STAND OF COLORS, in a contest against THREE INFANTRY COMPANIES. They were to fire in squads of ten, each man having three shots, and to count the best seven shots. We won the COLORS, NUMBERED TWO HUNDRED shots by the infantry. Dodged 300 yards. We hit the target 43 times out of 100 shots. The greatest number of hits by the infantry company was 21. This exhibited the superiority of the KITTREDGE (Wesson) Gun.

M. S. GRANT,
Col. 1st Kansas Cav.

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Excelsior Music-Book.—For Violin, Flute, Fife or Cornet, "I have had a day for Piano or Organ. "When the Boys come Home." "Your Portrait to Send for me." "The Girl I left behind me." "Battle-field." Each 35 cents, mailed. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Illustrated type free. Dealer's catalogue 3 cents stamp. FRED. BLUME, 308 Bowery, N. Y.

The Confessions and Experience of an Invalid.

Published for the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, etc.; supplying at the same time the means of Self-Cure. By one who has cured himself after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. Published in a sealed letter envelope. Single Copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings county, N. Y. 000

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Approved by the Government.
Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade generally.
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Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de VISITE, latest importations, New Books and Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.
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STEINWAY & SONS, Nos. 82 and 84 Walker Street, N. Y., were awarded a FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the late Great International Exhibition, London. There were two hundred and sixty-nine pianos from all parts of the world entered for competition.
The special correspondent of the New York *Times* says:
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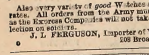
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THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION.—SEE PAGE 39.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Gen. Grant has assumed command of the Army of the Potomac, and the first step of the new *regime* is the reduction of the army to three corps, the 2d, 5th and 6th. The 3d corps is transferred to the 2d. The 1st is consolidated with the 5th. This throws out Gen. Sykes, of the 5th, and Gen. Newton, of the 1st corps, and Gens. French, Pleasanton, Kenly, Spinola and Meredith. Sykes, who has been connected with the Army of the Potomac so long, is sent West; Pleasanton goes to Missouri.

On the 21st 18 guerillas were taken and brought into Fort Lee. Gen Graham made an expedition recently into Matthews county, and returned safely, bringing in horses, cattle, mules and contrabands.

A expedition, consist of the 5d Virginia cavalry wee captured at Wingfield, on the Kanawha, by the rebels, who nearly took the steamer Victress, having on board Major Rucker, with important dispatches.

MISSISSIPPI.

The recent fight at Yazoo city, was one of the best contested and most desperate of the war. The Union force consisted of the 11th Illinois, Col. Schofield, Col. Coates's 8th Louisians (colored), and 200 of the 1st Mississippi cavalry, Col. Edward Osband (colored). The army had eight regiments, under Cols. Ross and Richardson. The fight commenced at eight A. M., and lasted nearly till dark, when the enemy retired; 300 of the 11th Illinois were surrounded in a small fort on the bluff outside the town. A storm of shot and shell was poured upon them all day, when a summons was sent to them to surrender. They replied they didn't know what surrender meant. The remainder of the Union force was in town, where they were met by the enemy, who had gained cover of some of the buildings. The contest raged for three hours, when the enemy retired. Two gunboats were in the river, but could render little assistance.

TENNESSEE.

The rebel Gens. Hughes, Ferguson and Shorter are at the Cumberland, and on the 16th attacked one of Hobson's camps, near Bennett's ferry, and was repulsed.

Some skirmishing parties of the 91st Indiana entered a town on the Virginia road, on the Virginia road, including the notorious guerillas, Green and Esther.

On the 16th an engagement took place near Fort Pillow, in which 600 of our troops were attacked by 1,000 rebels, whom they repulsed with loss.

Grierson is hunting up the rebels near Memphis.

Four hundred of the 7th Tennessee cavalry were captured by 2,000 rebels at Union city after repulsing the enemy three times.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The enemy have mounted six rifle guns on the casemates of Fort Sumter, bearing on the channel.

On the 16th the rebels made an attack on Seabrook, but were successfully repulsed, their only triumph being the capture of a picket-boat.

KENTUCKY.

The rebel Gen. W. E. Jones has entered Kentucky by Fulkerson's gap, with 1,800 men.

On the 25th March Gen. Forrest, whose movements were long threatening, attacked Paducah, and captured it. The U. S. troops, under Col. Hicks, 800 strong, held a fort below the city, and repulsed the rebels, with loss. The inhabitants fled, and the rebels began to burn and plunder the city. Much is ruined, including the marine railway and the wharf-boat Arizona. Two Union gunboats came up and drove the rebels out with loss. We had 12 killed, 40 wounded; the rebels, 150 to 300 killed, including Gen. Thompson. The rebel wounded amount to over 1,000. At the last accounts Forrest was near Mayfield, marching on Clinton.

The rebels have visited Hickman, whence they fired on a steamer.

LOUISIANA.

An expedition starting from Vicksburg on the 8th, under Brig.-Gen. Andrew Jackson Smith, organized Gen. Buck Turner's force marching on Fort de Russy, took it by assault, capturing 325 prisoners and a number of excellent cannon. This opens the river to Shreveport.

After the capture of Fort de Russy the Union force on the Teche advanced and occupied Alexandria and New Iberia on the 15th. Gen. Lee, Chief of Cavalry, holds the latter place, having driven the rebels across Vermillion Bayou.

The Nyanza, Lieut. Washburn, went up to Butte La Rose and dispersed a guerilla band, capturing and destroying their camp.

TEXAS.

Two thousand refugees and deserters have come into Brownsville. A party of 150 rebel soldiers deserted, and 300 were sent in pursuit; they overtook the deserters, but all kept on for Brownsville.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Major H. D. Wallen, 7th U. S. infantry, has recently defeated the Navajoes in two successive engagements, killing 50 and capturing 30, in one of the actions.

NAVAL.

The San Jacinto, recently captured a blockade-runner with 132 bales of cotton.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 21st March, the day was consumed by desultory debate on several unimportant subjects of a routine character.

In the House, the amendment of the Senate, increasing the salary to West Point officers $30 a month, instead of $30, as heretofore given, was concurred in. Mr. Kernan and Mr. Stevenson had a spirited debate on the subject of paying the expenses of troops to their various States to vote for Republican candidates.

In the Senate, on the 22d, Mr. Clark called up the bill amending the act relating to foreign coins and coinage recommended by the Senate Committee on the Redemption, to provide a republican government for Italy, which, after a protracted and, in many cases, elaborate argument, showing the existing condition of the Italian States and the unprecedented effect the bill under consideration. He was in favor of giving the glorious Union cause to the people of Italy, and to promote civilization by the freeing of the wives and children of slave republics, and also to oppose the rebellion against the best government on earth.

In the House, Mr. Henry Winter Davis called up the bill from the Select Committee on the Rebellion, to provide a republican government for Italy. Mr. Davis made a long and, in many cases, elaborate argument, showing the existing condition of the Italian States and the unprecedented effect the bill under consideration. He was in favor of giving the glorious Union cause to the people of Italy, and to promote civilization by the freeing of the wives and children of slave republics, and also to oppose the rebellion against the best government on earth. Mr. Davis read the Proclamation of Washington, and also the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Davis's speech was applauded by the House and the galleries.

In the Senate, on the 23d, the bill establishing a Bureau of Military Justice was agreed to. The bill in relation to deserters was also taken up and after considerable discussion was passed by some unimportant business the Senate adjourned.

In the House, Mr. Arnold gave notice of his intention to introduce a resolution for a Special Committee to inquire whether citizens in the employ of the Government were sent home, at Government expense or otherwise, to vote at the elections. Mr. Arnold objected unless the inquiry should be conducted by the Committee on Public Expenditures. Mr. Wm. D. Kelley and Mr. Kernan would not consent; the resolution was not received. A resolution was offered instructing the Ways and Means Committee to report upon the expediency of increasing the present duty upon foreign wool. The Judiciary Committees were discharged from further consideration of the memorials called for the impeachment of Judge Miller. A violent personal altercation here occurred between Mr. McClurg and Mr. Blair, of Missouri, ending in the adoption of resolutions to appoint a committee of inquiry into the charges made. Messrs. Rigby, Clay and Pruyn were appointed as the committee. The House then resumed the consideration of the Delaware Bay and Raritan Bay Railroad bill. Mr. Davis favored the bill. Mr. Perry opposed it, arguing that there was no necessity for declaring it a military and post road. The discussion was terminated by the expiration of the morning hour. The House then proceeded to the consideration of the bill to amend the Currency and Bank bill, but adjourned without vote.

In the Senate, on the 24th, the entire time was occupied by speeches from Senators Howard and Sumner, upon military interference in State elections.

In the House, the joint resolution for the protection of engineers and naval constructors at the Naval Academy, and reported back by the Naval Committee, ordered to be printed, and recommitted. The construction of a military road, from Fort Lapwai to Nez Perce Bar Railroad a post and military road was then discussed, and Messrs. Wilson, Spaulding, Arnold, all of Pennsylvania, respectively made speeches for and against the proposition. The Select Conference Committee on the Military Academy bill was agreed to. The bill to amend, providing for the appointment of an additional number of Cadets was passed. The joint resolution in relation to the West Point rendering any increase of the number inauthorized by the Military Academy Committee of the Whole on the bill amendatory of the National Banking Act. Messrs. Hooper, Kernan and Brooks, of New York, made speeches in opposition to it. Mr. Hooper moved the amendment establishing a currency bureau in New York city, with a comptroller, to be appointed for four years, and to fill all vacancies for more than 10 or 20 votes. The House then adjourned.

In the Senate on the 25th, Vice-President submitted a communication from the President, inclosing a report from the Secretary of State, in relation to the establishment of a monarchical government in Central America, which was referred, and ordered to be printed. Mr. Trumbull introduced a bill to construct a railroad and telegraph line from the Mississippi River. The Senate then agreed to the report of the Conference Committee on the West Point Military Academy bill, and then adjourned until Monday.

In the House, Mr. Washburne, from the Committee on Commerce, asked the Speaker to prevent fraud in the changing of names of vessels. The House passed the Senate bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue to certain parties duplicates of bonds, to the amount of $8,000, lost by them, having been lost on the steamship Golden Gate. The National Bank bill was then taken up under the call, and several were added to have it postponed until Monday, to enable the supporters of the measure from the New York Clearing House to be heard. This did not prevail, and a motion to stop debate prevailed by a casting vote of the Speaker. The House then went into a sort of humorous debate, which consumed the time finally agreed to that the House adjourned, and the bill went over until the 30th, when it will come up again, as the House has agreed to devote Saturday to public business hereafter, for the present making.

There was no session in the Senate on the 26th, and in the House the time was consumed by several speeches on the rebellion.

BOOK NOTICES.

GEN. GRANT AND HIS CAMPAIGNS. By JULIAN K. LAND. Illustrated by a portrait on steel and four battle views. New York: Derby and Miller, 1864. 12mo. 476 pp.

The elevation of Gen. Grant to a rank held heretofore only by Washington, gives him a place that will be filled by few names. Mr. Land has well supplied our present want. He writes the life of the unpretending hero with grace and skill. The facts are well condensed and interestingly told, and for a history of Grant's deserves, as it will receive, wide circulation.

THE NORTHERN MONTHLY. A Magazine of Literature, Civil and Military Affairs. March, 1864. Portland: Bailey and Noyes.

This is a handsome, well-printed candidate for public favor. The literary merit is worthy of the typographical dress which produced a Longfellow. We shall always see the numbers with pleasure.

TOWN TOPICS.

THE sensation of the week has been the "opening," a species of sensation striking some of our country readers with open-mouthed wonder. For the benefit of such we explain that Thursday, the 24th of March, was "opening day," and that on that day the long-nursed treasures of fashionable *modistes* were exposed to the gaze and competition of curious ladies and the ladies—themselves. Now that they are to be allowed to wear the next season.

In company with a pair of the fair, we undertook to "do" the opening; firstly, by divesting ourselves of all cash, save half a dollar for omnibus hire, and secondly, by assuming a solemn protest against doing anything more than look at bonnets. How strictly this protest was adhered to we have painful experience in the memory of a pair of eyes that "opened" upon us at the very outset of our career, and so much did our resolution waver, that we soon found that lace and tulle, flowers, silks and ribbons, bright eyes, rosy cheeks and fair faces, became inextricably mixed, that to this moment we have been unable to separate them in our memory, therefore, as to the spring styles range from $20 to $100 each, and that sometimes the $100 bonnet has the $20 one's head in it, we are unable to say.

Oh! Madame de ——, you have much to answer for in the double temptation of spiritual bonnets and angelic sellers of bonnets.

From the sublime we come down by a rapid run to the stern solidities of life, and discuss a matter that is important to all with a fearful earnestness whether they do ask for it. We mean a matter of food. That we are to be agitated with strikes and meetings of mechanics and workingmen for higher prices for their labor, based on the certain high prices demanded by the farmers for the agricultural products of the workingmen has given us little doubt, and yet in this connection it is gone up fifty per cent., and harder for his life than before his increase. A friend of ours, who has a farm in the interior of New York to what it did two years since. The poorest paid laborer receives not less than $40 per month, and he what it will do for him and his little family. He has, therefore, resolved to make a farmer of himself, and the crowds himself into a room and bedroom, and has let the rest to industrious, hitherto, at cost him about 30 cents per diem. Of the morsels called meals he has a dispose of four of these cents. Of meat, if they indulge in the luxury, they will cost a pound; of bread, at least a pound; a small measure of potatoes will be 10 cents, and a small quantity of butter 15 cents. A little warm and cook with, they will want a peck of coal at 8 cents per bushel, and these with our milliner will be about 75 cents for light, tea or coffee, sugar, salt, pepper, and we have a total of $2 32, leaving a balance of 18 cents for clothing, soap and keep in health, to say nothing of sinnes, five persons.

As the above is a matter-of-fact statement we leave it, but we hardly worth while to mention that everything in the world will be found to be paid for at double the rate, sometimes treble or quadruple, and the situation will be understood.

This reminds us to speak once more of the workingwomen's movement. The meeting which was a great success at the Cooper Institute, has attracted attention towards their Protective Association, and has caused some rattling among the dry bones of certain organic fabrics, who holding Government contracts, or the lucrative manufacturing chances, swell their profits by swindling working girls and women out of the trifle they should receive for their labor. We once more commend the ladies of New York who would employ sempstresses to do so through this association.

The great Fair has been postponed for one week. The organization has proved too much for the space of time allotted, and the space of building has proved too small for the many contributions from every climate that have flowed in upon the undertaking. The children's department, now going up on the north side of Union square, alone looks like a full grown affair, to say nothing of the main building, and promises to hold an ocean of toys and pretty things, enough to make Santa Claus die of sheer envy, promising the jolly old fellow can die at all! The season of the Fair commences at 9 A. M. with a parade for the opening night, and the fair will continue open all week.

Once more Maretzek has appeared in our midst with his Italian troupe. The result is full of cheer for the devouring attentions of Boston. Among the remarkable events connected with the great debut of tenor in the hub town is the wonderful cure it has wrought upon Brignoli. In the space of a few days, a few weeks ago the tenor was afflicted, according to New York critics, with a bad throat; was unable to sing or breaking up, we forget which—of the vocal organ, and was in a fair way to abandon private life and leave his depleted powers. He has done better: he has breathed the air of Boston and returned to the once more himself. Gratitude naturally would prompt him to do something for the town that has done so much for him, and hence this certificate, which we only vouch for as doing its handsome duty. Here it is:

"TO THE FIRST MEN OF BOSTON:

"GENTLEMEN—I was suddenly afflicted with a well-nigh total loss of voice, accompanied by diseases of the throat, weakness of the lungs, cold perspiration and loss of reputation in New York. I resolved to leave your city. On arriving I procured a carriage on the Common for one hour, breathing freely of the air so sufficiently for that time, and at the end of that time found myself in the full possession of my voice. Is it not so? But no, it is natural and my duty. Since then I have gained strength in my knees, have experienced no difficulty in singing, and am singing rapidly my once acclaimed reputation as a magnificent tenor. I feel sure to wholly restore myself to the next wind of your noble Common. Believe me, sire, gratefully,

BRIGNOLI."

The promises for the week are the debut of Madame Hetfhen-Steheller, at Winter Garden, in Lucia's "Wedding;" an operatic début at Niblo's, and the appearance of Edwin Booth, at Niblo's, in the character of Richard III. Booth is a son of Junius Booth, and the combination by Mrs. Wood of "Lady Teazle" and "Richard" seems a promise still more attractive.

Mrs. Henry C. Watson, whose poetic readings and vocal illustrations are the first time, at Thursday next, to entertain the ladies of Brooklyn. A large order of the 31st, at Dodworth's Hall. If a high order of talent, and moderate and modest pretensions, combined with great personal charms, can make a success, Mrs. Watson's success will be a matter of course.

Wallack will be another week more, now in Niblo, New York is to have two more theatres, the Fifth Avenue and the one under Niblo's. The Fifth Avenue is to be located on the corner of Fifth avenue and Central Park, and not above 60th street, while the other is between 30th and 40th Fifth Avenue, or Broadway, and 7th or 8th Avenue streets. The superintendence of the latter will fall to Mr. Wallack, and that of the first will fall to Mr. Lester Wallack, the favorite Alleyn. Those upon the Rosaries, of the above companies, and will please are to be on the stock companies, and will not be twice larger than anything in the line in country, or in the world.

While the stock gambling and dealings of New York of a day are to be running through all kinds of bible and prayer meetings, we have a proviso on to some of could it not be well to consider the matter for the benefit of those whose time will be sometimes for the infamous system of fine stuffing no e carried on? Let there be a law that no person shall be allowed to be more than one hour by such a conveyance, number it would send a return of the company to keep on constantly. Or, if they may be allowed to take more cars, that they may be allowed to stand up to the last moment, and discuss a matter. The on with what they intended nuisance, but we much fear nothing will be done to stop it until the strong hand of the law seizes it.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic—In consequence of the scarcity of cotton a new crop is to be issued in value of two cents. It will be composed of copper, zinc and tin.

——There were 3,617 emigrants landed at this port last week, which makes the number landed since January 1, 18,857. The number who arrived here in the corresponding period of 1863 was 8,000 more. There is a commutation balance at present in the bank of $53,386 90.

——The Metropolitan Railway Company has applied to the Legislature for the privilege of building on Broadway and run a line of railroad from the Bowling Green to the Central Park.

——Gov. Evans, of Colorado has issued a proclamation calling a Constitutional Convention for the Territory of Colorado.

——The Democratic Convention of Ohio, to name delegates to the Chicago Convention, meets, and seems to have been a struggle between the Vallandigham and the other factions, the latter having as close as 211 to 212. George E. Pugh and W. Burley were nominated for delegates at large. Every ticket was got up to be defeated in October.

——A Washington correspondent of the says that the friends of Gov. Johnson here confidently expect his nomination by the Democratic Convention at Chicago, and will run the ticket with President Lincoln.

——The 22d Union Convention of New York, to select delegates to the National Convention, is to be held on the 25th of May. Each Assembly district will be entitled to eight delegates.

——The census for 1860 and 1863 of the State of Massachusetts shows that the total voting population in 1860, 676,676; in 1863, 702,162—increase, 27,515. In 1860 there were 1,000 males to 1,000 females; 1,000 married persons. In 1863 there were 954,661 white males. 941,151 females; 1,229 free blacks, 1,229 females; 1,000 enrolled militia.

——The schedule spotted fever at Long Branch, where the Legislature of 37 pass all the time. It is believed to be caused by bad food, poisonous rye coffee, and badcompany. Many cases have occurred this week.

——Gold has raised during the week from 161 to 167.

——The exhibition of the Sophomore Class, held at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, March 24th, in aid of the Sanitary Commission, passed off with the greatest eclat. It was attended by the élite of the city. The presidential address, by Mr. Wm. Wallace, was read by Mr. Thomas Amos, who, the most worthy of notice, were: Edward A. Pidge, who gave Mary Clyde's "Appeal in Behalf of Negro;" was the declamation of "Flogging in" Edward Hicksville. Charles H. Ribbord spoke an oration on "Our Future," with great effect. Mr. Hamilton Aidé very spirited and natural. Edward Sandford "Ballad of Valley Forge," by Henry B. Carr, and Richard Fritchley, by Henry D. Knowles, were both well

declared. Rear Gordon, jr., who spoke the closing address, "The Genius of Columbia," did so with admirable force and discretion, and well deserved the encomiums lavished upon him. The music which was selected was warmly applauded. We must not forget to enter our protest against such terrible trash as the oration on the "Progress of Civilization," to be found on the "Dials" must have been written by the literary citizen, who sells penny catalogue copies in the Park.

Western.—Kit Carson was at Santa Fe in excellent health. No complaints against the Navajoes had ended. Nearly 8,000 Indians had been captured, and submitted to being placed on the reservation established by Gen. Carleton.

A party of 40 influential Mexicans left the Canejos country, with a Navajoe woman as guide, who reported that her people had sold so plenty that they make bullets of it.

Our Western exchanges say that the conflict between guerrillas and citizens is being conducted with great bitterness. Mr. Chase's friends are indignant at Secretary Chase's having in being a candidate for the Presidency; and Mr. Lincoln's friends declaring that Mr. Chase is a traitor, and no radical is eligible to be a vice President. McClellan's stock is looking up, and so is Gen. Fremont.

Military.—The 1st New York Engineer regiment, under command of Col. E. W. Serrell, arrived in this city on the 23d March, on board the steamer Aragon, from Hilton Head. The regiment numbers 940 men, all of whom have re-enlisted, and return to their homes on furlough. They were received by the city authorities, and escorted by the 7th regimental, N. Y. S. N. G., to the Fifth-ave. Market building, where a substantial collation had been provided for them. Alderman Hall delivered an address of welcome, and Col. Serrell replied in a patriotic and earnest speech, which was enthusiastically cheered by the men.

In a recent speech at St. Louis, Gen. Rosecrans said, that the day before the battle of Chicamauga he rode right to Gen. Halleck to know if any rebel troops had been sent to reinforce Bragg, and that his instructions had been sent from Lee's army except a few regiments St. Clair sent over the river that when Longstreet's entire corps of 20,000 men had left Virginia, Halleck was that Rosecrans, with 56,000 men, had to meet Bragg's 43,000.

Private Abernathy, of Sussex county, New Jersey, has 400 votes; he has sent 130 more to fight for the Union, has served out their pay at all, and now has raised $225 for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission.

The Norfolk *Argus* says that the Government has a contract with John Minor Botts to furnish the corps of the Army of the Potomac with wood. The soldiers are cutting and hauling it themselves. It furnishes 3,000 cords a month at $8 a cord.

Naval.—The rebel pirate steamer Florida put in at Funchal, Madeira, on the 26th of February, in a disabled and provisioned, and, being ordered off, she put to sea the next day. The U. S. sloop-of-war St. Louis was at Funchal at the same time.

The Monitors have been launched at Boston with success.

The Attorney General of England has given it as his opinion that the rebel vessels of war have as much right to enter British ports for contraband of war as traders; ports as the Federal ships of war. This opinion he forms on the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, and on reading the Declaration of Paris.

Personal.—The immense order for figures said to have been given by Mr. Frank Blair last summer, and which was so widely published, was the occasion of a collision on the 2d ult. in the U. S. Senate, in debate between him and Mr. McClurg, of Missouri. Mr. McClurg denounced the order Mr. Blair, in rejoinder to his stout denial of over having issued it made bold to say with such directness and severity, Mr. Blair exploded with rage and denounced Mr. McClurg as a contemptible liar, forger and scoundrel!

Recent private letters from Richmond report that Jeff. Davis has become a gloomy ascetic; he has ordered every guard Day for the 22d of April, the same to be rigidly observed in the army. Mrs. Davis spends much of her time in the parlor, denouncing the loss of her comforts and friends. The greatest discontent exists among the people of Richmond, and the city abounds with spies. The investigation into the treason of Secretary Spratt also was suddenly hushed up, on account of its unpleasant revelations.

Mr. John W. Wallace, of Philadelphia, has been appointed reporter of the decisions of the U. S. Supreme Court, and goes to Washington immediately. Mr. Wallace's reputation as a writer and reporter is well known.

Rev. Dr. Bellows has accepted an invitation to fill the pulpit of the late Rev. Dr. Starr King, in San Francisco, temporarily.

Jackson, Mr. Davis's colored coachman, is lecturing in Portland, Maine. There is another colored preacher in England doing business on the same prelect.

It was denied some time since that Mrs. Douglas was acting as a clerk in the Treasury Department. The Washington correspondent of the Milwaukee *Wisconsin* says, however, that she goes through the Treasury Department the other day; and Mrs. Judge Douglas, who is filling the duties of a $1,200 clerkship in that department.?

Obituary.—The King of Sweden died on March 8th, on the 11th March, of erysipelas, after only a few days illness, Mr. Field. He is succeeded by his son, Ludwig, now in his 19th year.

Mr. John B. Smith, favorably known as a scenic painter, and as one of the best artists in perspective drawing among the many theatrical painters in this city, died in Philadelphia last week.

Dr. John Redmond Coxe, of Philadelphia, Professor of Chemistry in the Pennsylvania University, died a few days since, aged 91.

Mr. Henry Campbell died at Hackensack, New Jersey, on the 11th ult., at the advanced age of 92 years. Campbell was a merchant in New York, and lived long in eventful times. Washington made his headquarters at Mr. Campbell's country house. The deceased was then a little boy. In after life he had a visit to the Father of his Country at Mount Vernon. He was on intimate visiting terms with both Hamilton and Burr; and when the latter was hunted by the officers of law, after his fatal duel, Col. Burr secreted himself in the house of Mr. Campbell in Hackensack, where he was received and cared for, with the full time Mr. Campbell's brother who was Attorney-General for the State of New Jersey, at once came in Hackensack, would have given $5,000 for Burr's arrest. Mr. Campbell never spoke of it till 9 years had elapsed, after the former friendship is seldom seen. With brilliant parts and a recorder memory to the last. Mr. Campbell was a most interesting and entertaining man. He had a home here with many other noble traits of character. He leaves multitudes of friends in tears at his departure.

John Short, a son-in-law of Gen. Harrison, and one of the most eminent citizens of Hamilton county, Ohio, died on the 3d ult., at his residence, near North Bend.

Capt. Isaiah Sellers, a pioneer pilot on the Mississippi river, died at Memphis last week. He ran steamers on that river 40 years ago, in the infancy of steam navigation, and everybody who travelled West knew him.

Joshua Dewey, the oldest graduate of Yale College, died at Watertown, N. Y., on the 30th ult. He was nearly 97 years of age, and graduated in 1787. Mr. Dewey was James Fenimore Cooper's tutor.

Thomas Mills, the oldest pioneer West, died in Kentucky, opposite North Bend, on the 26th ult. He was born on Long Island, N. Y., in 1766. He went to the West in 1795. At that time there was not a single settlement in the State of Ohio.

Charles W. March, a gentleman well known in literary circles in New York, died at Alexandria, Egypt, on the 26th of January, aged 67 years.

Johnny McKay, the prizefighter, and famous among sporting men as the second of Heenan in his fight with Morrissey, and who was backer of Hammill, the champion oarsman, was killed a few days since at Wesson, Ohio, by being struck with a pick-axe, while engaged on a coal barge plying between Pittsburg and Cincinnati.

Accidents and Offences.—An inquest was held upon the body of a little boy aged five years, who died through the inhuman treatment of his step-mother, Mr. and Mrs. Bowman, 457 West 46th street. A verdict in accordance with the facts was given, declaring a series of fiendish cruelties.

A target-shooting match and battery was tried on the 22d, in which Blaine M. Chesebrough, of Brooklyn, and Frederick Schmidt, of Williamsburg, living in East 17th street, figured as the defendant. The complainant's name is Jacob Hertz, a German, and the defendant came home one night at a very late hour, and told her to make room for the prisoners. The plaintiff refused to comply with the request, when the defendant ordered her to leave the house forthwith. She packed up her bundle and was about leaving, when the defendant struck her a blow. The defendant was assaulted because she would not allow the prisoners to be quartered. She was put under a general denial of the allegations set forth in the complaint, and evidence was produced on the part of the prosecution that Mary was laboring under the influence of liquor that evening, but the jury gave a verdict of $100.

There was a destructive fire in the rear of Nos. 215 and 217 West 36th street, March 29, the printworks of Carrington & Snyder being destroyed. Other property was injured, and about 30 families were turned out of house and home. The entire loss is over $200,000.

At Memphis, a few days ago, a block of 20 buildings, used for cotton purposes, was burned, fell in, burying in the ruins a large number of persons. Four persons were killed outright, and eight children have been dug out.

The large and well-filled jewelry and watch shop of Albright & Stropp, at Mauch Chunk, Pa., was entered on the night of last week, and $6,000, on which there is an insurance of $12,000. The large watercase of Albright is left in disdain, and valued at $1,000.

Thomas McGown, while engaged in a quarrel with Patrick Gallagher, in a liquor saloon in Jersey, the forehead with a piece of plate glass, inflicting a wound which he died on March 25. Brennan fled and has not been arrested.

Foreign.—A large number of German soldiers, on their way from Prussia to Schleswig, fell in, burying in the ruins a large number of persons. Four persons were killed outright, and eight children have been dug out.

The Austro-Prussian troops have advanced from Jutland to Fredericia, and communication between them and the Danes have taken place, in which the Prussians are operating against the fortress of Fredericia. The Danish forces have marched northward, and occupied the towns of Veile and Horsens.

An official notification states that from the 15th to the 18th inst. the Danish Government steamers Dagfreiwand, Stralsund and Barth will be blockaded by the Prussians.

The *Stuligart*, of Stockholm, asserts that Sweden has unofficially informed Russia that she will men to operate against Sweden, in the event of the latter State declaring war against the Russian Czar.

The Cabinet of Vienna has, it is said, issued a circular, protesting against the annexation of any part in a conference and consent to an armistice with Denmark, and declaring that the Federal troops of Austria will retire from Jutland if the Danes will evacuate Duppel and Alsen, and withdraw their armed ships, and will restore all the prize which they may have made.

The christening of the infant son of the Prince and Princess of Wales took place, with considerable court ceremony, at Windsor Castle, on the 25th of March, the anniversary of the wedding-day. Queen Victoria acted as sponsor for the infant, along with the prince Albert Victor Christian Edward.

The Academy of Sciences has memorial view of the political position of England. There is, it says, a commercial as well as a political party in England that would we are not only not shut out, but are besought to supply the wants of the Southern States. But can it be wondered at that England avoids association with members of a race, which, when it was stood aside 89 years ago and allowed Spain to be inhabited by a people of the highest order, and to preserves punished by civil war, revolution, and eternal colonial degradation.

It is said that Queen Victoria, in the exercise of the royal prerogative of war or peace-making, has many secret letters in her possession, which, should that no events shall force her to declare war against her own children and relatives, the publication of which it is said, the English Parliamentary debates avoid a declaration in favor of the Southern States.

Chit-Chat.—The *Herald* says that the love of gambling is not confined to the Southern States. Parlor wearers of crinolines now divide their susceptible hearts between the passion for gaming and the more fashion and mammon. It is another proof of the tendency of the times to "go it while you're young."

Considerable merriment has been created in Boston by a practical joke played upon a certain gentleman's wife by mistake last week. A gentleman having called at a house in Pinckney st. to fix a water-fall solace while he was waiting for her. All of a sudden the door of the room opened, and a female form wrapped in a shawl got in. The gentleman merely looked at the intruder, and, as the latter remained for about 20 minutes, the gentleman was roused by the lady saying to him, "Now, you may go, my husband's coming up to—he is going to Georgetown!" The gentleman was astonished at this, and remarked that there is a mistake; you are not my wife." The coach man was then called, and informed that he should not have taken the carriage for her husband's, and after depositing the gentleman at his own house, he drove back in time to get his real wife.

West Alexander, in West Virginia, is the Union town which was burned by the rebels. The town May has married nearly 100 couple, and since the rebellion has veteran soldiers. Another town, Fairmont, recently, that J. C. Breckenridge is erecting a block of houses in Meridan. And yet the Copperheads grumble about a want of "toleration."

Perley Vallendigham, a "youth to fortune and to fame unknown," but nevertheless a member of the great Ohio martyr, is married to and lives with a negro woman in Muscatine, Iowa, according to the *Journal* of that place. His brother, living on the opposite side of the river, is also married to a negress.

Mrs. White, of Alabama, sister of Mrs. Lincoln, has reached Selma, Ala., having smuggled through a rebel uniform, the buttons of which were of gold, worth $40,000.

Mr. La Bourne (a dentist) recommends brushing the teeth with vinegar daily, till the tartar disappears; after that use a powder of charcoal and tincture of rhatany, which will preserve his reverence.

The Springfield *Union* says that George Thompson intends making this country his home. His residence will be in Boston.

THE BRIDAL MORN.

BY ADA VROMAN.

Lo! in the East the radiant morn
Steals softly through the lattice, and the sun,
And down among the golden corn
The larks wake one by one.

Sweet twittrings break the misty calm,
And odorous buds unfurl in dew;
And fairer far than earth's gay balm
To Arab's eager view,

Upspring the lilies, tall and pale,
To blush at sight of lovers' eyes;
And amorous trills from yonder vale
Float through the trees to the skies.

Sweet day! I watch thy dawning hare
With rapture's sweet prophetic zest;
Oh! golden sun, thy dying rays
Will see me doubly blest.

My lily waits, with blushing cheek,
For her bridal sun to meet her eyes;
And fairer far than lily weak,
She stands in bridal guise.

She comes, with all her hopes and fears,
Clad in the calm of maiden life,
And brings her offering of smiles and tears
To dower the faithful wife.

Sweet dawn and day! Sweet noon and night!
Sweet stars that deck the bridal sky!
Ye come to witness the delight
That waits on constancy.

For us no more shall love's alarms
Raise tumults in each happy breast,
But havened in each other's arms,
We find our perfect rest.

HON. E. W. GANTT,

Lately a Brigadier-General in the Rebel Army.

HON. E. W. GANTT was born in Hickman county, Tenn., on the 17th March, 1822. His father removed from Tennessee, and settled in Prince George's county, Maryland, being among the first settlers in that State. His father was an officer in the war of 1812, and died a few years since. He subsequently emigrated to Tennessee.

The relatives of the subject of this notice were Southern people, and whether on both sides, his father being from Maryland and his mother from North Carolina, he was educated at Cumberland, Tenn., county, Tenn., for the profession of law, and at the age of 19 was admitted to the bar. He removed to Arkansas in 1846, and immediately entered upon the practice of his profession, doing a large business. In 1849 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of the Sixth Judicial District of Arkansas, which office he held for four years, during a portion of the State. His popularity and promise were rewarded by the Whig party, and settled in Prince in 1853 by the Democratic party, and settled in Prince George's county, Maryland, being among the first George's county, Maryland, being among the first settlers in that State. His father was an officer in the war of 1812, and died a few years since. He subsequently emigrated to Tennessee.

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He was the first man in Arkansas to advocate the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty, Protection slavery in the Territories" which subsequently became enunciated into the Cincinnati platform, and after years into the platform of the Southern wing of the Democratic party.

From the age of 17 to 22 Mr. Gantt wrote many pieces of poetry, which were widely circulated; and when in 1850, he became a candidate for Congress, Mr. George P. Smith, editor of the Fayetteville *Arkansas*, said of him: "We have known Mr. Gantt principally as a poet. We have seen some beautiful and touching specimens of poetry from the mountains of Arkansas, from his pen. We have seen him wield the political rapier, like beautiful singing-birds from the bosom of the forest, and we have seen him ardent and mercurial politics of Arkansas. We hope Mr. G. will be the first to give the people of Arkansas a speech that would have a tendency to temper the dark and vulgar passions of the times."

After Mr. Gantt's election he made a canvass for Governor, and, although he was defeated, he compelled the formation of a Government for the protection of negro slavery that neither the Federal Constitution or new guarantees could save slavery in the Union.

In the commencement of hostilities he joined the 1st regiment of Arkansas Volunteers of the Confederate regiment. He was a Columbus at the Belmont, Mo., and commanded the 1st Arkansas brigade division, on the east shore, where the main attack was anticipated. He was wounded in the hip by the explosion of a shell.

Gen. Gantt, Jeff Thompson at New Madrid, in January, 1862, and assumed command when Gen. Pope advanced upon that place; he wrote to Gen. Polk, to assert him there, that he did not intend to surrender the city to the horror of the terrible shelling of Pope's evacuation. He was second in command at Island No. 10, was then surrendered by Gen. Mackall, and was sent to Fort Warren, where he remained a prisoner of war for some months subsequently. His history is known to the country.

Gen. Gantt is a native of North Carolina, whose father is now a resident of Arkansas, and a large slaveholder.

FIGHT WITH A CROCODILE.

I NEED scarcely tell my readers that the most dreaded inhabitant of the water is the crocodile. Any person in proximity to the water is in danger of attack. *It* he stoops to fill a dipper, the bubbling sound is sure to draw half a dozen crocodiles at once to him. To escape the danger thus incurred, a calabash bowl, with a handle six feet in length, is gyserally employed, and even this is frequently snatched from the hand of the water carrier.

But, in spite of the well-known and terrible characteristics of this dreaded king of the water, there are plenty of men who do not hesitate to meet and encounter him in his own element. Those engaging in it are well aware of the contest in which one of the combatants at least must die. It is impossible for both to escape, or for a "draw battle" to take place. The crocodile never yields the contest as long as he has the ability to struggle, and the amount of human enemy turns his back to flee, that moment is his last.

About 20 years since I was making a journey in the northern part of South America, in company with a Llanero, on business of the utmost haste. A few days miles from our destination, word reached us that the wife of our comrade lay at the point of death, and he was urged to hasten by all possible haste. We once struck our weariest horses to a rapid gallop, and a half hour before sunset we came upon a small river, across which it was necessary to cross. Unfortunately, the ferryman was at a considerable distance with his canoe, and the Llanero was impatient to cross.

"I will not wait for him!" he said at last; "he is at no spot to hurry up, while my poor wife is dying. I will swim across."

"Remember the danger," said I, "from the crocodiles."

He did not reply, but removed his heavy equipments, threw himself into the water, and he then loosed the saddle of his horse, so that it merely floated behind him. Having prepared his animal for the work, he struck out boldly, with a proper condition. This consisted in stripping himself entirely to the waist, that he might be placed his right between his teeth, and plunged into the river. His faithful beast instantly followed, and the two swam together, the Llanero using his right hand to guide that the horse should run no danger from the monsters. The crocodile came from the bank, but the animal distinct morsel, and at such times invariable makes for the man, attacking the horse only when no other prey is offered.

The Llanero certainly was not more than one-fourth the distance across the river when we both saw the monster come to the surface, near the centre, and make at once towards the approaching man and beast.

The Llanero caught sight of the crocodile at the same moment, and, drawing his knife between his teeth, he made at once towards him. As the two combatants swiftly approached, we watched them with the greatest possible interest. The man, fully aware that he could slay the monster only by stabbing just beneath the eye, and knowing too that this could not be accomplished unless he sank him spring out of the water, exerted his cunning to compel the crocodile to do this.

We saw the Llanero, when a few yards distant from his foe, reach his left hand backward, and place it upon the crupper of his horse then dipping his dagger in his right hand; when six feet or so distant, and on the monster's right side, he made a feint to plunge the side into the air, so that it bid fair to fall directly upon the head of the assailant. Supposing it some covered movement, the crocodile made a lunge of the water, and caught it in his extended jaws. This was the moment anticipated; quick as lightning the Llanero plunged his dagger to the hilt in the monster's vitals. A spasmodic grunt, a loud splash, a few struggles, and the monster sank to the bottom, to rise never to rise again!

Full of admiration at this achievement, the ferryman hoisted upon the Llanero entering his canoe, and staying to dinner with him; but the brave man refused all refreshment, and, remounting the opposite side, mounted his horse, and hastened onward. He had not half said, that one of the gallant man was found much better than he had reason to expect, and eventually recovered from her illness.

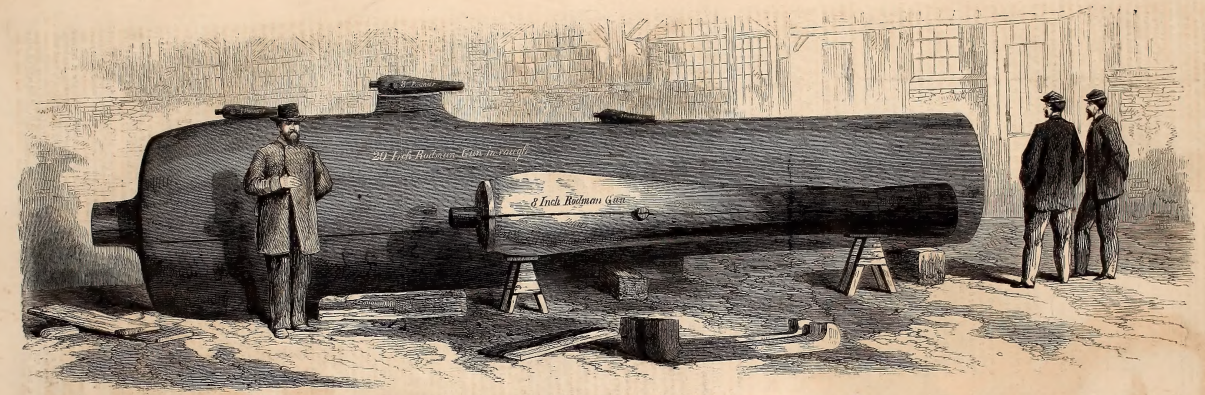
ANCIENT ESTATES.—We find the following facts in a recent number of an English periodical: The interesting and often-quoted statements made some time since by Mr. Robert Patterson, concerning the uninterrupted descent for nearly eight centuries, from father to son, of a small estate in the Irish neighborhood in the N w Forest, relates, as well-known, to the family of Mr. Gulston, of Ballykisteen, brought up the body of William Rufus, and carried it in his arms from the place where he fell to the last sad rites. But we one piece upon record a case of still more remarkable length of time, and one, moreover in no way allied to rank and fortune, and who have, therefore, no motive for falsifying their family. We believe, they have never fallen below it. A certain family, that of Mr. Cheverton, of Thorpe, near Chertsey, still resides a farmer of the estate, which, from the earliest period of which written a break upon the same spot ever since the reign of Edward the Confessor, by whom the land was given to Reginald Wasshier. There are several families in England who can trace a long line of ancestry—who can trace their names and possessions in a direct line from generation to the Saxon times; but how rare we are not aware of a more striking instance of long descent among change than the past history of the Wapshots.

AN ECCENTRIC PHYSICIAN.—A friend relates to us the following anecdote of the eccentricities of a skilful physician, Dr. M——, who is still practising in Rhode Island. He had a way of doing things all his own, and was not to be imposed upon. Once he would come out!" On one occasion he was called to visit a patient living several miles distant, upon a young man living in the country. Arriving there, he found the usual number of sympathizing friends, Physicians and others, who had come from curiosity to witness the operation, or from interest in the case. He was essentially furnished, and other evidences of the poverty of the family. Dr. M—— examined the case carefully, and then asked the mother—widow—was ready to pay the $50 which he charged for his visit. She replied that she had not present, but would do so as soon as possible. The doctor then remarked that he would not leave him a bill, would do nothing until the money was paid, and asked them if they would come up the same evening. She was soon done, but not without many condemnations from the bystanders, who thought he was paid no attention to the remarks, but immediately went on with the operation, which he performed successfully. As soon as it was over, he stepped up to the mother, and remarked, "I have now performed the operation for which I agreed, and stipped the $50 into her hand, and was about to leave the house, when he found a number of those who had just been denouncing him as a grasping miser.

SUNDRY people gain a livelihood by writing on glass. Trying they must indulge in a very public style of advertising.

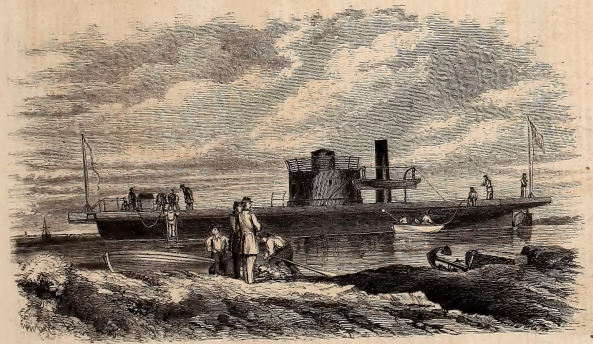
GENTLE READER.—If you have a remarkably strong constitution, you may the read following: if not, we beg of you to pass it over. If vulgar make a man ill, will a charcoal make a manilla?

"YOU'RE always trying to make game of people, and ain't able to do it," as the sparrow said to the cockney sportsman.



Major Rodman.

OUR MAMMOTH CANNON—HER 20 INCH RODMAN GUN RECENTLY CAST AT FORT PITT FOUNDRY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 39.



BEACHING A MONITOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.—SEE PAGE 39.



THE NEW BARRIES ON FOLLY ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

TWO.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

MELLOW and faint the lamplight falls
Across the pillows of misty lace,
And, cleaving the curtain's snow-white fold,
Lazily droop the tassels of gold
Over Maud's sleeping face.

Here is a ruby, as red as blood,
Flung from her tresses an hour ago;
And her lilies crushed on the tufted floor,
With the spice of the tropics running o'er
Their beautiful cups of snow.

Hist! and the ballroom odors fall
From her satins there in still repose;
And the slumberous air is haunted yet
By a tender scent of mignonette
And the musk of a dying rose.

The wind goes sobbing across the pane,
The dead vines rattle upon the wall;
Do you hear it, as you lie here, sweet,
Stilly and white from head to feet,
Dreaming about the ball?

Oh, the grand saloon, with its thousand lights,
The sweeping of silk through the open doors!
And the dancers' feet, as they flashed along,
Tinkling to measures of mystic song,
Over the marble floors.

That subtle perfume of gorgeous flowers,
Stirring the warm air, faint and slow;
And the lustres that burned through the purple dusk
Of the dim recesses, o'errun with musk
From the Indian urns below.

The soft, clear call of the dreamy lutes,
And oh, a voice that was sweeter still!
Filling her ear, and the face bent near,
With the tropical dark of the eyes so dear,
In a pause of the gay quadrille.



And the bold lips, redder than Southern wine,
Dropping their lovewords downlike pearls;
And the beautiful shame, the sweet surprise,
In the glow of her cheek, in the dusk of her eyes,
Through her falls of yellow curls.

Oh, what a night of nights for you,
Dainty Maud, 'mid the laces fine!
Sleep, and dream of that splendid room,
And life kissed into its Maytime bloom
By the lips like Southern wine!

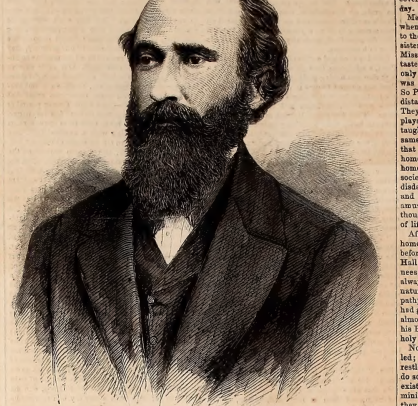
Sleep, and dream of that splendid room,
Not of this dark, or its cold, sad tears;
For an hour ago you won, my sweet,
The crown of your womanhood all complete,
Beneath those chandeliers.

The curtain is down across the way,
But a face at the lattice, still and white,
Is looking abroad on the steady beat
Of wind and rain up the lonesome street:
She will not sleep to-night.

But, by the gold in her half-loosed hair,
She has danced at the revel, too, I trow;
She has danced at the revel, and brought away
Lips so pallid they cannot pray,
And the wraith of a broken vow.

What! a watcher here in the dark and cold,
Waiting so still for the mild gray east
To glow with the dawn? Ah, Maud, did you know,
In the grand saloon, but an hour ago,
That a skeleton sat at the feast?

And did you know how the violets grew
In the meadows only the last, last June;
And the words they heard when your lover pressed
Those half-loosed tresses against his breast,
Under the wild, white moon?



HON. E. W. GANTT, LATELY BRIGADIER-GENERAL IN THE REBEL ARMY.—SEE PAGE 35.

A letter, a ring, and a leaf once hid
Twixt the leaves of an old romance: they lay
There on the sill, pretty trifles and vain.
Oh, the hungry pain, oh, the passionate pain,
That could not be danced away!

Hush! The haggard stars are plunging deep
In the watery clouds, and the moon is down,
And the wizard sleet is stabbing the night
Through and through, with its spears so white,
Out in the dismal town.

Let those weep who have need of tears,
The happy may rest, for the world is wise;
But, beautiful Maud, when you meet his kiss,
Take heed that you see no ghost of this
In the dark of your lover's eyes!

PAUL REVERE.

By Miriam Earle.

"I AM sorry this Philip Gordon is coming here, Madeline; all our comfort will be spoiled. Our morning readings, our evening music, our afternoon rambles our pleasant moments will all have to be given up, I suppose, for as your guest he will claim your first attention, and what will a prosaic lawyer care for these things?"

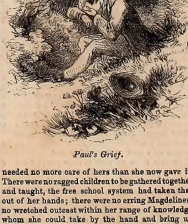
They were standing by the library window, Madeline Berford and Paul Revere. He, with his slight, graceful figure, fair hair and skin, and a boyish eagerness and truthfulness in the blue eyes turned wistfully upon her face; and she, with a height almost equal to his, with one hand raised and resting lightly on his shoulder, gazing dreamily out on the lawn. Her face was too pale, her eyebrows too straight, her mouth too large for beauty, but there was a depth, a magnetism, in her soft, dark eyes, a charm in every movement, that attracted far more than mere regularity of feature could have done; while the curve of the short, upper lip, the broad forehead, shaded by braids of dark brown hair, and the erect carriage of the finely-formed head showed a latent strength of mind and purpose which, though unnoticed, unsalled into action in her quiet life, still inspired all her actions.

It was their favorite spot, this deep bay window, shaded without by graceful festoons of running vines, and adorned within by one or two pencil sketches by Madeline's own hand, soft cushions of crimson and gold, and a low chair for Madeline, because she preferred it to the window seat itself. The heavy crimson curtains that separated the window from the library were swept aside, revealing the antique bookshelves filled with choice selections, rare old pictures—for Mr. Berford had been something of an art connoisseur—Madeline's open piano and music-stand, the easy-chairs and velvet lounge, draped like the window in gold and crimson, all covered with the soft, clear light of a bright May-day.

Madeline was an orphan. Both parents had died when she was quite young, and she had been left to the care of a maiden aunt, her father's only sister, and almost his only relative. The elder Miss Berford was somewhat aristocratic in her tastes and prejudices, and the Reveres were the only family in the neighborhood with whom she was at all familiar or permitted Madeline to be. So Paul and his sister, now married and living in a distant State, had been almost her only companions. They had grown up together, played the same plays, shared the same joys and sorrows, been taught by the same governess, and finished by the same tutor, for Mr. Berford had specially provided that Madeline's education should be conducted at home, and Paul could never be induced to leave home long enough to go to college. And in this society the gentle boy had grown still more gentle, disdaining any pleasures the girls could not share, and so their days passed on in a quiet round of amusements and vague castle-building, with many thoughts but few deeds towards the higher purposes of life.

After Paul's sister married and removed from home, he and Madeline were more inseparable than before, and a day that did not find him at Berford Hall would have been a strange event. Her firmness, quiet perseverance and calmness of character always controlled his more sanguine, excitable nature, and as she always gave him the fullest sympathy in all his plans and vague speculations, he had grown to look up to her with a feeling that almost amounted to reverence. She was his Hertha, his Psyche; to him she was all that was beautiful, holy and noble.

Not that Madeline was satisfied with the life she led; she tired of it every day. There was that restless longing that all true natures must feel to do something, to do some one good, to put this existence to some use other than the selfish one of ministering to one's own pleasure alone; to know they were not like the helpless reed, borne along by the current, of no account there and never missed when gone. But what should she do? Her own home was as happy and pleasant as could be, and



Paul's Grief.

needed no more care of hers than she now gave it. There were no ragged children to be gathered together and taught, the free school system had taken that out of her hands; there were no erring Magdelines, no wretched outcast within her range of knowledge whom she could take by the hand and bring up from this dark standing to the light and air that purified the plane of their fellow-beings. No, they were all such commonplace sinners, such every-day evils, entrenched behind the broad mantle of common usage, that she was powerless to attack them; and what was to be done? Could she only have gone out into the great world and turned out an Elizabeth Fry or a Florence Nightingale, she would willingly have endured all their hardships, made just as many sacrifices, if she gave utterance to her desires, from her aunt she received a long lecture on the sin of discontent, and Paul would go off into such a burst of enthusiasm as to the great things they would accomplish, that his very extravagance silenced her more effectually than all the obstacles that could have been placed before her. And yet she was very happy. How could it be otherwise, surrounded by beauty and luxury, all that a refined taste could demand, a loving heart ask, even to that which should be the crowning blessing of a life—the entire love and consecration of one worthy heart.

A year before, when the starry clusters of violets were looking up from their low beds, and the warm wind breathed a passion as tender as the words he spoke, Paul told her of his love. He pictured his arid, desolate life if they were separated; and then in glowing words told of the great deeds he could perform if she would be his inspiration—of the beautiful future he would create if she were by his side, and she, not at all moved by his eloquence, but knowing no deeper sentiment than her affection for him, never dreaming there could be a more powerful one, quietly laid her hands in his, and said calmly, "I love you, Paul, I will be your wife." And so they were betrothed, and everything went on just the same. Indeed it would have been impossible for him to have spent much more time with her, to have been much more attentive and lover-like than before. Her property had been left in care of this Philip Gordon, the son of her



Madeline and Gordon on the Lake.

father's dearest friend, then just commencing the profession that had since brought him wealth and fame. She was to come into full possession at twenty, and as that time had nearly arrived, he had written that he would be there at that time, prepared to settle all accounts; and as he had business that way, he would probably stay a few days in the neighborhood, and hoped to become better acquainted with his ward. Of course he had been invited to make her home his home during his stay, and after a deliberation he had accepted the invitation, setting the last week of May as the time he might be expected. Madeline had never seen him but once, but she remembered him vaguely as connected with her father's death and funeral; and though she had, of course, a little curiosity to see what he was like, otherwise thought little about him. Paul, never thinking of him as a rival, her guardian and old enough to have been so for ten years, yet had a vague feeling that in some way he was to interfere with his happiness, that Providence had sent him to stand by the widow's bed, and, smoothing the slender fingers with his own, said calmly

"What is it *ma-belle*—can I help you?"

She turned round facing him, her eyes flashing earnestly.

"I was thinking of him—of this man—of what a succession of stiggles and exercises his life has been. He cares for nothing but a pair of stout hands, a brave heart and a firm will, and now he stands among the heads of his profession. He was admitted to the bar the day I was born, and that is the way my father found him—for he had lost all trace of the only son of his dearest friend soon after his death, and his leaving my property in his care was almost his first business. But what a grand life has been his; fixing his eyes steadily on the landmark ahead, he struggled toward it, unmindful of the temptations at his feet, till he has reached it. Oh, how puny, how unmeasurably selfish are our lives, Paul, in comparison, spending our time in careless over the moments that should be filled with action, wasting the golden opportunities for good that are so gladly sought so carefully. Do you not tire of it even as I do? Can we not do better, Paul?"

He caught the enthusiasm from her sparkling face.

"You shall see what I can do, Madeline," he said, eagerly. "I am a man. I will work for both of us; you shall be proud of me, Madeline; I will go out into the great world, and it shall yield beautiful things to me from its many stores, and when I shall have made a name, I shall come back to claim you, Madeline, for you will be my inspiration and your hand my reward."

She smiled sadly; she knew so well that he would accomplish—nothing, and answered him gently:

"There is much we might do if we would; but, alas, we are mere day-dreamers."

"Day-dreamers, Madeline, that is the word, you have given me it; I shall be the title of my book, and that will be wild, Utopian, bringing fame, doing good from its very originality. But I read a beautiful poem to-day that only this morning, let me read it to you."

He took up a book on the window-seat.

"I brought it to use purpose to show you; let me place your chair here where the light will fall just right on the page; there that will do now."

So his high-handedness always ended in a new dream. She sat down, and he, drawing a cushion to her feet, curled upon it like the petted child he was, and commenced the book. He was still reading when Mr. Gordon came. In the interest of the story his existence had been forgotten till they heard Miss Gordon's words of welcome. A tall, well-made man, with high features, raven hair sweeping squarely across a broad forehead, a pair of dark, irridescent eyes, rich and mouth well set off with beard and moustache, and a manly, self-control air, but neither handsome or graceful, stood before them as she hurried out to the parlor door. He came forward as he entered, and without waiting for the introduction her aunt was about to give, took both her hands cordially.

"And this is my little friend, Madeline, that was," said he, warmly; "you have grown some, but, otherwise, not changed enough so but that I would have known you anywhere."

Somehow the clear ring of his deep voice smote painfully on Paul's ears, but it might have been caused by the embarrassment at the sight of him, for forgetting if Madeline had been his ward ten years he was only a little over thirty, he has pictured to himself a man many grey with age, but this impression was lost in the conversation that followed, for Mr. Gordon had so much to say, and said it so well, that he, with his cordiality, could not help being attracted towards him. Despite Paul's presentiment time had never passed pleasanter at Retford Hall than Paul had the succeeding few weeks, for Mr. Gordon proved himself a most agreeable companion. Each day, three hours of the earliest morning were spent with his business, but that past, he was ready to join them in all their amusements, and surprised them all by planning all sorts of excursions and seeking all sorts of adventures, as he said to commemorate his holidays. He was well-informed, knowing thoroughly many subjects of which Paul had never thought, for never idle, his leisure moments had been spent in study and self-culture. His reading hours acquired a double interest when he was the reader, and in music he more than surpassed their expectations. His rich bass voice accorded better with Madeline's pure contralto than Paul's light tenor, so he took his place, becoming in that as everything else the leading spirit. But in his superiority there was no pride, no haughtiness, that could wound even Paul's sensitive heart, and so the time passed on only seeming to bring a pleasanter change, though, alas, for poor Paul, gradually undermining all his hope of happiness.

One day they had contemplated going to Medney Pond, a miniature lake about a mile distant, for a boat-ride and fishing-party, but at the last moment Paul was obliged to give it up (a rare thing for him), and Madeline and Gordon, not to lose the day's pleasure, Madeline and Mr. Gordon went alone. That day Philip learned the power of his will than in all their preceding intercourse. They had sailed and fished to no purpose till weary, and were at the landing-place on their return, their boat resting idly on the smooth surface. With his lawyer tact he drew her on to speak of herself, and the subject once started, she talked freely and openly—telling all her aspirations, all her desires for a higher development of mind and soul than she possessed. She had been leaning over the edge of the boat, dipping her hand slowly up and down in the clear waters, but suddenly she raised herself up and went on impetuously:

"You cannot think how I despise myself—how I pity and sorrow for every one whose existence is like mine; who pass idly on life's pathway, only living as their wealth is ordered, and filling with flowers, giving no heed to the thorns that may be set another, no thought to the sharp stones over which their feet must stumble; our own feet fall a smooth resting-place, and using the talents given them only for their own gratification. I have been petted, made caressed, but I want action—I want something to do that will require self denial and sacrifice, that will remove this feeling of uselessness, and give me quietude in place of this unrest."

She stretched out her hands as if to grasp a vision. He had been gathering up the oars, and, resting idly, looked carelessly in the shallow water, and he placed them in her hand, saying, as his fingers closed over the stems:

"I think you are like those lilies, diffusing around you a constant beauty and fragrance—though all unconscious of it—there are many such on earth."

She shook her head slowly. "But I am not; and if I was, I hardly think I should be content; I would want to look farther."

She stopped abruptly, and pointed to the West. It had grown dark while they were speaking. A heavy cloud was rising, seeming almost to rest on those sudden storms common to June. He caught up his oars, and a few strokes brought them to the shore. They sprang out, he drew the boat high enough to drag the boat upon the white sand and secure it, hurried on. It was a mile, and they had walked—for Madeline was a famous pedestrian—at a still more pleasanter than gliding. They had gone about half the distance, when a sharp flash of lightning broke through the darkness, followed by a moment by a low heavy peal of thunder. He passed his arm around her, nearly lifting her from the ground, and increased his pace almost to a run.

"Yes, they are sweet—very, but they will sooner die, and it will be lost for ever."

Half way down the avenue they met Paul.

"You are safe, then, *ma-belle*" said he gladly.

"I have just this moment come, and finding you had not returned, was about to start after you, when we saw you coming."

Something in Paul's tone sounded disagreeable to Philip. "Was she only safe with him?" he asked himself. He took a look and then scanned all Paul's love to him plainer than any words, and Madeline—what of her? There had been no answering light in her eyes for him. Was it only reserving light for Paul? But how would it be? Would not the impulsive eagerness of his boyish love win her heart? He had no time to slowly behind; they were near for him in the porch.

"Don't think me selfish, Paul," she answered, with a bright smile; "but I want to put them in the library, and we can all enjoy them," and she ran out in the great drops just beginning to fall, and laid them on the grass that they might be fresh for the morrow.

Somehow this incident, trifling as it was, did Philip Gordon's heart a great deal of good. It developed unexpectedly to himself many of our lives the most. Is there any truth in the theory of transmigration of souls in the idea that we have lived, loved, and suffered as existence before this life? If not, whence come those dim perceptions that sometimes float before our inner vision, indefinite, without tangible form, yet with such vividness of impression? From whence comes that lightning flash that for a breath will thrill our being with an undefined sense of knowledge, which, lasting only a vague sense of loss behind? The veriest trifle will do this, the opening or shutting of a window, a strange face we meet in a crowd, sometimes open a passage far, far down to a recess of the soul, and giving a momentary glimpse of a fragment imbedded there. Do impressions ever die—do they ever even fade? If the science of phrenology is true, mind, that part of us capable of receiving and retaining ideas, is substance and not the intellectual soul. The bumps, which they tell us indicate our character, must certainly are, and as certainly increase and decrease with our development of mind. And why should it not be seated there? But mind is not ideas, though it is thickly covered with them; but the soul-pen that wrote them there is too near the divine for our weak eyes to read its tracings. But can such writings be erased? We all know how a circumstance, long forgotten, covered over many layers deep by the rubbish that stores the garrets of our memory, may be brought to light, revived in all its pristine splendor, merely by a chance word. Our souls survive all changes, and may they not have brought these things—small in themselves, to be sure, but probably connected with some important event in our once thrilled our life—from some former period of existence, and reunite them on our life's first pages, that may sometimes break forth from the coverings of long years, breaking in on sudden light, that possesses no power to tell its cause or origin?

It had grown dusk, and a lamp burned on the centre table. The rain, in torrents, often out by a loud steam of lightning, followed by a deafening roll of thunder. Madeline stood in the centre of the room, after a childish fashion of hers when excited by thunderstorm, gazing, as well as the darkness permitted, out on the grandeur of the tempest. Once there came a fiery blaze of light-ning, revealing her figure with a brilliant light, as she stood with clasped hands, parted lips and head thrown back, every feature radiant with excitement. Philip Gordon was not a man given to idolatry, but that moment a flash bright as that other glare passed through his soul, illuminating for a moment its secret depths, and he saw his childish fancies of when a child he had dreamed ages ago. She filled every part of it. She had always belonged to him, said the intuition; she was his, he only now. They had been given for each other, but the time had come when he might claim her, when he could clasp her to his heart and say: "Mine at last!" He rose from his seat from a chair with the purpose vaguely in his mind, but Paul stood between them. The electric chain, that by reason of its strength, is the most subtle, at that same instant touched Paul's heart with a sense of pain as acute as the joy that thrilled Philip's, and he sprang to her side with a low cry of irrepressible pain.

"Madeline, Madeline, do not stand there! I cannot bear to see you! Come back from your face, like a goddess controlling fate. Come away from that dreadful glass, that for a moment seemed to carry you off from me. I have placed between me an unfathomable gulf, which no efforts of mine could enable me to cross. Come and sit down here, where I can see that you are real, and that your love is near me."

She sat down in the chair he brought, a soft smile playing on her face in response to his words brought, curving her lips at the resting down at her feet, in his favorite position, looking up tenderly in her face, softly caressing one of her white hands, while the other rested on the head of the wavy hair.

The next week was Madeline's birthday, and with her girlish love of gaiety, she had resolved to celebrate it in a manner fitted to the peasantest manner possible. There was a picnic in the woods around Medley Lake, a boat ride, and dinner in the afternoon in a supper and dance at the hall in the evening. Madeline looked beautiful at the picnic in her white muslin, and in the evening in white silk and lace, while like, that Philip had gathered for her, in her hair. The afternoon passed well enough, but in the evening a new trouble arose. Philip Gordon, who had never danced in the few things he had neglected to learn—but Paul did, and kept Madeline for his partner as constantly as he could. Philip looked to one after the other, but generally made their excuses and left him, preferring to dance, than sit and talk, and at last he seated himself on a sofa, where he would look on, through the open door to the dancers in the room beyond. There is an undercurrent of sadness in every earnest nature, and it welled up strong in Philip Gordon's heart, as he watched Madeline floating through the graceful abandon of the waltz, her waist encircled by Paul's arm, while he bent over her rapturously, and she looking up to him, a bright color and smile on her face at his words. Was it an evil omen that he had come between them at the very moment, when she seemed so entirely his own, and drew her thoughts, as it came from everything else, to him so completely? Was it the handsome face, winning manners, and eager, boyish love, fill a closer place in her heart, than he with his unconsciousness could ever hope to be? It was not, in his far-reaching ambition, neglected that which would bring him greater happiness than fame? In the midst of turmoil and excitement, and questionings, and for the time really regretted the manner in which his life had been spent. There was a lull in the music, and he turned to the door, meeting Madeline just coming in. She took her arm from Paul's and slipped it through his in her pretty familiar way.

"Where have you kept yourself so long?" she said gaily; "I have hardly seen you to-night."

"No wonder you've not," he answered, with a smile, "for your words and action 'set him to rights' at once. "I should not get a chance to speak to you, you have been so surrounded."

"There are a few privileges," said she, naively; "but let us sit down, I am tired of dancing, and want you to talk to me."

She led the way to the sofa he had just quitted, and sat down.

"What shall I talk to you about?" questioned he, as she drew a crimson scarf around her shoulders to protect them from the cool night air coming in from the open windows. "Shall I ask you how many times you danced, who your partners were, what they said," &c.

She laughed merrily.

"No, indeed, I want something new, something I can think about after to-night."

A gentleman came up asking her hand for a polka, but she excused herself.

She "had an engagement with Mr. Gordon," she said, gravely, and there she chatted gaily on, until the blue atmosphere which surrounded him was completely dispelled.

At the conclusion of that set supper was announced, and she took his offered arm, just as Paul made his appearance to offer his services, in his sweet confusion, while Paul hurried off gaily to find some else.

After supper Madeline danced again, and Philip, weary of the noise and glare, passed through the crowded rooms and the lighted library to the window-seat, drawing the curtains close behind him. He was looking out on the soft darkness of the night, vaguely trying to solve the dark problem of existence and look into the misty future, when a hand was suddenly entered his library. There was no knew by the firm step and tone, and a woman by the soft rustling of her garments; but he paid no attention to them as they walked back and forth till his ear caught the words:

"I do not think so. I know Paul in handsome and attractive, but he lacks that depth and strength of character a nature like hers must crave."

"You gentlemen are all jealous of him," was the answer in a light, gay tone; "but I am certain she loves neither, and she—well, her ways are so different, you know; she is more secretive, but everybody says they are engaged."

Every word was mistaken then. Did you see her when she was talking with Mr. Gordon? there was a something on her face different from what it had ever been before; his face was not so easy read as hers, but he assured if either he is the favored one."

"What, her guardian, that homely man! what an idea that is."

"Not so strange after all, considering."

The rest of the sentence was lost as they passed out, leaving Philip Gordon wrapped in a reverie, such as he had not known for years. It was broken by the curtains being suddenly swept back, letting in a strong flood of light. At first he only saw Madeline's face and gleaming dress, then he saw Paul behind her.

"So this is your hiding place," said she, gaily. "We have been looking for you ever so long. I want you to come and dance with me directly, as it is going to be the last set; and you know this is *the* party of all birthday parties. I know you have not danced with me, and I will not dance with me this time, won't you?" said she, coaxingly.

He came out of his retreat, smiling at the absurd idea.

"What a request, Madeline. I am sorry to refuse you, but it is impossible. I never danced a step in my life."

"Oh, that will make no difference," she answered, eagerly; "just try a plain cotillion—you cannot fail to go right."

"Do not tease Gordon; you cannot think how delightful it is," pleaded Paul.

He shook his head.

"I could not if it. I should be entirely out of place. Why, Madeline, they would all laugh at me, and you would even be ashamed of my awkwardness."

She was a little disappointed. He saw it in her face, and hastened to make atonement.

"Ask anything else of me, Madeline, and I will try to gratify you. What can I do to atone for my lack of gallantry?"

She hesitated, looking up in his face, archly. At last she said:

"We are tired of dancing and are going to have some music, and you may play and sing that Swedish song you sang last night, it is so beautiful, I think."

"Willingly. Anything else?"

"Yes, you are to sing the ballad 'The Gondolier,' with Miss Marietta Ormes; she has a splendid voice."

"I would rather you would take her place."

"I shall not indulge you, sir; besides she admires you very much."

"As I do not return it in the least, that makes no difference to me, but I am ready to obey you."

Madeline would not dance that last set with any one but Paul. She was too busy to stop, though what she did, except open the piano and arrange the lamps, no one knew. They had been lighted, and the rooms, glass, cool, and all kinds of vocal and instrumental music. Philip sang the ballad with Miss Ormes, a short comic piece with Paul, and then, at Madeline's call, he drew the wild lament of a mother for her only son, slain on the battlefield. Nothing could exceed the despairing beauty of the music, the sad expression they evoked around him, with warm thanks, and lavish praise; but he turned from them all, almost impatiently, his eyes searching for Madeline. She sat in the shadow of the curtains, her dark eyes suffused with tears; her hands clasped in her lap, and her face still turned towards the instrument, as if it still gave forth that wondrous harmony. He crossed the room and stood by her side. She raised her eyes to his; saying, in a low voice:

"It is more than beautiful, more than lovely."

And these few words were more to him than all the eloquent adulation that had been showered around him, and when alone in his room that night he repeated them over, and brought before him again her look and tone, he resolved that when his time was given up, when he was no longer her guardian and lawyer, when he could stand before her with no other claim to her respect and affection, save what his own manhood gave, then he would tell her what she was to him, and ask her if she would be still more. He did not wonder that Paul loved her, could not blame him for trying to win her in return; that is, if he did not succeed, that would have been an unlikely different matter.

The next day all were dull and sleepy, and Paul did not make his appearance at all; but the next

day just after dinner, when Philip had gone to his room to look over some papers preparatory to settling his accounts with Madeline, and she had covered a table with papers, brushes, bottles, and all the materials for pressing and crystalizing leaves and grasses, he came bright and joyous as ever. He gaily offered his services, drew a chair up to the table, and commenced arranging the delicate grasses in fanciful bouquets and clusters ready for her to beautify. It was getting late, and her basket was nearly finished. He held out the last cluster of pale green sea-grasses and bright crimson leaves.

"Are they not beautiful *ma belle?*"

"Oh, they are splendid," she said, earnestly; "if we only had some small, dark ferns to put in, the spray would be perfect."

He jumped up, exclaiming:

"I will get you some. A few days ago I saw a large cluster of them down in the woods by the spring, and they were just about the right size; you may clear away here, only leaving this for me to finish when I get back; I shall not be gone long."

He took his cap and went out humming a gay air, meeting Philip just coming in with a formidable array of papers.

"Will you be at leisure to look these over this evening?" said he, as he noticed her employment.

"Certainly, I will be ready in a few minutes; the scene-it is begun the quicker it will be ended, I suppose."

She cleared the table, washed her hands, brushed her hair, and sat down. There was not much to do, the account had been strictly settled each year, and they were only to be compared, and a statement of her property looked over. It was all done in less than an hour, but she looked up with a sigh of relief, as she signed her name for the last time. He handed her another paper.

"This requires the attestation of a disinterested attorney to make it valid; to-day is Thursday; I will bring Mr. Blake from the village to-morrow or Saturday, if you are willing, for I must go back home the first of the week."

She was looking steadily at the western sky, but he thought her voice trembled as she answered:

"Why need you go so soon? We hoped you would make a longer visit."

"My business will suffer if I prolong my days of idleness; and besides Train and Elton, a large mercantile firm, had made us an offer to go to Europe to take charge of a law-suit there, and if I accept it I must be ready to leave the first of next month."

She turned around. Her face was pale enough now.

"Going to Europe, Philip! you cannot mean it?"

He had meant to have been very patient, and adhered to his resolutions, but her words sent a tide of rapture rushing through his veins, he did not attempt to control. He drew closer to her, looking steadily in her face, speaking low, steady tones.

"Madeline! I am obliged to go away next week, but I have a few words to say to you, which may send me away before, they are only these:

"I love you with my whole strength, my whole soul; you are to me what no other woman ever had been, ever can be; will you be my wife?"

There was no response, no astonishment at his words. It seemed so genial and natural that he should love her and tell her so, and there was no pride or coquetry in her heart now towards one she loved, so she raised her face, not blushing, but luminous with light and love, to his, and said, slowly and softly, but with deep tenderness and solemnity:

"I will, Philip. I can ask no happier fate than that."

He drew her to him till her head rested on his shoulder. A delicious calm filled her whole being but it was broken by a sudden recollection, and she struggled to an erect position, a look of dismay covering her face, a moment before so radiant.

"What have I done? What will Paul say? It will break his heart; and how can I do that, or wrong you either? Philip, you must tell me what to do, for I do not know," she continued, wildly.

A sudden pang struck him, but outwardly he was calm.

"What is it, Madeline?" he asked, tenderly. "I do not understand you: you must tell me plainer; but sit down first. You do not look able to stand; you tremble all over. Poor child, what is it?"

"There is not much to tell. We have always been together; he was almost my only playmate, my only companion, and when he told me he loved me, I liked him so well you know—I did not know there was any difference—I thought I returned it."

"And you are then engaged to Paul Hever?"

"Yes, Philip, I suppose I am. Don't look so stern, but tell me what to do—what I ought to do who wrong or one."

How his tones and lips quivered. His dark eyes, burning with a fierce light, had been fastened on her, but now they were veiled in shadow as he turned away and slowly paced back and forth across the room. She watched him anxiously, but his calm, impassable face told her nothing. Finally he came back to her, bending his face close down to her white still one.

"Madeline," said his voice was full of unspeakable tenderness; "I cannot blame you. I see how it all was. It was a sad mistake, but I cannot decide it; your own heart must do that. Paul loves you, I know; but it cannot be with a more fervent, sincere affection than mine. But, remember, in making your decision, that you would do greater injustice to the one you accepted, if you loved him least, than even to yourself or the one you rejected. I am going away now and will come back the day after to-morrow to hear your decision. Think of it calmly, and make it so you will never regret it. Good-bye, Madeline."

He kissed her pale forehead, then went slowly out, down the avenue and up the road, past her line of vision.

Where was Paul? As he came up the porch with the ferns he heard them still talking over their accounts, so he passed on to the little sitting-room adjoining, and flung himself carelessly down on a sofa by the open door. The doors of both rooms opened on the porch, and, without intending it, he heard every word that passed in the library. Indeed it would have been impossible not to have heard.

There are crises in our lives that do not stun, or take away our breath, but calm us down to a state of complete self-possessed despair. So it was with Paul. The greatest woe that can desolate a life, the knowledge that all his hopes and love have been for naught, came upon him without warning, but he did not cry out or even stir, but lay quietly till he saw Mrs. Hever and Mr. Elton and Madeline go by, upstairs to her own room. Then he arose and went out. He met Miss Berford in the outer hall and handed her the ferns, asking her to give them to Madeline with his excuses, as he was obliged to return home immediately. Out in the open air he trembled, not regardless where his steps were tending, till he found himself in the woods, to which an hour before he had gone so gladly for her. He flung himself down on the mossy ground, giving way to his wild grief:

"She loved another; she had never loved him!"

Those were the first words of his mourning distinctly from out the dreadful maze of this conversation, and as they freshly occurred to him he wept and moaned like a child. Even through this bitter anguish, out of his great love to her, came a noble thought of self-sacrifice.

"If he must suffer, we need not. By his endurance a little more happiness would be entire."

At first the thought was too bitter, but it grew more endurable, and when the moon and stars came out, their light fell on a man who, with clenched hands, arose with the determination, strong and enduring, because created and perfected in anguish, to give happiness to others at the cost of his own.

The next morning, as Madeline was studying over her position, trying to decide calmly, she was interrupted that day and the next by Paul, who with an unconquerable dread at the thought of meeting him she went down. He stood at the foot of the stairs, and without waiting for any salutation, said, suddenly:

"Excuse me for disturbing you, Madeline, I have something in way of importance to us both. Will you hear it now?"

"All you wish to say," she answered with dreary calmness. "Come in here."

She turned towards the lighted parlors, but he grasped her hand, drawing her the other way.

"Not in there! not in there! Come out here, down to the grape arbor, and I will tell you."

She followed him unresistingly down the side-path that led to the arbor. He stopped her in the dusky facade and began, passionately:

"Would it grieve you very much, Madeline, if we were to be separated?"

"Separated, Paul! What do you mean?"

There was a ring of gladness in her voice that cut deeply, and he went on hastily:

"I have been afraid sometimes that we are not suited to each other; that as time would come when our natures would cease to assimilate, and I should become a more sore worthy of you; so I thought, perhaps, it would be best for me to release you."

He stopped abruptly, and she added, tremulously:

"You do not think I blame you, do you? You must not. I shall never cease to love you; but I know——"

He stopped again.

"We shall always be friends, shall we not, Madeline?" he pleaded.

It was well the gray twilight hid the pallor of his face, and she was too much excited to notice the unevenness of his tones, else she might have seen his heart, for Paul was but a poor actor at the best. She came closer to him:

"Always friends, true friends, Paul. I am very glad you told me this, I have made me very happy. I will not tell you now, but come over next week and you shall know why."

He was inexpressibly grateful that she spared him time, but he only said:

"I will come. It had better be told when we are both calmer."

Another few words separated the two who once thought nothing could ever come between them.

When Philip came the next morning Madeline met him, but there was no Paul.

"You have good news for me, darling, I know by your looks," he whispered, drawing her arm through his.

She rehearsed the scene of the evening before.

"I am very thankful for this," he said, when she finished her recital, "and I am satisfied against him, I fear there would have been a lingering feeling of wrongdoing towards him in your heart, which would have prevented you from being entirely happy I can never blame him, as otherwise I might have been inclined to, for his fickleness."

That was all. Paul's sacrifice, like thousands of others, was never appreciated, never even known. They were married in the autumn. Paul was in Europe. He had made her happiness his first object, but he could not stay away from her when the wedding day came he shed many bitter tears, but never regretting he had taken from her all chance for self-reproach, and never even knowing of heart-sickness for her presence before he became calm and strong enough to endure it. As a wife and mother, Madeline's life is rounding into perfection, and with her husband's loving tuition she is fast learning to weave the golden thread of opportunities into a web of happiness lasting as life itself. Paul visits them occasionally and talks eloquently of a great picture he will yet paint, of a great poem he is to write, but neither are commenced, and Madeline knows he will accomplish nothing.

THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

In the history of the great American Civil War there will stand forth an organization prompted by divine Charity, guided by Providence, and without a parallel in human annals. Engaged, slow to give America credit for aught, admits the great good rendered by the administrated Sanitary Commission, an institution which sprang up from a meeting of a few ladies in New York and the Rage The sum, when finished, will be reduced to 11,000 inches in length. The length will be 5 inches; the bore being 17 best 6 inches; the maximum diameter 19 inches; the minimum 16 inches. The chase will carry a spherical shot of half a ton, and a shell of 700 pounds. The gun was cast on the principle of Major Rodman. This core is an iron cylinder, with a hollow bore; through which a stream of water is kept running.

THE ARMY BLACKSMITH.

Nor like the country blacksmith, by the highroad on the skirt of the village, with children peering around, and all men, from the squire to the poorly-paid laborer, stopping for a chat as they pass or chat, does the army smith ply his labors. But even, that he is a blacksmith, he knows from the nature of the craftsman in the close lanes of the city, with filth and misery around, a tavern visible wherever he turns his eyes. The army blacksmith sancies of the army, if not a soldier, he smacks of camps and battles, and though he sees the battle generally from afar, and does his needed labor under the shady tree or leaky shelter of a ruin shed in some corner, and is the warmest nook he can find in winter, he will doubtless, in other years, when he sits by his wandering grandsons the story of the great battles in Virginia, if he does attribute the last success to the Army of the Potomac.

The regular army forge is a four-wheeled carriage the frame of which, of timber, is like that of a caisson, being a box about four feet long by two in width, containing the tools and iron. Behind the forge there is a limited supply of iron for immediate use. On the right side of the box is a bellows, which is worked by a lever. In front of this is a castiron sabpan for holding water. The anvil is fixed on the right side, and the back of the box is a receptacle for coal. The wheels of the forge, and in the same way those of every little room, the men riding on the limber-box.

THE CIVIL WAR AT MATAMORAS.

The Rival Governors, Cortina and Ruiz.

We give to-day portraits of the two Mexican leaders at Matamoras. Of Cortina we have already in that city, drawn from life by our Special Artist, and of interest to our readers, who have long heard of them as mere names.

Manuel Ruiz, the defeated Governor, was born in Oaxaca, Mexico, June 19, 1820, and is now a young Lieutenant-Colonel in the army. He was educated in the College of Oaxaca, and then studied law with Benito Juarez, the present President. He was admitted to practice in 1848. He also held a commission in the National Guard of Oaxaca and the Military of Oaxaca in 1842, and by his services in several battles, especially at Puebla, advanced to Lieutenant-Colonel, and was Colonel in the Army Brigadier-General in 1863. He was appointed Governor of Oaxaca in 1861, by his appointment as Governor.

He was a member of the Mexican Congress in 1858 and 1857. Comonfort made him Minister of Justice, Ecclesiastical Affairs, and Public Instruction. In this capacity he advocated the seizure of all ecclesiastical property, the suppression of religious orders, the exclusion of clerical ministry in marriages, and the other steps of the so-called Liberal party.

Juarez appointed him Governor of Tamaulipas, but his claim was ignored by Cortina, who, in January, 1859, expelled him, and, flying from his enemies there, notwithstanding his rank and previous services, he became a private in the Constitutional Liberal patriot. If the leaders of the Liberal party are not men of high character, the condition of Mexico is indeed despicable.

Juan Nepomuceno Cortina, the successful rival of Ruiz, is a man of different mould; and, though born of a family of high blood, is half-educated, and has hitherto figured rather as a freebooter and marauder than as a man of political influence. He was born at Camargo, in 1824, and was reared, as to say, in the saddle. At 18 he fought off, with a few brother and a party of friends, four where Brownsville now is, and from that time to 1859 was never thought till all were killed except young Cortina, who was carried off by his friends in the confusion of the fray for years. He then made his escape, and made it the business of his life to fight the whole of Indians, as well as murder of his comrades. He was soon known as the most daring leader that ever shot on the Rio Grande and the terror of the Indians.

In the war with the United States made him a soldier, and he served with zeal and courage, but after the peace returned to his American rifle. Like the other Mexicans, however, he was, his friends say, constantly wronged by the Texan judges, lawyers and juries, and in 1856 took up arms to obtain the justice denied him.

Our readers will remember the terror caused by his battle with Major Heady, and the havoc of his doings. He was made a colonel for gallantry at Puebla last year, and his hatred, by virtue of seniority, appointed him Governor of Tamaulipas.

Our full-length picture will give a fair view of one of the fights at the barricades in Matamoras, during the struggle between the rival Governors.

BEACHING A MONITOR IN PORT ROYAL HARBOR, S. C.

THE beaching of the monitors for the purpose of cleansing and repairing is not a task devoid of risks or unattended with difficulty. The manner in which it has been done chiefly, if not entirely, under the superintendence of Capt. Theodore E. Hasbrig, whose success has justified his appointment.

After the vessel has been run ashore and moors, a class with whom our readers are already familiar from the amazing strength and skill they have shown, help to clean the hulls. The beseiling saves la this operation, and the vessel is then hauled over and pumped out to give the vessel a cant or point for about two feet, thus exposing the keel, which is then cleaned of the beseiling. The water in the Southern harbor generally rises and falls about six feet, thus favoring on the side, soon, if neglected, destroy the whole.

GOVERNMENT BAKERIES, FOLLY ISLAND.

One of the great economies in the department of the Subsistence is the bakeries erected in the fall of 1863 on Folly island, in the woods to the rear of the former headquarters of Gen. Vogdes. They consist, as will be seen in our sketch, of three rows of building, the centre one devoted to the kneading and making of bread, and the two outside buildings are 100 by 20 each. From these immense establishments of bread are turned out, average 20,000 rations a day, surprising all the troops on Morris and Folly islands, and at Stono.

These temporary structures, important as they are are, will soon pass, but history will preserve the remembrance, as we do the appearance.



ECCENTRICITY IN THE ARMY.—A SCENE IN THE FIELD.—SEE PAGE 9.



THE WAR IN THE SOUTHWEST—CAPTURE OF FORT DE RUSSY, LA., ON THE 16TH OF MARCH, BY THE UNITED STATES FORCES UNDER GEN. ANDREW JACKSON SMITH.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist.—See Page 38.

PRECIOUSNESS OF SECRET LOVE.

Let me in secret come to thee,
Let me in secret from thee go;
Our happiness the less would be,
Were all the world our joys to know.

And let no glance of thine disclose
How far our hearts are lost in love;
The island of our bliss arose
From out the sea it towers above.

Of Eden is true love the fruit,
That must be plucked by two alone;
If it a serpent's eye pollute,
Its sweetness is for ever gone.

Needs any soul to know or care
How once, by ardent love inflamed,
Two tender mortals happy were,
Tho' colder hearts their passion blamed?

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

Mellen sprang down the steps and rushed across the lawn, with some mad idea of trying to rescue her, and following as well as her trembling limbs would permit, Elizabeth saw Tom throw off his coat and spring into the water.

"He will save her!" she cried, "he will save her!"

Mellen only answered by a groan; he was looking wildly about for a boat, but there was none in sight; he was powerless to aid his darling—he could only stand and watch the struggles of another to rescue her from that death peril. They saw an to rescue her from that death peril. They saw an object rise above the waves—saw Tom swim towards it—seize it—he had caught the girl in his strong grasp. They could neither move or cry out; they stood staring out in breathless expectation, and watched him support his burthen with one arm, while with the other he swam towards the skiff which the tide was bearing in towards the shore. It was a long pull; they could see that he began to falter after his long exertions in rowing; a deathly fear crept over her lover lest those hearts, but they did not speak—scarcely breathed.

Suddenly a higher wave washed the helpless girl from Tom's grasp; she was sinking again. Strong man as he was, Grantley Mellen's courage gave way then; he sank on the ground, covering his face with his hands. White and cold, Elizabeth watched; saw Tom grasp the girl's dress and get her again in the grasp of his strong arm.

"He has caught her!" she gasped. "He has almost reached the boat. Grantley! Grantley! she is safe!"

Still half crouched upon the ground, Mellen looked up. He had not put his hand on the side of the skiff, and was lifting Elsie in it. It was evident the last effort of his mighty strength, for he floated on for some distance, holding on to the boat before he had power to get in. The husband and wife watched him while he got into the boat himself, lifted Elsie's head on his knee, and allowed the tide almost entirely to wash them towards the shore.

As they approached the bank Elsie began to recover consciousness, and as Tom took her in his arms and sprang with a staggering bound on shore she opened her eyes and saw her brother and Elizabeth.

"I'm safe," she said, faintly, "quite safe. Don't be afraid."

It was not a moment for many words. With a broken cry of thankfulness, Mellen snatched Elsie from Tom's arms and carried her into the house. In a few moments their united exertions brought the reckless girl completely to herself. She looked up and saw the anxious faces bent over her.

"Dead, acold," she cried, "Tom saved me, Grant, Tom saved me!"

Mellen grasped Fuller's hands.

"I can't thank you, I can't," he said. "God bless you, my friend."

Tom was shaking from head to foot, his drenched garments dripping like a river god's, and he answered as well as his chattering teeth would permit:

"Don't say a word. I'd have drowned myself if I hadn't saved her."

Elizabeth insisted upon Elsie's being carried upstairs to her room, and sent Tom off to change his dress; there, in his frequent visits, he had always forgotten some portion of his baggage, so he found dry clothes in his room.

Before Mellen had recovered from the shock sufficiently to be at all composed Elsie had been dressed and was lying on the sofa in her own room, quite recovered, with the exception of her unusual pallor. She had been wrapped in a rose-colored morning robe, trimmed with swansdown, and lay in exquisite relief on the blue couch of her boudoir. Mellen was bending over her and holding her hands, as if he feared to let her free for an instant; while Elizabeth stood near, finding time, now that the labors were over, to watch her husband and wonder if danger to her would have brought any pang like this to his heart.

"I am quite well now," said Elsie, "and I don't feel much frightened."

"Oh, child!" said her brother, "promise me never to run such a risk again."

"But you mustn't scold," she pleaded; "think of the danger I was in! Oh, it was horrible to feel the waters closing over my head—to go downdown!"

"Don't think of it," said Elizabeth, making a sudden effort to change the conversation, from a fear that dwelling upon the danger which she had incurred might bring on one of the nervous attacks to which Elsie was so liable under any strong agitation.

"No," added Mellen; "it is all over now, quite over—don't think of it any more."

"You look pale, Grant."

"No wonder, no wonder!"

She looked at him with one of her wilful smiles.

"Perhaps I tried the experiment to see how much you loved me?"

Mellen lifted her in his arms and rested her head upon his shoulder, while many emotions struggled across his face.

"Child!" he said, in a tremulous voice, "you knew before—you have always known. My mother's treasure—my pride—my darling!"

There Elizabeth stood, forgotten, disregarded—or so it seemed to her; bitter maddo no sign which could betray the bitter anguish at her heart.

There came a shock at the door.

"That's Tom Fuller," said Elsie; "tell him to come in, Bessie."

Elizabeth started up and opened the door himself. There stood Tom, clad in dry garments, but still greatly agitated.

"How is she?" he asked. "Is she better?"

"You have saved her life!" exclaimed Mellen, grasping his two hands; "you have saved her life!"

"But is she better?" he repeated, quite too anxious for any thought of the credit due him, and too unselfish to desire it even if he had remembered.

"Come in and see," called Elsie, in a tender voice from the sofa.

Tom brushed by Mellen with a cry, and down he went on his knees by the couch, exclaiming:

"Elsie, darling! right once! Oh, thank God!"

Mellen had been too profoundly disturbed himself for conjecture regarding this feeling on Tom's part; to him it seemed natural that every one should be agitated, and Elsie soon brought them back to safer commonplaces by her gaiety, which not even the peril from which she had been so recently rescued could entirely subdue.

"I declare Tom," said she, "you are as useful in a household located near the water as a Newfoundland dog."

"Oh, I can't laugh," cried Tom.

"But you must!" and the wilful creature. "You will get no pay for it on any less because I am saved, I suppose?"

"Elsie," said her brother, "you ought to sleep for awhile; Tom and I will go down."

"No, no," she persisted, "I am not in the least sleepy—you must not go away—I shall only get nervous if you are left alone; I shall be quite well by dinner-time. Tom Fuller, don't go!"

They did not oppose her, every one there knew that it was of no use, for in the end they would surely yield to her caprices.

"I haven't thanked you yet, Tom," she said.

"I don't know what there is to thank me for," cried he.

"Indeed!" said Elsie; "so you don't think my life of enough importance to have the saving of it a matter of any consequence?"

"You know that wasn't what I meant," said Tom, rubbing his damp hair with one hand.

"You are too bad," said Mellen, laughing, "too bad, Elsie."

"Indeed, I shall cease him more than ever," replied Elsie; "he will grow conceited if I don't. Tell him how much you like me to tease you, old Tom."

"Well," said he, a little ruefully, "you have always done it, and I suppose you always will—I shouldn't think it was you if you stopped now."

Even Elizabeth laughed at his earnest manner, and Elsie said:

"There, there, old Tom, don't get sentimental. Perhaps I'll be good-natured for three days by way of reward for pulling me out of the water."

"I'd like to save your life every day in the week at that rate," said Tom, gravely.

"That's so!" added Mellen; "I think one such exploit is quite enough."

Elsie seized Tom's hand, and said with real feeling:

"Tom, I do thank you—I can't tell you how much."

"Don't, don't!" he pleaded. "If you say another word I'll run off and never show my face again."

Elsie began to laugh once more, and the lingering trace of nervousness died quite out of her face.

"Tom is good at a catastrophe," said she, "but he can't carry on the blank verse proper to the after situation."

"Blank enough it would be," rejoined Tom, and then he was so much astonished to find that he had made a sort of joke that the idea covered him with fresh confusion.

Elsie's disaster passed off without any dangerous consequences to the reckless girl, and she had half forgotten the occurrence long before Mellen recovered composure enough to thank, with feeling and quietness, the noble-hearted man who had saved her life.

From that day Tom Fuller took a place in Mellen's household which he never after left. Service; his gratitude was unbounded, and as he learned to know and appreciate him better he found a thousand solid noble qualities to endear him to his every exterior. And as Elsie softened into gentle earnestness, and grew closer to him day by day, Tom became so completely engrossed in his happy love-dream that he had not a single thought beyond it. In her loneliness and her anxieties which separated her so completely from those three hearts, Elizabeth Mellen watched it all, saying sometimes to herself:

"She has taken even Tom from me. I have nothing left—husband—relative—all, all abandon me for her."

CHAPTER XX.

ELSIE was nearly twenty now, but looking younger from her fragile form and the extreme delicacy of her complexion. The reader knows how winsome and playful her manners were; how she was loved and cherished by her brother, and it seemed hard that a creature like this should have a knowledge of this secret which oppressed Elizabeth's life; and it spoke more for the depth of her character than one would have expected, that she was in any way able or willing to help her sister-in-law to bear her secret burthen.

The vague thoughts which had troubled Grantley Mellen's mind on the night of his arrival had died away, and now he could understand that it was quite in keeping with the restrained intensity of Elizabeth's nature, that the very violence of the storm should have forced her out into it. It was natural, too, that, when her mind was so excited, the sudden sound of his voice and step should have brought on the nervous weakness to which she so seldom gave way.

Then Elsie came back so blithe and blooming, brought such sunshine into the house, and drew them both so much into her amusements, that those first days of Mellen's return were pleasant indeed.

The weather had been delightful; they had enjoyed rides and drives, moonlight excursions upon the water; there had been visits to receive and return among neighboring families; people had heard of his return, and came uninvited from New York, bringing all that festal bustle and change which quite holidays ever have and then into the ordinary routine of our lives. The first days passed and still the sky was unclouded. Grantley Mellen began to think that was at last to be happy, and grew cheerful with the thought. So for a time he cast out all fear.

There had been no further return of that inexplicable nervousness in Elizabeth; the strained, anxious look almost entirely left her face; she was quiet, pale and grave, more customary with her. It was not that the fear and dread had left her mind, but she was on her guard, and there was a reticence and strength in her character which even her husband had not been able to penetrate. But it would keep her through her course, whatever might lie behind.

During those happy days there had been no more confidences between her and Elsie: indeed it seemed almost as if Elizabeth avoided her—not in a way to be noticed except by a quick eye—and if it was so, Elsie on her side did not attempt to break through these little restraints. It was natural that she should be happy, and from the gloom which surrounded Elizabeth, and in this respect the fickleness of her character was fortunate; for, from her look of unconcern, she was able to throw off any trouble the moment its actual danger was removed from her path.

Thus the first days had passed, allowing them to settle down into a quiet routine, but not too much of it, for Elsie could not endure that. Society was her element; trifle and champagne seemed her natural nourishment, and she drooped so quickly if compelled to seclusion, that, with his usual weakness where she was concerned, Mellen relinquished his own domestic habits for her caprices.

You may think this not in keeping with his character and habits, but reflect a little and you will see that it was perfectly natural. The vow he had made to Elizabeth was always in his mind; he never forgot his fears for Elsie's health; she was more like a daughter than a sister to him, and her very selfishness was her greatest charm. The very servants delighted in waiting on her, and her requirements were numerous; but they did it all willingly, and put a great deal more heart into the services she required than they ever exhibited in obeying Elizabeth's moderate and reasonable requests. They had her quiet manners for pride, and held her in slight favor in consequence; so dazzled by Elsie's manner that when she gave them an extra piece of money, or a worthless ornament, it seemed a much greater boon than the real kindness Elizabeth invariably displayed when they were in sickness or trouble. Elizabeth humored her too, but there was a soreness at her heart all the while; for sometimes when she saw this young creature flinging aside her own pleasure, her face wore the strange expression it had done while she watched their meeting after his return. The domestic life of Fleet Place was very happy—too happy for Elizabeth's hidden anxieties, Mellen's return would have made that old house almost like heaven. As it was, this haunting dread would sometimes forget her causes of dread, and break out into glesme of loving cheerfulness in spite of them.

After the night on which the bracelet was lost the sunshine which had brightened the little household at Piney Cove was dimmed by a thousand intangible shadows. In spite of all his efforts, the suspicion of Elizabeth's character was roused and kept on the alert, searching for food to nourish its unhappiness.

You would have said that he was suffering from jealousy; there was nothing upon which his mind settled itself which gave rise to that feeling, but it was impossible for him to cease he had no power to discover every thought of Elizabeth's soul during his absence. Then as he reflected upon the suspicion of treachery which arrived came up afresh the disappearance of the bracelet, and he lost himself in a maze of irritating conjecture, of which his fine judgment grew ashamed in cooler moments.

Elizabeth had worn her old proud look for several days after the night of the dinner-party. Grantley felt that the ice of the past was freezing between them once more, and the idea caused him acute pain.

He sat watching her one day for some time as she bent over her needlework, talking a little at intervals, listening occasionally to passages from his book; oftener sitting there with her fingers moving hurriedly, as if she were pressed for time, but her anxious face proving how far from her occupation her thoughts had wandered.

More than once Mellen saw the dark brows contract as if under actual pain, and as he ceased to speak, and seemed wholly absorbed in his book, he could see that her reverie became more absorbing and painful.

"Elizabeth!" he said suddenly.

She started; in her absorption she had forgotten that he was in the room—forgotten that she was not alone with those dark reflections which cast their shadow over her face.

"Did you speak, Grantley?"

"Yes; how you started!"

"Did I start?" she asked, trying to laugh. "I don't know how it is that I grow so nervous."

"You never were so afflicted formerly."

"No; I don't remember," she replied quickly.

"But you know I had a good deal of care and responsibility during your absence; it may be that which has shaken me a little."

"Do you believe it?" he asked, in a constrained voice.

She shot one glance of indignant pride at him; for an instant she looked inclined to leave the room, as had frequently been her habit during the first months of their marriage, when he had irritated her beyond endurance.

But if Elizabeth had the inclination she controlled it. After a moment's silence she laid down her work and approached the sofa where he was lying.

"Don't be cross with me, Grantley," she said, with a degree of humility she had not possessed in the past; "my head aches dreadfully—I don't think I am well."

His feelings changed as he looked at her; she was not well; he could see the traces of pain in the languid eyes and the contracted forehead, but whether the suffering was mental or physical even a physiognomist could not have told.

He reached out his hand and drew her towards him; she yielded to the action, and leaned her head against his shoulder with a little sigh of weariness.

"I can rest here," she whispered; "it is my place, isn't it, Grantley?"

There was an almost childish pleading in her voice, and as he bent her face and looked into her eyes he saw tears there.

"What is it, Bessie?" he asked. "Have I hurt you?"

The recollection of all the doubts and suspicious thoughts which had been in his mind for days came back, and forgetful of his ideas that errors recent anxiety was the change in her manner, he reproached himself with having brought a cloud between them by his own agency.

"Have I grieved you, Bessie?" he repeated.

"I feared the old trouble was coming back," she whispered.

"No, no; it must not, it shall not, Bessie! I am to blame—but if you knew what this wretched disposition makes me suffer! Every heart I have had in my early life has deceived me. I have only you left now—you and Elsie."

Perhaps it was natural that she should feel a little wilful pride at having his sister forced in, even to their closest confidence; her face was overclouded for an instant, but she subdued the feeling and said kindly:

"I know what you have suffered, dear; I can understand the effect it has had upon your character—but you must trust me—indeed you may."

"I know that, dear wife; I believe that!"

He drew her closer to him; for a few moments she sat with her head resting on the dark, dark curls of his hair, then she said, abruptly:

"Grantley?"

"What is it, dear?"

"I want to ask you something."

"It can't be anything very terrible; you need not hesitate so."

"Only because it sounds foolish!"

"Nothing ever can seem foolish from your lips," he said, softly; and she blushed like a girl at his words.

"That woman you—you loved once," she said; "was she dearer to you than I am?"

"Elizabeth Mellen! how can you ask?"

"Let me blot out all thought of the time," he exclaimed, passionately; "I would like to burn out of my soul every trace of those years in which she had a part. I loved her with the passion of youth—no, Bessie, it was not a feeling so deep and holy as that I have for you, and it is over for ever."

His face softened, and his voice trembled with a more gentle emotion, for he thought of that lone grave on the hillside which he had so lately seen closed over his first love.

"Then you do love me?" whispered his wife; "you do love me?"

"Can you question, darling?"

"Yes, I know it is silly."

"Bessie," he exclaimed, after a moment's thought; "I cannot see the feeling—you seem changed."

"I—changed, Grantley?"

"Forgive my fault; but I feel as if there was a something which kept us apart—a mystery which I cannot penetrate—a gulf which no effort of mine can bridge."

She was a little agitated at first, but that passed away.

"What mystery could there be?" she asked at last. "I don't understand you, Grantley."

"I hardly know what I mean myself. Is it my fault, Elizabeth? Are you angry still at what I said the night you lost your bracelet?"

She did not stir; she kept the hand he held even from quivering, but the face he could not see grew white and contracted under a strong pain.

"Were you angry, Bessie?" he repeated.

"Not angry," she said, in a low voice and hesitating somewhat. "I was hurt and indignant—you ought to trust me, my husband."

"I do, dearest, I do trust you! Why should I not? There is no secret between us, Bessie—no mystery—nothing which keeps our hearts asunder!"

She was silent—she was struggling for power to speak, knowing that every second of hesitation

told against her in a way which volumes of protestations could not counteract.

"There is no such cloud between us!" he said again.

"No, Grantley, no!"

She spoke almost sharply.

"Don't be angry with me, Elizabeth."

"I am not, indeed I am not!"

She was speaking firmly now—her voice was a little hard, like that of a person making an effort to appear natural.

"I am angry, but I ask you to reason—to reflect. What secret could I have—what mystery!"

"None, wife, none; I know that!"

"And yet you cannot be at rest?"

"I am—I will be."

For a few moments they sat together in silence, then Mellen said:

"Even in your past, Bessie, you have no secret!"

"None," she answered, and her voice was perfectly open and sincere now. "There is not in all my girlhood one least thing that I could wish to conceal from you; it passed very quietly, it was growing very dreary and cold when you came with your love and carried me away to a brighter sunshine."

"It is so sweet to hear such words, Bessie!" he whispered, and his face grew gentle with the tide of tenderness which warmed his heart. "We have been separated so much, had so little time to realise our happiness, that neither of us have quite learned to receive it quietly—don't you think it is so, dear child?"

"I think," she exclaimed, and her voice deepened with sudden intensity. "Only trust me, my husband; trust and love me always."

"Always, child, always! My darling, I have only you in the whole world—all my hopes, my love, centre upon you—I am like a miser with one treasure in the world to lose."

"Only a treasure to you," she said, playfully; "you would be astonished to see what a commonplace pebble it is to other people."

"That is not so; you know it, Bessie."

"Never mind how it may be; if I am precious in your eyes it is all I ask."

They talked one another into serenity for the time. Their married life had been so strange that it was natural enough much of the enthusiasm of lovers should return—even in their old difficulties there had been none of the commonplace quarrels which degrade love, and wear it out much more quickly than a trouble which strikes deeper ever does.

"Since I came back," Grantley said, "I have sometimes thought it might be a little feeling towards Elsie which made you so strange."

"What feeling but kindness could I have?" she asked.

"True; it would not be like you, Bessie. You love her, don't you? It was through her we knew each other, remember that."

"I do, and very pleasantly; but I have no need to think of that to be kind and gentle with her—when have you seen me otherwise?"

"Never; I am honestly very sorry!"

"Has Elsie complained?"

"No, dear, and never had such a thought, I am certain."

"When I married you, Grantley, your sister became mine—I could not be more anxious for her, more willing to guard and cherish her, if she had been a legacy from my own dead mother than I am now."

"I am certain of that, and I love and honor you for it. But in your place I should perhaps be annoyed even to have a sister share affection with me."

"It is not like your love for me—"

"No, no; no love could be like that! But Elsie is such a child, such a happy, innocent creature, and I never look at her without remembering my dying mother's last words. If any harm came to her, Bessie, I think I could not even venture to meet that lost mother in heaven."

"No harm will come to her, Grantley—none shall!"

"I think she is one of those creatures born to be happy; I trust she may never have a great trial to all her life. I don't believe she could endure it; she would fade like a flower."

"It is impossible to tell how any one would receive suffering," Elizabeth replied; "sometimes those very fragile natures are best able to bear up and find an elasticity which prevents sorrow taking a deep root."

"It may be so; but I could not bear to have any pain come near her—I would rather it struck my own heart."

"Could any one be more lighthearted and careless than she is?"

"Oh, she is happy as a bird—only let us keep her so."

Even into the utmost sacredness of their affection that sister's image must be brought—it did cause Elizabeth pain in spite of all her feeling; Mellen might have discovered that if he had seen her face. But the feeling passed—the face cleared again, and while it brightened under his loving words the strength of a great resolution settled down upon it.

They sat there talking for a long time, and it was the happiest, most peaceful day they had spent since Mellen's return.

After a long gallop over the hills will do you good," he said; "it is a shame to spend such weather in the house."

While he ordered the horses Elizabeth went up to her dressing-room to put on her habit.

She dressed herself without assistance, and with a feverish haste which brought the color to her face and the light of excitement to her eyes.

Tom dropped on his knees while Elsie leisurely selected the flower; she was talking all the while, and Tom on his part would have been glad to prolong the operation indefinitely, for the pleasure of having her little face so close to his, and her hands flirting the blossoms about his lips.

"No," pursued she, "I am tired of brilliant men; they always make my head ache with their grand talk. You know I'm a childish little thing, and I like childish discussions; don't suit me."

"You're a fairy, a witch, an enchanted princess!" cried Tom.

"And everybody must obey me," replied Elsie. "Perhaps a verbena would look better than a rosebud, Tom!"

Tom carefully little what she put in his buttonhole; a thistle, thorns and all, would have been precious to him if her hands had touched it, and he would have torn his fingers against the prickles with an exquisite sense of enjoyment.

"No, the rose is the prettiest," said Elsie, and she threw the verbena away, and began her task afresh.

"Are you tired; do you want to get up, Tom?"

"You know I'd rather be here than in heaven!" he exclaimed.

Elsie gave him one of her bewildering glances.

"You don't mean that," said she; "you know you don't!"

"I do, I do! Oh, Elsie!"

"Keep still, keep still," she interrupted. "You jump about so that I can't fasten the rose; there, I've lost the pin—look what you've done!"

She was so busy in her work now that her face bent quite close to his, her fair curls touched his cheeks, her soft breath fanned on his temples, and the intoxication of the moment carried Tom beyond all power of self-restraint.

He snatched Elsie's two hands and cried out:

"I must speak; I shall die if I don't! I haven't said a word since I came back; I know it's useless; I have no right to speak—but I do love you."

She struggled faintly for an instant, then allowed him to keep her hands in his, and looked down into his face through her drooping lashes till Tom's head fairly reeled.

"Don't be angry with me," he pleaded; "don't drive me away! I'll never open my lips; just let me look at you. You can't think how much I love you, Elsie. I'd cut myself into inch pieces if it would do you any good. I'd die for you."

"Not rather your wife?" whispered Elsie.

Tom caught the words; a mad hope sprang up in his honest heart; he knew it was folly, but he could not subdue it.

"If you could only learn to love me," he went on, hurriedly; "I'd be a slave to you, Elsie! I am rich now; I could give you everything your heart desired; if you could only care for me; such lots of candies and pretty things."

"You sweet boy, Tom," she returned, in that same trifling whisper which shook his every nerve.

"Oh, don't bring that up as a claim," he said; "what was I born for except to be useful to you? But I love you so; if you could only make up your mind to endure my ugliness and my awkward ways."

"You are too great a big fellow to be ugly," said Elsie; "and I don't care if you are awkward. I am sick of men that walk about like ballet-dancers."

"You only say that to cut off goodness," said Tom; "you are afraid of hurting my feelings."

"Don't I always say what I think?" rejoined she.

"But you don't care for me—you couldn't love me!"

"You have told me so three times already."

"Of course I am making a fool of myself," groaned Tom; "it's like me—it's to be expected."

"Of course," said Elsie.

But she had given me something in her face and voice which made him persevere. He had never thought to speak such words to her again, but this was the last, last time; but he must spoil his whole heart now, she should see the exact truth.

In his great love and excitement Tom forgot his bashfulness, his awkward tricks; he did not halt in his speech, he poured out his story in strong, manly words, that must have awakened at least a feeling of respect in any woman's bosom.

"I tell you once myself," continued Tom. "I thought absence—entire change—might make a difference in my feelings. But when the two years ended I came back to find my love grown deeper from the lapse of time, with every feeling more firmly centred there."

"Good old Tom!" murmured Elsie; "honest and true!"

"You speak kindly," he said. "You pity me—at least you pity me! But you couldn't love me; you said it impossible, and we get up—I mustn't talk any more—let me go!"

But Elsie's hand still rested upon his shoulder, and she did not stir.

"You could not love me," repeated Tom; "never, never: you have told me so over so many times."

"I was silly and wicked," she whispered; "I am wiser now."

Her words lifted Tom into the seventh heaven. He cried out:

"Don't trifle with me now, Elsie—not just now—I couldn't stand it!"

"I am not trifling with you, Tom."

"You don't mean that you care for me? No, no—of course not—I'm a fool! You couldn't love me, Elsie?"

His voice was broken and low. He waited for her to push him away, to break the spell rudely, but her hand never moved from his shoulder. It seemed to rest there with a caressing pressure, as a bird settles on a fondling hand, and still the fair curls swept his cheek.

"Elsie! Elsie!" he cried, half-wild with those mingled emotions.

"Good old Tom," she murmured again, "honest and true!"

"Oh, that you are in earnest! May I hope?" he almost sobbed. "Could you take me, Elsie? Let me be your slave—ready to tend you—to care for you—only living for your happiness!"

Elsie's mode changed; she shook her head archly:

"You would grow tired of petting me."

"Never, never! You know it!"

"I should be a dreadful little tyrant—it is in my nature; you would never have a will of your own."

"I wouldn't want it; I wouldn't ask it!"

"I should flirt and drive you wild."

"I would never try to stop you."

"I should tease you incessantly."

"You'd only make me the happier."

"I should tell you all sorts of fibs."

"There would be no necessity, for I would not dispute your wishes."

"You would grow tired of that."

"Only try me and see."

"Indeed, indeed, I love me always, and pet me, and never get out of patience, and think I was perfect."

"I couldn't—I should—I always shall! Oh, Elsie, Elsie, I love you so—I love you so!"

"Get up, Tom; you are a foolish old goosey!"

He started up at her light, happy playful words were a cruel waking. He stood before her painfully white, and there was a suppressed sob in his voice as he cried, in passionate reproach:

"Oh, Elsie! Elsie!"

She gave a wicked laugh at his distress.

"So you really were in earnest!" she demanded.

"You know that I was," he said. "You are cruel—cruel!"

"Ah, now you are angry—now you begin to hate me!"

"Never, Elsie! If you tore my heart and stamped on it, I could not hate you."

"But you are angry; and you said you could be patient."

"I could, if you cared for me only the least bit!"

"Are you a reasonable monster? Then kneel down again; you have shaken my flower out of your coat."

"No," said Tom, passionately; "I can't play now! This is dreadful earnest to me, Elsie, however great your love for me."

"Then you refuse my gift?"

"I can't trifle now—look at it."

"And you mean to rush off and leave me?"

"I had better. I'm too big a fool to stay. Oh, I believe I shall go crazy!"

"Very well, if you refuse me my one little wish!"

"If I stay if you want me to," he said. "I'll do anything you bid me. But do be serious for a minute, Elsie. Just answer me one question."

"Only one? Will that satisfy you?"

"To set the matter at rest," pursued he, "I'll never trouble you again. I won't open my lips—"

"Then how shall I know what you want to ask?" she interrupted.

Tom fairly groaned.

"I do believe you are a witch, Elsie; one of those snow-women in the old German stories."

"Lurlei—Lurlei!" she sang, flourishing the blossom about his head and covering him with their brightness.

Tom dashed off the flowers in a blind despair. The scene was growing too much for him to bear.

"You're very dreary," he cried, "I'll go! I shan't trouble you again. I hope the day may never come when you will be sorry, Elsie."

He was so pale and so excitedly earnest as he strove to rise from his knees that she was absolutely terrified.

"Tom, don't look so!" she exclaimed. "I only wanted to have you by me because you leave me for the world; I should be wretched!"

"Now you are kind again! I will stay. I won't tire you with talking of my love now."

"But I want to hear," interrupted Elsie.

"Oh, Elsie, Elsie, I will confess my good! I suffer, Elsie, I suffer!"

"Tom, you're gone—what you call a goney!"

"I know it, dear!"

"And you are just as blind as a bat."

"I suppose I am," he replied, patiently.

"And you're too stupid to live," cried Elsie, going over to a new sentiment; "don't you know a woman can say one thing and mean another?"

"Yes," said Tom, with more energy, "I do know that. I know it too well."

"Great Mr. Wisdom!" said she mockingly. "Then can't you understand—don't you see?"

He looked at her in bewildered surprise. She was smiling tenderly in his face.

"Elsie!" he cried.

"I let her hands fall in his.

"I don't want you to go," she whispered, "never —never!"

"You love me—you will marry me?"

She did not speak, but she made no resistance when Tom, with trembling hands and tear-filmed kisses on her face, uttering broken words, too utterly bewildered to understand anything except that happiness had descended upon his long night at length.

But very soon Elsie raised herself, pushed him off and said, with a little air of wickedness:

"I'll tease you to death, Tom!"

"Never, never, my love, my beloved. "Oh, say it once—say 'I love you'!"

"I do love you, Tom—there!"

In an instant she flashed up again, while he was covering her hands with kisses, crying:

"My love! My wife! My last last!"

"No more sentiment," said she. "Let's be reasonable, Tom; the catastrophe has reached a climax."

But it was a long time before Tom Fuller could regain composure enough to talk at all coherently, or in what Elsie termed a sensible manner.

"It's so selfish," he said. "And to have so much happiness just when I thought the last rope was going out of my hands. Why, I'm like the fellow who clung all night to the side of a precipice, expecting every moment to be dashed down a thousand feet, and when daylight came found he had hung within a foot of the ground all the while!"

"The comparison is apt and delicious," said Elsie, laughing.

"And you love me! Only say it again, Elsie—just once!"

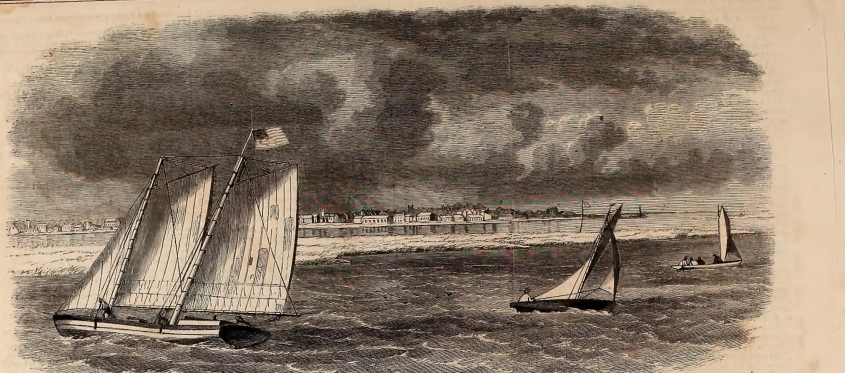
"I won't!" said she. "But I'll box your ears if you don't stop behaving like a crazy man."

Tom gave one of those bursts of laughter that fairly shook the room, caught Elsie up in his arms and ran twice with her across the floor, paying no more attention to her cries and struggles than if she had been a baby.

"That's for punishment!" said Tom.

"Let me down! Please let me down!" pleaded Elsie. "I know you'll drop me! Oh, you hurt me, Tom!"

But Tom took ample revenge in the way of kisses before he released her, then he placed her on the sofa and seated himself by her side. But she started away and ran upstairs, sending back a laugh of defiance.



BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA, FROM MORSHEAD CITY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.

THE DANISH WAR.

Saxon Army Train at Rendsburg.

THE WAR which the German States began against Denmark, ostensibly to support the claims of the Prince of Augustenburg to the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, is no longer covered even with that mask. The Prince is never alluded to now. The movement is controlled, not by Germanic Confederation which kindled the fire, but by Prussia and Austria. Prussia fights for conquest. Already Holstein is spoken of as about to be annexed to her present dominions. Schleswig may ultimately be left to Denmark. In this duchy the Danish element is strong. As might be expected in so mixed a population, there are Danish sympathisers in the southern portions of the country and men of German "procivities" in the northern; but, in general terms, the divisions of the people are as we have stated. Still further north, in Jutland, the people are nearly unmixed Danes.

Our illustration this week is a good sketch of the Saxon army train entering Rendsburg, a town in the Germanic portion of the territory.

IT IS a gross error to suppose that you rid yourself of a troublesome acquaintance by lending him money. We've tried it; and, by Jove! gentle reader, it only encouraged his visits all the more!

THE U. S. STEAMER ACACIA AND STEAMTUG IRIS

Engaging Rebel Batteries at Bull's Bay, S. C., March 9, 1864.

A SMALL force from Gen. Terry's command sailed from Stone inlet on the 8th, for the purpose of making a reconnoissance at Bull's bay, S.C. This was done under the cover of the action shown in our sketch, the engaging of the rebel batteries by the U. S. steamer Acacia and the steamtug Iris. The expedition landed and explored the vicinity for 24 hours. Bull's bay is a good harbor, and it will be recollected was the original destination of the Dupont and Dahlgren expedition. It is about 25 miles north of Charleston.

Our Artist on this occasion is an officer on one of the vessels engaged, and he gives a tribute to the superiority of our marine views. *Par contre* he describes the merriment caused among naval men by a view in another journal of the "Hoisting of the Stars and Stripes at Sunrise."

"We were not aware," says he, "of any change in existing regulations altering the time for hoisting the ensign from the usual hour (8 A. M. in summer and 9 A. M. in winter) to sunrise. The ceremony is superintended by an officer (by his stripes) of the rank of Lieut.-Commander, who, flurried by turning out at such an unusual hour, has put his sword on the wrong side. No wonder! who ever saw a Lieut.-Commander on deck at sunrise? We refrain from speaking of the remarkable gun-carriage, or of the jolly tar sitting on the rail of the quarter-deck."

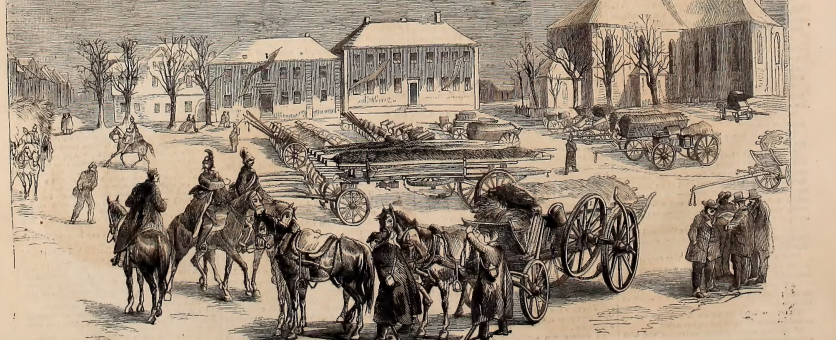


U. S. STEAMER ACACIA AND STEAMTUG IRIS ENGAGING THE REBEL BATTERIES AT BULL'S BAY, S. C., BEFORE THE LANDING OF THE TROOPS, MARCH 9.

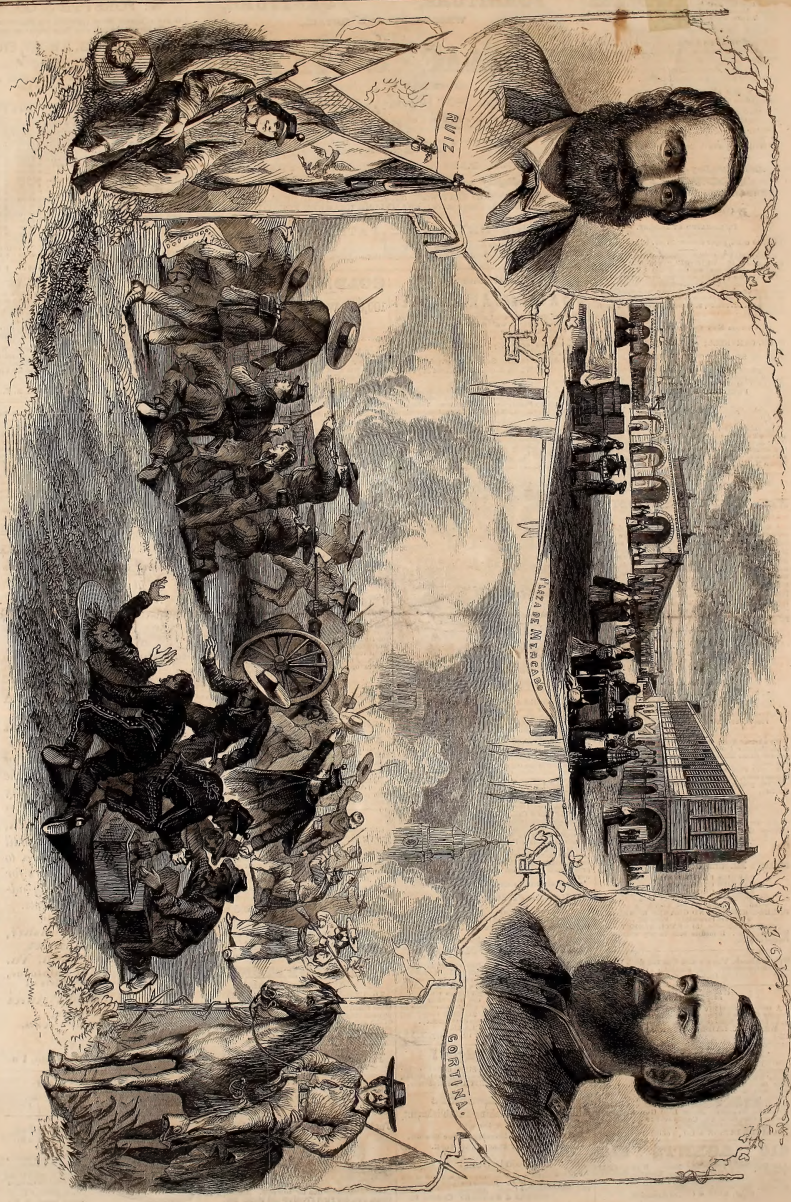
BEAUFORT, N. C.

BEAUFORT is an important place in North Carolina, periodically threatened by the rebels, who fret and fume over our possession of their sea coast. Our sketch gives a view of Beaufort, from Morehead city.

Beaufort was, in other days, a port of entry. It is the capital of Carteret county, and stands at the mouth of Newport river, a few miles from the sea. The harbor is considered the best in the State, and is defended by Fort Macon, so gallantly taken by our forces. The



THE GERMAN WAR AGAINST DENMARK—THE SAXON ARMY TRAIN AT RENDSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. BECK



THE LATE CIVIL WAR IN MATAMORAS, WITH PORTRAITS OF GENS. RUIZ AND CORTINA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. ESTEVIL.—PAGE 39

lighthouse on Cape Lookout is fortunately still standing. Beaufort contained, in 1863, about 2,000 inhabitants. Its chief buildings are those of the foundry, a few churches and seminaries.

A SCHOOLBOY'S ASPIRATION.—"Oh, how I wish I were a fountain, for then I could always be playing!"

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WHAT similarity is there between a nose and a violin? They each have a bridge.

"PAPA, do people buy snuff?"

"Yes, my dear. Why?"

"Well, then, why do people say they take it?"

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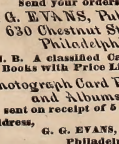
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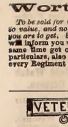
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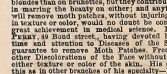
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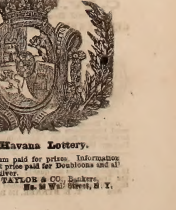
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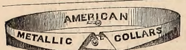
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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No. 446—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1864. [Price 8 Cents.

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.

The city of New York has been for weeks busy with the preparation for the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair, the generosity and patriotism of the people for and near pouring in contributions with so lavish a hand that the original proportions of the Fair—as projected by the managers—have become so dwarfed and pigmy, that addition after addition has been made to the buildings.

Now, when too late, it is seen that the true plan would have been to take Union square and erect a large building enclosing the whole. This would have given the necessary space and brought all into a compact and accessible form.

It is now in two distinct portions, one at the Armory on 14th street extending to 15th street, and including two structures on each street covering the sidewalk, and a second building at the northern portion of Union square, between the Park and the Everett House.

The original building on 14th street we represented some time since, but the whole front is hidden now by the structure devoted to arms and trophies, and the Indian Department, hung with Bierstadt's and other collections of Rocky mountain curiosities, wigwams, spoils of the chase, etc. Here the Onondaga Indians give the various dances of their tribe. This section we illustrate fully.

Of the Machinery Department on 15th street an exterior view is given in one of our illustrations this week. Between these is the main department of the Fair, of which we give to our double page a view taken from the "Cockloft Summerhouse" near the New Jersey department, showing the tables of the Turners, the Church of the Resurrection, the German Church, Ohio, New Bedford, Richmond and Westchester counties, and the imposing table of the New York Fire Department, with the contributions of various departments of commerce, Hats and Caps, Rubber Goods, Boots and Shoes. The Floral Temple in the centre of the main hall may also be discerned.

The Union square building, which we also lay before our readers, contains the Knickerbocker Kitchen, the Music Hall, the Children's Department and International Hall. The Fair was inaugurated on April 4th. The Mayor, Hon. C. Godfrey Gunther, in a proclamation invited all to make it a holiday, and during the latter part of the day this recommendation was generally observed.

The Fair was inaugurated by a military display, such as New York seldom witnesses, accustomed as it is to parades. The First Division of the New York State National Guard under Gen. Sandford, with the regulars in the harbor under Brig.-Gen. Stannard, were reviewed in 14th street, and marched through that street, 2d avenue, Astor place and Broadway to the City Hall, where a marching salute was given to the Mayor and Corporation.

The whole parade was magnificent, the regulars meeting every expectation and producing a great effect on the thousands that lined the streets. Never since the reception of the Prince of Wales has there been such an ovation.

The doors of the Fair were opened at six o'clock, and it was inaugurated at eight o'clock by the Star Spangled Banner, by the City Choirs and Military Bands. This was followed by a prayer and the singing of a hymn written by Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Gen. Dix, on behalf of the Committee, then presented the Fair to the ladies, a letter from the Rev. Dr. Bellows, from the California steamer, was presented, and Mr. Joseph H. Choate responded for the ladies. The proceedings closed with the Old Hundred, and the gay and fashionable audience dispersed through the halls.

The Indian Department.

This department, which we illustrate as one of the striking interiors of the Fair, has been placed under the special charge of Mr. Bierstadt, who has adorned it with a multitude of objects of Indian workmanship, articles of attire and furniture, arms, implements, trophies of the war-path and the hunt. Other collectors, army officers and private gentlemen have added to the contents of the room, while the managers of the Fair, to give a living actuality to the whole, have erected a stage, the scenery behind which is a finely executed view of an Indian village; the floor is sodded, and on either side a tent wigwam of skins. In these are a number of Iroquois Indians of this State, the descendants of the haughty tribe who once dictated peace to tribes in Florida, Nova Scotia, Lake Superior and the Mississippi, and had French and English Governors anxious suppliants for their friendship. These Indians will give daily, at stated hours, a number of the war, religious, patriotic and other dances which have so long prevailed in their tribe. In a room hung with elk heads, scalps, buffalo and bear skins, tomahawks, saddles, canoes, snowshoes, robes, Indian cradles, baskets, mills, etc., with Indians performing dances at which Gomez, Verrazani and Hudson may have gazed in wonder, we are carried back to days when New York was but a barren rock, with few scattered Indians temporarily on it for hunting or fishing.

The Main Hall.

The main hall of the Fair, to which we allude, will merit and meet with most attention from visitors. The charming temple of Flora in the centre is a well-conceived and symmetrical mass of evergreens and floral decorations. It is crowned by a revolving temple of Liberty, all in flowers; baskets of flowers, depend from columns, and meet the eye in every direction. Names of the celebrated battles of the war executed in flowers greet the spectator on entering. Around this are the tables, which we can speak of but briefly, referring to the daily papers for fuller accounts. The Police Department occupies the left as you enter, the tables easily recognised by the large banner. The other decorations are tasty and elegant, and two pastoral scenes worked on cloth attract many. Here gentlemen's furnishing goods and an assortment of toys will be found.

The New Jersey Department, further on the left, is divided into four alcoves to represent the Four Seasons, each containing articles suited to it. It stands between the Alhambra and the Cockloft Summerhouse immortalised by the authors of Salmagundi.

On the opposite side, in the north-east corner, is the attractive stand of the Fire Department, in mass of flags and decorations reaching to the roof. A rising



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.—THE INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

sun formed of hooks and ladders, &c., surmounts the front. Models of engines of old and new styles, carvings, &c., will draw customers to the well-stored bazaar, which ought to effect in the fortnight sales to at least $50,000.

Next to this is the Roman Department, with the flags and boat of Fine IX. The contributions to this department are arriving slowly.

In the space between these, radiating round the floral temple, are various stands. Those of the Turners and several churches are devoted to fancy articles. Stand 245, directed by Mrs. Courtney, is devoted to WORK-BOX, No. 2, to Hats, Caps and Furs; No. 3, to Draperies; No. 5, Porcelain and China and Glass Ware; No. 36, with its decorations of St. Crispin and Crispinian, to Boots and Shoes. At the entrance is the office of the "Spirit of the Fair," and beside it the "Post-Office," where no one has to wait for the next mail for a letter.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 16, 1864.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 72 Duane street, between Broadway and Elm, New York.

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THE Publisher of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER invites his present contributors and others to send in before May 1st stories and poems suited to the columns, as well as ideas for comic sketches on subjects of the day.

Summary of the Week.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The hospital at Beaufort was burned on the 22d March. On the 19th the rebels made a weak attempt on Port Royal ferry. On the 20th an attack was made on Jenkins island.

KENTUCKY.

Gen. Buckner is concentrating at Pound gap, his troops carrying fire days' forage. Forrest is still carrying in the State, apparently undisturbed, and Gen. McCullogh is on his way North with 2,000 men to join him. The rebels occupy Hickman.

GEORGIA.

The rebel picket lines at Ringgold, Georgia, are within a mile of the Union pickets, but no desire to molest each other is manifested by either party. The rebels are encamped from Tunnel hill to Varnesa station, with about 35,000 men.

TENNESSEE.

A party of rebel guerillas, on the 28th March, captured and burned a trading boat 70 miles below Memphis.

FLORIDA.

The rebels have made a raid on Magnolia. A naval expedition up the St. John's captured, at Lake George, the rebel steamer Hattie Brock, with 100 bales of cotton. Gen. Seymour has been relieved by Gen. Hatch.

ILLINOIS.

The Secession sympathisers in Charleston made an attack on the Union men on the 28th, seven persons were killed and several wounded. A large force has been sent to the spot. At last accounts they were in force at Copairn's mills.

ALABAMA.

Gen. Pillow has been placed in command of the rebel cavalry in Northern Alabama.

ARKANSAS.

Gen. Steele is moving South with 30,000 men. Cabel is at Washington with seven rebel regiments.

LOUISIANA.

Alexandria was occupied by our troops on the 16th, the rebel Gen. Taylor crossing the river and retreating to Shreveport, where the rebels are concentrating.

On the 21st Gen. Mower advanced to Natchitoches, on the Red river. The enemy were in force and gave battle, but Mower flanked them and drove them off, taking 200 prisoners and four cannon.

On the 21st a brigade of Union cavalry repulsed a body of the enemy beyond Alexandria.

Shreveport is said to have been taken by Gen. Steele.

Gen. Gano has some 7,000 or 8,000 Texans at Semmesport.

VIRGINIA.

On the 29th a party from the Minnesota, under Capt. J. M. Williams, went up Chuckatuck creek, and captured a signal station, with a lieutenant and 20 men.

The rebels are digging rifepits on the Rapidan, near Raccoon ford, and tearing up the railroad from Fredericksburg to Hanover Junction.

NAVAL.

The Florida has left Eunchal, pursued by the sloop-of-war St. Louis.

The rebel commissariat barque Minedora has been detained at British Honduras.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 29th of March, the time was given chiefly to the various Senators eulogising the late Senator Lane.

In the House, the Currency Act was debated, but no definite action was taken.

In the Senate, on the 30th, Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, made a speech concerning Slavery, and after some routine business of little importance the Senate adjourned.

In the House, after some unimportant matters, the House resolved itself into a committee on the bill authorizing the Secretary of War to call out and make long speech on the reconstruction of the rebellious States in the Union referred.

In the Senate, on the 31st, the House bill organizing a Territorial Government for Montana was taken up. The amendment offered by Mr. Wilkinson, of Minnesota, to effect allowing negroes to vote in the Territory, was adopted by a vote of 22 against 17, and the bill then passed. Messrs. Sumner and Chandler made speeches on the proposed prohibition of slavery by an amendment of the Constitution, and the Senate adjourned.

In the House, Mr. Garfield, of Ohio, then made a strong speech in favor of the bill making the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad a military and post road, expressing the hope that Congress would crush out the Copperhead Army now in the field. The House then went into Committee of the, Whole on the bill amendatory of the National Bank Act. On motion of Mr. Spaulding, of Ohio, the House struck out the enacting clause, by a vote of yeas, 81, nays, 70. Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, moved to amend by striking out the clauses providing for the location of the National Bank at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, Chicago, Buffalo, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Milwaukee, San Francisco, Detroit, Portland, Pittsburg, Albany, Cleveland and Milwaukee and inserting instead places for the redemption of the notes of the National Banks. An amendment proposing New York as the place of redemption was negatived—27 against 63. A proposition that each National Bank should receive the notes of every other National Bank at par was negatived—5 to 85.

In the Senate, on the 1st of April, Mr. Powell endeavored to obtain the floor to get up a resolution calling on the Secretary of War for information in regard to the churches and property of Christian denominations which were destroyed by their own orders, or the order of the Government of the South. Several Senators desired to hear the bill. Mr. Hale called attention to the letter of the Secretary of the Navy printed this morning, and urged that several important Naval bills awaited action. Mr. Powell moved to proceed to the bill. Yeas and nays were called upon a motion to go into Executive Session, which was negatived—Yeas 9, Nays, 16.

In the House, Mr. Blaine introduced a bill to provide for refunding to loyal States certain sums of money expended by them in organizing, arming and equipping troops for the Union army. It provides for a board of three Commissioners, to be appointed in Washington, and reports to Congress the ascertained sum due the States, whose duty shall cease. The bill was referred. Mr. Eliot reported a bill to reduce the rates for passengers, freight and water by signals, fog-whistles, &c. Passed. Mr. Eliot reported a bill regulating the advancement and tonnage of ships and vessels of the United States. Passed. A bill was passed providing for the name of the Collection District of Presque Isle to be changed to the District of Erie. A bill was passed exempting from the payment of tonnage duties, after Aug. 1, all coal, timber, freight barges, screws and other crafts without masts, and confined to inter-state or within collection districts. Adjourned.

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In the House, on the 2d, Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, called up his motion to reconsider the vote by which the House disagreed to the Senate amendment to the Montana Territory bill, and asking a committee of conference. He argued that "the Territory is a great striking out" "white," was to give "negroes" the right to vote in the Territory. The question on the resolution was tabled. The House then resumed the consideration of the bill to amend the Pacific Railway bill. Mr. Sweat, of Maine, spoke against the bill believing it to be unconstitutional. Constitution of the United States or laws of the country.

TOWN TOPICS.

We are well advanced into the spring, and yet the spring owns all to us, by which we mean disgree hounds, gauzy shawls and these dresses, have not yet fairly begun to appear. Should this be attributable to the backward season, or to the intention of our belles to blow into full flower during the Sanitary Fair week, it is impossible to say, but so far nothing has agitated Broadway of a startling style.

With Broadway upon our pen we would say a few words upon this grand promenade—we will not call it thoroughfare, for the reason that it is more and for the first purpose.

Why is it that, with a body of police of great numerical and physical strength always on it, sights and sounds offensive to the eyes and ears of even the hardened are nightly and daily permitted to offend? During a walk from Canal street to Fourteenth street, one day this week, we were witness to these pleasant items. A saw-filer, who had established his machine upon the curb, and regaled the passers-by with his delightful music. A pair of drunken rowdies, one bearing an American flag, and the other with an ensanguined label on his back, elbowing the promenaders, and treating their ears to choice epithets and oaths; and thirdly, two men fighting in the gutter. Now, as there was possibly a policeman out of uniform, walking behind with a revolver in his pocket, we do not know what these men had been doing, and it matters little in a discussion of the subject, but we do know there were other persons who could not take them to their destination than on foot through Broadway, offending and disgusting every one with whom they passed.

In theatricals and opera, the promises for the week are "Lucia," "Robert le Diable," "Fra Diavolo," "Fanny" at the Academy, Booth, in the "Fool's Revenge," at Niblo's, the usual intermixture of old comedy and "Rosedale" at Wallack's; a benefit to John Brougham, in the play of the "Irish Emigrant" at Mrs. Wood's; and Avonia Jones at the Winter Garden.

We notice that huge posters are over the city announcing the appearance of the so-called Ella Zoyara at some of the horse theatres. We trust that the opportunity will not be lost by the public of frowning down for ever the existence that has for years been carried on by this man. There is something especially mean in the prostitution of the name of womhood donning the habiliments of a woman, but when the art is accompanied by a wilful and studied desire to degrade the audience, it becomes doubly reprobation.

One of the events of the week was the *début* of Madame Mathes-Scheller at Winter Garden. The lady is an Englishwoman, who introduced herself from the German to the English stage. In person she is tall and handsome, and her voice is powerful and has less in manner. She has much of the accent and tone of Miss Dora Wiser, which may be considered by tone, but at present is harsh to the ear of an English speaking audience. To overcome this it requires great praise; even Bandmann was hardly successful, and Madame Scheller is a greater one. Her reception was decidedly bad, and yet within these faults the lady has a powerful conception. She sings pleasantly and has an air of agitations and reliance on the symptoms of her audience. Her benefit takes place on the 18th.

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EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A meeting was held at the Chamber of Commerce, on the 31st March, to raise funds for the relief of the citizens of East Tennessee. Several speeches were made by Gen. Wallbridge, Roosevelt and others.

The Union Lincoln Association meet regularly, under the auspices of Simeon Draper and Hiram Roosevelt.

A curious case came up lately. A Mrs. Judson was trying to get a warrant from her husband to a Mrs. Judson. It proved that Mr. Judson's name was Edward, and that the latter in question was intended for another of his wives.

The Sanitary Fair was opened on the 1st April by a variety of jokes perpetrated by the small boys of the city, and, by the way, like other performances, it is rapidly dying out.

In the people of New York, by the enormous vote of 210,000 majority, have resolved to allow soldiers to vote.

In consequence of the reports now so generally prevalent that Mr. Lincoln does not write his own messages, he has come out in a card denying it, with the exception of his reply to the British clergymen, every public document purporting to emanate from his pen is really and truly the product of the President's reading, and the ideas of the Cabinet spoken in the inaugural message, which was interlined by Mr. Seward.

—Nearly 3,000 emigrants landed at Castle Garden in the week ending 31st March. The emigration this year from foreign parts will exceed all previous seasons.

—A report favorable to allowing the Cabinet Ministers to be seen on the floor of Congress was sent in, but the subject to be adopted without delay, as it would commence a series of "scenes" responsibility.

—The grand National Fair, under the auspices of the Fenian Brotherhood, commenced in Chicago on the 28th inst.

—The Government prize of gold is 16. Stocks in the city are steady. The Loan for Exchange Government bonds were all strong. State bonds nearly. Coal trade strong. In iron there is less activity, and at 6 per cent. the supply is quite free.

—The delegates to the Republican National Convention, to be held in Baltimore, are Messrs. Seamus Falling, Chairman; Smith, Hirsch and Hiram Smith.

—An immense meeting was held in Baltimore, on the last of April, the speakers being Messrs. Boutwell, of Massachusetts; Gurley and Ely, Lewis, of Md., and Gen. Lew Wallace.

—The Jacob Barker trespass case was concluded on the 1st April, and resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff of $10,000, with interest from the commencement of the suit, April 13, 1852. The counsel for the defence moved for a new trial, and they will, in the view of filing a bill of exceptions, and ultimately obtaining a reversal.

—Private concerts in aid of the Sanitary Commission have been all the rage during the past few weeks, and have been well attended by the very first society. The last of a series of six was given last week, at the residence of Mrs. Goodhue, on the 2d inst. The price of tickets ranged as high as three dollars, and the struggle to get them was so great that this number was exhausted before half the applicants were satisfied. Mrs. Goodhue, assisted by a number of committe of ladies, who gave their whole time to every detail, saw that they have accomplished. They found willing assistants in the good musicians whose names were given, and the Philharmonic Society also furnished two of their splendid grand pianos for each concert. Everything was arranged that the ocasions were kept as low as possible; but whatever was contributed was paid for, and the profit of the whole will be handed over to the committee.

—The total results of the great Sanitary Fair.

—The Cincinnati Fair opened on the 6th, drawing which Washington used as his headquarters is exhibited at the Sanitary Fair. It is 12 feet 6 inches in length, 23 in width, and 16 inches in height, constructed of oak to the floor, and is exact of the same kind of material as the original, and corresponds in every particular. The ceiling contains a number of roses, corresponding in shape, kind and color; and the walls are covered with paper similar to the regularities in mortar and plastering work. The doors and window are in perfect keeping with the original. The interior is partitioned off, exhibiting the different apartments as they originally appeared. The floor is in place, with its smoky back and huge chimney, the fire-place, with the andirons, the old furniture, the painting, in fact, the whole appearance and structure, is the same as when it was occupied as it was occupied by the Father of his Country.

—The Democracy of Buffalo, announces officially in his organ, the *Western New York Catholic*, that the Democratic party is the party of the Constitution and Catholic societies, nor take part in Catholic rite and holy sacrifices.

Foreign.—Military authorities at Louisville state that of the rebels who crossed the Cumberland at Eddyville they recently several have surrendered, and others have given themselves up under the Amnesty proclamation. The rebels are reported to be in further apprehension is felt from Forrest's force.

Southern.—Cassville, Georgia, Gen. Davis, Buell, Negley, McCook, Crittenden, Newton and Wood, of the Army of the Cumberland, report to Gen. Sherman for duty in his army. Gen. Buell has been relieved from duty. Schofield is in command of the Department of the Ohio. Deserters report that the force on Johnston is reinforcing Longstreet's Lee."

—A KNOXVILLE dispatch of the 31st ult. says: "The enemy are destroying the trestle at Bull's gap, fell back beyond Greenville. They took all the cattle they could bring across the river. Gen. Carter's force of a portion of the rails and telegraph wire. Gen. Burnside's command is now at Bull's gap. Gen. Sherman left this morning for Chattanooga. Gen. Foster is in command of the district of East Tennessee. Knoxville is so well fortified that a small force can hold it against any force. Longstreet's forces are at Watauga, more than 40 miles east of here, and the enemy's cavalry at Bull's gap beyond the retreat."

—Dispatches from Major Brown, at Abercrombie, to Gen. Halleck, say: Scouts have been sent to Leesburg (son of "Burning Earth," who was the principal instigator of the rebellion) until he died, in 1815) and accepted the terms of peace offered by the Government. Leesburg is the first Secession town that the Secessions are desirous to terminate hostilities, and this is the first instance of a town sent for the restoration of friendly relations with the Government. Leesburg is the birthplace of Gen. Lee and the Missouri beyond a given point, and while men keep away from the Secession army, the enemy have, of course, prospectorous and absurd, and will never be accepted.

—The rush for lands in the Lake Superior country, which are rich in copper and minerals, is unexampled. The entries for February amount to upwards of 60,000 acres, and those for March will be much more. The proceeds of cash sales during the time feet up $21,000.

Southern.—By way of New Orleans we have later news from Texas. Indianola was evacuated on the morning of the 13th of March. On the 12th, the several Union families, principally Germans, left, taking with them in some instances the number of their tenements, as they had hitherto met with of elegance, with the expectation that the army would remain. Gens. McClernand and Dana did all they could to relieve them, as did also Capt. Gorrach and McComas. The troops under Gen. Eric Henry Warren took the land route, crossing the bayous by pontoon bridges. In doing so 21 men and two officers of the 19th Regiment, Lieut.-Col. Perry, commanding, two men of the 7th Michigan battery, and eight of the 3d

Engineer (Corps d'Afrique), in all 34 men and two horses, were drowned by the swamping of the boats. Gen. McClernard has gone down the coast, to make a visit to Arkansas Pass and Brownsville.

Military.—The Newberne *Times* of the 23d says: "We have an eye-witness who saw the hanging of 22 soldiers of the 2d North Carolina Union volunteers, and was within 200 yards of the scaffold at the time of the murder."

—— The President has commuted the sentence of two men, Hendricks and Pollard, condemned to be hung April 1, to imprisonment for life. Marshal Lamon had previously declined to hang them, assuming the ground that it was not his duty to do so, the recent act of Congress having deprived him of the custody of the jail and placed that institution under the charge of a Warden, independent of his (Lamon's) control.

—— A letter from Shubuta, Miss., in the Mobile *Register*, says that Col. Maury has hung a number of loyalists there; also that "the Colonel has issued an amnesty proclamation, giving three days to report, and after that—the halter indiscriminately."

—— Capt. J. H. Williams, Provost-Marshal of the District of Cairo, was arrested one night last week and taken to Memphis, to answer before Gen. Hurlbut for offences not yet made public. The brother of Williams, Lieut. Throop, and Buell, a criminal attorney, were also arrested.

Personal.—Thomas Francis Meagher lectured in Philadelphia last week with great success.

—— Spurgeon, the popular English preacher, is expected in New York on the 10th of May.

—— The authoress of Cousin Phillis is Miss Thackeray. It is published in the *Cornhill Magazine.*

—— Miss Laura Harris made a great hit in the *rôle* of Lucia, at Boston, some few nights ago.

—— The London *Court Journal*, after quoting Sala's Trollopean account of his interview with President Lincoln and his wife, says: "Mr. Sala's description of his interview with the President and Mrs. Lincoln is in the worst possible taste, and is not mended by the elaborate apology which accompanies it. He was introduced to the White House by Mr. Sumner; Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln evidently tried to be civil to him, and their reward is half a column of ridicule and offensive personality. Yet Mr. Sala has constituted himself the censor of American society, and has undertaken to expose its vulgarity and hollowness! Marry come up! We can't help criticising the critic and pointing out to this *censor morum* the palpable breach of good manners which he has committed. Mr. Sala can make his letters readable enough without pandering to the vulgar appetite. What would he think and write of an American who described in the same offensive way his presentation to Queen Victoria?"

—— We are glad to learn that the rebel Governor Allen, of Louisiana, is not of Northern birth, as has been represented, but a native of Prince Edward county, Va., where his father and grandfather resided before him.

Obituary.—The wife of President Hill, of Harvard College, died at Cambridge recently. She was the daughter of the late Joseph Bellows, of Walpole, New Hampshire.

—— Nancy James, a colored woman, has just died at Philadelphia, at the age of 110 years.

—— Capt. William C. Barstow, formerly well-known in New York as a shipmaster, died at East Boston on Thursday, the 31st of March, aged 63.

—— Mrs. Lucy Durivage, the widow of Francis S. Durivage, of Boston, died on the 31st of paralysis, at the residence of her son in Jersey city. The deceased, whose remains will be conveyed to Boston for interment, was a sister of Hon. Edward Everett, and was in her 72d year.

—— The *Journal de Rennes* announces the death in that city, at the age of 71, of Mr. John James Appleton, of Massachusetts, and formerly Chargé d'Affaires for the Unite[illegible]adrid and Stockholm, at which latter ci[illegible]gotiated the treaty of commerce which still serves as the basis of the relations between North America and Sweden. The deceased was born and educated at Boston. A daughter of Mr. Appleton is married to M. Eugene Pinault, Deputy Mayor of Rennes.

—— The death of one of the greatest chemists of the day, Dr. Laurentius, a German, is just announced.

—— The Natchez *Courier*, of the 18th, chronicles the death of Dr. Charles H. Stone, an eminent citizen of that city.

—— Sam. Cowell, the well-known comedian and comic vocalist, died a few days ago, at Blandford, in Dorset, from consumption. Deceased was 43 years of age, and has left a large family.

—— The death of Mr. B. A. Dyce, one of the foremost of the Royal Academicians, is announced. He was a native of Scotland, and was born in 1806. After passing through the usual curriculum in the University of Aberdeen, he proceeded, in 1825, to Italy, in various parts of which he devoted himself to the study of art. In 1828 he returned to Scotland, where he obtained his livelihood by portrait painting. In the interval of his business, however, he pursued the higher branches of art, and in 1828 made his first appearance on the walls of the Royal Academy in his picture entitled "Bacchus Nursed by the Nymphs of Nysa." Between that period and 1838 he exhibited two pictures at the Academy, "The Descent of Venus" and a "Madonna and Child." In 1845 he was elected a Royal Academician, and he was also an honorary academician of the Royal Scottish Academy, of which institution he had been elected an associate in 1835, and member of the Academy of Fine Arts of Philadelphia. Among his many works may be mentioned as best known: "St. Dunstan separating Edwy and Elgiva," "Titian and Irena da Spilemburgo," "Omnia Vanitas," "The meeting of Jacob and Rachel," and "Lear in the storm." Mr. Dyce was an author as well as an artist. In 1844 he published an edition of the Book of Common Prayer, with its ancient "Canto-Fermo," accompanied by a disputation on that kind of music and its adaptability to English words; and in 1851 a theological pamphlet entitled, "Notes on Shepherds and Sheep," in reply to Mr. Ruskin's "Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds." He was an extensive contributor to periodical literature, chiefly on subjects relating to ecclesiastical antiquities; and was the author of pamphlets on the keenly-debated subject of the future management of the National Gallery.

Accidents and Offences.—The ship Gallatin, bound to Liverpool, and lying in the North River, has been a scene of brutal murder. It appears that the sailors got into an altercation in the forecastle, and one of them was kicked and beaten to death. The principal, a man named Clark, and five others, were arrested by Sergeant O'Brien, of the harbor police, and taken to the First Precinct station-house. Subsequently a coroner's jury found Clark guilty of the homicide, with a proviso "it was partly justifiable." Clark was thereupon committed to the Tombs to answer.

—— The British barque Falmouth, from New York, for Aspinwall, was found on the 21st in a sinking condition by the ship Empire Queen. The E. Q. laid by until the storm abated, and took off the officers and crew, except one man, who died at the pumps. The Falmouth soon afterwards went down head foremost.

Foreign.—The following interesting statistics have been recently given as to the strength and cost of the standing armies of Europe: Russia's standing army is 1,000,000 men, costing annually £26,000,000 sterling, or 42 per cent. of the national budget; France, has 573,000 men, costing 34,000,000 or 33 per cent.; Austria, 467,000 men, costing 16,000,000, or 37 per cent.; Turkey, 424,000 men; Italy 314,000 men, costing 16,000,000; England 300,000 men, costing 33,000,000, or 39 per cent.; Prussia, 124,000 men, costing 7,500,000, or 30 per cent.; Sweden, 67,000 men, costing 40 per cent.; Denmark, 50,000, costing 37 per cent. The whole standing army of Europe is 3,815,847 men, costing annually 170,000,000 sterling.

Art, Science and Literature.—The opera "The Abbot of St. Gatten," the text of which is taken from a comic poem of the celebrated German poet Burger, has been performed at the theatre of Breslau, and with great success. The composer is Herr Herther.

—— Mr. Frith's picture of the Royal Marriage scene will not, it is understood, be completed in time for the opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition, although the artist is far advanced in the execution of his task.

—— M. Henin, a celebrated collector of autographs, medals, &c., has left more than 10,000 autographs to the library of the French Institute, among which is a series of interesting letters of Voltaire, written to the father of the above gentleman.

—— Mr. Clement R. Markham, author of Cuzco and Lima, and Travels in Peru, has published a grammar and dictionary of Quinchua, the ancient language of the Incas.

—— Herr Bosendorff, of Berlin, has just celebrated a 5,000th birthday—that is, the birth of the 5,000th pianoforte he has constructed since he has been in business. His renown is great, and he is heard in every part of Germany—that is, the voice of his pianos speak for him.

—— A cheap reprint of Mr. Geo. Ticknor's Life of William Hinckling Prescott is announced by Messrs. Routledge & Warne.

—— A history of Louis XVI., with a collection of his writings, and a letter of M. Berryer's by way of preface, is announced as being in the press.

—— Mr. John Leighton has designed a new cover for a pack of playing cards in the fashion of the hour. In the centre of the card is the bust of Shakespeare, and in the compartments of a rich border are illustrations of the Seven Ages of Man.

—— The third edition of the Slang Dictionary, now in the press, will contain, it is said, fully 3,000 more unauthorized words and colloquial expressions than the preceding edition. In France, however, matters are quite as bad as here. An English gentleman, long resident in Paris, is now engaged compiling a French and English slang dictionary.

Chit-Chat.—A little London newspaper has sent a very remarkable goose, named Sala, to write letters for it. In one of his latest effusions he makes a discovery which throws that of Columbus into the shade. It is this—in describing American ladies he actually says: "I said that all the ladies can talk. A flow of sharp, shrewd, intelligent, and, as a rule, well-chosen and correct language, is the shining attainment of all American ladies, and from the schoolgirl upwards. And the schoolgirls themselves talk with an ease of volubility that would astonish the superintendents of many ladies' colleges at home. There is no hesitation, no blushing, no stammering, no twiddling of the fingers, no plucking at bouquets, or nervous unhemming of handkerchiefs. The vapid inanities that pass between partners at an English ball would be here scouted. To be shy is to be unpatriotic. The American young lady goes straight to the point, and has a great deal to say upon it. 'How is your health? How long have you been in the country? Do you like it? Have you had a good time? What do you think of the action of the nation in the present struggle? Are you not struck with admiration at the deeds of valor performed by the nation's armies? Have you read Longfellow's Wayside Inn? When is Tennyson's Boadicea to appear? Was not England convulsed with enthusiasm at the apparition of the Rev. Ward Beecher? Don't you think the room wants oxygen? Are not the monitors triumphs of mechanical construction? Have you been to Niagara?' These are a few of the queries she rattles out. You are at first delighted, then amazed, and at last puzzled: for the intelligent and well read young lady continually addresses you as 'sir,' and every now and then she asks you a question so *naïve*, so artlessly ignorant, that you pause to inquire of yourself whether she can be more than six years old."

—— At the recent royal christening Queen Victoria wore a black silk dress, covered with deep black crape and edged with jet gimp; a cap of white crape lisse, in the style of the cap of Mary Queen of Scots, with diamonds round it, and a long white crape lisse veil attached to it. Her Majesty wore the riband, star and badge of the garter, a diamond necklace, and large cross containing the Prince Consort's miniature, and a brooch composed of a large sapphire, set in 12 large diamonds. Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales wore a white satin dress, with ruches of tulle flounces of rich Brussels lace, decked with flowers, water-lilies, ferns and grasses; a tiara of diamonds; necklace, brooch and ear-rings of pearls and diamonds; a corsage of the City diamonds round the top of the dress; the Portugese Order of Isabella and the Victoria and Albert badge.

—— The town of Pisa has been doing something in the tercentenary way, but so quietly, and with so much more desire to do homage to the one name than to bruit many names abroad, that the fact has not been mentioned farther than Pisa as yet. The name of the honored one is Galileo, who had he lived till this year, would, like Shakespeare, have been 300 years old.

—— Giuglini, the tenor, recently appeared in St. Petersburg, and by his rendering of a cantata so enchanted a noble lady that she sent him a magnificent sledge, harnessed to a fiery horse, in acknowledgment of the pleasure derived from his performance.

Profit and Loss.—As rather an unscrupulous fellow named Ben was coming down one morning, he met Tom, who stopped him:

"I say, Tom," he said, "here's a pretty counterfeit three. If you pass it I'll divide."

"Let's see the plaster," said Tom; and after examining it carefully put it in his vest pocket, remarking, "It's an equal division—a dollar and a half apiece?"

"Yes," said Ben.

"All right," said Tom.

A few minutes afterwards he quietly stepped into the store of his friend Ben, and purchased a keg of oysters for a dollar and a half, laying down the $3 bill for them. The clerk looked at the bill rather doubtingly, when his suspicions were immediately calmed by Tom, who said:

"There's no use looking, for I received the note from Ben himself not 10 minutes ago."

Of course the clerk, with this assurance, forked over the other dollar and a half in change. With this deposit and a can of oysters, Tom left. Shortly afterwards he met Ben, who asked him if he had passed the note.

"Oh, yes," said Tom, passing over the dollar and a half to Ben.

That evening when Ben made up his cash account, he was surprised to find the same old counterfeit three in the drawer. Turning to his clerk, he asked:

"Where did you get this cursed note? didn't you know it was a counterfeit?"

"Why," said the clerk, "Tom gave it to me and I suspected it was fishy; but he said he had just received it from you, and I took it."

The whole thing had penetrated the wool of Ben. With a peculiar grin, he muttered: "Sold!" and charged the can of oysters to profit and loss account.

Caution to Travellers.—A gentleman, travelling by railroad to the south of France, entered a first-class carriage, where he found a person already comfortably seated, who soon entered into conversation, and civilly offered his new acquaintance a pinch of snuff, which was accepted, but had no sooner entered his nostrils than it produced the effect of a powerful narcotic, of which the wary traveller soon took advantage, by relieving his sleeping companion of 15,000 francs in banknotes, 3,000 francs in other money, besides his watch, chain and ring, with which valuables he escaped undetected.

SPRING-TIME VOICES.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

How long the dreary Winter
  Extends its chilling reign;
The snow-robed earth, so coldly pure,
  Will't e'er be green again?
We watch the fitful sunbeams,
  For omens glad they bring;
The bluebirds twitter on the bough,
  Sweet voices of the Spring.

The noise of rushing waters,
  The busy insects' hum,
The lengthened morn, the shortened night,
  Proclaim that Spring has come.
We hail these pleasant omens;
  We love the song they sing;
Ye thrill our hearts with summer warmth,
  Sweet voices of the Spring!

A Night in a Strange Inn.

By F. E. Brock.

The night was closing in, dark and gloomy; the sky looked threatening, and everything betokened the near approach of a terrific thunderstorm. The waters of the Mississippi were foaming, while the tall cliffs on its banks seemed to be holding communion with the demoniacal-looking clouds. We knew it would be impossible to remain out in such a storm, so our little party of two determined to find shelter for ourselves and our horses at the nearest inn. I myself am of a nervous, excitable temperament, and my companion being somewhat like me, we urged our beasts onward to their utmost speed, though our hands trembled nervously as we clutched the reins. Not a dwelling came in view for some time, but at last we caught sight of the lights of what we knew to be the little town of Napoleon. Encouraged by this, our boldness returned to us, and as if we had been men of nerve, and had never known fear, we walked our horses slowly towards the village. We stopped at the first inn we reached, not caring whether it were the best or the worst, so that we could find shelter. Before we entered the rain was coming down in large drops, and we thanked our lucky stars that we had reached a haven. We had been travelling for a firm in New York, who were in the habit of trading with the Western merchants, and at the present time had been sent to collect their dues; consequently, we had considerable money with us. After having seen that our horses were well cared for, we walked into the bar-room of the little inn. Here we first saw the landlord, and I was immediately impressed with his strange appearance. I could not obtain a full view of his face, because of a singular fashion he had of turning his bulldog head on one side whenever he looked towards me, but I caught a glimpse of a dark patch on that side of the face which he seemed so anxious to hide. There were several men in the bar-room, some of them drinking very heavily, and conversing in loud, boisterous tones; but the landlord was extremely taciturn, never saying a word unless actually obliged to. I did not at all fancy my host, and though I struggled very much against the feeling, all the dark stories of villainous landlords in little out-of-the-way inns rushed to my mind. His wife also was formidable-looking. She was tall and Amazonian in figure, while her face was one of those hard, cruel, though rather handsome ones which Shakespeare must have had in his mind's eye when he wrote of Lady Macbeth. In one corner of the room sat two men, who were playing cards and betting pretty largely. One appeared to be constantly losing, yet he showed no vexation, but laughed gaily, and nodded occasionally to the landlady.

All the while we were at supper I was debating with myself whether I should propose to my companion to seek another inn, or keep quiet and remain where we were. I had come to the conclusion that the landlord, his wife and the man who was losing his money at cards were joined in a league against the winner, who appeared to be a drover with plenty of money, and would, no doubt, rob or perhaps murder him in his sleep. Therefore I concluded that, although I had rather we had chosen some other shelter, I would not go away and leave the man to his fate; but determined that before I slept I would see that my pistols and those of my companion were in good order, though I also resolved that I would not alarm the latter by telling him of my fears, which might perhaps be groundless.

By this time the storm had become almost a hurricane. The wind howled around the house, and the heavy rain pattered against the windows and down upon the tin roofs of the outhouses. Then would come the deafening crashes of thunder, one following the other in rapid succession. Amidst this din and terrible confusion we were shown to our room in the upper storey. One solitary candle glimmered amid the gloom of the small apartment, and this, I noticed, was already more than three parts consumed. The ceiling was very low, and sloped down to the floor at one end, and in this part of the room was heaped an immense pile of rubbish. The bed stood in about the centre, between this pile and the door; and the one small window in the room looked as if it had not been opened for many months. The view was not promising, and I made up my mind that I would not go to sleep that night, whatever my companion might do, so I ordered the landlady to supply me with another candle. She stared at me, as if surprised, and at first demurred, but seeing that I was resolute she at last consented, and agreed to send me one. This she soon did; but when I saw that it was a piece only about as large as the first I sent it back, saying that I wanted a whole one. "Why, Frank, what do you want of it?" said my friend. I merely answered that I wanted to read a paper for awhile, and did not wish to have the light fail before I had finished. The maid, however, did not bring the candle, and I, resolving not to give up my demand, descended the stairs to procure it. When I reached the bar-room the landlord, his wife and the man whom I suspected as an accomplice were whispering together, but they stopped when I entered, and the man walked off to the other end of the room. The landlady declared that she had not a whole candle in the house, and she had sent me the best she had, adding, "If it does not suit you, you must go unsuited." I felt certain now that something was wrong, and hastened upstairs again, minus the candle, intending to tell my friend all I had noticed, and with his assistance find the drover, and together leave the house.

The storm was now abating, and I knew we could find our way to the next inn. But when I again reached the dismal little room I found Arthur in bed, and though not asleep, yet in such a somnolent state as to heed little of what I said, and after merely laughing at my vagaries (as he called my fears), he covered his head in the sheet and was soon lost in slumber. I was astonished at his disregard of danger, but lost none of my own timidity in consequence.

I closed the door, but when I went to lock it found no fastening of any kind upon it, except a latch. This, however, I soon remedied; for, going to the little ricketty bureau, I pulled out a drawer, split off a piece of wood with my knife, and inserted it over the latch in such a way that no one could lift it.

The little room soon became intolerably warm, and I forced open the window, and split off another piece of wood from the drawer to prop up the sash. I then sat down to read my paper; but my fears, and the bugs of all kinds that came in the window to visit my candle, kept me from fixing my attention upon it.

In a short time the candle went out, and I was left in darkness. Still I did not give up my purpose of watching all night. I lit a cigar and sat by the open window trying to peer into the darkness. All sounds in the house gradually ceased, and Arthur's heavy breathing alone broke the stillness.

But hark! surely I heard a rustling among the rubbish at the end of the room. I threw away my cigar, and seized my pistols. Oh! how I wished that Arthur would stop his loud breathing just for one moment. I listened with eager attention for some time, and then lit a match and held it to my watch, to see how late it was. It was half-past twelve.

Just at that moment I heard footsteps outside my door, and a light shone through the cracks. I stepped softly to the door and listened. There were more than one there, I could hear, but I had my pistols in my hands and I did not fear them. At all hazards I would protect my sleeping friend. I heard a whisper. It was the woman's voice.

"That fool in here wanted another candle, but I did not let him have it."

"Hush!" said one whom I imagined to be the landlord. "Do you want them to hear you?"

Then the footsteps moved on a little way, and I cautiously removed the stick I had placed over the latch, and opening the door a little, looked out. But what was my horror at seeing on the opposite wall, in the dim light of the landlord's candle, a small spot of blood.

The guilty couple had gone into the room next to ours and had left the door open. My blood seemed turning into ice. They have killed him, I thought, and perhaps it will be our turn next. Even now, perhaps, the drover lies weltering in his blood in the adjoining room.

I could stand the horrid thought no longer. Better far to sell our lives dearly, and revenge this murder, than be trapped in our little dungeon by some machinery contrived by this vile landlord. I stole towards the open door. They were whispering together.

"This has been a hard night's work," said the landlord. "Though I'm glad we did it."

"But suppose any one had seen us?" rejoined the woman.

"Ah!" said I to myself. "They little think that the avenger is at hand!"

"Still," said the landlord, "our work is not yet finished. We must get rid of all of them."

On hearing him utter these words I rushed into the room, a revolver in each hand, and shouted:

"Aha! wretches, you are found out. Yield now, or I fire." But the next moment my hands dropped at my side, for I saw what a cowardly fool I had been. The landlord and his wife, giving me credit for being a maniac, were standing terrified before me in their night attire. I saw at a glance that they had merely been killing mosquitoes and roaches, and the stealthy steps and whispering conversation were only intended to shield from sight the flannel petticoat, short gown and ruffled nightcap of my landlady. After this discovery I apologised to the couple, muttering something about bad dreams and nightmare, and then went to my room, undressed and laid myself down at Arthur's side. As soon as my nerves became a little quieted I went off to sleep, and dreamt I was being hung for the murder of the drover.

A Heart that can Feel for Another.—"I give and bequeath to Mary, my wife, the sum of £100 a year," said an old farmer. "Is that written down, measter?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer; "but she is not so old, she may marry again. Won't you make any change in that case? Most people do."

"Do they?" said the farmer; "well, write again, and say, and if my wife marries again, I will give and bequeath to her the sum of £200 a year. That'll do, won't it, measter?"

"Why, it's double the sum she would have if she remained unmarried," said the lawyer; "it is generally the other way—the legacy is lessened if the widow marries again."

"Aye," said the farmer, "but him as gets her'll desarve it."

The nation that will at last destroy all nations—Extermi-nation.



SCENES FROM THE OPERA OF FAUST.—1. MEPHISTOPHELES SHOWS FAUST THE VISION OF MARGARET. 2. GRAND MARCH AND CHORUS.—See Page 55.

THE LAST SUPPER.

BY J. WARREN NEWCOMB, JR.

THERE is a story of a club of 12 friends who agreed together to sup annually on a certain day, at a certain place, when all should meet, no matter how far apart they might be scattered; the survivor to sit at the last supper alone. The compact was kept to the letter, and the last man was found dead in his chair.

SAD at heart he sat, and lonely
In the gaily lighted hall,
With the silence broken only
By the clock upon the wall,
Saying with its dreary tickling: "End of
Time must come to all!"

Sad he filled the bumper glowing
With the ruby-flashing wine,
Drank, but felt no rapture flowing
From the spirit of the vine:
Only Death spake from the goblet,
"Thou art old, and thou art mine!"

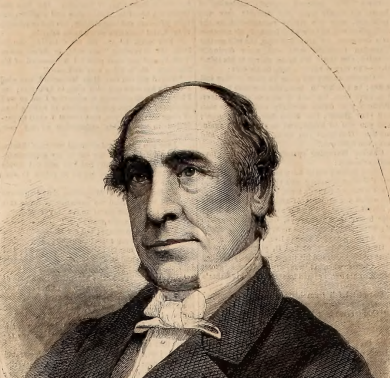
Vacant chairs around the table
Standing stiffly in the gloom,
And the tapers are not able
So to light the empty room,
That the shadows in the corners shall not
Speak of death and doom.

Where are they, the gay eleven
Who once sat here at his side?
Some in Hades, some in Heaven—
All are gone; yes, all have died,
And have left the old man lonely; greater
Ill can scarce befide.

Midnight, stepping through the portal
Of the open banquet door,
Finds within the weary mortal
Sadly waiting for the hour
When the compact shall be ended, and
The Twelve shall be no more.

Waiting—Stay, what is it passes
Gliding to each vacant chair,
Filling high the empty glasses,
Pouring on the midnight air
Scraps of ancient song and story? Lo
The last, the dead are there!

And they drank, and toasted gaily
Many a loved one in the tomb,
Many a beauty they'd mourned daily,
Cut off long since in her bloom,
And the ringing toasts and laughter filled
With joy the banquet-room.



REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, OF NEW YORK, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 55.



When the servants came to tell him
That the night was nearly fled,
Little dreaming what befell him,
And how fast his time had sped,
There they found his body only, for his soul
Was with the dead.

The Last Hazard.

By Mrs. A. A. Baillie,

AUTHOR OF "THE SERPENT WOMAN," ETC.

"I have set my life upon a cast,
And I must stand the hazard of the die."
—*Shakespeare.*

CHAPTER I.

"ALL'S up with me!"

Such was the exclamation of despair uttered by Charles Haverling, a handsome, dashing young gentleman, who had just parted with some of his gay companions apparently in the most buoyant spirits. They knew he had lost heavily at the gaming-table that night, and admired the air of perfect equanimity with which he seemed to sustain his run of ill-luck, but they had little idea that he not only staked his last dollar but the last he could borrow, including all his widowed mother's little property, with which she, in perfect reliance upon his integrity and discretion, had entrusted him.

Despair had now full possession of his soul and left no room for hope. As he looked round on every hand, throughout the entire range of possibilities, he saw not so much as a straw that promised to aid him to escape the pit of infamy that yawned before him. The shame and disgrace that awaited him were more than he could bear the thought of, and to face them he had neither the courage nor the hardihood. He was sensitive and proud; his character had always stood high with his relatives and friends; he was his mother's idol, his sister's and little brother's perfect hero, and he had been jealous of their high regard; how could he endure the degradation to which their pity or their contempt must subject him? When they knew all, how could he meet his mother's look of agony? behold his beloved and beautiful sister's speechless woe? his little orphan brother's tears and flush of shame for the fall of one he had always looked up to since his father's death, and almost worshipped? How could he stand before them with the consciousness that they felt that he, their pride, their sole stay, had betrayed and beggared them? And for what?

Oh, he could no longer keep the truth from forcing itself upon him, bitter and humiliating as it was. He accused himself of having squandered his father's liberal bequest in his favor in ostentatious and profligate indulgence, and of having, in the vain hope of retrieving his fortune, been false to the most sacred trust in hazarding and for ever losing his mother's and her children's only support. He walked across the Washington Parade Ground with an unsteady step, and talked incoherently to himself, at one moment clenching his hands, setting his teeth and bracing himself up with desperation, and soon after relaxing and reeling along loosely, with all the helplessness of self-abandonment. With one breath he exclaimed, energetically:

"Oh, for a few of the hundreds I wasted on the emptiest and vilest pleasures!"

With the next, whining forth:

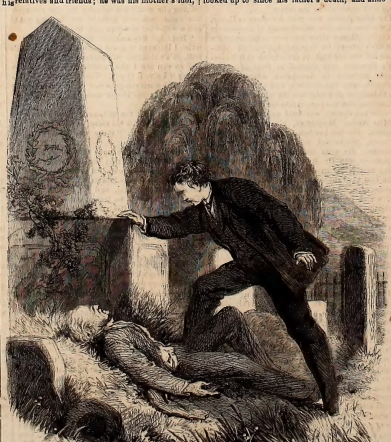
"Would I had died ere I was born!"

The creditors who had been fuming his mother he had contrived to put off from time to time, but he had promised to settle with them, without fail, on the morrow. His mother had heard him make this agreement, and confidently relied on its fulfilment. His failure to perform it would, he knew, betray his insolvency, ruin his credit, and deprive his mother and her children of house, home and means of subsistence. He beat his steps towards home, for where else could he go? He had, too, a vague idea that in his chamber he could better decide on the course he ought to pursue. It was, however, more an instinctive proceeding than a deliberate one; for his head was turning giddy, his heart sinking like a stone, and his legs affording unstable and uncertain support. He let himself into the house with a latchkey, crept up the stairs into his room, lit the gas, threw himself upon his bed and gave way to his sorrow, remorse and despair.

After writhing awhile in prostrate anguish, he suddenly started up and paced the floor with frenzied swiftness, beating his breast and forehead and calling himself "fool," "idiot," "villain" and "wretch" in every variety of violent and self-stigmatising phraseology. He was as ingenious as frantic in torturing and cursing himself till near daybreak, when he became wholly exhausted and lay in a painful stupor on the bed, till he fell at last into a brief and troubled slumber.

CHAPTER II.

CHARLES HAVERLING gained little refreshment from his sleep, for it was very short, and had, of course, its terrible awakening. He was roused by a persevering and continuous



The would-be Suicide saves the Merchant's Life in Greenwood Cemetery.



Despair.

drumming on his door, and the voice of a child strained to its height.

"Charlie! det up! past nine o'tock!" it cried.

"Yes, Ada! I'm coming!"

"Bakfast ready—un detting told."

"All right! Tell 'em not to wait for me."

As Mr. Haverling had not undressed himself, he had but to wash his face and hands and pass the comb through his hair before he was ready to join his little family circle. He paused a moment in deliberation, and then muttered:

"I will have one more cheerful breakfast with them before I leave them and this world for ever."

Round the breakfast table he found three happy, loving faces, that sent a pang, like the piercing of an arrow, to his heart. There, in her usual place, sat his mother, a handsome, portly lady, with a face beaming with benevolence and affection. Near her a blooming girl of seventeen, her daughter, with bright eyes and merry little dimples and smiles playing over her beautiful countenance. Facing her, and close to her mother, in his high chair, was seated little Ned," a rosy-cheeked, golden-haired little boy, full of life, activity and childish freakishness. He began his chatter to his brother as soon as he entered, and teased him with a hundred questions, which were answered with languid good-nature.

"Are you going to take me to the Prince's Ball, Charlie?" demanded Miss Catherine, the sister, abruptly.

"I will do the best I can for you, Kate," responded the brother, mechanically.

He was at the time thinking whether he should

commit suicide by cutting his throat or drowning himself.

"Do you think the prince will ask me to dance?"

"If he is allowed an opportunity to do so, I am sure he will."

"Thank you, Charlie. A compliment from one's own brother is worth having, for it is generally sincere."

Little did the happy girl dream that this brother had just at that moment decided that he would blow his brains out with his pistol. Compared to hers, what a ghastly contrast his mind afforded! What a shock she was spared by her ignorance of his dreadful thoughts! It is indeed a mercy that we cannot see what is passing in one another's minds.

Little Ned, as the youngest member of the family was generally called, now wanted to know whether he, too, could not see the prince; whether he wore a crown of gold instead of a hat, and many other particulars.

"Prince Albert Edward is a good son," observed Mrs. Haverling, rather irrelevantly.

"Not better 'an Charlie," exclaimed little Ned.

"No, indeed; that could not be," replied the partial mother.

Charlie groaned.

"You are not at all well this morning, my son," said the mother, anxiously. "You look pale and don't eat. You study too hard and sit up too late. I heard you stirring in your room last night, long past midnight, I am sure."

Little Ned declared, in his broken way, that he wouldn't be a lawyer if they had to sit up late till they made themselves "tick," and wanted to know why they could not go to bed early like other folks. The unfortunate object of maternal solicitude assured his parent that he needed but a little fresh air and a long walk to set him all right, and rose to go.

"You will not fail to be back at half-past three o'clock, to settle with the landlord and the others you have promised to-day?"

"No, mother; I will not fail, unless something extraordinary should happen, in which case you had better tell them to call in the evening, when I shall of course be at home. I shall, however, keep my appointment if possible."

"Do, my son, for the importunity of these people has grown rather annoying. The landlord has become very impatient, for you know we owe him three months' rent. The grocer's bill now amounts to thirty odd dollars, and the butcher's to forty. Your tailor's bill is the——"

"Largest of all. I know all about my little bills payable, dear mother, and will meet them all if I live to see the day through."

"It will take a great weight off my mind Charles, for though I doubt not your assurance that you have invested my little hoard safely, tradespeople in these times grow very suspicious and impatient at a little delay."

Charles Haverling kissed his mother affectionately; his sister threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, bidding him remember the Prince's Ball, and little Ned insisted upon being taken up and saluted like the rest. Tears gushed to the young man's eyes, and he hurried from his home, now too painful for him to endure.

CHAPTER III.

Charles Haverling felt a moment's relief when he got into the open air. He took, from habit, his usual track and found himself in Broadway, before he thought of the direction in which he was going. The thronging prosperity and happiness, for such by contrast the human tide appeared to him, that overflowed the great thoroughfare, filled him with fresh remorse. Once among the happiest of the gay crowd, he now stalked through it, like a ghost caught at midday. The surroundings seemed at once familiar and strange, removed and near to him, like old friends beheld in a dreadful dream. His misery was mocked by the brilliant and laughing life that overran the street. He was a general favorite, and in spite of his attempts to hurry by his friends with a bow or a nod of recognition, many of them, and the shallowest, insisted upon stopping him, shaking him by the hand, making excruciating puns for him to laugh at, and plaguing him with numerous kind inquiries.

He fled from Broadway towards the North River, and walked along West street to the Battery. It was a cold autumn day, and the spot, once the haunt of fashion and beauty, was comparatively deserted and somewhat in keeping with his feelings. He sat down upon a bench, and after he had rested [illegible]self and examined his pistol, the thou[illegible]ck him that he would visit his father's [illegible]enwood, before he killed himself. He looked into his portmonnaie, which he found to contain two dimes and a three cent piece, and then started upon his little journey.

Within an hour he was wandering through the cemetery that contained his father's remains. The place was in dismal harmony with his wretchedness. The emblems of death surrounded him, and thousands of the silent kingdom were sleeping their long, last sleep beneath him. Few visitors were on the ground, and he could ramble about, free and unmolested, like a distressed spirit on this side of the Styx. He was most wretched, but there was nothing here to mock his misery.

He came at last to a monument erected by a sea captain, yet living, to his own memory. Gazing at the sculptured image of the old fellow, he muttered:

"How successful and expeditious this odd veteran must have been in the discharge of his duties since he can afford to anticipate those that belong to his inheritors. What a dark reverse to him do I present—I who forestall death because I have wantonly bereft myself of all power to fulfil my commonest obligations!"

His father's grave, which was near by, was now quickly reached, and he threw himself upon its cold, heaving turf, and wept and sobbed most bitterly. His deceased parent's nobleness of heart, his manly truth and fatherly care and provision, were now vividly remembered by the delinquent son, and served to intensify his remorse. His deathbed, his great suffering, but still greater Christian fortitude, were still more distinctly recalled; and lastly, his dying charge to his eldest born—the very words now rang in his ears:

"Charles, supply my place to your brother and sister; be a father to them, and continue to be, as you have been, the best of sons to your mother. Perform your duties manfully and well, to man and your Maker; fear death less than dishonor; and you will be happy, and we shall meet again, my son. God bless you, as in my heart I do, and keep you from evil!"

Charles Haverling sprang up from the grave and exclaimed:

"But nothing could keep me from evil; I loved it. For what debasing and vile gratifications did I not break my father's trust, sacred as it was; rob his widow and orphans of all, and betray them to a life of misery I shudder to think of! I loved vice better than them—aye, better than myself. My father would curse me now. They, too, might well do it. I am too base to live, and—"

He drew a pistol, cocked it, placed its muzzle close to his head, and his finger had barely touched the trigger when it was arrested by a groan which, to his ear, seemed to come from his father's tomb.

The pistol fell from his hand, and he dropped upon his knees, exclaiming in a voice of terror:

"God forgive me! the dead is speaking to me!"

CHAPTER IV.

In that fearful moment Charles Haverling offered up a prayer for pardon, and vowed his Maker a life of repentance and amendment. He heard another groan soon after the first, which seemed to issue from a different grave. He rose to his feet, and, approaching the spot from which the sound proceeded, beheld an old man, handsomely dressed, lying on the ground, near a tombstone. Upon a closer inspection, he found him to be in a fit, apparently dying. He took off his cravat, which was choking him, opened his shirt bosom, and sat him up against a gravestone, so that the wind blew in his face. After looking earnestly in every direction, Haverling espied a workman at some distance, and as soon as he had, by shouting, succeeded in attracting his attention and bringing him to the spot, briefly explained the case to him, and dispatched him for assistance. The man, after an absence, which brief as it was, seemed intolerably long to his sender, returned with a doctor and a carriage. Haverling again made his statement of the case, and the doctor replied:

"I could not have done better myself. Do you know the gentleman, sir?"

"His face is so distorted now, that I am not sure I do; but if I am correct in presuming this to be his wife's grave, he is Mr. Jacob Mountford, and lives in Lexington Avenue, Brooklyn."

"You are right sir," said the busy little physician, who, besides doing what he could professionally for his patient, had taken out and opened his pocketbook; "here is his name, but not his address. Do you remember his number?"

"I do not, but I know the house."

"Well, then, perhaps you will be so obliging as to go with us and direct the driver."

The little doctor, who gave his name as Busby, and who has doubtless talked many of his patients to death, did not allow his new acquaintance a moment's interval for thought, and chatted incessantly till the carriage, in accordance with Haverling's direction, was stopped in front of a very elegant mansion in Lexington Avenue. The coachman rang the doorbell, and helped Haverling to bear the sick man into the house, while the little doctor, who had popped into the hall as soon as the door had opened, was busy quieting the fears of Miss Agnes Mountford, his patient's only daughter. She had her father taken upstairs into his room, put to bed, and sent for the family physician. He soon arrived, and held a brief consultation with Dr. Busby, when the latter left, having first taken the pains to explain to Miss Mountford that she owed her father's life to the presence of mind evinced by Mr. Charles Haverling, whose name he had ascertained by direct application, and whom he had already introduced to the young lady. She thanked Haverling more with her eyes than her lips, and begged that he would, if he had no pressing business, remain in the parlor awhile till she could better express her gratitude.

"I must confess," he replied, "that I am somewhat fatigued, and should like to rest myself for half an hour or so, when I trust you will bring me good news of the patient."

Haverling was shown into a richly furnished parlor, and as soon as he was alone his thoughts, which had been diverted from his own affairs, reverted to them, and made him again the most miserable of men.

After the rebuke his attempt at self-destruction had received, he could not renew it. He thought of flight, but discarded the idea the next moment as too dastardly. No; he must face his destiny, and help endure the disgrace and calamity he had procured for others as well as himself. They must bear the miserable consequences of his misconduct, and what a wretch he must be to flee from his share of suffering!

Long and desperate was the struggle going on in his mind, and during its continuance he forgot entirely where he was. He had decided that he would go at once to his mother and confess all, and was about to rise from the sofa, upon which he was sitting, with the view of carrying out his resolution, when a door opened and a young lady entered and stood before him. Her demeanor was that of a person of perfect refinement, but the youthful grace of her figure and the cordiality of her manner bereft her of every trace of formality. Her face was classically beautiful, rather pale and pensive; her eyes soft, dark and languishing; her lips exquisitely shaped, and her smile sweet as an angel's.

"You must forgive me for detaining you so long, Mr. Haverling," she said, in dulcet tones "but I could not leave pa till I felt assured of his recovery. He is doing very well now."

"I need not tell you, Miss Mountford, how glad I am, for his sake and your own, to hear this; but I hope you will allow me to state that I am so well contented with the consciousness of having been of some service to you, that I trust I shall be permitted to enjoy this satisfaction as my only reward."

"I see you apprehend a formal speech of thanks, and would fain cheat me out of my acknowledgments. Well, I submit; but you will not surely carry your abnegation so far as to refuse to stay and dine with me."

"Pardon me, Miss Mountford, but important business will demand my presence at home this evening, and I must therefore take my leave."

"You will call again soon?"

"To-morrow, perhaps; but certainly soon."

Charles Haverling rose to go, but his physical exhaustion and mental affliction caused him to reel across the floor and stagger into a chair. He burst into tears.

"You are ill," said Miss Mountford, in a tone of gentle sympathy. "This excitement has been too much for you. You, perhaps, like my father, have been lamenting over the grave of some dear one for ever lost to you."

"Over my father's grave—but it is not my grief, for he has been dead several years—it is my remorse that overwhelms me."

"It is just so with pa. He thinks that he treated my poor, dear ma harshly, and that his severity hastened her death. You seem very weak, sir; won't you take a glass of wine?"

"Thank you; I will."

She rang the bell, and, as soon as a servant answered the summons, ordered wine.

"I have no wish, Mr. Haverling," she observed, as soon as the servant had disappeared, "to pry into the sorrows of your heart, for if they are secret they should be held sacred; but if there is any way in which I can alleviate them or be of any service to you, I hope you feel that I should be only too happy to avail myself of it."

Haverling looked up through his tears into her mild, sweet face, and the resolution to make her his confidante was suddenly formed in his mind. Wine was brought in, and after drinking off a glass of it to her health and her father's speedy recovery, he said:

"I have a sad story to tell you, Miss Mountford, one never told before, if you have the patience to listen to it, but before I have finished you will learn to despise me as heartily as I despise myself."

"I can despise no sincere penitent, Mr. Haverling, much less one whose remorse is so profound as yours. Speak freely, then, and rely confidently on my secrecy and sympathy."

It afforded Haverling infinite relief to unburden his mind of his secret sorrows to an auditor so lenient as Miss Mountford, who had not a word of blame to utter and tears of pity to bestow. When he had concluded his narration she made no comment upon it, but put several questions to him of a homely, business character, and left the room, bidding him wait a few minutes till she returned. She came back very quickly, and holding out to him a well-filled envelope said, quietly:

"Here are five hundred dollars, every cent which I intended to spend in dress for the Prince's Ball. Pa's sickness will prevent me from going, and so you see I shall neither need or miss the money if I give it to you. Take it as freely as it is given, and when you grow rich again you can repay it, if you like; but if you never do, I shall be the better pleased."

Haverling took the gift, and covered the hand that bestowed it with his kisses and his tears.

"Go," she cried; "those who love you suffer from your delay."

Charles Haverling thought that the railcar progressed like a snail; that the ferryboat stemmed the tide as if it were propelled by horses instead of steam; and, as for the lumbering omnibus, he lost all patience with that, and no sooner reached Waverley Place than he leaped out of it and ran all the way home. His ring at the doorbell was answered instantly, and his family of three showed themselves as he entered the house.

"We were getting so frightened about you," they said in a breath.

"Well, your fears are happily at an end. I told you I should be back at half-past three, unless something very extraordinary happened to me; but something very extraordinary has happened to me, and that is why I have not made my appearance before. Get me something to eat, for I am as hungry as a Russian wolf in the winter season."

"The landlord and the man with your tailor bill are in the parlor," said Mrs. Haverling, anxiously.

"Hungry for money, I suppose. Well, you get my supper and I'll give them theirs."

The elated young man bounced into the parlor, apologised to his creditors for keeping them waiting, and pulling out an imposing roll of bills paid them their dues and took their receipts. At supper he was the Charlie of old, merry as a grig, and parried all attempts to get at his secret with the oddest humor. By-and-bye the grocer's and the butcher's bills were brought in and paid. Charlie handed a fifty dollar bill to his mother, and told her to keep or spend it for his sake, settled himself in his armchair, called for his slippers, lit his cigar, and proceeded to relate his adventures in Greenwood, suppressing, of course, the circumstances relative to the secret cause of his wandering thither. His mother's looks expressed the pride she felt in his good fortune, and his readiness in preventing old Mr. Jacob Mountford from dying in a fit, and her gratification at the evidence of filial piety afforded by his visit to his father's grave. Miss Kate had many questions to ask concerning Miss Mountford's dress and personal appearance, and was surprised at the unusual minuteness of her brother's memory. Little Ned was delighted with the merriment and liberality that characterised the evening, and resolved to profit by it. When the time for the repetition of his prayers and retirement drew nigh he leant his little person upon his mother's knee, and looking up into her face, asked her whether she did not think it wicked for a parent to deceive her child? Mrs. Haverling, who was off her guard, replied in the affirmative.

"Then why, ma," he promptly demanded, "haven't you diven me the tates you promised me ever so long ado?"

This *argumentum ad mulierem* was hailed with a shout of laughter. Charlie was delighted with the reasoning, and pledged his word to the juvenile logician that the promised skates should be forthcoming as soon as the ponds in the Central Park were frozen over.

Our hero was almost happy again, but still very anxious. He called upon Miss Mountford the next day, and was most kindly received. Her father's condition was improving, and she voluntarily assured her visitor that there was no doubt that her parent would, as soon as his health was sufficiently restored, be most happy to exert his influence to obtain a lucrative situation for one who had been instrumental in saving his life. The hope she inspired was realised, for Mr. Jacob Mountford, a rich merchant and prompt man in his dealings, was no sooner able to attend to his business than he received Haverling into his warehouse and allowed him a handsome salary, at first disproportionate to the value of his services, but which the young man resolved to earn soon by his application and energy. His progress in mastering the essentials and details of the business in which he was engaged was rapid, and his employer soon discovered that he possessed, as the shrewd man of commerce expressed it, the "makings of a thorough merchant." Rapidly as he grew in favor with Mr. Mountford, his advancement in his daughter's regard was not only faster but more profound. The greatness of his obligation to her rendered him somewhat diffident, and although he was not unconscious of her liking for him, he had not the presumption to magnify it into anything more than friendship.

He called upon her on New Year's day, just as a party of three had left her presence. She gave him a hearty welcome, and said merrily:

"I have been wished a happy New Year about a hundred times to-day. Can't you, Mr. Haverling, break the monotony by wishing me something else equally desirable?"

"I wish you an excellent husband."

"That's a good wish. Couldn't you go one step farther, and help me to one?"

"I need not go far to find a husband for you; but as to his excellence, the less said about that the better."

"What is he?"

"A very sad dog—at least he has been such—and utterly unworthy of you."

"I don't care what he has been—what is he? is he reformed?"

"Most thoroughly, to the heart's core, and he loves you better than life."

"Then will I not search any further; I'll have him, for he is just the man I want—one who knows his own faults and can love me in spite of mine. I will take him 'for better for worse,' and there's my hand upon the bargain. Where is he?"

Charles Haverling pressed the soft white hand he held in his to his lips, and then stood erect, and said:

"Pardon me—he stands before you."

Miss Agnes affected a little start, but did not withdraw her hand.

"I see you had little idea you were making so bad a bargain, and 'secede' from it at once."

"Not I, sir. I am 'like to the Pontic and keep due on.' The bargain may be a bad one, as you say, but I prefer it to any other that can be made for me."

"Do you mean it?"

"With all my heart I do."

Her lover caught the blushing beauty to his heart in rapture, and kissed her sweet lips with the very fervor of his soul.

"Agnes!" he cried, "you make me too happy. I have not deserved this."

"Perhaps not, Charlie; but I hate your deserving men who accept every favor as a tribute to their merits. I prefer a good-for-nothing, like yourself, who will be grateful."

"Indeed I shall be, Agnes, for you have been an angel to me, and have saved me from far, far worse than death. But your father, who has been so generous to me, what will he think?"

"Think no sacrifice too great to secure his daughter's happiness. Besides, he likes you. Of his consent I have no doubt, but only——"

"What?"

"Whether you really love me."

"So fondly do I love you, Agnes, that terrible as was the ordeal I was enduring when first I met you, I feel that I could willingly pass through ten such for your sake. I need but remember what a hopeless wretch I was, when you, by an act of transcendent generosity—I even now can hardly comprehend—saved me from a doom that would have ground me into the dust as a worm is crushed beneath my heel. I need but remember this to love you better and better for ever."

"You love me, then, through gratitude?"

"No, no; I love you for yourself, for you are altogether lovely."

This interview of the lovers was here interrupted by the arrival of a visitor, but its consequences were within the month realised in their marriage, which, notwithstanding the proneness of the times to separation and divorce, promises to be a union which death alone can sunder or disturb.

THE SOWING OF THE AGES.

STEADILY the Ages sow—
Ever living seeds—
Many germed seeds;
And the flowers come and go,
Though the blinded generations
Scorn them as the weeds.

Seeds of ruth and seeds of right—
Strong perennial seeds—
Ever growing seeds,
And the harvests ripe bright,
Though the generations count them
Not among their needs.

They are beaten down in wrath—
Madly beaten down—
Vainly beaten down!
And they spring up in the path,
Prickly, of the generations
That their growth disowns.

Sharper levers from tougher roots,
Growing blossoms fairer,
Growing careless fast;
Till a crop of steel upshoots,
Spearing through the generations
Prone upon it cast.

And this last crop of the seeds
Surely must be good—
Must be wondrous good;
Precious crop for sorest needs,
For the prostrate generations
Water it with blood.

A Winter's Tale.

OUR village, in winter, presented an aspect not hardly to be described imposing; and yet it had its peculiarities—which were very peculiar indeed.

It consisted of about twenty houses, each of them some sixteen feet square, and made of thick pine planks, tongued and grooved, and fitting together as accurately as a ship's timbers. Each of them had but one door, and none of them had any windows. There were no fences about them, no outbuildings of any kind annexed, nor was there any sign of life usually visible, except a curl of smoke at a certain hour of the day and night, from the hollow piece of stovepipe that protruded from the roof of each.

There was not a tree near them, nor any vegetation, nor any ground from which any vegetation of any kind could possibly grow. They stood at irregular spaces from each other, and yet so widely separated that the nearest house of the village was distant fully a mile from the one further away.

There were no wells in our village, nor any pumps, nor any stores or tradespeople of any kind; no church sighed up anywhere out of the barren lots; there were no hotels, court-house or jail to announce the presence of wickedness and civilization; and as for police, you might look for policemen in vain in the outside wards of a big city when there is a prizefight going on as in our village, by day or by night.

There were no signs of life about it, I said just now, except wreaths of smoke; but I had forgotten, for the moment, that footmarks in every direction in the snow would be the first thing to arrest the attention of the visitors. A stranger to our ways, dropping suddenly into our village, would have argued from these footsteps—no end of which was less than a league—that the inhabitants were large in proportion to their houses, and yet the tallest man among us was under six feet high.

Our village was built, in fact, upon the ice that covers, for six months of the year, a large bay sweeping from the margin of the mighty St. Lawrence. Our sojourn in it was limited to particular hours of the day and night, which were regulated by a peculiar phenomenon; and our occupation during these hours was catching the small, ugly and not very well-flavored fish known as the "tommy-cod," immense shoals of which visit the bay from the sea during the winter months. Each of the houses was a joint-stock concern, belonging to a little club. There was a small stove in the centre of it; a table composed of a plank laid across a couple of flour barrels; a dresser containing an outfit of plates, knives and forks, and a locker for liquor—which are considered necessaries in such cold climates for the maintenance of a sufficient quantity of caloric in the blood. A long form was ranged against one wall of the shanty from end to end, and about a foot from this there was a movable plank in the flooring, upon lifting which up by an iron ring at the end of it, you were placed in immediate communication with myriads of tommy-cods, waiting tumultuously to be taken from the trackless waters below. Blankets and snowshoes hung upon the walls, giving a wild, aboriginal aspect to the apartment—the perfumes of which were also a most wonderful and aboriginal character, being usually produced by the mixture of tobacco smoke with the savory steam arising from the simmering tommy-cod, beneath whose release from the hook and promotion to the fryingpan there was generally but a brief interval. With us tommy-cod fishing was not a commercial pursuit. It was elevated to the dignity of a "sport." There was none better to be had at that season, and men who prided themselves upon their skill in salmon-fishers and deer-stalkers would be seen coming along upon their snowshoes to Tommycodville, where they would sit for hours at a stretch over the trench in the ice, pulling up wretched little fishlikins with hook and line. At night the parties were apt to be convivial, and the weird sound of amateurish songs from the scattered shanties had a singular effect as you traversed the village in the clear, cold air of the zero night.

There was a man who had lately come to mingle in our society, but to which he was by no means a welcome addition, from the circumstance of his being an unmitigated bore. Puckeridge, for that was his name, was a very fat man, a loud and incessant talker, and the question of his nativity could have been no problem to those who observed his misuse of the letter *h*. There was enough where ever attributed to anybody in feats of skill or strength that Puckeridge could not beat. So he said, at least. If Smith had once caught a salmon that weighed thirty pounds, Puckeridge had landed two in one day, one weighing forty, the other forty-eight pounds. The mooseh orns, of which Brown was justly proud as his finest trophy, measured six feet from tip to tip; Puckeridge's depreciated them. Puckeridge owned a pair which now lung in his father's all, in Hengland, and measured nine feet. He was taken up very short now and then, of course, and put down very flat, for a fat man. Once, when the great pedestrian of our party alluded modestly to a little stroll of forty miles taken by him a day or two before, Puckeridge despised him. Puckeridge had once walked forty-five miles in twelve hours when he was only nine years old.

"Are you not mistaken as to the figures?" asked the great pedestrian, with a quiet smile.

"Give 'em hexact," replied Puckeridge; "sure as heggs is heggs."

"Perhaps you have reversed them, though," continued the pedestrian, gently. "I don't you want to say, now, that you once walked twelve miles in nine hours, when you were forty-five years old?"

But even this, which was a very severe cut for the moment on Puck, as we called him, who promiscuously stated his age at from thirty to thirty-five, failed to effectually suppress him.

It soon became necessary to do something for the abatement of Puckeridge, and ere long the opportunity was afforded by himself. He wove his own net, and walked into it over head and ears.

At a small but convivial party, one evening, in a friend's house, Puckeridge, as the term is, was more debating as to what ought to be done for the deportation of Puckeridge from the community, when that person made his appearance. He was standing out in the cold, according to our habitual but objectionable way of his, though we had hitherto excluded him successfully from the fishing parties. Now the conversation ran upon the subject of tommy-cod fishing, and one of our party, according to a preconcerted plan, made some remarkable statements with regard to the enormous size of them, so to speak, of that persecuted visitor to our inhospitable shores. He had once caught two hundred of them, he said, at one haul in one hour. This, of course, was nothing to what Puckeridge had often done in several remote parts of the world, and in the tropics, where fish of every kind are generally recognised as an inhabitant. He began by betting a hundred dollars on his catch, if they would give him the use of the ice, tackle and materials, and he ended by dwindling his wager down to twenty-five cents—another way he had—that he would get more than one hundred tommy-cods in three hours by the watch.

The stakes were deposited with due solemnity, and it was arranged that Puckeridge should commence fishing at nine o'clock the following night, in the shanty nearest the town.

At nine o'clock the following night the scenes were lit up in that charming manner, a brisk fire was piled up in the stove, for there was an "eager and a nipping air" upon the bay, and the stout, obnoxious Puckeridge ascended the ladder of his shanty and commenced fishing precisely at the appointed hour, having been hospitably provided by his enemies with a bottle of rum and a pipe of tobacco, about four pounds of raw liver with which to bait them.

There we left him to his work, and proceeded to visit some of the shanties further down the bay, from which a deputation of our party would occasionally issue to report the state of Puckeridge and report. They found him excited and still very sanguine of success, though at the expiration of an hour and a half he had only taken three fish, experienced several bites, however, he said, and he expressed his fears that the liver was of an inferior quality, upon which he intended to make a fresh supply, wishing to be strictly fair with him in all our dealings.

At precisely o'clock two of the scouts of our party heard him swearing, and on entering the shanty found him involved in a difficulty with a large water lizard—a hideous, amphibious monster, sometimes, though rarely, hauled up by the tommycod fishers of these bays. The lizard, as it persambulated the floor with that ungainly waddle peculiar to fishy-footed beasts, he was making the fishing-line into a hopeless tangle, and it hit Puckeridge's thumb nearly off, and succeeded in getting the hook into the seat of his pants, while he was attempting to extricate himself from his difficulties. His visitors kindly aided him, however; he baited his hook with liver, and settled down into serious fishing once more.

And now twelve o'clock approached, and Louis, who had been watching the proceedings of our shanty, was sent to communicate to Mr. Puckeridge certain information, which, it was supposed, might shorten the interesting to that person.

Seating himself upon the plank that served for a table, Louis kicked his moccasined feet to and fro, and fixing his black, piercing eyes upon the fat fisherman, gave utterance to the stilly, cunning laugh peculiar to his kind.

"Louis, are you laughing at, you scoundrel?" roared Puckeridge, as he looked at his watch, and saw that his time was nearly up.

"Laugh at you!" replied Louis, with marked emphasis. "Make dog laugh wuy you fish!"

"Old your jaw, sir, or I'll throw the 'atchet at you!" shouted Puckeridge, making a feint at an axe that hung upon the wall.

"Got something tell you like Know, maybe," returned Louis, not at all disturbed by the threat, "something 'bout way you fish."

"Something about what way I fish, you greasy savage!"

"About way you fish two, tree hours on dry ground. Tide run out four hours ago. Tide no come up ever so long yet. No water, no tommycod. Make dog laugh see way you fish two, tree hours when no water come!"

Not another word was spoken now. There were a dozen of us round the shanty listening; we heard a rapid shuffling of feet, hard breathing as of a stout man getting into a tight blanket coat, and in a moment Puckeridge emerged from the shanty, waddled rapidly away into the gloom without his snowshoes, and he darted with a hard and strip now—and disappeared from our view for ever.

And amid the laugh that greeted his ungraceful exit in which even the ladies clear and silvery as that of Bella Percival), who had come down with some other merry girls to witness the discomfiture of the pedestrian, heard the echoes of Puckeridge's feet for some time after. Some of the girls had their brothers with them, of course, else they could never have trusted themselves with the perilous ice of our bay at midnight. It was all right. At least Bella Percival seemed to think so, as Clarence Willoughby daintily baited a hook for her and commenced to fish for a little fishing, now that the tide was coming up.

The porter at the hotel where Puckeridge was staying used frequently to declare on oath, that he never had such trouble packing off a man, bag and baggage, as he had next morning when that gentleman took his departure by the mail sleigh for some distant unknown land.

REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D.D.,
President of the U.S. Sanitary Commission.

DR. BELLOWS, who has been from the first identified with the great Sanitary Commission, is a well-known Unitarian clergyman of New York. He was born in Boston, June 11, 1814, and after pursuing preliminary studies at Round-hill school and Geo. Bancroft and Dr. Cogswell, entered Harvard in 1830. After teaching for a time, subsequent to his graduating, he studied divinity, and in 1838 was ordained pastor of the First Congregationalist church in New York. He has resided in that city the best of his years.

He originated and for a time edited the *Christian Inquirer*.

As a preacher he is bold, impassioned, 'untrammeled by creed, precedent or his own former views. He is often charged with heresy, but he has no objection to what his real views are. In fact, his sermons are the part of the literature of the day which we have to shrink back from the full consequences of his own logic.

He is, nevertheless, a man born to lead, and his crowded audiences. His social utility are strikingly manifest in the great work which will be his glory in the future—the U. S. Sanitary Commission.

THE OPERA OF "FAUST."

FEW operas have created a greater furore among our musicloving people and *dilettanti* than Gounod's "Faust." The music is rich, varied, consistent, and, though at times almost monotonous, full of charming portions, which will long be favorites.

All know the legend of Faust—who knows anything of the national and popular poetry of Germany—how the mysteries of ancient sciences, became disturbed with mankind, conjured the Evil One, with whom he made a contract, by which he wrote a league in his own blood, for a long period, at the expiration of which the soul of the magician was to be delivered to eternal damnation. In the version we have to compact, as we all remember, there came to Faust a "familiar spirit," Mephistopheles, an attentive accelerated, who led him through all kinds of unbelievable exciting events. Faust is, in fact, a German tradition, a combination of the wonderful and the legend of man in the old superhuman mental and physical power by a compact with Satan. We have this idea also in the "Wandering Jew," and in the remarkable poem called "Festus."

Gounod's immortal poetical version attempts to show that man's longing after knowledge cannot destroy Love in the religion. Calling to mind, perhaps, the ridiculous thought. But then he makes Faust one not to be lost, and is saved by pure love, purely inspired. Hence his deathless Margaret.

All the opera has for its great German is laid bare, his thoughts are "wreaked upon expression," they come to us through the medium of the music of the earth, earthy. It is as if the Spirit of Harmonies, which is the music of the world and of the universe itself, had graciously condescended to interpret the German's soul. This is the way with the opera all which Goethe felt—which he suggests to our imagination. Any other way it is a special, dense, material too feeble for such an office, but sheathe his inexpressible longings in a sword. We have in Faust here the soul of that deep, wild, awful poem that Mercy-Shelley gave to the world, which most persons read, but which Music, for the first time, has thus translated to the understanding of the million. Now that Faust has created such excitement, that it has called forth such a host of critical admiration, that it has entranced its tens of thousands, and that it has been played in every city in the land to-day.

Our readers will see, by the striking illustrations this week, how well the opera has been produced at the New York Academy of Music, by Strakosch's troupe. The vision of Marguerite, as Mephistopheles and Faust behold her, is splendid. The Grand March, the chorus by the Arion Society are the most striking features in the whole, and will be recoglised by all in these truthful delineations.

A BACKWARD COWRIDE.

DURING the Revolutionary war, when a corps of the American army was encamped near the borough of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, an officer, who had been guilty of a breach of some rule or other than of wars, paid his addresses to a lady of distinction, whom he was in the habit of visiting slightly, via a balcony in the second story of the office, and of the place where interviews with his Dulcinea were had. The lady was accustomed to receive from the handsome trick at his expense, which should deter him from a repetition of his visits.

She caused a ladder to be in very small horse of the pony kind, which he left untied with the reins reins over his neck, near the door, in order to ride off without delay, when the business of courting and kissing was over, and the horse always remained, till hailed by the owners, without attempting to change his position.

On a certain dark and gloomy night, when the officer, as usual, had gone to pay his devotions to the object of his tenderest affection, and was enjoying the approving smiles of the lovely fair one, his waggish companions went privately to the door of the house where the officer was, took his bridle and saddle from the horse, which they sent away, placed the bridle on the ..... and the saddle on the back, and the crupper over the horns of a quiet old cow, who stood peacefully chewing her cud near the spot. Immediately thereafter they retired some distance from the house, and separating, raised the loud cry of alarm, that the enemy had landed and were marching into the village.

Our hero, on hearing this, took counsel from his fears, and snatching a nasty kiss, he shot out of the door with the velocity of a musket ball, and mounted into the saddle, with his back towards the head of the cow, and plunging his sharp spurs keenly into her sides, caused her to bawl out with excessive pain, and she darted with no less rapidity than the stamp. The officer still plying his spurs with all his might—and being himself unable to conceive the rapidly backward, manages of all his efforts to advance, and imagining that the bellowings of the frightened beast, imagined that he was carried off by magic, and roared out lustily for help, as the devil, in fact, was thus carried into the very centre of the camp. The officer's friends, on the cries, discharged their pieces and fled, and alarm-guns were fired, the drums beat to arms, the whole camp was in a state of fear and cried "turn out," with all the strength of their lungs. The soldiers, startled from their sleep as if a ghost had disturbed their dreams, and the whole body running half naked as quick as possible, in a galloping gallop, prepared to repel the terrible invader. When lo! the unfortunate officer was discovered astride on one eye of the gallant officer mounted on a cow, with his face towards the tail, and his finger hanging out, his eyes shut with the gouging of the spurs, and he himself almost deprived of reason and half paralyzed with horror.

A loud roar of laughter burst from the assembled band at the rider and his steed—the whole corps gave him three times three cheers as he bolted into camp.

He was carried to his quarters in triumph, there ordered a dose of the most immediate backaway rites, stars way advances and alarms of invasions, and countermarches, and retreated with astonishing rapidity, a splendid treatise on the novel adventure of a cowride.

THE ELEPHANTINE MOUSE; OR, THE RAT WITH A TRUNK.

A GREAT French natural historian, one of the leading members of the Zoological Society of France, was lately taking a tour in Algeria, and had occasion to call on an officer commanding a garrison there. Passing through the yard, which was a large shed, he was naturally crowded with soldiers, his attention was drawn to two Zouaves who were playing with an animal, which at the moment he saw was a perfect novelty. He stood and stared—it evidently belonged to the species of Rodentia—but to what class it was neither the Muskrattus—for it had no tail—nor the Arvicola Amphibius, for thaterrantly has no appearance of webbed feet like that rodent—puzzled professor saw in the specimen before him. He asked the officer, "an intelligent soldier," as he afterwards discovered:

"What animal is that?"

"Monsieur, it is our trunked rat."

"You find it here?"

"Oh, not unfrequented, but very rarely. The natives say that they are dying out, and the breed will soon be lost."

"You would sell that one, perhaps?"

"Ah! monsieur, the mischief is, I would. What would you? It is our little amusement. The poor soldier must have some fun for dearly—but I would gladly spare one hundred and fifty francs for the one rat, and four hundred francs for the two rats, and one from a female of the same race. He was absent for a week, and then back, paid the female rat, and handed the two hundred francs, architected them the class *mus elephas* of Linnæus, and wrote a long account of the new discovery to a scientific body, posted his letter, and went to sleep that evening with the idea of a new medal or Pawnee, who happened to "receive."

In the course of the week the colonel was telling a story to the evident delight of the company. The professor joined the party.

"Ha," said the colonel, "my fellows are the sharpest officers in the whole army. I said the other day to Professor Bolivet that two of them had just sold two common rats for three hundred francs."

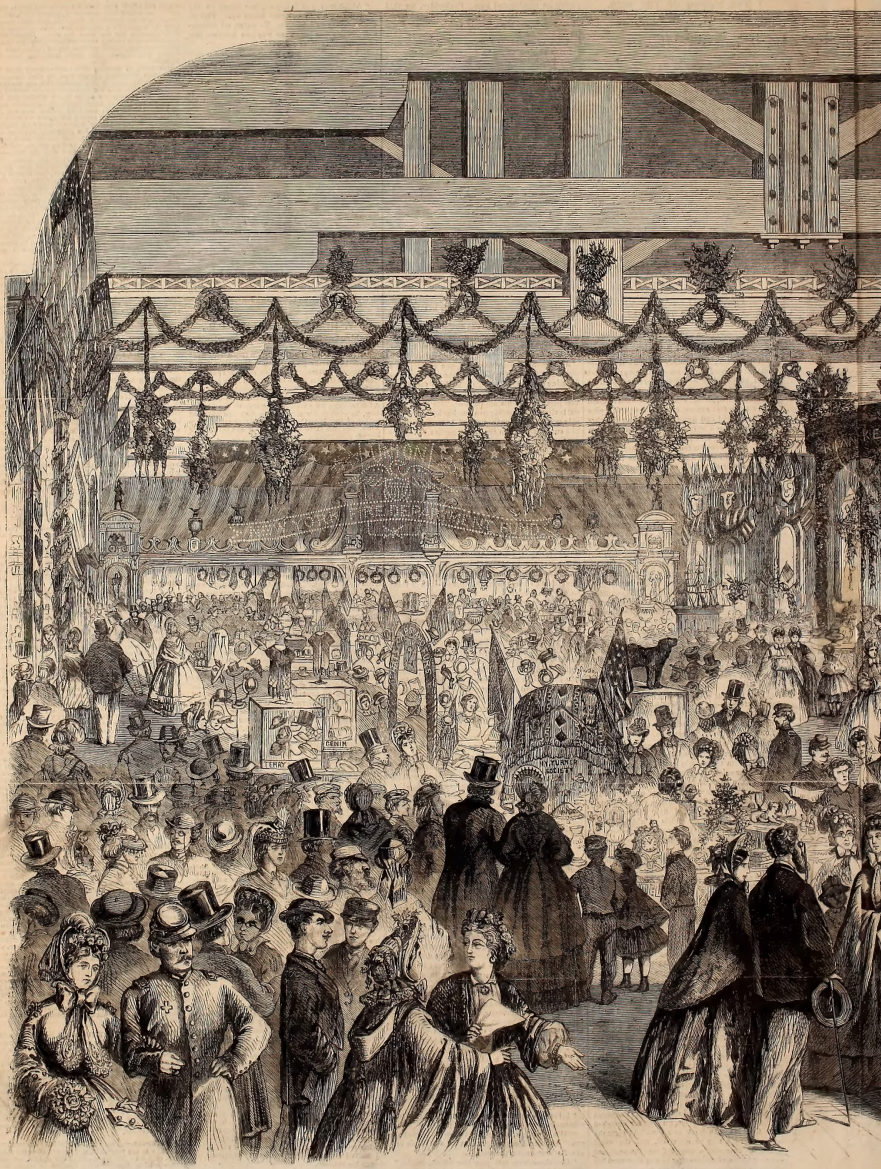
"Monsieur le Colonel is partly wrong, partly right," replied the professor, "they were not two common rats, no! They are unique, and I am the lucky purchaser."

Roars of laughter followed this confession; and in came out that the Zouaves had made the rats. He gives a dodge for making those curious creatures. Here is the recipe: Cut the tail off a rat, and fix it in the nose, stick the tail—it is like nodding a rose—into the nose, and in a quarter of an hour it will grow there naturally. The *vrai elephas* is a fact—as to this one rats for sale, and the professor is one of the dupes not go to his Society, for there is his "trunked rat!" And he down to Paris with it, and sold it. I will be his social death. He is already known in Paris as *Particulier mus*.

BLONDIN OUTDONE.—One, and perhaps not the least successful of the performers sent by the Turk seen by Evelyn, in 1657 (query, at Bartholomew Fair?) was a rope dancer. Last time, remembered. When Edward VI. passed through London, the day before his coronation, there was "a rope stretched and descended on a rope stretched from the battlements of St. Paul's steeple and fastened to another near the gate of the Deanery; "tying on the rope, he went to Ludgate, and returning with arms and legs abroad, running on his breast on the rope from the battlements to one another," then on to the steeple. The performer on the last occasion soon afterwards went with the ambassador to Spain, was received, and paid with his life for his foolish temerity. The Turk was a wonder in his day as Leotard and Blondin are now, and, about 1750, performed a similar feat in different places in the country. Between Hertford, where his "rope was stretched from the top of the tower of the church" and Ware, he changed clothes twice, and crossed about four score yards from the top of the tower.

ORIGIN OF THE SYMBOLS OF NUMBERS AND MEASURES.—Ten, as the radix or numerical sempiternary, has been selected to the dignity it now holds by the circumstance of its expressing the number of a man's fingers. Eight is a finger's breadth; a nail, the length of the thumb; a *nail*, from the tip of the middle joint of the elongated finger; a *palm*, the breadth of four fingers; a *hand*, the fist, with the thumb compressed; a *span*, the space between the thumb and finger extended to the utmost; a *foot*, that of a man; a *cubit*, from the elbow to the end of the longest finger; a *yard*, the girth of a man's body; a *pace*, two steps; a *fathom*, width to which a man's arms and hands can extend.

LOTTERIES.—The earliest lottery on record took place in the year 1509; it consisted of 40,000 lots, at 10s. each lot. The prizes were silverplate, and the profits arising from it were applied to repair the havens of the kingdom. It was drawn at the west door of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the drawing, which commenced in January, continued night and day till May 8, in the same year. There were then sixty two lottery offices in London.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—VIEW OF THE INTERIOR O



NTERIOR OF THE MAIN BUILDING.—Sketched from the "Cockloft Schoolhouse."

THE TWELFTH COMES BACK TO-DAY.

BY J. W. WATSON.

To-day, up yonder turnpike road,
Past clover waiting to be mowed,
Past fields of growing grain,
With banners waving proud and high,
And music singing to the sky,
The twelfth comes back again.

It comes with all its record clear
To write its history on the year,
Each man himself a brave.
And we, forgetting in our joy,
How many a mother's darling boy
Has found a Southern grave.

Two years ago, in springtime bloom,
From out the shadow of this room
My tear-dimmed eyes were bent.
The twelfth went marching down that road,
Each casting forth his own heart-load,
And singing as he went.

That day, amid the wild hurrah,
There softly opened yonder door,
And in came one alone.
He looked so handsome in his blue,
And in his eyes, so soft and true,
A light unusual shone.

He spoke as though he had been sent
With tidings of some good intent;
And thus the message ran:
"Maggie, I held against my heart
Till now a false and selfish part,
And failed me as a man.

"This morning in the ringing shout,
In every blast the band sends out,
In every tap of drum,
I hear the voices of the dead,
The echoes of their ghostly tread,
Persuading me to come.

"And so I've donned this glorious blue,
And come, unsoiled, to speak with you,
The last one in this town.
Maggie! with all my heart and soul
I love you—Maggie, hear the whole,
My own! before you frown.

"Since those bright days when we forsook
The sunny road for some lone nook,
And conned the self-same task,
I've loved you, Maggie, true and long,
But—be it right or be it wrong—
My heart has worn a mask.

"I knew how good and pure you were,
I can do naught deserving her,
My faltering heart-words said.
And as I loved years sped away,
While I, to see thee day by day,
My faltering heart obeyed.

"But Maggie, with this morning's light,
There came a glorious second sight,
A vision from on High!
It said, 'Your heart's delusion quell,
And win the one you love so well.
Hark! to your country's cry!'

"My place is vacant in the line,
I wait but for a single sign,
To know if this be true;
I wait but for a glance, a word,
To know if this emotion stirred
Is shared, my own, by you."

A moment more, and on his breast
I calmed his doubting heart's unrest,
And sped him on his way.
Since then that one that came alone
Has made me feel his deeds my own,
And proudly wait to-day.

'Tis I that now must doubter be,
Until I know he still loves me,
Since he has grown so great.
A hero coming from the South,
Whose praise is full in every mouth,
Is he for whom I wait.

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XXII.

When Elsie entered her boudoir, flushed with laughter and breathless with running, she threw herself on the azure couch, and gathering her ringlets in a mass between her hand and the warm cheek under which it was thrust, fell into a deeper train of thought than was usual to her.

"It's done, and I don't care. He loves me, and I must be loved. He's rich, generous, devoted, worships me and always will, that's one comfort. There'll be no one to halve his devotion or his money with me, no one to look glum if I want to be a little bit extravagant. Grant never refused me anything in his life, but I'm always afraid to ask half that I want. But with Tom everything will be my own. He won't ask a question. Such laces as I will have! As for cashmere shawls and silks, he shall get them for me by the dozens. Elizabeth won't say that such things are out of place then, for I shall be a married woman, free of her and this old house too, free of everything, but—but——"

Elsie started up, breaking this selfish train of thought with the action.

"I wish she'd stop talking to me; I don't want to hear about it. Why won't she bear her trouble alone, if she will make trouble about what isn't to be helped? I'll have no more confidences with her, that's certain. It is like breaking one's heart up in little pieces. I don't want to keep secrets, but forget them; and I will, too, in spite of her. She shan't make me eternally miserable with her pining and remorse."

Elsie paused before a mirror as these thoughts rose in her mind and half broke from her lips. She was threading out her curls and trying the effect as they floated, like golden thistledown, over the roses of her cheek. All at once she started, and a look of pale horror stole to her face; the hand which had been wandering among her hair dropped to her side, turning coldly white, like marble; the lips, which had been just parted with an admiring smile at her own beauty, lost every trace of color. She still gazed intently into the glass, but not at herself. Beyond her pretty image, reflected from the distance, sat a man with a pen in his hand, as if just arrested in the act of writing. Rich shadows of crimson drapery lay around him, and a gleam of pure light from a half-closed upper blind fell across his head, lighting it up grandly. It was a magnificent picture that Elsie gazed upon, far beyond her own image in the glass. But she only saw the man, without regard to his surroundings, and the very heart in her bosom turned sick with loathing or with fear.

It was North, looking at her through the open door, with a sneering smile on his lip—North in the very chamber of her brother's wife, quietly seated there as if he had been master of the house. For a full minute Elsie stood, forming a double picture in the glass with that bold, bad man, then her color came hotly back, and she turned upon him, brave with indignation.

"You here!" she said, advancing into the room till its crimson haze overwhelmed her. "You here, and in this chamber! Get up at once and begone. If my brother finds you under his roof he will shoot you on the spot."

"Never fear, pretty one," said North, with an evil gleam on his face. "Two can play at a game of that sort. If he made the first assault nothing would give me more pleasure. Self-defence is justifiable in law, and his will is made."

Elsie was trembling from head to foot, but she leaned one hand heavily on the table that he might not see her agitation.

"Man, man, you would not—you dare not meet my brother. You that have wronged him so!"

"Excuse me," said North, biting the feather of his pen and looking down on a sheet of note-paper on which he had been about to write; "I do not see this wrong so clearly. If a woman's heart will wander away from its legitimate object, am I to blame because it flutters into my bosom? And if other hearts follow after——"

"Stop!" cried Elsie, stamping her little foot passionately on the carpet. "How dare you speak of a fraud so black, of treason so detestable! I am his sister, sir, and have something of his courage, frivolous as people think me. Persecute her or provoke me too far and I will tell him all."

"Indeed you would not," answered North, quietly.

"What should prevent me?"

"The will. You dare not break a solemn promise to her."

"I dare!" she almost shrieked, clenching her little hand in a paroxysm of rage. "I will, if ever you come here again."

"No; I think not. Women are weak creatures, but they generally find strength to keep secrets that bring ruin in the telling. You cannot be over anxious to see this proud brother of yours commit murder on——"

"On a villain—a household traitor—a—a——"

Elsie fairly stopped for want of breath.

"Be quiet," said North, rising sternly and towering over her. "I have no dealings with you. One might as well reason with a handful of silk weed thrown upon the wind."

"But I will have something to say—everything to say. You have pursued her, plundered her, tortured her long enough. More than once she has been on the brink of discovery by your persistence in prowling over the grounds, and from her attempts to conceal your rapacious extortions. All this must end."

"With all my heart; let the lady accede to my terms and I disappear."

"What are those terms?"

"I will write them, and your own fair hands shall give her the note."

Elsie did not answer, but her white lips closed firmly and her blue eyes glittered like steel in the glow of a hot fire, as he dipped his pen deliberately in the bronze inkstand and began to write.

"There," he said, folding the note and presenting it to her with a princely air, as if her courage had impressed him with respect; "place this in her hands and she will know how to carry it out."

Elsie took the note and hid it away in the folds of her dress.

"Do not fail," he said, before taking his hat from the table.

"I will not," answered Elsie. "But these cruel visits must cease now and for ever. I will give the note only on this condition."

"Her answer will decide that. Now, good-bye."

He reached forth his hand, smiling pleasantly upon her; but she clenched hers, as if tempted to strike him for the insolent offer, and turned away biting her pale lips.

The hand, rejected with such disdain, fell towards the hat which North placed lightly on his head, casting one glance in the opposite mirror as he did so. Then, with the elastic step of a man retiring from a festival, he left the chamber, while Elsie looked after him with wondering eyes and parted lips, astonished by an audacity which was absolutely sublime.

The young creature stood with bated breath till his light footsteps died away in the nearest passage. She listened anxiously, but heard no door close or further movement of any kind. His exit was noiseless as his entrance had been.

When Elsie was left alone she sat down in the dim light of Elizabeth's room, pushed the hair back from her forehead and pressed both palms on her temples, whose pain was throbbing like a pulse. She moaned and cried out under the sudden anguish, for resistance to suffering of any kind was killing to this young creature, and the reaction which followed that passionate outburst of feeling left her helpless as a child.

During fifteen or twenty minutes Elsie sat pressing both hands to her head, while her eyes filled with tears and her lips quivered like those of an infant grieved by some hurt it cannot understand. A voice from the outer passage aroused her. It was that of Tom Fuller, who had worked himself into a state of intense excitement from fear that his rough tenderness had mortally offended its object.

"Miss Mellen—Elsie, do come down and speak to a fellow. I'm sorry as can be that I made such a donkey of myself and frightened you away. Just give one peep out of the door, darling, to say that you will forgive me by-and-bye, and I never will kiss you again so long—that is if it's very disagreeable."

The door of Elsie's chamber opened and a face all flushed with tears, through which a smile was breaking, looked out on the repentant Tom.

"Oh, Elsie, darling, I didn't mean it, and you've been crying all this time. If somebody would take me out and lynch me I'd be obliged to 'em—upon my soul I would."

"Never mind, Tom. I'm not angry—only such a fright, with crying," said Elsie, reaching her hand through the opening, which he forthwith fell to devouring with kisses. "It's only a headache."

"A headache! dear me, what a brute I am. But wait a minute. I'll send right to the city for a dozen bottles of bay rum, or schnapps, or something of that sort."

"No, no," answered Elsie, laughing herself into semi-hysterics, "I shall be better in a minute."

"And come downstairs—will you come downstairs?"

"Yes, yes; wait a minute while I get the tangle out of my hair."

Tom retreated to the staircase and waited with his eyes fastened on Elsie's door like those of a goodnatured watchdog. As for the girl herself she bathed her face in cold water, chilling the pain away, straightened out her curls, twisted all her hair in a great knot back of the head, and came out softly, like a dear little forgiving nun, filled with compassion for other people's sins.

Tom followed her into the little morning-room where his confesssion had been made, and sat down on the sofa to which she retreated with great caution, as if she were afraid of breaking it.

"Won't Bessie and Mellen be astonished," he insinuated; "I do wonder how they will look, when we tell 'em how it is."

"You won't have an opportunity of judging just at present," replied Elsie.

"Why won't I?"

"Because I don't choose you to say one word about the matter to any human being until I give you permission."

"Now, what is that for?" asked Tom, somewhat discomfited.

"Just because I prefer it," answered his meek grant.

"But I want the whole world to know how happy I am," said he.

"Tom Fuller," cried Elsie, menacingly; "are you going to begin already to dispute and annoy me after what I've just suffered too?"

"Lord bless you, no! I am as sorry as can be."

"Then do exactly as I tell you," continued she, "and promise me not to mention what has happened till you leave."

"It's a little hard," said Tom, "not to be able to show how happy a fellow—why, I shall tell in spite of myself."

"If you don't promise I'll take back every word I've said—"

"I will! I will!" he interrupted, terrified at the bare threat. "Don't be angry, pet; I'll do just as you say."

"That's a nice old Tom; now you are good and I love you."

"But you won't keep it long, Elsie?"

"No, no; but just at present I choose; I told you what a terrible tyrant I should be."

"I like it," said Tom, with the thorough enjoyment of her mastery, which only an immense creature like him can feel in a pretty woman's graceful tyranny.

"So much the better for you," said Elsie.

"Oh, little girl, we will be as happy as the day is long!" cried he.

"And you'll never contradict me?"

"Never!"

"And I shall have my own way more and more every day?"

"Well," said Tom, thoughtfully; "I don't see how you could easily; but you may try."

Elsie laughed; his oddity amused her.

"You are a perfect ogre of a lover," cried she. "What a head of hair!"

"It never will keep in order," said Tom, pressing down the shaggy locks with both hands.

"Let them alone," said Elsie; "you look more like a lion that way; I like it."

She was gracious and playful as possible, but Tom's happiness was disturbed all too quickly by the entrance of Victoria, crying:

"Misses' horse runned off wid her; but she y'arnt hurt; she's a comin' in the carriage."

And out they both rushed to see what her words meant.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The husband and wife galloped joyously on for miles and miles in the soft light of that delicious afternoon; with every step the gloom and the shadows seemed to lift themselves from each heart, till they were jesting and gay almost as Elsie as herself.

A few happy hours which must soon be clouded, but which were so bright and sweet that, even in the midst of after trouble, their memory would come up like fragments of exquisite melody haunting the jarring clouds of every day life.

Whatever the secret was which oppressed Elizabeth's lips, its recollection was put aside for the time, and Mellen gave himself up to the enjoyment of the hour with all the intensity of a nature which enjoys and suffers so keenly, that even trifles can make for it a keener excitement than even a great happiness or acute suffering can bring to more placid characters.

"You are not tired, Bessie?"

"Tired, no! I could ride on for ever!"

"See how the waters shine in the sun; they seem so full of joyous, buoyant life that it gives one strength to watch them."

Elizabeth could fully share in his enthusiasm, and she allowed her poetical fancy full play, indulging in all sorts of beautiful comparisons and earnest talk, which revealed a phase of her nature seldom revealed except to those who knew her well.

"I never heard a woman talk as you can," said Mellen, admiringly; "we shall have you writing books, or coming out as a genius yet."

Elizabeth laughed gaily.

"You need not be afraid; I know you would not like it."

"Indeed I should not; it springs from my selfishness I know, but I like to keep your real self entirely for my own life."

The afternoon was wearing away when they turned homewards, but it still retained its brightness and beauty, as their hearts kept the new glow which warmed them.

They galloped down the long hills and through the level groves till they were nearly home.

The sunlight faded—a chill breeze swept up from the ocean, and a sudden cloud obscured the sun; one of those abrupt changes so common in autumn fell upon the sea, robbing the day of its loveliness, and making it so cold and gray that it was more than dreary from the contrast.

They were near the gates which led into their own domain, when a man came running swiftly towards them, and as he passed looked up in Elizabeth's face.

Whether her horse was frightened at the stranger rushing so abruptly by, or whether she gave some nervous jerk to the reins, was not apparent; but a sharp cry rang from her lips, the horse made a simultaneous spring, and though a good rider, she was quickly unseated and thrown from her saddle. Mellen sprang from his horse with a cry and bent over his wife.

"I am not hurt," she said faintly, "not hurt."

The old woman who lived in a little house at the entrance of the grounds which they had transformed into a lodge came out at that moment, and being a Yankee woman of energy and resources, caught Elizabeth's horse, came up and was ready to lend a helping hand wherever else it might be required.

While the woman led the two horses within the gates and fastened them, Mellen raised his wife and carried her into the lodge. She was deathly pale and trembling violently, though in reply to his anxious inquiries, she repeated the same answer:

"I am not hurt—not at all hurt."

She drank a glass of water, lay down for a few moments on a wooden settee which the room boasted as its principal elegance, then insisted upon rising.

Mellen had sent the woman on to the house, with orders for the people to send down the carriage, as he would not have permitted Elizabeth to walk even if her strength had seemed more equal to the exertion than was the case.

"Did that man frighten the horse?" he asked, when she appeared composed enough to talk. "The whole thing was over before I knew it—even before I saw him clearly he was gone—you cried out and the horse started——"

"No!" she interrupted with feverish earnestness, "the horse started first—I should not have cried else—why should I?"

"The scoundrel must have frightened the horse; did you recognise him?"

"He was running so fast, you know, and darted into the woods so suddenly."

"I should like to have lain hands on him!"

"He meant no harm. Gipsy has grown shy of late. Don't think about the matter—there is no mischief done."

"But there might have been; I cannot bear even the thought of danger where you are concerned."

Elizabeth close her eyes wearily; her recent elation of spirits was quite gone. She looked so pale and ill that Mellen could not feel satisfied that she had suffered no injury.

"You are sure that the fall has not hurt you, Bessie?"

"Quite sure," she answered, in the same changed voice; "don't trouble yourself about me."

He could not understand her manner, but he said nothing more. She lay back on the settee and closed her eyes, while he stood there regarding and wondering whether she lay thus from weakness or to escape farther conversation.

At last the woman returned and announced that the carriage would be down immediately.

"That are man frightened the horse," she said; "I was a looking out of the window—it's my belief he's been a hanging about the place."

"Had you ever seen him before?" asked Mellen.

"Why, I think it's the chap you was a talking with one day, Mrs. Mellen," said the woman.

"I thought you said you did not know him?' observed Mellen, turning quickly towards his wife'

She sat upright, gave him one of her quick, indignant glances, and answered coldly:

"I simply said he ran by me so fast I could not tell whether I knew him or not."

"Wal, it was the same fellow," pursued Mrs. Green; "I 'spose he was a begging of you that day."

"Do you remember?" questioned Mellen.

"I do not," she replied haughtily. "It is not possible that I should recollect every beggar that tops me."

Mellen colored and bit his lip at the sarcasm in her voice, but he saw the woman looking curiously at them and said no more.

"I wish, Mrs. Green," he said, "you would take great care to close the gates at night; we are near enough the city for all sorts of characters to stray down here."

"Law, sir, we're just as careful can be. There ain't a night we don't shut and look the gates. I hope we ain't a-running to no blame; I'm a lone woman and Jem's a cripple. It would be hard on us."

Mellen tried to stop her flood of protestations and apologies, as she insisted on telling the whole story of every misery she had endured during her life before she would stop, and by that time the carriage fortunately arrived and they were able to escape beyond the reach of her tongue.

The husband and wife drove somewhat silently home. Mellen was very anxious about Elizabeth, and she had recovered her usual serenity of temper, and could do her best to reassure him, though the color would not come back to her face, nor the troubled, startled look die out of her eyes.

When they reached the house, Elsie was standing on the steps, and ran down to the carriage full of alarmed questions, having just learned that Elizabeth had met with some sort of accident, while Tom danced about in a frenzy of excitement.

"Are you hurt? are you hurt?" she demanded.

Elizabeth assured her that she was not in the least injured, tried to laugh at Mellen's solicitude, but looked nervous still.

"You are sure you are not hurt?" urged Tom.

"Perfectly sure."

"Maybe I had better run after a doctor though?"

"Nonsense, Tom," she said, a little impatiently, "when I tell you I am not hurt in the least."

Tom and Elsie cried out together to know how the accident had happened, but Mellen gave a very brief explanation, while Elizabeth entered the hall and sat down in a chair to rest.

Tom ran to bring her a glass of wine, which she did not want, and they all worried her with their solicitude, till Elizabeth all her stock of patience to restrain herself from breaking away from them rudely and rushing into the solicitude she needed so much.

"If I had hold of the creature that scared the horse, I'd will him," cried Tom, irately.

"I don't suppose he was to blame," said Elsie.

"Of course not," added Elizabeth; "of course not."

Mellen made no remark; he was watching Elizabeth, who still looked pale and oppressed, filling in with anxiety.

"Do you feel better?" he asked.

"Much, I assure you; don't be frightened any more."

"Bessie is such a heroine!" cried Elsie.

Elizabeth gave her one of the irritated looks with which she had sometimes regarded her of late, but made no remark.

"She's a trump!" said Tom; "and that's all there is about it."

"Why don't you say a re,ular brick?" laughed Elsie.

"I shall go up to my room and lie down," Elizabeth said; "an hour's rest will restore me completely."

Mellen assisted her upstairs and Elsie accompanied them, quite ready to accept Elizabeth's assurance that she was not injured and doing her best to make them both laugh.

"Accidents seem the order of the day," she said; "it's lucky it is, Bessie, that we always have some one near to help us."

"Yes," she replied, wearily.

"Do you think you could go to sleep now?" Mellen asked.

"Perhaps so," she said; "I will try, at all events."

"The best thing for you," said Elsie. "I'll sit with you a little while and be still as a mouse."

Elsie was very sorry to escape from sickness or unpleasant occurrences of any sort, and would be of no more use in trouble than a canary-bird or a bothered blossom. But just now she had an object in remaining.

The moment Mellen had withdrawn she took North's letter from its hiding-place, and thrust it into Elizabeth's hand.

"Thank heaven I've got rid of it at last," she exclaimed, during the fluster of her dress as if the note had left some contamination behind.

"How did you get it?" faltered Elizabeth, looking at the folded paper with strained eyes, as if it had been an asp which she held by the neck.

"Oh, Elizabeth, he was in this very room."

"Here! here! Great heavens! why will no one shoot this man?" exclaimed the tortured woman.

"I thought of it, upon my word I did," said Elsie. "But, then, I don't know how to fire off a pistol."

"How many are talking!" said Elizabeth, pressing one hand to her throbbing forehead.

Elsie pressed her own soft palm upon the sprained hand, striving to soothe the evident pain. But Elizabeth shrunk away from the half caress, and said, in a low, husky voice:

"Leave me, Elsie, leave me; I will deal with this alone."

The young girl went away with a sense of relief. Then Elizabeth started up in bed, tore open the hateful note, and read it through.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ELSIE went off to find Tom; he was walking up and down the veranda, looking anxious still, but his face cleared when he saw Elsie, like a granite rock lighted up by a sudden flood of sunshine.

"How is she?" he asked.

"Oh, a great deal better; she is going to sleep; that is, if Grant will be sensible enough to leave her alone; you men are dreadfully stupid creatures."

"Yes, dear," replied Tom, meekly.

"Well!" said Elsie, "you might show a little spirit at least."

"I thought I was to agree with you!"

"There is nothing I hate so much; if you don't contradict me, I shall die certainly."

"Then, since you want the truth, I must say I think you are a little hard on men in general."

"And you in particular, perhaps?"

"Sometimes you are."

"Indeed!" said she, tossing her curls. "Very well, Mr. Fuller, if you have such a dreadful opinion of me you had better have nothing more to do with me; I'll go away."

"Oh, don't; I didn't mean it," cried Tom, in a fright.

Elsie laughed at his penitence and teased him worse than ever, but Tom could hear it now with undisturbed equanimity. She had given him his happiness, lifted his soul into such a flood of light as he had never thought to reach in this world, and he was in a state of rapturous content that utterly defied description.

They walked up and down the long colonnade, jesting and merry, Tom unable to think or talk of anything long except his new bliss, and doing all sorts of absurd things in spite of Elsie's expostulations.

"I shall go in and leave if you don't behave more sensibly," she said, snatching her hand from him, as he tried to kiss it. "What would Grant think if he happened to come down."

"Oh, dear," sighed Tom; "how long before you will let me tell him, this having to steal one's happiness is dreadful."

"Oh, you selfish, insatiable monster! not an hour ago you said you should be perfectly content if I would only say I might care for you sometimes, and there now you go!"

"I am a selfish wretch," said Tom, struck with remorse.

"And selfishness is such a dreadful failing," rejoined Elsie.

"It is, is it not?"

"Yes—in a man."

"Oh!" exclaimed Tom, a little astonished at the close of her sentence.

"Yes," continued Elsie; "it's a woman's privilege."

"It seems to me," said Tom, eagerly, "that women claim a great many privileges, and very odd ones, sometimes."

"Isn't it our privilege!" demanded Elsie, bellicosely. "Do you mean to deny that that we haven't a right to be just as selfish and whimsical as we please, and that it's your duty to submit?"

"If you'll let me have your hand I'll acknowledge anything you see fit," said artful Tom.

"Then I won't, and if you value your peace in the slightest degree I should advise you to behave with more decorum."

Elsie drew herself up, and looked as prim as a little Quakeress, who had never indulged in a worldly thought in all her days.

"I wish you would come into the music-room and sing to me," said Tom, struck with a bright idea.

"Nonsense, you don't care about music!"

"Indeed I do; your voice is like an angel's."

"You couldn't tell whether I was singing something from Trovatore or Yankee Doodle if replied Elsie."

Tom rubbed his forehead again, fairly cornered; but whether he knew anything about music as a science or not, he listened to Elsie's singing with as much delight as if he knew all it was.

"You shall teach me," he said.

"A perfectly hopeless task, Tom! And you really have some voice, you had any ear."

"Oh," said Tom, putting his hands on his auricular appendages, as if taking her words literally.

"Oh," said Elsie, with a shriek, "they prove your race beyond a doubt; don't have any fear."

Tom laughed with her, grimacing at his ears.

"But come in," he urged; "you will get cold with nothing on your head."

"You are not to become a Molly," said Elsie.

"I won't," replied Tom, "nor a Betty, nor any other atrocity; only just come in, like a duck."

Elsie was about to refuse, but perceived the one and they went into the house, seating themselves at the piano in the solitary music-room, enjoying their own society and their own laughter, and with no apparent perception of the shadows which lay upon the hearts of the husband and wife in that darkened room.

Their natures were so essentially different from those of Elizabeth and Mellen, that they might go through a world of trouble without one such dark hour as daily occurred in theirs.

Some time after Elsie had gone Mellen returned to his wife's chamber. She lay with one hand pressed tightly over her face, but was watching him all the while; there was an eager expression in her eyes, as if she longed to have him go away, but was afraid to express the wish.

"Do you feel sleepy, Bessie?" he asked.

"I think so," she replied; "don't remain shut up here any longer—go down and play chess with Elsie.

"You will come down after your nap?"

"Oh, certainly; I will be down to tea."

He kissed her and turned to leave the room.

"What are you going to do?" she asked, huskily.

"I have some letters to write; I shall go down into the library in order to do it in peace—Elsie is certain not to come there."

"Good-bye," said Elizabeth, laughing with hysterical sharpness, but the merriment did not sound natural—it jarred a little on Mellen's ear.

He was gone and the door closed; Elizabeth raised herself on her elbow and remained listening till the sound of his step died upon the stairs, then she threw impatiently aside the shawls he had flung over her and sprang to her feet.

"Not a day's rest," she exclaimed, "not an hour—not one! I must go out and answer the demands of this villain. If Grantley should meet me—oh, I don't care—I must have it out! I shall go mad in the end—I shall go mad!"

She wrung her hands in a sort of fury and paced up and down the room with quick, impatient steps.

"I might go now," she said at length; he is in the library—it is growing dark, too."

She stopped before one of the windows and looked out; the afternoon was darkening under the clouds and a heavy mist that had swept up from the ocean.

"Coming nearer and nearer," muttered Elizabeth, pointing to the waving columns of fog as if she were addressing some unseen person; "just as the danger and the darkness gather closer and closer about my life!"

She turned away with a shudder, threw a shawl about her and left the room.

She ran through the hall to a back staircase seldom used and which led into an entry, from whence she could pass at once into the thickest part of the shrubbery.

At the foot of the stairs she paused an instant, listened eagerly, then with a quick, choking sigh, opened the door and passed out.

Seated in his library, Mellen found it impossible to fulfil his task of letter writing. He could not account for the feelings which crept over him. The quiet and comfort of the afternoon were all gone, and in their place came, not only the anxiety for his wife, but a host of wild suspicions so vague and absurd that he was ashamed of the folly which forced him to insult his reason by dwelling upon them.

The confinement of the house became absolutely hateful to him. He opened one of the French windows and stepped out upon the veranda, watching up and down, in the darkening gloom, looking across the waters where the fog shifted to and fro like restless sails.

He passed down the steps and entered the grounds; he was some distance from the house when he heard a sound like a person moaning aloud in distress.

He looked about—the mist and the coming night made it impossible to distinguish objects with any distinctness—but he saw a woman's garments fluttering among the trees.

He darted forward, with what impulse he could hardly have told, but the woman had disappeared, whether wraith or human being, with the hasty movement or urged forward by some other motive he could not tell.

The thought in his mind was—

"That is Elizabeth!"

Then the folly of the thing struck him; not an hour before he had left her almost asleep in her room, how could he have seen her wandering about like a demented creature in the misty twilight?

"I will go to my wife," then he thought; "I will cure myself of these absurd fancies."

He entered the house and ran upstairs quickly. He opened the door of his wife's room and looked in. She was standing before the fire—at the noise of the opening door she seemed to thrust something into her bosom—a paper it looked like to Mellen—then she turned and stood silently regarding him.

"You are up," he said.

"Yes," she replied, a little coldly. "Did you want anything?"

"Only to see if you slept—if you were coming down soon."

"I shall be down directly."

He hesitated an instant, then he said:

"Were you not in the grounds just now?"

Elizabeth did not answer—she had let her hair down and was beginning to arrange it, shading her pale face with the floating tresses.

"Were you in the grounds again.

"What did you ask?" she demanded.

He repeated the question.

"It does seem quite probable," she said, walking away towards the mirror.

"I thought that I saw you there only a few minutes since," he said.

Elizabeth was busy lighting a candle; after she had succeeded, she replied:

"If you had seen me in the grounds I don't know that it would be any thing very singular."

"No; only as I left you lying down——"

She interrupted him with an impatient gesture.

"I am tired of this," she said passionately. "What is it you wish to know—what do you suspect?"

"Nothing, Elizabeth; I only thought it was foolish of you to go out on such a night."

He was ashamed of himself now, but she did not suffer him to say more, but broke in:

"I will wait tea for you," he said.

"Very well."

As he passed near the sofa his foot got entangled in a shawl which lay on the floor; he picked it up with quite unusual care.

"And you said you had not been out," he exclaimed, holding it out towards her.

For an instant Elizabeth looked confused, then she snatched the shawl from his hand, crying angrily:

"Well, sir, I was out—now are you satisfied?"

"Always deception," he said, "even in trifles."

"Of course," she exclaimed, in the same passionate tone, "you make it necessary. I went out because these nervous attacks make me feel as if I was choking—you are so suspicious that you see something to suspect in the most trivial action."

"So you——"

"Told you a lie," she added, when he hesitated.

"Are you through with this examination—have you any more questions to ask?"

"That tone—that look, Elizabeth; you are not like yourself!"

"And no wonder—blame yourself for it. I cannot and will not endure this system of *espionage*—will have my liberty—that you may understand!"

Mellen's passionate temper flamed up in his face, but he controlled it and did not speak.

"Be good enough to say all you wish and have done with the subject," she continued in the same irritating tone, utterly unlike her old manner of meeting his evil words.

"I have nothing to ask," he said; "you are nervous and excited—we won't quarrel to-night."

He went out of the room, and Elizabeth groaned aloud.

"Oh! I am no longer myself!" she moaned. "What wonder! what wonder!"

She drew a letter from her bosom and began to read it, moaning and crying as she read; then she threw it in the fire and stood watching till the last fragments were consumed. She sank into a chair, buried her face in her hands, sat remained for a long time in that despondent attitude, her whole frame trembling with intense pain, her nerves tremors, and her breath struggling upwards in shuddering gasps. There was a knock at the door at length.

"Who is there?" she called sharply; "what do you want?"

"Miss Elsie wished to know if you were coming to tea," said a servant's voice. "Miss Elsie began to become some to see Mr. Mellen from the city, ma'am."

She started up and went on dressing; as was usual with her after one of those strange excitements, a sudden fever crimsoned her cheeks and brightened her eyes.

She went downstairs and received her guest with affable grace, which contrasted painfully with her late excitement, and before the evening was over seemed to have entirely forgotten the scene she had spoken to Mellen, and was like her old self.

THE "BLIND MEN" OF THE LONDON POST OFFICE.

FROM an English publication—the *Leisure Hour*—we obtain the following interesting description of the peculiar duties of the "blind men" in the General Post Office, London:

The table of the "blind men" is the calmest spot in the building. Theirs is no work of mere mechanical dexterity, that can be brought by constant practice to a dazzling rapidity of execution. It requires much searching in directories, much guessing, much mental effort, to solve each of the riddles in writing and spelling that come upon the table. The irregular combinations of the alphabet alone present a bewildering field of variety to the ignorant and the unready; and when the eccentricities of Christian names and surnames, and those of towns and countries as well as the forms of letters, and the parts of a letter's proper superscription, come to be added, arith metic can hardly convey the results.

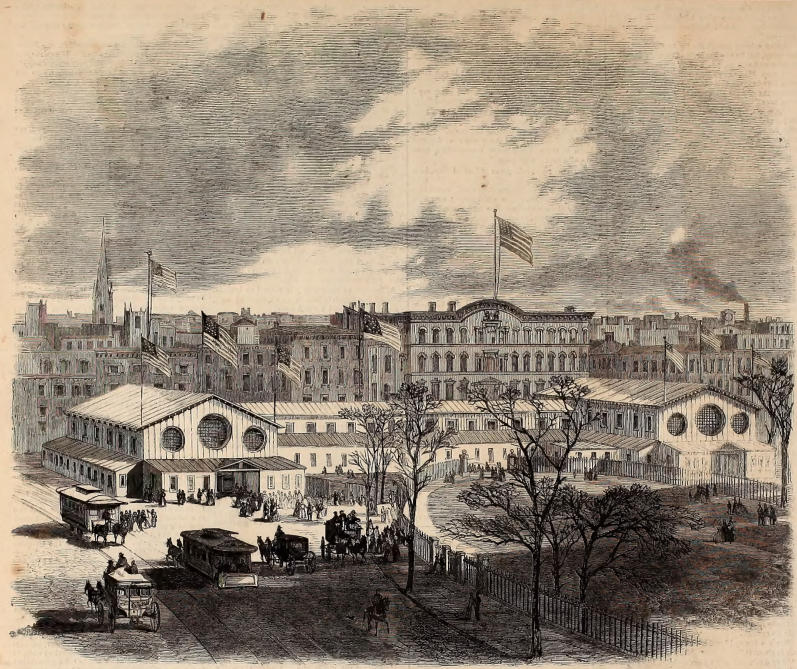
It is to this table that all those riddle letters find their way which the illegible scrawls of the rich and written "East Lixton;" and the late Iron Duke is addressed, long after his death, as the "Duk hor wellington, Ip wich, Inglan," and many an hurried sweat." The "blind men" are often called upon to decipher the most extraordinary addresses engraved in the most undecipherable handwritings: "To Mrs. Slater to the Prince of wales in its Roy, place Kinsston London paid." The "blind men" know that this means the "Prince of Wales" public-house, Princes Place, Kensington Town, and the matter is final.

Sometimes come boys address their relatives in London in the rudest pictorial form, giving a good deal of trouble to the blind men. A picture of a garden and a street, with a fancy portrait of the person for whom the letter is intended, fills outside the note by a not very artistic youth of seven years of age, is not calculated to ease the nervous duty of the Central Post Office. Addressed to "dy Uncle Jon, in London," a King Street, Golden Square, solicitor writes "Mary Ann Street, East Hive Lane 85 no door to the corner To the Sine Cross bibry. Row to the Female which the Servant up Stairs Stairs" is a letter that at Mount Pleasant No. 28 excited much merriment. "Mr. Goodin! ad St. Nicks Fountin to Shoo Makes Mis ma ancle" is known Mrs. Cooper's larger and smaller shoemaker's shop. Another rodent sainstoned box so" ail Pitts Gaol Cambridge Warder" is a letter which the warders of riddles which come before the "blind men" to read. "Mr. Gilbert Ish big to passing through London on his rout to Kent, is anxious to communicate with a friend in some part of the native country.

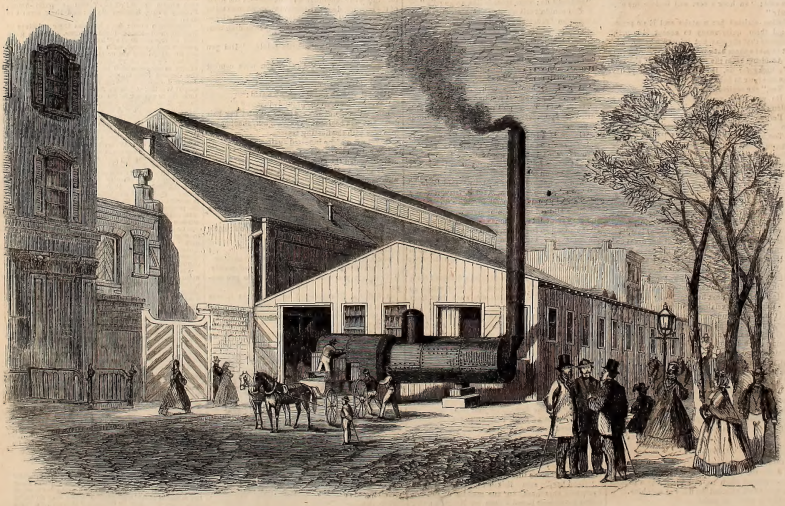
The Sorting Office for newspapers and packets is upon an upper floor, and is reached by an endless stairway worked by machinery, which revolves and ascends, like the spokes of the treadmill. The business of the Sorting Office is very similar to that below, except that the sorting proceeds more slowly, and the sorters, who, as a rule, are more literary than "blind man" here is chiefly engaged with the newspapers, which are addressed in a hand which, if often partially torn; and this work, like that of the department, is the heaviest at some part of the day, newspaper dispatch night of the week. He employs himself in sorting and in pressing the kind of newspaper which would probably go to certain individuals, when he finds himself with a number of addresses without papers, and a number of papers without addresses.

No magazine is allowed to be delivered to the resident as to miss his weekly budget of news and reading, when he comes down to breakfast on a Saturday morning, or to tear open a cover and find a Tory paper in the place of the Whig organ, in place of the Whig organ, which he loves. The newspaper "blind man" performs that work with a rapidity as near as may be make an occasional mistake, in sensing the wrong paper to the wrong man, his countryman must forgive him, when they know the difficulties with which he has to contend.

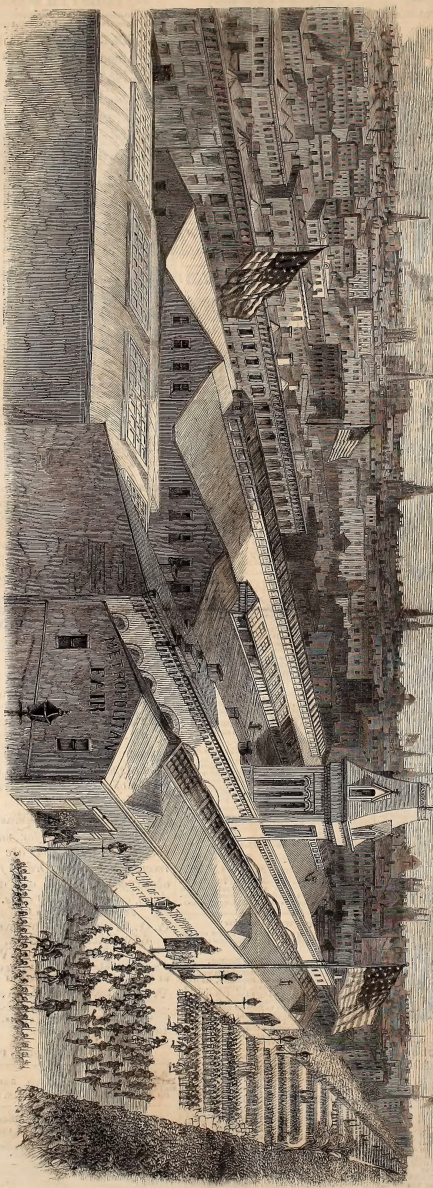
PERFUMES.—So perfect were the Egyptians in the manufacture of perfumes, that some of their ancient ointment, preserved in an alabaster vase, in the museum at Alnwick, still retains a very powerful odor, though it must be between 2,000 and 3,000 years old.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.—THE BUILDING ON UNION SQUARE CONTAINING THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT, &C.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.—THE MACHINERY DEPARTMENT ON 15TH STREET.



THE OPENING OF THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FOURTEENTH STREET.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

CAWS AND EFFECT.—A row in a rookery.

WHEN does a goodnatured man resemble a soldier on parade? When he stands a mess.

THE churchwarden who took up a collection has had it down again.

WHY is a widower like a house in dilapidation? He wants to be repaired.

THE young lady with "speaking eyes" has become quite hoarse, in consequence of using them so much.

THE Borough Market intelligence says, "Hops are very dull." We are glad to hear it, as this is decidedly a step in the right direction.

THE contradictions of pronunciation in the terminations "ough" are amusingly displayed in the following lines:

Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,
They're better than meat for my cough;
Pray let them be boiled till hot through,
But not till they're heavy or tough.
Now I must be off to the plough,
And the boys (when they've had enough),
Must keep the flies off with a bough,
While the old mare drinks at the trough.

THE lady whose sleep was broken has had it mended.

WHEN is rent like a land tax? When it's ground rent.

TO ARTISTES.—To find the carnation's tints in a mulberry complexion.

WHY is yeast in bread like electric fluid? Because it's light leaven.

WHY is Hamburg beef like an executed criminal? Because it's well hung.

WHAT is a high-complexioned girl like an honest man? Because she's very fair.

WHY are lawyers like professors of the small-sword? Because they're in the habit of fencing.

EPIGRAM.

"If Nature never acts a part in vain,
Why," said an Atheist, "shall this fact explain?
Why is the glow-worm does her power produce
Such lambent lustre for so little use?"
A plain, blunt fellow, who by chance stood by
Hears what he said, and made him this reply
"Nature," quoth he," explains her own design;
She meant to mortify all pride like thine.
When over an insect's tail such light she spread,
And joints in the backs in a coxcomb's head."

LEAP YEAR.—This is "Bissextile, or Leap Year;" the year in which ladies are privileged to "leap" the bounds usually prescribed in their intercourse with the sterner sex, and pop the question to whomsoever they fancy.

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No. 3. Large Pen.....4 50
No. 4. Engrossing Pen.....$4 50
Silver Mounted Ebony Holders, in Morocco Cases (extra per doz.).....$4 00

Sample Pens.

No. 2. Medium Pen.....60 cts.
No. 3. Large Pen.....50 cts.
No. 4. Engrossing Pen.....65 cts.
Silver Mounted Ebony Holders, in Morocco Case (extra).....50 cts.

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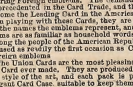
State of Kentucky	1,366
State of Indiana	760
General Ripley	320
Colonel Collins	230
Capt. Buck's Co., Chillicothe, O.	
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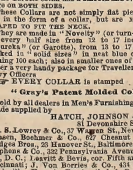
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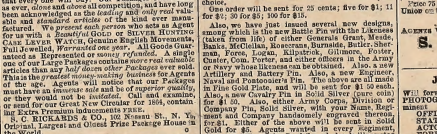
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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No. 447—VOL. XVIII.] NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1864. [TERMS: $3 50 YEARLY, 14 WEEKS $1 00.

THE GREAT METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.

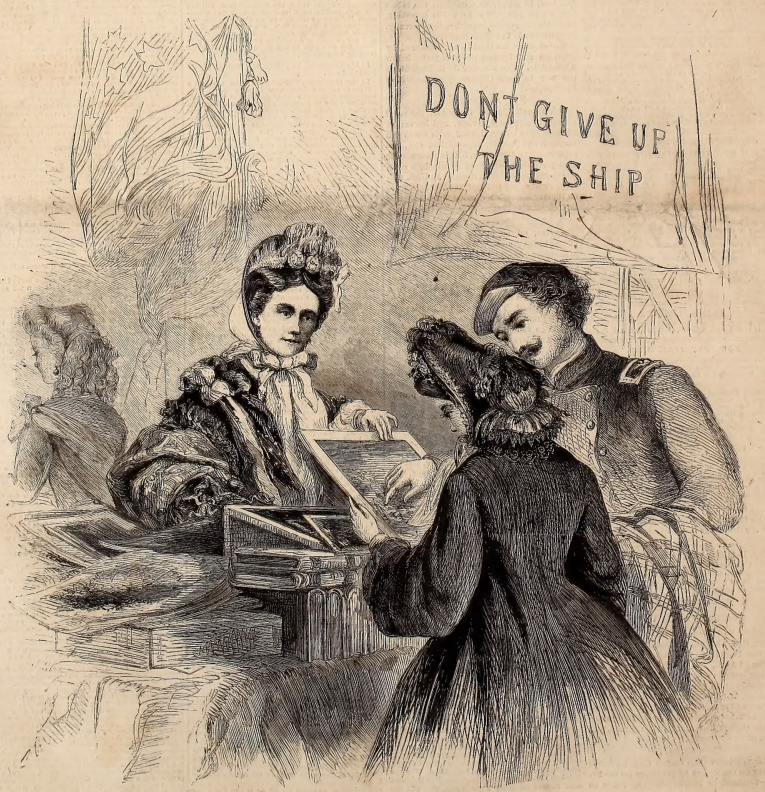
OF all the attempts made during the war to raise means by the voluntary contribution of the people, none has met a more cordial approval, been more warmly taken up or more enthusiastically carried to the mountain height of complete success than the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair. When the ladies of New York undertake a great work they do it greatly, and their Fair will be an epoch in the future history of the city. The buildings where the wealth and beauty of the city gathered to act day by day the part of sales-women may soon pass away, but the memory of the great Fair will endure, and, we trust, as has been wisely suggested, in the form of a permanent Soldiers' Home, where, half a century hence, the veteran, still bearing on his aged form the honorable scars of his wounds in the great war for his country's existence, will find a home.

From far and wide the trains bring in visitors and purchasers. To let all far and near see what the Fair really is, we lay a series of pictures before them, which cannot fail to interest. They may arouse some of the tardy to make their offerings. Let each ask himself what have I yet done?

Our readers are already familiar with the exteriors of the various buildings, from the views which we have given, and with some of the internal arrangements. This week we give more in detail:

The Department of Arms and Trophies.

The Department of Arms and Trophies is a military museum of great interest, embracing Revolutionary relics, the uniforms, swords, camp-chest, etc., of Washington; arms and equipments of Continental officers and men; flags borne in the Revolution, the war of 1812, the war with Mexico, the torn and tattered banners which our volunteers have carried through fields of blood. Battleflags wrested from the rebels.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—MRS. M'CLELLAN'S TABLE IN THE DEPARTMENT OF ARMS AND TROPHIES—SALE OF FRANK LESLIE'S SKETCHES.

arms of other days and the newly-invented cannon and missiles line the walls of this room.

In the centre crowds gather around two splendid swords, presented by Tiffany, one for a naval commander, the other for a General. Persons paying $1 inscribe a name as they may choose. For the military swords the competitors are almost exclusively Gen. McClellan and Gen. Grant, the former leading; for the naval, Admiral Farragut and the staunch, capable and thoroughgoing Com. Rowan, of the Ironsides. The competition between the friends of the hero of Antietam and of the hero of Vicksburg is exciting and entertaining in the highest degree. On our page of character sketches (page 76) will be found this scene, as sketched by our Artist; and on our front page a sketch of Mrs. McClellan's table, not far from it, our Artist having sketched her when disposing of some of the sketches sent by our Artists in the field, during the war, and presented to the Fair by the Proprietor of this paper. The likeness cannot be mistaken. On page 72 will be found the bugler giving the first notice of the evening close of the Fair.

The Art Exhibition

is most readily entered after passing from the Department of Arms and Trophies, and never, here, has so much of the triumphs of the pencil been gathered together. Around the magnificent works of Leutz, Church, Bierstadt, Kensett, Huntington, Winterhalter, Muller, "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "The Heart of the Andes," and "Niagara," "The Rocky Mountains," "Florinda," "Mercy's Dream," "The Conciergerie Prison Group;" others by Meissonier, Gignoux, Dubufe, Frère, Paul Delaroche, Caillear, Verboeckhover, Weir, Retzch and a hundred others are grouped upon the walls. Our Artist gives a view of this department.

Scene in the Main Hall.

In the Main Hall we show the New Jersey Department, with its four stands, illustrative of and devoted to the Four Seasons; the Cockloft Summerhouse; Jacob's Well, near the door, well patronised; the Hairy Eagle, made from hair of the President and prominent political men; and a fine view of the Floral Temple, taken at the moment when Gen. Burnside was making a purchase there.

The Restaurant.

Passing into the Restaurant, we present the Normandy Confectionery Stand, where ladies, in the high Norman cap, familiar to the readers of "Evangeline," dispense their sweets; ladies selling fruit and cigars; and the ladies who act as the cashiers, receiving the money from the visitors.

The Union Square Building.

Taking the stage to the structure at the head of Union Square, our eye catches the Bell Tower or Observatory in front, and entering, we find the International Department, which we show fully, giving a separate view of the Fountain in the centre, and another of one of the stands.

From this attractive department a passage leads to the Knickerbocker Kitchen, which we show in a manner to let all appreciate, giving a separate sketch of the fireplace.

The Children's Department, always well attended, forms the closing group of views. Besides a general feature of this department, we represent some of the Tableaux given for the amusement of the younger visitors, and the Soda Water Fountain.

The treatment of the pickpockets and shoplifters is more amusing to the bystanders doubtless than to the culprits, and they evidently were not anxious to have their portraits so faithfully given to our readers.

Barnum's American Museum.

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THE Publisher of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER invites his present contributors and others to send in before May 1st stories and poems suited to its columns, as well as ideas for comic sketches on subjects of the day.

Summary of the Week.

THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

Gen. Grant, having visited Fortress Monroe and the Peninsula, returned to Washington on the 3d April, and on the 5th proceeded to his headquarters in the field. He has since reconnoitred, in person, Lee's works on the Rapidan, and a movement may be looked for as soon as the roads are practicable. The recent storm has swept away many of the bridges on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and done other damage.

VIRGINIA.

Commissioner Ould visited Gen. Butler to confer on the matter of prisoners on the 2d, and returned to Richmond. The roads in Virginia are in such a condition as to prevent operations. Lee's fortifications at Mitchell's station, Clark's mountain, can be seen from our lines.

The transport Fairhaven, with several hundred soldiers of the 79th, 88th and 90th New York volunteers, was driven ashore on the 1st, near Cape Henry, but the troops were fortunately all saved.

A gunboat expedition to the Chickahominy returned safely with 40 negroes.

TENNESSEE.

Col. Marsh, with 600 of the 6th Union Tennessee cavalry, engaged a rebel force of 1,500, near Summerville, on the 29th March, and was driven back, losing 75 men and three officers. The wounded and prisoners were apparently butchered.

All the veterans of the army of the Cumberland and the army of Tennessee are ordered to the front.

ALABAMA.

The rebel ram Tennessee, lying near the fort at Grant's pass, was struck by a squall on the 1st, and, keeling over, sank. Only her smokestacks can now be seen. This formidable antagonist, with her six 100-pound rifle Parrotts and as many small pieces, is thus disposed of.

LOUISIANA.

Gen. Franklin, with the main body of his army, has reached Alexandria. On the 29th of March Gen. A. J. Smith pushed on, followed by the gunboats, and 35 miles above Alexandria came up with Gen. Dick Taylor Gen. Mower, with 8,000 men, led the American army, and after three hours' fight drove Taylor, with his 12,000, from a strong position. Our loss, 18 killed, 60 wounded; the rebels lost above 200. We took 500 prisoners. Dudley's brigade distinguished itself greatly. Nachitoches is in our possession.

The steamer La Crosse was captured by guerillas and burned on the 25th, below Alexandria. The steamer J. H. Russell, on her way to New Orleans, was burned at Plaquemine.

ARKANSAS.

Col. Powell Clayton destroyed the rebel ponton bridge at Fairview, and burned a train of 35 wagons, loaded with camp and garrison equipments, ammunition, etc., and captured, by a stratagem, 370 prisoners. Our men pretended to belong to Shelby's command, his troops being dressed in U. S. uniforms, and called out that the Yankees were on them. A number crossed the bridge and were disarmed at once.

KENTUCKY.

Forrest, whose bloody system of war, killing his prisoners in cold blood, is praised in Richmond papers, has found that his course may be requited. Champe Ferguson, one of his leaders, was wounded in action, near Manchester, and pursued by Col. Stokes. He was found in a house near Short mountain, and dispatched. The recently published work of Col. Fremantle admits that it was a rebel custom to refuse quarter, and he gives his English readers some diverting stories on the subject.

After his repulse at Paducah, Forrest retired on Mayfield, and having repulsed Grierson, in Tennessee, is dispersing, to retire more easily. Some of his men were captured at Shelbyville, but were rescued.

The gunboats had a fight at Hickman, with guerillas, on the 5th.

MISSISSIPPI.

On the 8th the rebels, 1,500 strong, attacked Rook's plantation, near Snydersville, and destroyed the machinery and buildings, but were at last driven off by the 1st Massachusetts (colored) cavalry.

NORTH CAROLINA.

On the 9th 40 rebels landed on Cape Lookout, secured the lighthouse keepers, and exploded a keg of powder in the lighthouse, injuring it greatly.

FLORIDA.

Gen. John P. Hatch has succeeded Gen. Seymour in command in this State.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 4th of April, the Neutrality laws were discussed, and a bill was reported appropriating $5,000,000 for the satisfaction of claims for spoliations committed by the French prior to July 31, 1801, and appointing a Commission to adjudicate said claims. The House bill authorising enlistments in rebellious districts was taken up, and Messrs. Grimes and Trumbull made speeches against it, while Messrs. Sherman and Wilson spoke in favor of the bill. Mr. Howe, of Wisconsin, then made a speech in favor of prohibiting slavery by an amendment of the Constitution.

In the House, resolutions calling for information as to the amount and disposition of the commutation money received from drafted men, and as to the number of colored regiments in the service; also, as to the number of persons arrested for political offences, were laid on the table. The Secretary of War was called on for a statement of the number of men who have entered the army since March, 1861, and the quota of each State under each call. The Committee on Foreign Affairs reported a joint resolution declaring that "the Congress of the United States is unwilling by silence to leave the nations of the world under the impression that they are indifferent spectators of the deplorable events now transpiring in the republic of Mexico; therefore, they think it fit to declare that it does not accord with the people of the United States to acknowledge a monarchical government erected on the ruins of any republican government in America, under the auspices of any European Power." This was adopted unanimously—109 members voting. An effort was made to have the resolution granting the use of the hall of the House to George Thompson, the English abolitionist, for a lecture, rescinded; but the House refused to entertain the proposition.

In the Senate, on the 5th, the Judiciary Committee reported the bill providing for the collection of taxes in insurrectionary districts, with amendments striking out the provision authorizing grants of 40 acre lots to soldiers, and that empowering the Tax Commissioner to set aside sales deemed to be unfairly made. A proposition was submitted providing for the retirement of Supreme and District Court Judges when they attain the age of 70, if they so desire, upon liberal salaries, graduated according to the length of their terms of service. A motion to postpone the regular order of business and take up the Naval Appropriation bill was negatived—22 against 16. The joint resolution to amend the Constitution so as to prohibit slavery for ever in the States and Territories was taken up, and Mr. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, delivered an able speech in its favor. Mr. Davis's amendment declaring that no negro shall be a citizen, or be eligible to any office, received but five votes, while another from Mr. Powell, providing that owners shall be paid the value of slaves emancipated, found but two supporters. A proposition offered by Mr. Davis, to divide the negroes set free among the Northern States, was also rejected.

In the House, a bill was reported authorising the construction of two bridges across the Ohio, to enable the railroads of Indiana and Illinois to connect with railroads on the opposite banks of the river in Kentucky. The railroad companies are ready to build the bridges without cost to the Government. A motion to lay the bill on the table was negatived by four majority, and it was then recommitted to the Committee on Roads and Canals. The Committee of Ways and Means were instructed to inquire and report as to the expediency of increasing the duty on foreign wool. The Naval Committee asked leave of absence for 10 days, in order to visit the West and examine sites for a navy yard on the Mississippi, and after some discussion it was laid on the table. In Committee of the Whole the National Bank bill was taken up, perfected and reported to the House, whereupon Mr. Stevens offered a substitute, being substantially the bill as agreed to by the Committee of the Whole, but fixing the rate of interest on loans, etc., at 7 per centum, and omitting the clause giving to States the privilege to tax the capital of National Banking Associations.

In the Senate, on 6th, there was nothing of any public interest.

In the House, Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, reported a bill providing that the heads of the departments shall be entitled to occupy seats on the floor of the House, with the right to participate in debate upon matters relating to their respective departments. It was ordered to be printed. The National Bank bill was then taken up, and the amendments of the Committee of the Whole agreed to. Mr. Stevens offered a substitute for the bill, being the same as the original bill, with the exception of restoring the uniform rate of seven per centum interest on loans, &c., and omitting the clause giving States the privilege of taxing the capital of the banks. This was rejected—59 against 78. Mr. Spaulding offered a new section to the original bill providing that each bank shall receive the notes of other banks without discount. This was agreed to. Mr. Stevens thereupon moved to lay the bill on the table, which was carried by a vote of 89 against 44.

In the Senate, on the 7th, after several unimportant matters were disposed of, the debate was renewed on the joint resolution to amend the Constitution so as to prohibit slavery. Mr. Hendrichs, of Indiana, arguing against it, and Mr. Henderson, of Missouri, in its favor.

In the House, the Secretary of War was directed to report the number, names and rank of officers dismissed from the army by order of the President without a court-martial, and also how many such dismissals have been revoked during the war. The remainder of the business was unimportant.

In the Senate, on the 8th, the debate on the amendment to the Constitution, whereby slavery is to be for ever prohibited throughout the land, was concluded, and after some futile efforts on the part of its opponents to delay final action, the joint resolution of the Judiciary Committee was adopted. A two-thirds vote was necessary to secure the success of the measure, but the record stands as follows:

For the amendment	38
Against the amendment	6
Total	44
Absent	5

The negative votes were cast by Messrs. Davis and Powell, of Kentucky; Saulsbury and Riddle, of Delaware; McDougall, of California; and Hendricks, of Indiana. The absentees were Messrs. Buckalew (opp.), of Pennsylvania; Carlile (opp.), of West Virginia; Hicks (opp.), of Maryland; Richardson (opp.), of Illinois; and Wright (opp.), of New Jersey.

In the House, Mr. Patterson, of New Hampshire, and Washburne, of Illinois, had a very severe passage of arms. The House then went into Committee of the Whole, and Mr. Long, of Ohio, made a speech on the war, and in course of his remarks boldly declared in favor of the recognition of the rebel Confederacy. Gen. Garfield, of Ohio, replied with much patriotic warmth and eloquence.

On the 9th the Senate did not sit.

In the House there was a very exciting discussion in the Committee of the Whole on a resolution offered by Mr. Colfax to expel Mr. Long, of Ohio, for disloyal sentiments uttered in his speech of the day before. During the discussion Mr. Harris (Democrat), of Maryland, arose and boldly avowed his gratification at the secession of the South, justifying it fully, and rebuking the Democratic party for not daring to come up to his standard of political morality. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, instantly offered a resolution to expel Mr. Harris, which received 81 votes against 58, but two-thirds being required, the resolution was not adopted.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE great and absorbing talk of the week is, of course, the Fair—not the fair we are accustomed to meeting in our daily rambles upon Broadway, in the parlors and drawing-rooms of our friends, or in the quiet of our homes—but the Insanity Fair, as our cousin, Jerusha Peabody, who has come all the way from Wethersfield, Connecticut, for the double purpose of looking into the matter and selling out a few barrels of onions, calls it.

It has taken this week fully to get the Fair in full blast, and even with the going down of the sun on Saturday night there were still vacancies to be filled by expected contributions from abroad, and contemplated improvements and pleasures that will make the great enterprise one long spring day's song, to be remembered as a great event in the history of New York, and something to be related to our children and grandchildren, as those among us whose locks are just beginning to silver tell now of the terrors of the great fire of thirty years ago, or the festivities of the Croton celebration.

When duty and pleasure go hand in hand in accomplishing so grand an object as that now before us, there is a moral sublimity in it that challenges the admiration of nations, and does more in establishing the righteousness of a cause than any battle that has been fought and won by our brave soldiers since the opening of the war. All politics, creeds, religions and nationalities are forgotten, and the great people, whether, as individuals, they believe in its conduct or not, vie in their efforts to give that which will ameliorate the horrors and suffering of the occasion, and stamp our city and our country as the most enlightened, liberal and humane of any of which we have record since the creation of the world.

The receipts for the first week are half a million, and that with disadvantages, which are being rectified every day. The sales have not as yet fairly commenced, though the crowds have been immense, even to that degree that a large majority have failed to see one-half the attractions from that cause. So far the visitors have not been buyers, but the buyers will come as the crowds slack off. The man who waits until the price of admission comes down to 50 cents is much more likely to become a purchaser of something he may see there than the wealthier sightseer who does not mind his $5 for his season-ticket or his $1 for a single admission. All the country has yet to come, and with its coming the goods of the Sanitary Fair will melt away like snow before the sun.

Upon entering the vast buildings in 14th street, a few weeks since, we were struck by the appearance of their great extent, an appearance that, since their occupation, is somewhat lost. This effect is naturally caused by their decoration and by the masses of goods and crowds of people that throng them. In fact, through the first week the last was so great an objection that thousands, after fairly forcing their way into the buildings, have been obliged to come away unseeing and unseen, leaving the satisfaction of their curiosity until the edge of public appetite has somewhat worn away.

The price of admission has been through the week nominally $1, but the actual cost of "doing" the whole affair is exactly $2 65: Main Hall, $1; Picture-room, 25 cents; Arms and Trophies, 25 cents; Curiosities, 25 cents; Indian-room, 25 cents; Knickerbocker Kitchen, 10 cents; Cockloft House, a representation of the Irving summer-house, 10 cents; Skating Pond, 10 cents; looking through a brick, and a view of a lady's hand, each 10 cents, the first an unexplainable experiment, the last a two—*not too minute*—minute examination of a fair lady's digit under a microscopic lens, an idea worthy of some great genius, and one for which we should not begrudge the 10 cents, if we could have the selection of the hand we desired to examine, in which case we should be willing to dispense with the microscope. This large sum for viewing the elephant has naturally excited dissatisfaction, and yet we do not see how it could have been avoided. At present something must be done to keep away the crowds or the exhibition would be a nullity by reason of the rush, and the scenes of the Prince of Wales's wedding in London would be reenacted in New York, in the way of crushing and smothering to death. There will be plenty of time, for public curiosity and excitement cannot be allayed in less than a month, and during that time all will have a chance, not only without being uncomfortably crowded, but at moderate prices, even within reach of the poorest person.

The leading items of excitement are the two swords, one of which is to be presented to the General receiving the largest number of votes, and the other to the naval officer who is the recipient of the same. These votes are registered in a book, and each voter, on putting down his name, pays $1 for each vote he gives, with the privilege of voting early and voting as often as he or she pleases, for ladies in this case carry a political privilege. Up to the close of the week the voting, bulletins of which were posted in prominent places, stood, for the Generals: McClellan, 2,312; Grant, 1,880; and scattering, 33; while the naval sword had only, for Farragut, 119; Rowan, 63; Dupont, 20; and scattering, 21

About this original poll excitement runs high and conversation sparkles. A brilliantly dressed angel floats up to the table, and, drawing off a delicate No. 6 Alexandre glove, seizes the pen, and in neat Italian chirography puts down her opinion to the amount of a V., saying, as she does so:

"There's five to help along the greatest soldier in the land."

"An' who may that be, mim?" asks a burly Irishwoman, who has been looking curiously on for some moments.

"Why, Gen. Grant," says the aristocrat.

"Oh! bliss me heart!" responds the Democrat, "an Giniral McClillin alive! Sure, whin did Giniral McClillin die that iny other should be great? I haven't much money, mother," addressing the keeper of the sword, "but I've two boys in the army, an' for their sakes yees kin put me down for five votes for Giniral McClillin, an' the boys kin make it up to me, an' I know they will, macushla;" and the old woman, after seeing the votes fairly entered, stalked away, feeling that she had a stake in the country, though she might lack a chop at home.

At other times, especially in the evening, when the crowds contain more men, the General competition runs high. A stout gentleman, with something about him that looks as though his pocketbook had not been trodden on by an elephant, stands gazing on the book as voter after voter enters his name and dollars for Grant, and then, with a spasmodic jerk he brings out the plethoric pocketbook, and with

"Can't stand this, nohow! I'll just take a turn at that pen when it's disengaged."

And the old gentleman, after writing his name at the head of a clean page, scores down two entire sheets with dittos, and forks over a roll of greenbacks to support his practical admiration of little Mac. This brings up another to the rescue, who draws a zigzag line over a page of 28 lines, and says:

"That's the Mississippi river, and that's for the hero of it!" planking down at the same time $28 as the cost of the line.

With that a blooming maiden, leaning on a manly arm, flashes a pair of brown eyes, and says to the said manly creature, to whom she is affording her society,

"William, did you see that? I thought you were an admirer of McClellan?"

And straightway William's roll is out, and a greenback lies upon the table.

"What!" once more speaks up the maiden, "don't you admire him more than five dollars?"

"Certainly, Flora, if you say so. Suppose we say 15 votes for you and five for me. How will that do?"

"You're a dear fellow," and then came a squeeze of the arm, and something whispered that sounded very much like, "Consider yourself kissed," or "Claim a kiss when you get home," or some equally absurd thing which young ladies with brown eyes will say sometimes.

Occasionally a soldier records his admiration for his old General, at the same time expressing his belief that he must win, from the very natural idea we all have that everybody must think as we do.

It is very possible that before the close of the Fair 20,000 votes will be registered on this sword, showing a curious record, if not one of great significance.

The next object of attraction is "the hairy eagle," an anomalous article manufactured by Mrs. Wright, the wife of Senator or Governor Wright, from human hair scissorised from the heads of Abraham Lincoln and his cabinet (all but Secretary Welles, who had none to spare), and a couple of score of Senators. The hairy eagle—long may she wave—is to be presented to Father Abraham himself, and repose in his bosom for evermore, as soon as 1,000 persons have entered their names in a book at one dollar each. At the present showing the chance is slim that the hairy eagle will take his airy flight to Abraham if it is dependent on the thousand names. A good story is told of this hairy eagle, that the maker of it, while collecting material, sent to Thaddeus Stevens, Senator from Pennsylvania, for a lock of his hair.

The joke comes in when it is told that Mr. Stevens's ead is innocent of a single hair, and has sported a wig for the last 20 years.

The next interesting item is the Knickerbocker kitchen, an apartment fitted up in the old Dutch style for the dispensation of refreshment to the body corporate. There ladies of our old Dutch families in the costume of their grandmothers attend the cooking, and serve the solid eatables for the faint stomach, as well as the ancient delicacies of doughnuts, crullers, oliekoks, waffles, gingerbread, potcheese and suppawn and milk. Caudle can be had at the moderate tax of 50 cents per cup; lunch at 75 cents, and dinner at $1, or more, according to the strength of appetite. Within this room is gathered a heterogeneous collection of relics of "ye olden tyme," an ancient Bible in the Holland script, 225 years old, pictures of New York worthies, and ancestors of the present stock quite as old; while from a corner beside the kitchen fire stares up an ancient stuffed tabby and kitten, trying hard to make believe that they are alive. A venerable Uncle Ned, with a villainous violin, makes night—and day too—hideous, with attempts at old dance tunes, while two youthful American citizens of African descent add to the noise by twanging out curious sounds from jews-harps.

And then comes the Children's Department, a treasury of useful articles, toys and knick-knacks, almost realising the fables of fairyland, and even surpassing that wondrous tale we were wont to tell when we would win the affections of some fair miss of four summers, that we lived in a gingerbread house with molasses candy furniture, and that—if she would only give us a kiss—we would take her home with us to stay a week. There are families of dolls, so natural that they want only speech to make them real babies, and having this advantage over the real article that they are only troublesome at the will of their owners. There are the contributions from every clime, and the real little ones, who perambulate the building, will, perhaps, when three score years have passed away, repeat again and again to their grandchildren of the marvels they are now looking at, and declare that "doll babies and toys, my dears, are not what they were in my day."

Then comes the room of Arms and Trophies, filled with objects to excite curiosity, patriotism and respect. The old musket borne by our grandsires at Bennington, Bunkerhill and Yorktown; the sword around which is woven an imperishable romance; the uniform of Washington and his camp chest, teaching a lesson of simplicity to our own shoulder-straps; the cane presented to him by Franklin; and the clothes of Jackson, made doubly interesting from being the same suit worn at New Orleans; and last, though far from being least, the blood and powder-stained, the weather-beaten and battle-tattered banners of our own brave boys, borne in every fight since the war. In this room is Mrs. McClellan, supervising her little shop as busily and intensely earnest as any professional saleswoman, and as blind to the attention she attracts while immersed in business as though buried in the solitude of her boudoir.

Another room is fitted as an Indian Wigwam, and here are arranged the arms and dresses of the red men, their wampum and beads, and their articles of domestic use, and here a band of original denizens of the soil pound out doleful sounds on domestic-made drums, and dance figures not laid down by Ferrero or Brooks, as often as they gather an audience to witness their mournfulness.

Next comes the Curiosity Shop, in which are gathered the hoarded nothings and somethings of ages. Among the latter is a lump of gold, the finding of some fortunate digger in California, and valued at $40,000. Magnificent Japanese embroidered robes, a watch that once belonged to Louis XV. of France, with ancient clothes worn in all their magnificence hundreds of years ago, and ancient missals from which our forefathers said their prayers three or four hundred years before the discovery of America; while among the first we note a pinch of snuff given by Mary Queen of Scots to a member of the Seton family, and by him handed down, along with another pinch given to another Seton by George III., to the present representative of the race; a fact which shows clearly that Queen Mary with all her beauty, and King George with all his dunder-headedness, were up to snuff, or—that the Setons were. Trifles from every corner of the world fill this room, and prominent among them is a specimen of "Confederate cake," the identical article fed to our soldiers at the Libby prison, and called bread.

Near the Curiosity Shop Grafulla's band sends forth its pleasant strains, but he who hears must march, for there is no stopping in such a throng. His labors are like those of Sisyphus, always moving. We pray that the same squad of policemen that are now learning the duty of making people move on who would otherwise obstinately obstruct the thoroughfares, may, as soon as the Fair is ended, be transferred to Broadway, and there be made to perform the same duty, so that two or three stupid persons—even though they be women, young and pretty—cannot stop to gossip in the middle of the pavement when they meet, and by so doing throw out and annoy a whole line of promenaders. Pardon the digression.

Beside the Knickerbocker Kitchen there is another dispensing place of edibles, a mammoth Restaurant, capable of feeding its thousands, and presided over by experienced people who not only know "how to keep a hotel," but have kept one; while in still another apartment Duryea's Maizena is fed unto those who are willing to disburse currency for the same, cooked in various ways by a person carefully educated on Maizena principles, and solemnly sworn to do equal and exact justice to all eaters thereof.

The space of our topics will not allow more than to say that we have not said a moiety of the attractions, but that time, pens, ink, paper and types will eventually relieve our mind, and let the world know what a great city can do when its sympathies are fairly aroused, and let our soldiers in the field know that their wants are for ever with us, and that nothing which humanity can do to alleviate them will be left undone, even though a dozen Sanitary Fairs have to be held every day in the year.

And now for the other excitements of the week—a tale that is easily told. It seems almost strange that anything can attract attention in the face of the absorbing interest of the Fair, and yet we must allow that the debut of Miss Avonia Jones did so, and notwithstanding it occurred upon the opening night of the Fair, drew a tolerably full house. She made her first appearance before a New York audience in the character of Judith.

The story of the play has been very freely rendered. As given in the play the scene opens in the Jewish city of Bethulia, with a distant view of the camp of Holofernes, who is besieging it. The inhabitants are starving and thirsting, with all their sacrifices and prayers rejected; the people are in revolt, and wish to open the gates to Holofernes the Assyrian. In the midst of this clamor Judith—who has been slandered by the people—rushes into their midst with the intelligence that in her wandering in the suburbs she has found a spring, and that water can be had. This puts a stop to the revolt, and the populace hasten away to seek the water. The spring proves to have been poisoned, and Judith, accused of the crime and pursued by the people, flies to and takes refuge in the cave of Ramesis the Egyptian, a magician. Here she is found by the mob, and under the pretence of conferring the gift of invisibility is given a potion by Ramesis which throws her into a stupor and counterfeits death so closely that the mob leaves her with Ramesis, as they suppose, a corpse. From the cave she escapes to the Assyrian camp, full with the design of saving her country and destroying Holofernes. There she succeeds in inspiring a passion in Holofernes that is uncontrollable, and leads to his determination to place her on the throne as his queen. With her stern purpose in view, Judith hears the most terrible curses and reproaches heaped upon her by the high priest of her tribe, and by Othoniel, her lover, both of whom are made prisoners by Holofernes, and finally while in the midst of the wedding feast, and while the Assyrian is delirious and drunken, cuts off his head, and by the act frees her people.

Of the play we will say nothing more than to repeat the story; it is not worth criticism, and Miss Jones has done herself injustice in making a first appearance before a critical audience in it. Of the lady we would say that she has a good face and appearance, and makes up richly, though not with taste. The sombre, ill-appearing dress worn in the first acts, militated greatly against her, and the head-dress—even though it be faultless in costume, detracted from the effect of her face and spoiled its expression. Her voice is loud and distinct, but occasionally affected and stagey, and her general action is not calculated to please at the start, though it improves upon acquaintance. To sum all up in a few words, Miss Avonia Jones is hardly the coming tragedienne who will wipe away our recollection of Ellen Tree, Charlotte Cushman and Kate Bateman, though she has many requisites to please. The coming week she will give us "Fazio," "Lady Audley's Secret," a new version, and "Medea," after which we shall be better enabled to judge of her powers.

The promises for the week are "Loyalina," a new version of "Fortunio," by Mr. Oakey Hall, at Mrs. John Wood's; Mr. Booth at Niblo's, in "The Fool's Revenge;" "The Follies of a Night," "The Heir-at-Law," "The Secret," and some more "Rosedale" at Wallack's; with "Robert le Diable" and "Faust" at the Academy.

Barnum holds back "Cudjo's Cave" another week, possibly to make the cave larger, and in the meantime Aphrosa enters upon its 11th week, with all its attractions, fountain included.

Why is it the managers of our theatres will permit boys, who seem to have been selected for no other requisite than the possession of harsh, unmusical voices, to go about the house, before and during all the pauses of the play, disturbing the audience, and interrupting conversation by crying, "Books o' the play," or in the summer by the perpetual yell of "Fans!" If it be necessary that these two articles should be sold in the house, cannot these loud-voiced and unmusical youths do their dickering without making a continued announcement of it. We do not believe they sell one playbook or fan more by their crying aloud, but on the contrary so disgust and disturb every respectable person that they will not buy, even though they might require their wares.

One of the main topics of conversation just now in all circles is the fact that the stock gambling mania has seized upon the fairer sex, and that Wall street is the scene of some financial transactions rather startling to those having old time ideas of business. It is an unquestionable fact that women have taken to operating personally on 'change, and one case is openly cited of the wife of a well-known banker, who has been playing with Harlem to that extent that not only had she ridden herself of a very fair little property, but had even despoiled herself of diamonds and jewellery before her financial tastes were discovered and stopped by her liege lord.

What an excellent thing would it be just now could we but be like the bears, retire into a hollow tree and suck our paws until the war and hard times be over, thereby saving all the expense and trouble of living. It is somewhat startling to the man of limited income, which has not been improved of late, to find that what he thought rather a liberal stipend two years ago is now barely enough to exist on, with but little hope of improvement.

Gradually every necessity of life is creeping up, so gradually that one dares not think of remonstrance, until the man who formerly went to market with $5 and came home loaded with delicacies, now almost realizes the story of one who went with a dollar to buy sugar, and being questioned by his wife on his return as to what he had done with the saccharine, hunted all over his person, and finally declared that he must have left it in his other vest pocket. We hope to excite the sympathy of readers all over the land when we assure them that unfortunate New Yorkers are using beef at 22 and 24 cents per pound, butter at 60 and 64, sugar at 24 and 25, coffee at 55 and 60, and all things else in proportion, with a like rise in house rent. There is a legend somewhere extant, that in the city of Boston for many years everything was a hundred dollars, and that any one looking into a shop window at goods would be charged half their price without getting them. We very much fear that New York is getting to be as bad as Boston, if such a thing can be realised.

Last week we had occasion to speak of the parade of two handcuffed men through Broadway, followed by a policeman holding a pistol, and this week we have another instance of the same brutality, in an incident at the opening night of the Sanitary Fair, when a man was paraded about the buildings, escorted by two policemen, and labelled "Pickpocket!" and since the same act perpetrated upon two women. Now, outside of the disgusting nature of all such exhibitions, which are an outrage upon those who attend public places, and in many cases utterly destroy the pleasure they would otherwise enjoy, we contend that even a thief has rights, and that no policeman should for an instant be allowed to arrogate to himself the functions of judge and jury, and, even though the offender be caught in the act, convict the culprit and brand him before a community. Such outrages as the two we have mentioned should be the subject of especial inquiry by the new Commissioners, and made an example of.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Legislature of Maine have defined "the Lord's day" to extend legally from midnight Saturday to midnight Sunday.

—— Emma Webb gave a very spirited lecture at the Cooper Institute on the 5th of April, in reply to Miss Dickenson's recent discourse. Miss Webb is as strong on the Democratic side as her fair opponent is on the Republican.

—— The contest between the admirers of Gen. McClellan and those of Gen. Grant at the Sanitary Fair promises to be a very close affair. The ladies take far greater interest in it than the men.

—— Count de Johannes gave a lecture on the 6th of April in the Cooper Institute Hall, on Napoleon and other people. It was very amusing, and caused roars of laughter. He was particularly severe upon Abraham Lincoln, and finished the evening's entertainment by electing Gen. McClellan as next President.

—— A man named Phelps, who died at Salem, London county, Conn., recently, by his own agreement, sold his body to a surgeon in Boston for $1,000, the money to be appropriated to the use of his widowed mother, and his body to purposes of scientific investigation. His death was produced by an enormous tumor growing upon his back, larger than a bushel basket, and apparently nearly 100 pounds in weight. It had been growing for 8 years.

—— An election in Maryland for delegates to a convention to amend the State Constitution was held on the 6th. It is estimated that the majority in favor of unconditional emancipation is about 15,000.

—— The State election in Rhode Island on the 5th resulted in the success of the Republicans.

—— At the meeting of the Board of Education, Commissioner Hitchman presented a communication from Anson Herrick, giving the Board of Education the appointment of a midshipman to the Naval Academy from the Ninth Congressional district. The sum of $4,500 was appropriated to build a wing to a school-house in the 14th Ward. A resolution was adopted appropriating $61,220 for building a new school-house in the 16th Ward, and $58,900 for another in the 18th. After disposing of some minor business the Board adjourned.

—— The emigration from Europe to this port continues to increase from week to week. The number of arrivals last week was 997, making the number since Jan. 1, 25,400, against 10,696 to the corresponding period of last year. The balance of the commutation fund now to the credit of the Commissioners of Emigration is $62,924.

—— The City Inspector's report states that there were 481 deaths in the city during the week ending April 4—a decrease of 4 as compared with the mortality of the week previous, and 52 more than occurred during the corresponding week last year. The recapitulation table gives 3 deaths of alcoholism, 1 of diseases of the bones, joints, etc.; 90 of the brain and nerves, 13 of the generative organs, 17 of the heart and blood vessels, 160 of the lungs, throat, etc.; 3 of old age, 54 of diseases of the skin and eruptive fevers, 5 premature births, 54 of diseases of the stomach, bowels and other digestive organs; 49 of uncertain seat and general fevers, 2 from unknown causes, 16 of diseases of the urinary organs, and 14 from violence, etc. There were 301 natives of the United States, 114 of Ireland, 15 of England, 3 of Scotland, 35 of Germany, and the balance of various foreign countries.

—— The new steamer St. John made the trip from New York to Albany the other night in 8 hours and 44 minutes.

—— The gross proceeds of the Sanitary Fair in Boston reached oply $145,000, about one-fourth of the sum realised in Brooklyn.

—— The average price of gold during the week ending April 9th has been 167; it has reached 170. The Government price was 165.

—— An onslaught was made the other day on the shadpoles placed in our rivers and bay, where they interfered with navigation, by order of the Pilot Commissioners. A steamtug was employed to draw the poles, while the harbor police boat, Capt. Todd, protected her from any demonstrations that might be made by the fishermen. After drawing several poles, a committee of fishermen came off to the tug, and in order to save their property, made promises to clear them off. They were then given a specified time to do so, and if not done the poles certainly will be drawn and cast adrift by the tugs.

Western.—Silver has been discovered in the pineries in Burnett county, Wisconsin.

—— A letter to the Wisconsin *State Journal* says that there are 40,000 "Bohemians" in that State.

—— The message of Gov. Lewis, of Wisconsin, was printed and circulated in English, Dutch, German, Norwegian, Welsh and Slavic.

—— There has been a general rise in the price of the Cincinnati newspapers, as had before been the case at Chicago and St. Louis.

—— The Kentucky Union State Convention at Louisville is to meet on May 25, to appoint delegates to the National Union Convention.

—— A party of coal workers have left St. Paul, Minn., for the Cottonwood coal fields, and expect to have a large load at the levee early in the season.

—— A man has been arrested in Cincinnati on the charge of being a resurrectionist, he having a body just disinterred from a grave in his express cart.

—— The town of Solon, Mich., polled just 57 votes in 1861; it has since sent 56 soldiers to the army of the Union.

Southern.—A handsome octoroon girl on a Miss. plantation was married eight years ago to a mulatto on the same plantation, and was afterwards sold to another planter, owing to her master's pecuniary difficulties. The couple were plainly told that she was intended as the new owner's mistress. Entreaties only resulted in her husband being savagely beaten and her being taken away. The wretched girl attempted suicide without success, and had no chance of escape, being ultimately forced to submit to her fate. She had one child by her brutal owner. George, the husband, afterwards escaped, and succeeded in getting to Europe on board an English ship. He travelled much there as a servant to families, and a short time since returned to Cleveland. Meanwhile, on the capture of New Orleans, the woman's owner had fled, and she escaped to Philadelphia, where she has since resided in a family as servant. Having gone to Cleveland a short time since on a visit, she met her long-lost husband in the street, and both manifested the most intense joy. Thus after so long and cruel a separation they are happily reunited.

Military.—The following officers are officially announced as of the staff of Lieut.-Gen. Grant, in General Orders No. 126, from the War Department: Lieut.-Col. C. S. Comstock, senior Aide-de-Camp, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; Lieut.-Col. D. E. Babcock, and Major F. T. Dent, 4th U. S. infantry, Aides-de-Camp, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; Lieut.-Col. W. L. Duff, 2d Illinois artillery, Assistant Inspector-General; Major W. R. Rowley, Aide-de-Camp, and Capt. Adam Badeau, additional Aide-de-Camp, Private Secretaries, with the rank of Lieutenant-colonel.

—— The rebel commissioner Col. Ould and Capt. Hotch returned to their flag of truce boat on James river on the 5th, *en route* for Richmond. A perfect understanding was come to between Col. Ould and Gen. Butler, whereby the exchange of prisoners will be hereafter conducted honorably and humanely.

—— Several officers of the "extinguished corps" expressed such rebellious sentiments lately that they were put under arrest.

Personal.—Andrew Jackson Smith is the General who captured Fort de Russey. He is a native of Pennsylvania, was appointed a Cadet from that State in 1834, and graduated at West Point, June 30, 1838. His commission dates—2d Lieut. of the 1st Dragoons, U. S. A., July 1, 1838; Lieut., 1845; Lieut.-Col. of Ohio Vols., Aug. to Oct., 1846; Capt. U. S. A., Feb. 16, 1847; Major 1st Dragoons, May 13, 1861, and afterwards 2d Col. Cav. Vols. and Brig.-Gen. of Vols., March 17, 1862. His record is filled with honorable service. As there are five Gen. Smiths in the army, this explanation may be timely.

—— The Hon. C. J. Faulkner, ex-Minister to France, came as far as Winchester recently to take the oath of allegiance, but was there met by his brother-in-law, who persuaded him to change his mind.

—— Senator Hicks has so far recovered from the amputation of his ankle, as to be taken to his home at Cambridge, Maryland.

—— Dr. Bellows sailed for California on the 5th of April, to succeed the Rev. Starr King.

—— The pioneers of Rochester, a few days ago, paid their respects to a remarkable character—Alexander Milliner, now 104 years of age. He was born in Quebec, March 14, 1760. His father died when he was but six months old. His mother went, when he was still an infant, to New York to reside; so that he was almost a native of this country. When a mere boy he enlisted in the Revolutionary army as a drummer. For more than four years he served in that capacity in connection with the body guard of Gen. Washington. He was also five years in the navy; ate bread in seven kingdoms; six years a prisoner in the hands of the French. He married when nearly 40 years of age; lived 60 with his wife; had nine children—seven of whom are still living.

Obituary.—Frank Wood, a very pleasing author, died lately at Haverstraw, in his 26th year, of consumption. He was a very peculiar and clever writer, and would undoubtedly, had he lived, have made his mark, as the phrase is. His translations from Michelet, published by Carleton, are admirably done. He was the editor of *Vanity Fair* during the early life of that hapless comic, and had been connected with several of our leading publications. He leaves a young widow.

—— Suddenly, of apoplexy, on the 6th April, Mrs. Kirkland, the well-known authoress. She was the widow of Professor Kirkland, of Hamilton College. Her principal works are "A New Home," "Forest Life," and "Western Clearings." In 1843 they removed to New York, where for the most part Mrs. Kirkland has since resided. Here she received a number of young ladies into her house, and devoted herself to their education. After the death of her husband, in 1847, she became the editor of the *Union Magazine*, which she conducted for eighteen months. In 1848 she visited Europe, and the result of her observations appeared in two volumes the following year, under the title of "Holidays Abroad; or, Europe from the West." Among her other works are: "The Evening Book; or, Fireside Talk on Morals and Manners, with Sketches of Western Life," (1852); "A Book for the Home Circle" (1853); the letter-press to "The Book of Home Beauty," a volume containing portraits of twelve American ladies; "Personal Memoirs of George Washington" (1848); "An Essay on the Life and Writings of Spenser," prefixed to the first book of the "Fairy Queen" (1846); and the "Schoolgirl's Garland," two series, a selection of choice poetical extracts from the wide range of English literature, just published by Scribner.

—— At Albany, on the 5th April, Mr. W. Drinker, a well-known lawyer of New York, suddenly fell down and expired while arguing a case. An inquest was held, and the cause ascertained to be disease of the heart. He was much respected by both clients and opponents.

—— Mrs. Hauteville, daughter of ex-Gov. Fish, of New York, died abroad recently. The Prince of Wales led off with Miss Fish at the ball given to him when in this city.

—— Dr. H. S. Levert, a well-known physician in Mobile, died recently. The Levert name will be remembered by many of our Northern and European fashionable circles, from the distinction which the widow of the deceased, the distinguished Madame Octavia Walton Levert, imparted to it for several seasons in succession.

—— Lord Ashburton died recently in London. He was the son of the diplomatist who arranged the treaty with Webster.

—— Lord Aberdeen, son of the Premier who was in power when the war with Russia commenced, commonly called the Crimean war, died lately in England.

Accidents and Offences.—A terrible tragedy has occurred in Jefferson county, Ky. Two friends, Heybeck and Frank, had been strolling through the garden of the former, who cut some vine slips for the other. They then went into the parlor. The first intimation the family had of anything unusual was the spectacle of Heybeck fleeing from the house bleeding, Frank, with a huge bowie-knife being in pursuit. Frank overtook the other, stabbed him thrice in the throat, killing him on the spot, and then cut his own throat so fearfully that he instantly died. The cause of the quarrel is not known, and never, perhaps, will be.

—— A woman has been arrested at Woolwich, England, for marrying five husbands. When informed of the many proofs of her delinquencies, she replied—"that when she had done her bit of imprisonment she had no fear of not getting another husband or two to comfort her."

—— Two women, sisters, who had at different times eloped with married men from Youngtown, and being deserted went back there to reside, have been tarred and feathered by the female inhabitants of the town.

—— A woman has been carrying on a curious confidence game in Milwaukee, Green Bay, etc., Wis. She dressed in male attire, married young ladies and ran away with their money.

—— A firm of recruiting brokers, named Marsh and Bates, of Troy, formerly of Albany, N. Y., have, after arrest by order of Gen. Dix, and being taken before the Provost Marshal of Rensselaer county, disgorged $850 belonging to five recruits enlisted by them at Troy.

—— They execute people very delicately in Utah—by shooting them privately. A recent case occurred at Great Salt Lake City, in which the culprit, a murderer, was so dispatched behind canvas screens, the executioner firing from a window in the court-house, so as not to be visible to guests or criminal.

—— A little boy in Chicago having been left lately to take care of the baby, failed to keep it quiet, and hit upon the happy expedient of sitting on a pillow with which he had first covered the child's head. The mother came in just in time to rescue the infant Desdemona from death.

—— A few days ago Mrs. Jane Bartlett, of Charleston, Missouri, shot herself through the heart with a pistol, incited thereto by "incompatibility of temper" between herself and her husband. She left three letters, in one of which she expressed her desire to be laid out in her wedding garments, and designated the kind of coffin she preferred. The foolish woman was only 25 years old.

—— A large boiler in Merrich & Sons' foundry in Philadelphia exploded on the 6th of April, killing 7 and wounding 30 of the workmen.

—— The Union powder mills at New Durham, N. H., were blown up on the 5th of April, killing 4 men.

—— The Freemason's Hall and the Winthrop House, corner of Boylston and Tremont streets, Boston, were burnt down on the night of the 5th of April. Loss $200,000.

Art, Literature and Science.—A letter from Rome states that a very interesting discovery has just been made in continuing the excavations in the narthex of the old Basilica of San Clemente—a painting, representing our Saviour seated and in the act of giving the benediction to two personages kneeling before him, presented by angels. The outstretched hand of the Saviour is placed according to the Greek form, viz., the thumb and the third digit united. The head is surrounded by a deep *nimbus*, on either side are full length figures of St. Clement and St. Andrew, with their names and a long inscription underneath. It is very possible that this fresco may be older than the other hitherto discovered in the narthex of the Basilica, possibly dating from the middle of the 11th century.

—— The telegraphic line, says the *Moniteur*, comprised between Bagdad and Hilla, on the Euphrates, was inaugurated on the 3d February, and the works necessary for the completion of the line, which is to extend as far as Bassora, are being carried on with great activity. When completed India will be united to Europe. Hopes are entertained that this important means of communication may be opened to the public about the month of May next.

—— Wagner, the famous composer of "Tannhauser," is about to visit London, in order to direct in person the performance of that opera.

—— David's "Lalla Rookh" has been revived in Paris with great *éclat*.

—— Children who do not like castor oil can have it prepared in the recent Paris fashion; the quantity of the oil prescribed is placed in a pipkin over a fire, and an egg broken into it and stirred up. When cooked a little salt or sugar or currant jelly should be added. The patient cannot possibly detect the medicine, and will most likely cry for some more of the mixture.

Chit-Chat.—Louis Napoleon accidentally nearly rode over a little boy not long since, and finding him unhurt asked if he wished to see the Emperor. "No," replied the child, "for my father says he is a scoundrel" (*gredin*). "Indeed," said the Emperor; "I am sorry to hear that, but I think your father cannot be much of a judge." "Oh, yes!" said the boy, "he is a Senator;" upon which one of the Emperor's train asked his name, but was peremptorily interrupted by his master, who declining to ask or hear it, rode on.

—— Five Massachusetts men, six feet high, were lately presented by Messrs. Alley and Gooch, who are not remarkable for their height, to the President, who, after inquiring whether they were all from that State, and being assured that they were, said, "why it seems to me that Massachusetts always sends her little men to Congress."

—— A New-Zealand physician was lecturing lately on the ignorance of people about their own complaints, and said that a lady once asked him what his next lecture was to be upon, and being told "the circulation of blood," replied that she should certainly attend for she had been troubled with that complaint for a long time."

—— A Detroit paper tells of an amiable man and wife in that city who have just become reconciled after living together five years without speaking a word to one another. The wife made the rash vow that she would not speak to her husband until he apologised for having reproved her quite harshly for giving an expensive party in his absence, and she kept her promise for the length of time named.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE FLORAL TEMPLE—GEN. BURNSIDE MAKING PURCHASES.—SEE PAGE 65.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE ART GALLERY.

DEAD.

BY THEO. P. COOK.

HAVE you seen the long procession
Marching to the silent grave?
Moving slowly—moving slowly,
All the wicked, all the holy
Joining in the grim procession
Marching to the gloomy grave?



Did you see the pale, sad angel—
(Death the name of that dread angel)
Write her name in the Evangel—
Doom her to the silent grave?
He would take no fierce denial
As he bore her to the grave;
Scarce my heart could bear the trial
When I saw her join the concourse,
Join the concourse of the dead.
All the pale stars overhead
Looked at me with pitying faces
From their far-off hiding-places
In the bosom of the night.

But my heart gave back no answer
To the pale stars overhead,
For she took it in her keeping,
Bore it to the haunted grave.
So I groped about in darkness
For my heart was in the grave.
Other men for grief were weeping,
But I wept not through the night
(With my soul 'twas constant night,
And the memories of her presence
Were the stars above my head).

Oh! I pray you, holy angel,
Write my name in the Evangel!
Let me join the long procession
Marching to the peaceful grave,
Let me seek my heart and lover;
Into Morning Land pass over,
With the solemn, sad procession,
Through the portals of the grave.

MARITANA.

By Lizzie Campbell.

I HAD come up to town from a remote corner in the country, to spend the Christmas holidays with a rich city uncle. It was my first visit, and everything was new and brilliant to my ignorant young eyes. The bright lights of the streets at night, the gay shop windows, the gorgeous preparations in pastry and confectionery stores for the approaching festival, the occasional bands of music and the marching through the streets of various orders—even the Italian organ-grinders—all seemed to me delightful and brilliant auxiliaries to the fairyland I had dropped into.

"Surely," I thought occasionally, "they only have Christmas here once in a great many years." It seemed impossible to my inexperienced mind that such a magnificent display could be got up once every twelve months. On Christmas Eve, after dinner, my uncle, who was kind and good-natured, and seemed to enjoy my wonder and delight at everything, said:

"Georgie, how would you like to go to the circus to-night?"

My heart jumped at the thought. The circus! Ever since I was seven years old it had been the dream of my life to go to a circus. I expressed my joy at the prospect now before me in no measured terms. But suddenly a cold chill ran over me.

"Uncle," I said, with a horrible misgiving "haven't you made a mistake? There's no circus in the winter time."

"Oh, yes, my boy, there is; don't you be alarmed on that point. They've just opened a grand new building a few streets up-town. This is the first night; so get on your overcoat, for you'll want a good seat if this is your first circus."

It is little exaggeration to say that I "flew" upstairs. In less than a minute I was down again and equipped for the street.

We were in good time and secured excellent



The Announcement of the Marriage.

places. I sat down almost breathless with excitement, and at first scarcely dared to look around me. When at last I summoned up courage to take notes of my surroundings, I found the place to be what seemed a perfectly round room; the ceiling was concave, and from the middle of it hung a great chandelier glittering with light. It made my eyes ache to look at it. Gaslights in a circle all round the front tier of seats completed the lighting of the room. The floor of the ring was covered with fresh sawdust, and everything had a new, fresh smell, and a clean, new look. Presently the performance began. I was spellbound.

At first I suffered agony at beholding two tall, agile fellows spinning round on the backs of horses, and performing extraordinary feats in the way of standing on their heads, balancing themselves, feet upwards, on one hand, jumping over each other's heads, and half a hundred other feats of the kind, which I can't begin to enumerate. But after awhile I gained more confidence in them, as they neither broke their necks nor drove the horses frantic, and I fully enjoyed the novel sight. How I laughed at the clown's jokes—what an embodiment of fun he seemed to me; how exhilarating the music sounded, and how my hands ached with the plaudits I so plentifully bestowed. After the clown's jokes were duly laughed at, and the two brown horses with hair riders led off, the arena was cleared. I thought the performance had concluded, and rose to go.



The Equestrienne fainting after the Accident in the Ring.

"Are you tired, Georgie?" asked my uncle.

"Oh, no sir!" I said, and I wondered how he could ask me, and why he looked so calm and uninterested.

"Oh! Then sit down again. There's something else to come."

I sat down, glad enough to know my night's enjoyment was not yet over. In a few minutes a large coal-black horse was led on. He was beautifully caparisoned. A cushioned saddle, covered with white velvet, and embroidered in brilliant colors, and a bridle of white ribbon and silk glossy blackness; and my heart beat with a new thrill as a murmur of expectation hummed through the assembly.

A loud clapping of hands, and then a tiny figure, bright, sparkling and glittering like a star, was seen to enter by the horse's head at a slight bound; and there, poised on one foot, the silken bridle held between her teeth, and her two arms extended to fly with the flying horse round and round the ring a dozen of times before she paused, amid the cheers and applause of several hundred people. I was thankful to see her for one minute in repose. All had passed so quickly that I was in a whirl of delight, astonishment and enthusiastic admiration.

I would have asked my uncle whether this lovely vision was a fairy, but then I might be mistaken, and how could I like to be laughed at. How beautiful she was—the exquisite little creature. A skirt of white gauze, spangled with gold and embroidered with crimson, reached half way below her knee; and crimson sandals on her dainty feet were strapped with narrow ribbon over the instep and tied around the delicate ankle. A crimson bodice, embroidered in gold and white, enclosed her childish waist, leaving to view the whitest neck and shoulders, on account of which it was impossible to imagine. Her face was so lovely that any man might have wished for a daughter or a little sister like her, and children look innocent as it was beautiful. No rouge concealed the beautiful glow on her round cheeks, and her parted lips were like ripe cherries. Her dark eyes looked out from under drooping silk curls with shy confidence; and a rich wealth of pale brown hair in loose ringlets waved down from her pearly brow, reaching below her waist.

"Oh, uncle!" I exclaimed in extasy, "is she not beautiful?"

"Poor little girl!" said my uncle, in a low, sad tone, looking at the child with moist eyes, "unfortunately for herself, Georgie, she is very beautiful."

I would have asked for some explanation of a remark which sounded to me inexplicable, but again the black horse went flying round the ring, and all my attention was given to the lovely rider. I shall never forget the sensation of terror that swept over me when I saw her jump the skipping-hoop with a rapidity that precluded the possibility of counting, and then go flying through a half dozen papercovered hoops in succession. Every moment I expected to see her go over the horse's head and lie trampled beneath his hoofs. When the trying performance was over I could not applaud; my heart almost stopped beating; my hands were cold and numbed, and beads of perspiration stood on my brow. I was conscious of an overwhelming feeling of gratitude to Heaven that the beautiful child was unhurt, and was seated there easy and graceful on her ornamented saddle. In a few moments she sprang down, sent a quick bow and smile, as it seemed to me, to every part of the house at once, and disappeared. Her horse was led off after her.

The rest of the performance had no attraction for me. I summoned up courage to ask my uncle if she would appear again that night, and on being assured she would not I announced myself ready to go home.

I could not forget her. I described the sight of her—her grace, beauty and cleverness to my little cousins at my uncle's, and went to bed to dream of her. In the visions of the night I saw her fifty times, always lovely, entrancing, bewitching; and the Christmas festivities lost half their charm for me, dimmed by the constant thought of her.

On the night of Christmas I begged my uncle to take me to the circus again, and he humored me. I bore the first series of the performance with the patience of a martyr. It had no pleasure for me now. How stale the clown's jokes had become, though I had heard them only once before.

At last she came. I was less frightened for her safety than I had been on the first night, and I admired and enjoyed her performance more. Again I left for home a little retired from the arena, and my heart beat with a wild and feverish desire to know her, to speak with her, to call her by her name. She had a name—she must have a sweet name—what a privilege to have known it. I could then have shrined it for ever in the heart whereon her image was indelibly graven. My sweet, lovely, heart's first dream, my boyish love, my darling Mariana!

Mariana was her name, I learned it afterwards. I became better acquainted with the city day by day; and at last I ventured to go alone to places of amusement in the evening.

Every other night I was to be found at the circus during the second part of the performance; and every time I left it, my heart thrilled with a wilder desire to know and speak with Mariana.

From fearing that she might come to harm in jumping the skipping-hoop, or flying through the hoop covered with paper, I almost prayed that some slight accident might happen which would give me an opportunity to do something that would make me known to her.

The last week of my holiday was drawing to a close, and with a sad heart I reflected that I had not yet gained the acquaintance for which I so longed. I resolved to visit the circus for the last time on Thursday night—on Saturday I was to leave the city.

I went early, in order to get a seat on the first row, though the half hour before her appearance had become an intolerable bore to me. But I must see her on the closest observation for the last time. At last she appeared.

Greedily I feasted my eyes on her beauty, the graceful form of her little head, the arch smile and bow when she turned to the house; and wretched and desolate I felt when I remembered that I might, perhaps, never see her again.

Suddenly, as she was flying through one of the hoops, a stupid fellow threw a bouquet towards her. It struck the horse between the eyes—he was a well-trained animal, but not all his native fire, and the throwing of bouquets not being among the items of his training he plunged forward, with a wild neigh, and with difficulty caught and pacified. But I only saw the girl. She had fallen, of course, and being struck by the horse's head as he leaped forward, lay there quite motionless on the floor. A sudden panic seemed for a moment to possess every one. I was in the front row, but a few feet above the orchestra circle from my seat, I raise the insensible child, and hold that lovely form in my strong arms, close to my beating heart, was my first thought, and very quick as thought it was done.

"Where shall I carry her?" I asked breathless.

Somebody—I think it was the clown motioned to me—led the way, and I followed him, and presently I found myself in the little girl's dressingroom—a place about three feet square in size, cold, comfortless, repulsive. On a wooden bench there chanced to be a broken pitcher containing some water, and with that I bathed her forehead and hair, and her cold hands and delicate temples.

She was not severely hurt, and soon revived enough to open her eyes and speak, faintly.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I am very good to throw the flowers. I love flowers, but I'm sorry they started Dobbie. He has some spirit, Dobbie has, but he'll be sorry when he knows how he hurt me."

She spoke quite distinctly, in a very sweet tone, and with an enchanting foreign accent. I made inquiries as I had not thrown the flowers, and had never seen them till I saw them strike her horse.

The clown perceiving she was not dangerously hurt, now returned to his post, and we were left alone.

"So you didn't throw the flowers, eh? And how came you down there?" he asked.

"I jumped down the moment you fell, and if you will forgive me for saying it, I am very glad the accident occurred, since you are not greatly hurt."

How I ever said it I can't tell, but all I said to her came as naturally as speaking.

"Why?" she asked, opening her lovely eyes till they looked like two great stars.

"To give me the pleasure of speaking to you. Something I have wished for since the first time I saw you."

She looked pleased and pleased coquettishly. Evidently it was not the first compliment she had received, young as she was; but I made no such reflection then. I only saw that her face had flushed the next moment, and a groan escaped her.

"Oh, forgive my forgetfulness," I said, "keeping you speaking here, when you are in such pain. You can go home."

"I should," she said, "but I feel too ill to go alone, and I must wait till some one can take me home."

"If you will allow me—I will be so glad—"

"To go home with me?" she said, shyly, sir I thank you. But you will step out one moment I will be ready."

I left the little place, and stood outside waiting for her. In a short time she appeared, having, apparently, thrown a dark skirt over her circus costume, and enveloped herself in a voluminous waterproof cloak, the hood of which was drawn up over her head.

She looked older than she was! I had first seen her on a Saturday, but very pale, pained little face, as I looked out from the hood, was the loveliest I have ever seen, and her smile was like sunshine on a bed of lilies of the valley.

From her appearance now, I judged she must be about fourteen years old.

"Do you know anything about the bouquet?" she asked as she came out, and waited by my side a moment.

"I was no doubt trampled under the horse's feet," I said, and I was glad to say it, though she sighed and returned:

"I am sorry; I so love flowers, and it isn't so often I get any."

I mentally resolved to spend all my next day's money in flowers for her bouquet.

"Well," said the little maiden, "we better had go," and slipping her hand through my arm, she led me through many devious passage-ways, till at last we were out in the street.

"What is your name?" she asked, as we went on—we went on, with a right step, "and is that I may know what to call you in my thoughts when I think of your kindness."

"George Arlton."

"That's a handsome name—as pretty as my own. Don't you think Maritana Dorlice a pretty name?"

At least as pretty as she to whom it belongs."

"I like that—you speak like a French boy I once knew," (I was torn with jealousy), "but he's dead now," she went on, with a slight sigh, "and I often miss my dear little companion. I liked him so much—may I like you?"

"If you only will," I said with a fluttering heart.

We were at the corner of the street now, and I had discovered on inspection that I had sufficient of my last allowance of pocket-money to hire a carriage, and I hailed one that chanced to be passing.

Maritana exclaimed against it, but I felt like a lord, and lifted her in without deigning a word of reply to her remonstrance. Then seating myself beside her, she gave the direction of her home to the driver, and off we rattled.

"Why, how nice this is!" she exclaimed, though she put her hand to her head once or twice. "No one ever took me home in a carriage before. Are you rich?"

"Never mind," I answered, mysteriously.

She evidently thought I was, and I had not the courage to deprive myself of the importance, I supposed, my fancied wealth gave me in her eyes.

It seemed to me but a few brief minutes—the hurried drive, but we were at her home, and I could not prolong it.

I helped her out, and led her up to the door.

"If it is too late to ask you in," she said, "my mother has gone to bed early, or she would thank you. So good-bye."

She held out her little hand—I seized it, and emboldened by my despair when I thought I might never see her again, I pressed my lips to it, and then, frightened at myself, dropped it. She smiled, and I thought blushed, and from the sidewalk showed me a faint color flush over her face; the next moment the closed door was between us, and I experienced a feeling of loneliness I had never known before. There was no need to look at the house—the name and number of the street, which I had heard her words given to the carriage-driver, were graven on my memory for ever!

The next day I purchased the handsomest bouquet I could find in the city; it was really a beautiful collection of flowers. How well I remember the snow-white tuberoses composing the centre, the sweet-violets, the delicate mosscurrent, the rich carnations that made up the rest of it, and then the silver paper with a white silken fringe that hemmed it all, and the delicate white sight of such flowers sends a tremor through me. I leave it to youthful hearts—I was sixteen then—to imagine the joy with which I set out that afternoon to present the abode of Maritana, the bouquet wrapped in a cover of silver tissue, held jealously in my hand.

Maritana was not in the dressing-room in her room, with a slight fever and a bad pain in the head. I saw her mother, who told me this, and with a sad heart I confided to her the bouquet, to which was attached my name, for I had provided against the possibility of not seeing her.

Madame Dorelice, who had but a limited stock of English, could only find words to thank me, and to say she would carry the pretty flowers to *ma fille* at once—immediate.

She did, though she may be uncertain whether I should go or wait for her return. While I thought of it I heard a dear, sweet voice exclaim in tones of the keenest delight:

"Oh, mamma! How beautiful! how lovely! how sweet! the dear flowers—the pretty flowers—how I love them!"

I was repaid even for my disappointment.

A moment later I heard her reading my name out to her card, and then she raised her voice to tell from the other room:

"Oh, thank you—thank you, sir—I shall keep them and love them for your sake."

Madame Desirée returned, and she tried to give me Maritana's thanks, but I said "Good-morning," and hurried away. I could not stay to hear her stammering efforts to make me comprehend her, after hearing the expression of Maritana's delight.

The next day I left the city.

I was too young to comprehend the change that had taken place within me; but I realised in some confused manner that I was no longer a piece I had entered as a boy with the feelings of a man.

How tame, dreary, heart-sickening I found my home and business when I got back to it again. I soon assured myself that I was not intended for the life of a farmer, and my father declared I moped, which was true enough, I moped about my failing health. But at length they were both persuaded that I pined for a life of more stirring activity, and at my own earnest desire I was entered as a junior clerk in the head's counting-house.

The same train of cars that a few weeks before had taken my breath away on my first visit to my uncle's carried me back to the city on my second journey. But my heart bounded like a ball that had been kept under pressure and suddenly removed, when I recognised I left the city behind me, and the intermediate streets that told me I was again in the great city.

I did not dare go to a place of amusement on the night of my arrival; neither did I go for two or three nights after, for I was anxious not to give my self the pain of disappointment. I had been tortured by the galeties of a city life. But at last I found myself in the circus. I tried to still the beating of my heart, and to calm it by her to come, and at last the black horse was led on. Oh, moment of intoxicating anticipation—two men moved aside, and a tiny figure appeared in a dark riding habit, and sprang into the saddle before any one could offer her assistance.

A feeling of faintness oppressed me. My head grew dizzy, and I closed my eyes.

"Perhaps," I thought, "the programme has been changed, and Maritana comes later in the evening," and I looked within me. But after the tall woman in a riding-habit came an infant prodigy, in the shape of a very small boy, who did a great many things I knew nothing about, for I closed my eyes, and my heart panted for the sweet young girl whose image was graven upon it. All through this dreary hour that followed I waited and watched for her, but the people rose, and the lights were slowly turned off, and I had not seen her.

I was a bitter disappointment; and I wearied myself on my way home with conjectures as to the cause of her absence from the circus troupe.

Not that I was in a state of it sooner. She was, doubtless, ill, and it was too late to go then and inquire for her. But on the morrow, before my hour for entering the counting-room, I sought the dwelling of Maritana, trembling between the hope of seeing her and the fear of finding her ill, or — I dared not think the worst, though determined to learn it.

Alas! it could scarcely have been worse than what I discovered. Madame Desirée had given up her apartments—Maritana had been taken ill with some terrible disorder, just when she seemed to be entirely recovered from the fall from her horse, and the doctor had said she would die. Madame Desirée, at the risk of her child's life, had removed her; the woman from whom they had rented the rooms would tell me no more; where they had gone she could not even guess at; madame had acted like a true mother—refusing to let anybody see her daughter or to tell what her illness was, or, in short, anything concerning her; and as for the poor child—she was doubtless dead by that time.

I could listen to no more. I don't know how I found my way to the counting-house; and I hope no one will laugh at me when I say that my uncle found me at my desk, weeping bitterly, when he came in.

"Why, George, my dear boy! what has happened?"

"Oh, uncle, you remember that lovely little girl you saw at the circus?—she is dead!" and I could not keep back the sobs that choked my utterance.

"Dead! Well, poor child, I don't know that any one should grieve to hear it. She was young and innocent—she has probably escaped a much worse fate."

This was philosophy, perhaps; but I only felt that Maritana was dead, and my heart-ached with a bitter, heavy pain.

A prevalent malady has decreed that youth recovers sooner than age from sorrow—it did with much more keenly. The first few months, after the sad tidings I had heard of Maritana, were dreary and sad to me; but after a while that heavy shadow, growing out of my first visit to a circus, was remembered as a sad but beautiful picture that I could not forget, but which mellowed over, and once or twice a bright thought illumined it like sunlight.

After all—who knows—Maritana might not be dead; and some time in the fur future I might see her again, and tell her how I had mourned for her loss, for she had also said she would like me, and I had loved her dearly."

Six years had passed away. I had become quite a business man; and my uncle, having no sons, and being fond of me, had taken me as partner into his business.

People spoke of me as an exemplary and rising young man, and sometimes wondered that I should be so quiet and studious—never caring for balls, or ballets, or suppers, or the sixteen other specialties supposed to be attractive to all young men.

Strange to say my earlier taste for the amusements of a city life had died a sudden death; and I rarely spent an evening even at the best of the theatres. But I had a very lavish disposition and had to do in beginning this disinclination for the ordinary evening entertainments of a city, I will not venture to say; it is certain that habit and habit at length made it a part of me.

One evening my eldest cousin, a very pretty girl, (just out), decided her intention of visiting the theatre, and I must go—no one could please mamma so well, and no one else suited cousin Carrie as a gentleman.

"Nonsense, George," returned Carrie, with an overwhelming display of fan and feather and jewelry, and besides, there's a new dancer—Mademoiselle Maritana—everybody's raving about her. I don't believe you've ever seen a genuine French dancer. So it will be a treat for you."

Mademoiselle Maritana! Should I blush to confess it? At first I could not remember that such a similar sound of that name, and it was some moments before I could connect it, with a faint glow at my heart, with the little girl I had seen in the circus more than six years before. It was as a romantic tribute to the dancer's name, for a feeble spark of her memory remained, and passing through, the cloud of years, that I consented to act as my aunt's and cousin's escort.

It was long since I had been in a theatre. There was something almost exhilarating in the bright lights, the music, and the well-dressed and handsome women. I amused myself with looking and studying the various faces than in watching the acting or the development of the plot, and I was rather glad when the curtain fell, and the orchestra played some fine selections from a favorite opera. Presently up rolled the curtain again, and

"Here comes the dancer—there!" my cousin, with a little rustling of silk, and bending forward to see better.

Yes: there was the dancer. I could scarcely believe my eyes—it was Maritana, indeed—my Maritana! the lovely girl of the circus, with every charm and beauty increased—the beautiful child, in all the glory of regal, gorgeous womanhood.

The old tide of feeling swept over me, drowning the lapse of years in a moment, and again I bent forward, as on that first night, and watched her. Spell-bound, entranced—her wavy grace, her translucent beauty, the soft light of her starlike eyes, the rich color of her rounded cheeks—where could it be equalled? There was not another such lovely woman in the world. I could have endured other delicious thoughts passed through my mind in a minute; and I scarcely breathed till the curtain fell, and she was lost to me.

I rose, and with a hasty apology to my companions, left the box. In another minute I was asking permission to go behind the scenes, and was admitted. This showed that she rarely permitted visitors behind the scenes. I was very glad of it. I was obliged to wait in the green-room for some minutes—mademoiselle was in her dressing-room.

She came at last, and I thought her more beautiful than ever. She wore a close-fitting suit of black velvet, and a hat with a drooping brim, which shaded the exquisite beauty of her face, but left to full view the rich abundance of her waving hair.

"I fear you don't remember me, Miss Destrée?"

"Monsieur is right," and she spoke with the

same foreign accent, rather stronger than when I saw her last.

"Perhaps you have forgotten my name, too," I said, with a feeling of mortification at not being cognised.

"If monsieur will speak it I can tell better," with a bewitching smile.

"George Alcroft."

"It's possible? I am so glad," she said, and caught my hand in both of hers, and a bright color that made my face also glow at sight of it flitted over her cheek and brow.

"Ah, now that I look at you closely," she went on, "I do see my little friend. But you are changed—you are—well, never mind!" and she laughed gaily; "men are so naturally vain it don't do to pay them compliments."

How charming she was—so beautiful, so arch and winning, so perfectly ladylike, too. I felt too much to say much, but I thought was it possible, after all, I had loved Maritana for six years, though to myself I had almost ceased to remember her? It was a question I could not answer.

She spoke again before I had well recovered from the bewilderment of meeting her.

"Well, I must say good-night, Mr. Alcroft; my mother is waiting."

"And may I not call on you?"

"Certainly," and she pencilled her address on a card, "we will always be glad to see you; and I have yet to thank you for those lovely flowers. *Au revoir!*"

She waved her hand and was gone.

I was savage with myself for my stupidity. She had gone to her carriage, and I had not even accompanied her to it. All my customary ease seemed to have forsaken me.

The stupid afterpiece was half over when I returned to my artist's box, where I got a scolding from my cousin for my absence.

My attendance at the theatre was so regular now that it soon became as great a marvel as my avoidance had hitherto been.

I did not call on Mademoiselle Maritana, as I had at first thought of doing the very next day after I had answered my acquaintance with her. I had a prescience of what would happen if I did. But I went nightly to see her dance, and yet I dared not ask myself why I went, or why I refrained from calling upon her.

One evening I was passing through the hall and I heard my name spoken by my uncle and some other voices came from the parlor opposite where I stood, brushing my hat, and I listened without thinking of what I was doing.

"Nonsense, Mary, it will do him good. I am not over fond of these model young men who never do anything that any one else does."

"But, my dear, he goes to the theatre every night," returned my aunt.

"So much the better; he has discovered in himself a natural taste for acting, as all young men should; and I'm glad to see him cultivating it."

"Oh, nonsense, Alcroft! He only goes to see the theatre; and if he was not such a very exemplary young man, I should think that French dancer had something to do with it."

"Stuff! What creatures you women are. There must be a love scrape at the bottom of everything. You may take my word for it, George is an exemplary young man, and he has too much good sense to be really in love with a dancer."

I crushed my hat on to my head and hurried out. That scrap of conversation had given me a deeper insight to my own feelings than I had dared to take for myself.

I did love Maritana, and I trembled to think how madly. I easily foresaw the opposition I would meet from my uncle, but it mattered not; I was my own master, and as such I determined to pursue the continued on my way, and reached the theatre just as the curtain rolled up for Maritana's appearance.

The fussy of jealousy possessed me when I heard on every side the admiration that was lavished upon her—admiration justly due, which could not have been too flattering, but still I burned with rage and jealousy. I determined to stop this exhibition of herself at once. She was beautiful beyond description, graceful beyond compare, but no one must have the right to say so, no one save me alone.

Miss Frances Osgood is the author of a poem called "Fanny Elsler." If you would have my idea of the living embodiment of loveliness and grace presented by Maritana, read that little poem and apply every line of it to her.

I went behind the scenes when she had retired, and waited for her in the greenroom. She came to me, I thought, with a shade of coldness; I could not quite decide whether it was pique or indifference.

Might I have the pleasure of conducting Miss to her carriage? Yes; mamma was ill and unable to accompany her this evening.

She replied with the same politeness, and I was asked leave to call the next day when I took her hand at parting.

Why need I have leave when I did not avail myself of it, and again the shade of coldness in her manner. It was pique then. A thrill of pleasure quickened the pulse of my heart. I apologised, got leave to call and parted from her.

Early the next day I called at the hotel where she was staying. What a contrast from the stiff, proper troupe, and very handsome and fascinating person. I had often looked at him and listened to him with delight, for I went to the opera frequently; but the sight of him, under present circumstances, froze me. Maritana, I thought, jealously, was more lovely than ever in her white cashmere morning-robe, trimmed with swansdown, and her fair hair gathered up with a coral comb. The attentions of the signor did not displease her. she even seemed to encourage him. I could not leave after a hurried call, resolving, as I waited, with angry haste, towards my office, never to see her again. But yet I could not forget the faint glow upon her cheek, the tender light in her eyes, and the lingering pressure of her fingers when she bade me good-bye, and said:

"You are in great haste, monsieur. Pray come again when you can spare me a little more of your time."

That night found me a looker-on while she danced, and on the next day I called again. This time she was alone; and I was in Elysium while I listened to her pretty talk, her acknowledgment of which she could be sharp on occasion, and her low, delicious laughter.

I said little, quite pleased to listen.

While I sat, leaning my arm on a little table beside me, I chanced to move suddenly, and overthrew a little basket filled with flowers.

Maritana started up with a suppressed cry.

"I always keep that casket locked," she muttered, a flush overspreading her face. "How could it be open now?"

And she skilfully threw herself between her treasure and me, and the flowers and contents back again into their place. But I had seen a lot of withered flowers, I had caught the gleam of silver paper, and the faded yellow of what had once been silk fringe.

I caught her two hands and drew her away. A flush of anger still burned on her face, and tried to see the light in her downcast eyes.

"Maritana!" I said, in a tone that love and joy made to sound as a heavenly music.

"Well, sir?" she said, throwing back her head, and flashing her eyes up in my face.

"Can it be a possible that you have kept those old flowers all this time?"

"Why not?" she retorted, sharply, and then, with a demure smile: "Monsieur known I love flowers."

"Ah, Maritana! And may not monsieur know that you love him too?"

A rigid look came over her face; she grew very pale, but answered nothing.

With all the eloquence of passionate love I poured out my heart before her, crushing the little hands within mine while I spoke, but no answering love came into her white face, she only grew more cold and rigid at every word I said.

"Speak to me! Speak to me, my love! Maritana, my darling! Say that I have not mistaken you. You will not break my heart, and mine also. One word—I will wait—any conditions you please—only promise that you will be my wife."

A rich warm color, like the heart of a rose, reddened all her face, then faded out, leaving her quite pale again, as she said, with a smothered gasp:

"You—you don't mean that you want to marry me, George?"

"Certainly."

"But not like you, George Alcroft, don't marry women like me—dancers!" she said, with a mingled accent of contempt and sadness.

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle; men like me always marry the woman they love."

She wrenched her hands from my grasp, and, covering her face with them, burst into a passion of tears. Then, catching both my hands in hers, she covered them with a shower of warm kisses and tear-bedewed words that I can not repeat.

"Do I love you?" she said. "Do I love you? Look into my face—see these tears—see—oh, you dear kind, George, and you do see how I love you!"

I drew her close within my arms and held her against my happy heart—my Maritana—my own for ever—my betrothed wife.

When at length we could discuss things somewhat mundane it was decided that Maritana should finish her engagement, which, as it was not very long, she declared she could not break her word, even to be married; and with that I was obliged to be content, though I was at first inclined to be severe.

I always went with her to the theatre now. It was a pleasure to me, for it insured her safety. I comments passed upon her by vulgar loungers. I waited in the greenroom for the reappearance, and the entrance of Signor Bratelli, and three weeks were gone; and with what joy I thought that only six nights more must pass before I could for ever withdraw my darling from the vulgar gaze of the theatre-going public. I called for her one night, as usual, earlier than was necessary, to take her to the theatre, as I was to dine with her uncle, and interview with her during the twelve hours she called day. Her maid told me that mademoiselle was too ill to see any one, and would not be able to dance that night.

I was shocked at the intelligence; but certain the illness was not serious, I sent her back again with my card. She returned with the message that mademoiselle was very ill, and could on no account see Mr. Alcroft.

Twenty different emotions possessed me as I left the hotel, in which amazement, grief and jealousy predominated; amazement at her sudden illness, grief for it, and jealousy that I was not admitted. What reason could there be that her husband who was to be, should not see her? Did she mean to claim her as his wife, should not see her, however ill she might be?

As I asked myself these questions, walking along blindly, I stumbled against Signor Bratelli.

I watched him; he entered the hotel. I was certain he went to see my love heart, though I could not know why; but I resolved to await the appearance of the tenor. I paced to and fro in front of the hotel; an hour passed away, and he did not come out again, and I turned from the place with sick heart and a bitter smile. It was all too plain; the illness was a pretext; she had denied me for the sake of Signor Bratelli, and doubtless though I would not go to the theatre. But I took my seat there with rage and jealousy tearing at my heart, resolved to sit through the whole performance for the sake of seeing her there, and then confronting her with her own lie. But the curtain fell, and before it rose up again the manager appeared with an apology for the nonappearance of Mademoiselle Maritana, who had unexpectedly taken ill a few hours before. A sudden revulsion of feeling took my breath away; I gasped with joy. She was ill, then; and was I mad, not to have thought of that before? Signor Bratelli had rooms in the same hotel in which Maritana lived! I seemed to walk on air as I returned to my uncle's. Surely never before had the certainty of a beloved one's illness brought such comfort to the heart of a lover.

I was taking a hasty glance at the morning paper next day, as I made a hurried breakfast before going to inquire after Maritana. She would be better, I thought—I was sure she would be better, for I was in buoyant spirits; and as I thought of my own approaching marriage I involuntarily glanced over the list of the happy couples. Suddenly the room seemed to spin around, the floor to open beneath my feet; I had a sensation as of falling, falling down through immeasurable space, but still I clung to that fatal paper, and with staring eyes read again and again the terrible paragraph:

"Married, at —— Church last night, Mademoiselle Maritana Desirée, the well-known and deservedly-admired *danseuse*, to Signor Antonio Bratelli, first tenor—'s opera troupe. Madame Bratelli, who was so suddenly taken ill yesterday afternoon, is now convalescent, and we have every stand that the happy couple, instead of betaking themselves to the honeymoon, have begun with their ordinary avocations. The name of Mademoiselle Maritana is on the bills for to-night, and Signor Bratelli's delightful voice will be heard."

A mist came between me and the paper, and a thick darkness fell down upon me. When I recovered it was like returning to life from the gates of death, and with a wild yearning, long, long, I had passed through those gates, to return to this earth no more.

But I lived again, was it not some horrible delusion—some fearful trance which had overtaken me, and not a real misery? But there it was still; the paper lay at my feet, and it was always the same. Was it not some cruel jest of my merchant friends, some one who had heard and disapproved of my inadvertent passage I had spoken, perhaps? A ray of hope lighted up the darkness of my heart. It was a jest—a cruel, cruel jest, but yet a jest. Maritana was not married.

Leaving my untasted breakfast, I set off to walk to the hotel immediately, and almost flew on my way thither.

The maid, whom I knew very well, admitted me to Maritana's parlor. She was pale, and her eyes were red, I thought, as I looked at her, but I didn't stop to think why.

"Where is your mistress?" I asked.

"Madame has gone out," she faltered.

"Madame! I ask for Mrs. Desirée; I want mademoiselle. Where is Maritana, my wife —my wife? You know who I mean, girl."

"I could not tell monsieur that it might be some; and if she was I don't think she would see you."

"Is it true, then, that which I thought a foul, a horrible lie?" I said between my teeth, grasping her arm.

"It is true," sobbed the girl, bursting into tears, "and my mistress's heart is broken."

I staggered out of the room without a word. Before I reached the bottom of the stairs the girl was beside me again.

"There is something madame wished me to give monsieur."

It was a little rose-covered book, marked "Diary," which I had often sportively threatened to steal. I had not sufficient life left to refuse this melancholy gratification, and took it with a place to overwhelming grief. I took the book, and with a shiver and a groan I could not suppress I found it into my breast pocket. Mechanically I went to my office and busied myself with my ordinary duties. I saw that my uncle looked at me compassionately, but I made no sign that could induce him to put his sympathy into words. All that day I moved and acted like an automaton, and when the evening came I took my way towards the theatre as of old.

She was there; was and ghostlike, her face deadly pale, her hollow eyes ringed about with dark circles, her luxuriant hair dressed and drawn, but with pale and lustreless, and her form, even, shrunk and bereft of its willowy grace, its lithe suppleness, since I had seen her last.

It was a pale spectre of Maritana. Whatever had separated us, she was as wretched as myself, and I felt that there was comfort in the thought, if none heart as I took my dreary way homewards.

Alone in my own room, as I threw off my overcoat, I felt the unopened book tumbled out of my pocket. I took it up with sad curiosity. Perhaps it contained some solution of the enigma of my sudden misery.

I turned over the first pages, on which were written the joyous outpourings of an innocent heart, unconscious of the fate that had fallen that night when I had renewed my acquaintance with her up to the last night on which I parted from her in happy and confiding love. Tears were on the leaves as I read and turned them over. Then I came to the last day of which there was a record. The date was written, but even frank, free hand writing, and then came writing on paper blistered with tears, and that writing, though cramped, and evidently written with stiffened, pulseless fingers, I still recognised as hers. And here is the secret of the diary:

"George's uncle called to see me to-day. I was much pleased, though a little frightened. I had felt hurt and sorry, but not offended—what right had I to be offended?—but none of his relatives had showed any disposition to become acquainted with me. But I was scarcely prepared for the revelation made to me in Mr. Alcroft's first words, that George had not spoken to them at all about his intended marriage with myself.

"After saluting me and taking the seat I offered, Mr. Alcroft broke the awkward silence by saying:

"'Is it true, young lady, as I have heard it rumored, that my nephew, Mr. George Alcroft, proposes to marry you?'

"I suppose George's uncle did not intend to convey so much insult in the tone of his inquiry as I felt in it, but I am sensitive, and I take fire readily. I answered, with a haughty manner:

"'I believe that monsieur's nephew intends me that honor.'

"Then I am very glad that I have called on you, Miss Desirée; for the sooner you know that George can never marry you the better it will be for all parties concerned.'

"Sir!' I gasped, almost fainting, and holding on to the arm of my chair.

"'I do not mean to hurt your feelings, poor girl; I will not say more than is necessary, but before I go into proposing marriage with you for the sake of a fine establishment, and the world's good, why and bye be the possessor of, for this I do not believe of you—you do not look like an intriguing and heartless woman of the world, such as I was prepared to find you. Innocence and candor are expressed upon your face, and I am sure that you love dear George.'

"'Sir,' I thank you, sir,' I interrupted him with tears for that confidence in me. 'I do indeed love George, truly, dearly, with all my heart, and as the position I scarcely know what it is, except that I know him to be a gentleman, and I never knew the thought of his being wealthy or ever likely to become so.'

"'I believe you, poor child! I believe you, and my heart aches at the thought of bringing such sorrow upon you. But if you truly love my nephew you would not be the first to bring disgrace upon him—for the world would call it disgrace—you would not stand between him and all the brightest prospects in life—you would not blast a brilliant and successful future which opens before him?'

"'Oh, Heaven forbid!'

"'Yes, my good girl, and you will never yourself to hear the truth when I tell you that George is a ruined man the day that makes you his wife.'

"I involuntarily covered my eyes with the sound of those dreadful words, and his voice, which seemed to be the voice of fate, came pouring down upon me. The room grew dark, and a rushing sound was in my head, as if all the blood in my body throbbed in my temples. Almost as sudden as it had come this feeling passed away, and I felt a strange, calm, and cold sense of pain that had dropped from my head and lay listless in my lap, and I listened to the many convincing words spoken to me as if in another world, and coming from far, far away.

"'Something there was about his inability to change the customs of the world, the impossibility of going against the laws of society, and the necessity for my present suffering for George's sake, and much more I scarcely heard, and didn't understand, and then George's uncle rose and took my hand.

"'You will save George from all this humiliation, from this shame, if you love him you will rather suffer than cause suffering to him. I'm, believe me, a marriage with you would soon become a curse to him. May I trust you?'

"'You may trust me,' I said, and almost started at the sound of my own voice, it was so changed and hollow.

"He raised my hand to his lips and kissed it.

"'I could wish that it might be otherwise, he said, 'you are a good and lovely girl, and you have my respect.'

"The door closed after him.

"His respect! At what a price; oh, my poor broken heart! Elise came in soon after and had to carry me to bed.

"I was ill, George, when you came, and ill or well you were the last person I could see then—I must never, never see you any more.

"At first I thought I might have the poor consolation of dying, but I would not have your dear love for the rest of my weary life. But I knew my own weakness too well. If I ever saw you again, and I knew you would find the means to see me, I felt assured I would forfeit my word to your uncle, and bring upon you all the pain and disgrace that I, alas! had not foreseen when I promised to marry you.

"Signor Bratelli had long professed love towards me, and had asked me to marry him. I had refused him, but I waited for him, and took means to let him know that I had changed my mind. It was a terrible trial, but I felt I must choose to be married this very night, for I knew, George, that you would seek me on the morrow. Oh, George, George, my lover, my own, have I done well or ill? I have thrown away my life and my soul my own for the sake of a cruel world that cares nothing about either of us? Did you indeed love me truly and for ever, and can you ever forgive me that act and fate along with me? for my sake would you have bought a lifelong misery for me, Miss Alcroft? I know not what I have done! But men are not like women—your uncle said it, George—he said that when your first passion for me had worn off you would curse me in your heart for the scorn and cold looks I had brought upon you.

"I cannot answer the questions that rise up to me out of my heart to have compassion for me, but a poor little girl, ignorant of the world, who loved you dearly, truly, and knew no other way to do it, in the end, might be best for you. If I have erred forgive me, and if you should live to stand on the earth after I am under it, call me to mind, think of me, sometimes, dearest, and try to think kindly of your poor Maritana.

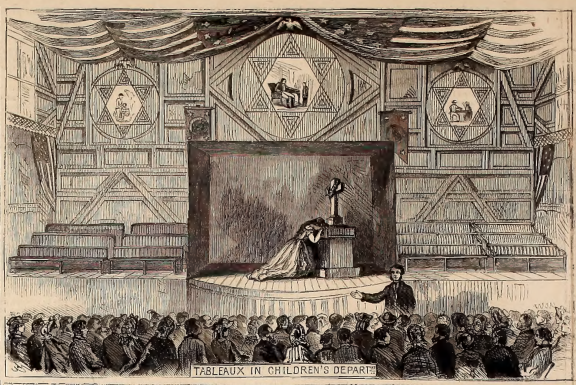
It is twenty years since I closed the little rosecovered diary, and laid it and night on my desk. I first opened it, and laid it upon my heart. I cursed Society then, and my uncle, its mouthpiece, and all the world that had come between us, and made my life desolate; and at first I was bitter towards Maritana, that she did not wait, and let me answer my uncle, and take all the consequences upon my own head; but with my own wife I have found my remain angry with that poor broken-hearted girl, and though she never set eyes on her more I have heard forgiven her long ere the violets bloomed, blue and sweet, over her low grave.

I rarely go to the theatre now; to the opera, never; and the sight of that great, fat, complacent Italian tenor is to me a sometimes much needed tonic that gives me a feeling I dare not stop to analyse. My little boy, who is just as fond as he appreciative tumbling and other extraordinary feats of that kind, often begs me to take him to the circus, and he generally gets his own way. I sit through the performance with the air of a martyr, and sometimes smile at the child's delight. Sometimes, too, when a little jockey on horseback rides round the ring I look at her for a moment through a mist of tears, and then as I put my handkerchief back in my pocket I say—

"Come, Charlie, we had better go home, now—haven't you had enough of the circus, my boy?"



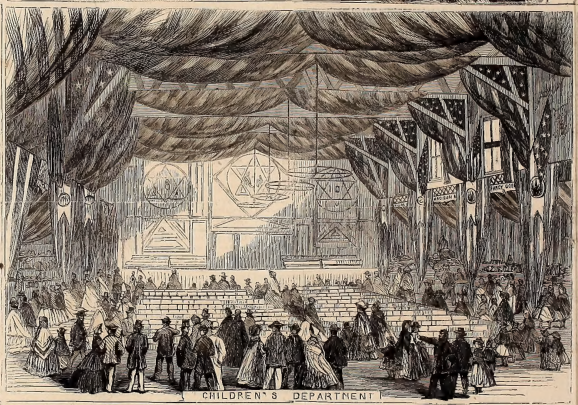
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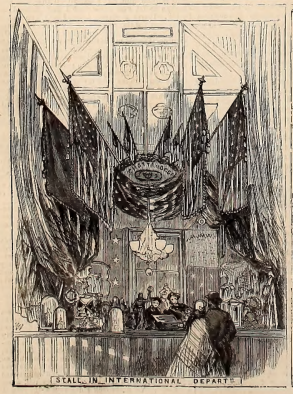
TABLEAUX IN CHILDREN'S DEPART



CLOSING THE ARMS & TROPHIES DEP'T



CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT

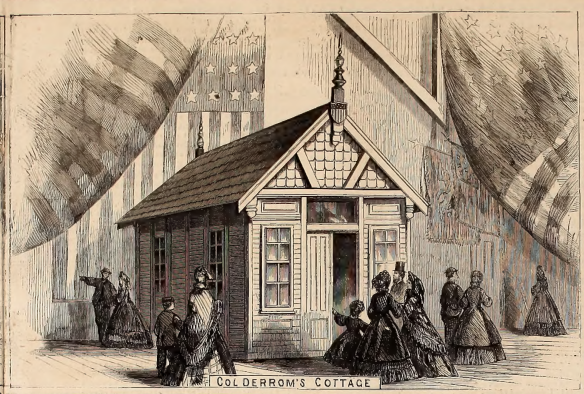


STALL IN INTERNATIONAL DEPART'T

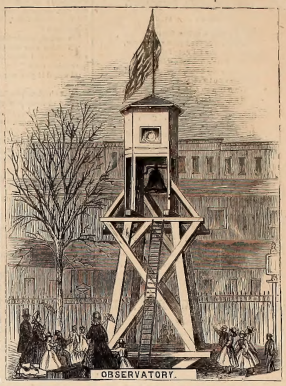


THE KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN.

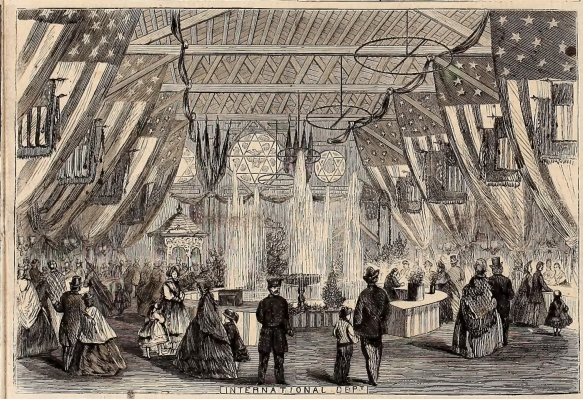
THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—UNION SQUARE BUILDINGS—SCENES AN



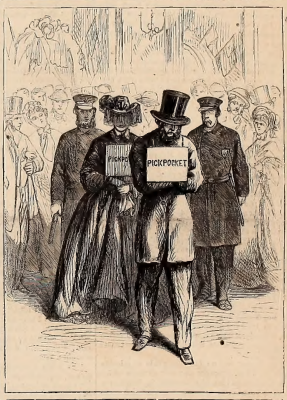
COLDERROM'S COTTAGE

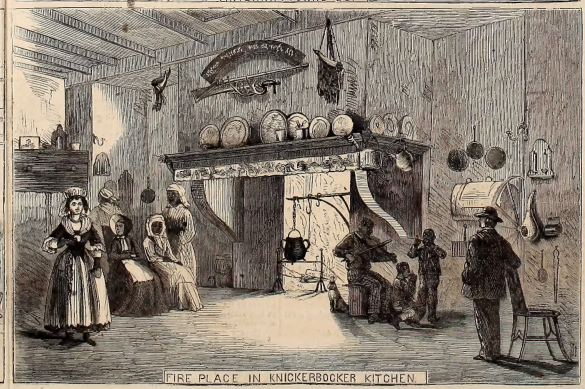


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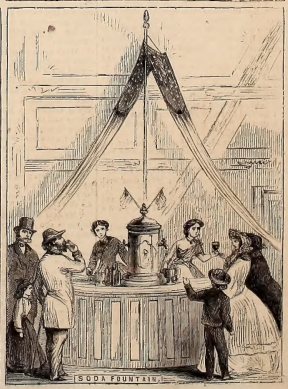


INTERNATIONAL CORPS





FIRE PLACE IN KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN.



SODA FOUNTAIN.

ES AND INCIDENTS IN THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS.—SEE PAGE 65.

THE MAIDEN'S PROPHECY.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

THERE was a village festival,
And bright-eyed girls were there,
And one, the fairest of them all,
Did Fate's behest declare.
"Here is my hand, young Sibyl fair,"
Spoke out a stranger youth,
"From life or luck I fain would learn
My doom for joy or ruth."

She looked into his loving eyes,
But quick her glances fell;
Her fair hand trembled at his touch,
But why she could not tell.
"I read," she said, "of noble deeds,
Of danger overcome;
But soon a captive thou wilt fall,
Sir Knight, thy time hath come!"

There was a village festival,
And bright-eyed girls were there,
And she, the fairest of them all,
A bridal wreath did wear.
And by her side the stranger youth
Stood forth in manly pride,
A fond and willing captive he,
The Sibyl was his bride!

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XXV.

IT was a small room, in one of those mysterious hotels in the narrow streets near the Battery, which appear to be usually appropriated to foreigners, and about which dark-whiskered, sallow-faced individuals may be seen lingering at all hours of the day, their very faded, seedy appearance calling up images of dunes, scant dinners and a whole train of petty evils.

The chamber was small, but not uncomfortably furnished, though the carpet had originally been of that tawdry sort which such places affect, and had probably not been new by several stages when first established there.

The remains of a fire smouldered in the little grate, but the ashes were strewn over the hearth, and the whole apartment was in hopeless confusion, which added to its discomfort.

In the centre of the room was a small table covered with empty champagne bottles and glasses, torn packs of cards, ends of cigars—all huddled together in repulsive untidiness, and giving evidence of a long night of dissipation.

The late tenant had left some rotten, miserable attempt at a canopy swept back and heaped carelessly on the dirty counterpane by a man in a restless standing just as he had broken himself away, ready dressed, long after daylight peered in through the broken shutters.

His appearance was in keeping with the room; a soiled, torn dressing-gown, that had once been very elegant, was swept carelessly about him; his black hair streamed over the pillow, and gave an almost ghastly effect to his face, as he lay in that troubled dream, already pale and worn from many sleepless nights.

It was a handsome face, but one from which a physiognomist would have shrunk, had he seen it then in its full truthfulness, without a gleam of the fascination which it was capable of expressing in guarded moments and under more fortunate circumstances.

The sleeper was on the sunny side of mid-age still, but his countenance was one of those which never carried an idea of youth with it, which even in early boyhood is so marked by craft and recklessness that nothing of the *abandon* of fresh feeling is visible there.

It was nearly noon, but he had not stirred or opened his eyes; once or twice the dilapidated chambermaid, who performed a slatternly duty in that part of the building, opened the door and peeped in, but her entrance had not served to arouse him, and she knew better than to venture upon any further attempt.

Suddenly he woke from a troubled dream and looked about him with a start.

"I dreamed they were nailing me up in a coffin," he muttered; "bah, how plainly I heard them driving in the nails!"

He turned from his pillow with a shudder, but in an instant there came a knock at the door, this time quick and impatient—it was the first summons which had aroused him that unquiet vision.

"Come in," he called out; "the door isn't locked."

He raised himself indolently on the bed and looked towards the door—it opened slowly and a woman entered the room.

Her face was covered under a heavy veil, but the man seemed to recognise her at once, for he started up and gave a muttered execration as he caught sight of his untidy appearance in the little mirror.

Then he hurried towards his visitor, who had closed the door and stood leaning against it.

"You have come," he exclaimed; "so kind of you—excuse the disorder here—I did not know it was so late."

He held out his hand with a smile, but she turned away with a gesture of abhorrence which had no effect upon him, save that it deepened the smile to an ugly sneer.

She threw back the long veil and displayed her face—the visitor was Elizabeth Mellen.

"Pray be seated," he went on, placing a chair near the hearth; "this room looks dreadful, but I was very wakeful all night and overslept myself—had I dreamed you would favor me with so early a visit, I should have been prepared."

She glanced at the table, which bore evidence of the manner in which the night had been passed, and said abruptly, pointing towards the cards:

"Did those things keep you wakeful? Were you in luck?"

He smiled complacently.

"Nothing ever escapes your eye, dear lady," he said. "Well, I won't deny the fact—we were playing cards a little."

"I asked if you were fortunate?" she said, impatiently.

"Not absolutely unfortunate," he returned, with another disagreeable smile; "but you know the old proverb—'Lucky in love, unlucky at cards,' so I never expect much from the mischievous pasteboards."

Her face flushed painfully to the very waves of her hair, then grew whiter than before; she sank into the chair from positive inability to stand.

"Why did you do me the favor to be interested in my fortunes?" he asked.

"Because I have brought you no money," she said, abruptly, looking in his face with sudden defiance.

His brows contracted in an ugly form, though his lip still retained its smile—he looked dangerous then.

"That is bad, very," he said; "I wonder you should have come all the way here to bring these unpleasant tidings?"

Elizabeth did not answer; she had drawn towards the hearth and was pushing the ashes with the point of her shoe, gazing drearily into the dying embers.

"You received my letter?" he asked.

"Yes—don't send in that wily again, or let yourself be seen. I've had enough of that I fell from my horse."

"How sad! I should never have forgiven myself had any harm resulted from it," he said, so gravely, that one could not tell whether he was in earnest or mocking her. "You were not hurt—nothing unpleasant occurred! I despaired of seeing you in the grounds after that, and so went away."

She started up in sudden passion, goaded by his attempt at sympathy beyond the power of prudence or self-control.

"I wish I had been hurt," she exclaimed. "I could have borne being maimed for life had I seen the brute's hoofs trampling you down as I fell."

He had seated himself opposite her and was looking earnestly in her face. These bitter words did not seem to excite his anger—he was smiling still, and there was a look of admiration there which seemed to excite her still more desperately.

"You are so beautiful in one of these moods," he said; "don't restrain yourself. What a Medea you would make!"

She looked at him with a glance which had the menace of a hunted animal brought suddenly to bay and ready for a spring. Then she sank back—in moments like that many a desperate woman had stained her soul with dark crime—but her combination terrified even a second country."

"You will not go when you get the money," she said; "you will drink, gamble—leave yourself without a cent."

"So harsh always in your judgments," he returned, deprecatingly.

"I have hope of being rid of you," she went on; "but I have no consolation—you are ruining me, and that will be your ruin! My husband suspects nothing as yet—he day he discovers a shadow of the truth there is an end to these extortions."

"Don't speak so angrily—pray don't! I hardly think you would have the heart to send me to a coffin"—your proud mien will do a great deal to procure silence where a lady is concerned."

"You know that is impossible! With his home once broken up, his peace destroyed, he would be careless of the world's knowledge—his wrongs and his revenge would lead him to desperate measures."

"Is it possible? What an unpleasant character! Well, well, we must take pains that he is not enlightened—that is the way—you see how very simple it is."

"I warn you now, this is the last money I shall be able to give you for years," she said; "it is only from having those stocks in my hands that I am able to do it now."

"My dear friend, you forget that your husband may give you more stocks," he returned, with a laugh which made her shudder anew.

"Mr. Jarvis promised me the money by the last of this week—that will be in time for the steamer."

"How coldly you betray your anxiety to have me gone!" he said; "it is really cruel."

"I have no idea that you will go," she returned; "you will spend the money—you will demand more—my husband will discover it. But at least I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that there is no place secret enough, no land distant enough to guard your life safely after that."

He only received her passionate words with a shrug of the shoulders and a deprecatory wave of the hand.

"But it is so sad to go into exile alone," he said; "if I could take with me—"

"Oh! you are such a base, miserable coward!" she broke in. "Such a pitiful, dastardly wretch! Don't frown at me—I have never been afraid to speak my mind—I am not now! I tell you to my horror of retribution will come—beware!"

His face never changed, he made her a grave bow and said pleasantly:

"You are inclined to do the prophetess this morning—but don't be such a fearful Cassandra, I beg."

She rose from her chair and folded her shawl about her.

"I need stay here no longer," she said, "I have told you what I came to say."

"Don't be so cruel as to run away so soon," he pleaded; "give my poor room the glory of your presence a little longer."

"I shall be here on Monday," she continued; "I shall have the money ready for you, but I will not bring it—this time those letters must be first placed in my hands."

"Ah! you are going to drive a hard bargain, I see."

"You have evaded so often, cheated me so often; I have given you thousands of dollars—this is the third time you have come to me unexpectedly for years if you are careful; but the letters come into my possession first, and that paper too."

"You really mean to have your freedom, do you not?" he asked, jestingly; "to sweep me out of your life for ever."

"Don't think to cheat me any more; neither your forged letters nor your pretences will answer here. I tell you I am desperate now—you can't force me down a step farther."

"You are a magnificent woman!" he exclaimed; "a wonderful woman! I don't believe the country could boast another such."

She turned away.

"Now you are angry. But let it pass."

"Remember what I have said," retorted Elizabeth. "I tell you I am desperate now! At least I shall have placed it out of your power to injure any one but me. I have reached that point when I have forged treason, your persecutions or drag the ruin down on my own head while crushing you."

She was in terrible earnest—he was a sufficient judge of character to see that. It was in her nature to grow so utterly desperate that, whatever her fate might prove, she would find the means—to shriek in her husband's ears, and madly prefer meeting the crisis of her fate in all its black woes and horror, to enduring any longer the slavery and suspense in which she had lived.

"There will be no need of all this," he said. "Place in my hands the sum you have promised and I will at once put it out of my own power to harm you or yours. After all," he continued, with another sneering laugh, "I am selling my claim much too cheaply—twenty-five thousand dollars is a pitiful little sum."

"You can get no more—you cannot frighten me! If you hesitate another day you would ruin your hopes of a single penny. I tell you my husband would not buy your silence. I know him—he might pay for the life of a dog, but would never pay gold to bind your tongue."

"Dear friend, I prefer transacting this little business with you, myself, laughing again. "We shall not quarrel; for your sake I will contest myself with the twenty-five thousand dollars, but I warn you, I shall put it out of my own power."

"I tell you it will be ready on that day."

"The letters and that troublesome little document shall be placed in your hands—I promise solemnly."

"There is nothing you could swear by that would make the oath worth hearing," she interrupted contemptuously.

He bowed as if she had paid him a compliment. He was so utterly hardened that even her burning words were of little avail.

"Don't write to me, don't send to me," she said; "it will only be dangerous—more so for you than for me—remember that."

"I can trust you; I have the utmost faith in your word."

She gathered her shawl about her again and moved towards the door.

"Are you going already?"

"Quite long enough," she said, with a sudden thought. "You parted with it of course—could you get it back?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I received your note concerning it; we will see—very doubtful I fear. But when I am once gone—even if your husband does discover it—there will be no trouble."

She turned her back on him. He started forward to open the door for her, but hand touched here on the latch before he was aware, as if a scorpion had sting her, but he only cast a smile in her face and allowed her to pass out.

"A wonderful woman!" he said to himself, after she had disappeared. "What a pity she hates me so; the only woman in the world worth having at your feet."

He went to the table, searched among the bottles till he found one that still contained liquor, poured the contents into a glass and drank with feverish eagerness.

"That'll put a little life in me," he muttered. "Well, there is nothing for it but to wait. I must keep myself very quiet. I think I'll have some breakfast—at any rate I can afford to leave this den."

He pulled out a pocket-book with a laugh, glanced at the contents and put it away.

"It will do," he muttered, "it will do."

He threw off his dressing-gown, bathed his face in cold water, tidied his dress a little and went down stairs in search of his morning meal.

Elizabeth Mellen hurried through the narrow street in which the hotel stood, as if trying to walk herself into calmness. Once she murmured:

"Five days more—five! If I can live through them and keep the tempest back I may be safe. If I can! Such a dread at my heart—worse as the time shortens—if discovery should come now with the haven is so near!"

Then she walked more rapidly on, but with all her desperate exertions she could not escape the terrible thoughts which pursued her like avenging fiends hungry for their prey.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE weeks had glided along. It was now late autumn; the gorgeous leaves lay strewn along the ground, and the wind sighed up from the ocean chill and bleak, scattering thoughts of decay with each gust. With that gathering desolation, the coldness and the shadows had crept deeper and deeper into Grantley Mellen's life.

He had accompanied Elizabeth to the city, one of those chilly autumn days, and put her into a carriage at the ferry, that she might attend to the purchases and calls which made her ostensible errand to town, while he went about the business on hand, with the understanding that they were to meet in time for the afternoon boat.

Elsie had chosen to pass the day at home; indeed, she and Elizabeth were never together now when the girl could possibly avoid it—she seemed determined to keep aloof from the mystery of the unhappy woman's life, lest its gloominess should cast some shadow over the brightness of her own path!

While Elizabeth was absent on her mysterious visit Mellen occupied himself with a matter which, had she been aware of it, would have added another trouble to the anxiety of that bitter day. From the first he had determined that the disappearance of the bracelet should be in some way explained, if it lay in human power to discover the mystery. What his precise motive was he could hardly have told. The trinket might have been picked up by some shipboard boy who pandered into the grounds; if so there was little hope of ever gaining any tidings concerning it, but Mellen could not satisfy himself that such was the case.

There was some mystery in Elizabeth's life—of that his keen suspicion he could not divest himself. Twenty times each day he went over in his mind every event that had occurred since his return, from the moment when he came upon her wandering so wildly about in the stormy night.

Twenty times each day he convinced himself that there was nothing in the whole catalogue to awaken the slightest doubt in any mind except one so given to self-torture and jealousy as his; yet, against as he would, bring conviction as closely home to his soul as he might, the doubts rose up again and haunted like ghosts that could no power to appease. It pleased always towards trouble and blackness which lay beyond.

If the bracelet had been given to any needy person for any reason, it would undoubtedly find its way to the hands of some pawnbroker—that was his thought. He approached himself for indulging it—he called himself unworthy the love of any woman when he could harbor such suspicions, but they would not pass out of his mind—each theory which had wrecked his youth had sown the seeds of suspicion too deeply in his soul to be easily eradicated.

Then he compounded with his conscience, and decided that it was right he should take every step possible to solve those doubts, if only to prove the innocence of his wife. He kept repeating to himself that this was the reason which urged him on. "I want to be convinced," he said to himself again and again, "of my own injustice—for a right I should endure the self-abasement as a punishment for this constant doubt."

Soluing his self-reproaches a little by such arguments and reflections, he had gone to work to see if any discoveries could be made which should clear up the matter.

Among other efforts, he had confided to a leading pawnbroker the details of the affair, and it was in him that he had most principally put his trust. The jeweler was not brought to this man's shop he had means of discovering if it was carried elsewhere.

That day Mr. Grantley Mellen went from him, a bracelet similar to the one he had described was in the possession of an old Jew in Chatham street, and they went together to the place.

The old Israelite was dreadfully afraid of getting himself into difficulty in some way, but Mr. Mellen's well satisfied air here in regard to the bracelet assured him that the gentleman would reward him liberally for any disclosures that he might make.

Then it came out that the bracelet had been disposed for a considerable sum—it was a sale rather than a deposit. The man who brought it there had several times had dealings at the shop—sometimes he would display plenty of money the old Jew averred, and again he was very poor, and in such cases always pledged valuable ornaments or sold them recklessly for whatever would satisfy the needs of the moment.

Mr. Mellen grew more interested when he described the man's appearance; the keen eyes of the money-lender and the sharp sight of the old Jew, accustomed to reading countenances under many forms, while a singular expression of uncertainty rested upon it.

He walked several times up and down the little back den where the aged Israelite kept his watch, like a bloated spider ready to pounce upon any unwary fly that came within his reach, and at last returned to the place where the two men were standing.

"Have you any of that man's writing?" he asked. "Just a scrap—I don't ask to see his name—any few words in his writing."

The old Jew looked doubtful.

"Sometimes he has write me, my good sare, but not often, he ish very careful—very careful."

"And have you none by you?"

The old Jew turned to a great desk that filled up one end of the dark room, unlocked a variety of doors and drawers, turned over piles of dirty notes,

and at last selected a scrap of paper from among them.

"Dis is his writin'," he said, in his guttural whisper. "I'm taking great trouble, great trouble," he whined; "the good gentleman ought to remember that."

"You shall be well rewarded," said Mr. Mellet impatiently, snatching the paper from his hand.

He glanced at the writing—the paleness of his face grew deathlike—he stood like a statue, with his eyes riveted upon the page, while the two men regarded him in silence.

The writing was so peculiar that a person at all familiar with it could never have been mistaken—an individuality so marked and so increased by practice, that one who had seen a page of the delicate characters could have sworn to the writing among whole volumes.

After a time Mr. Mellen looked up—the astonishment in their faces brought him to himself.

"That is what I wanted," he said.

"I hopes it ish all right," urged the Jew. "De good gentleman is satisfied with me!"

"Perfectly, perfectly! Now I want the bracelet! How much did you receive on it?"

The old Jew's face changed at once.

"And I won't get my reward?" he faltered. "You will sheat a poor man's out of his earnings."

"Who talks of cheating you," said Mr. Hollywell.

"I am ready to pay you," pursued Mr. Mellen; "I would rather pay double the price of the bracelet than not get it."

Mr. Hollywell made a sign of caution; such words would increase the old rascal's cupidity to a height money could hardly satisfy, but they were interrupted by a groan from the Jew.

"And is gone!" cried he; "and so leetle paid—so leetle paid. The good gentleman would have given more."

"Gone!" echoed Mr. Mellen.

"Why didn't you say so?" asked Mr. Hollywell angrily. "It was only yesterday you told me you had it."

"Yes, yes, I knows, and so I had."

"Where is it, then?"

"The man come for it—he has brought his ticket, paid his money and took the bracelet; I was out—my boy did let him have it! Oh, my reward—my reward!"

"Shut your foolish old mouth!" exclaimed Mr. Hollywell.

The old Jew sank into a chair, still groaning and lamenting, while the money-lender turned to Mr. Mellen.

"What will you do now, sir?" he asked.

"Nothing—nothing."

He looked so despondent now, though the fierce anger that had blazed in his face at the first sight of the writing lighted it up still.

"I am perfectly satisfied," he continued. "I am much obliged to you for your trouble."

"I am sorry," Mr. Hollywell began, but he checked him.

"It is just as well—don't be troubled."

He took up his pocket-book, laid down a bank note whose value made the old Jew's eyes sparkle with avidity, and hurried out of the dark little shop.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ALL the next day the house at Piney Cove was in confusion with guests, and the husband and wife were not once left alone.

Mrs. Harrington had come up to spend the day, and go out with them in the evening, and Tom Fuller was to post as usual, though he appeared with a very blank face indeed.

"You look more like Don Quixote than ever," was Elsie's salutation, as he entered the room, where she sat with Elizabeth and their guest.

"How do you do, Mr. Fuller?" cried the widow. "I wonder you have any patience at all with that little witch; she teases you constantly; I am sure you must be amiability itself."

"She won't have the chance for some time to come, more's the pity," returned Tom, disconsolately.

"And why not, pray?" demanded Elsie.

"Because I've got to go Pittsburg, and flounder about in coal mines, and the Lord knows what all."

"Have you business there?" asked Elizabeth.

"Yes, to be sure! Bless me, I was better off when I had no property. I could do as I pleased then, and didn't have to go about breaking my neck in pits, and bothering over all sorts of business that I understand no more than the man in the moon."

"Poor, unfortunate victim!" mocked Elsie.

"The penalty of riches," sighed Mrs. Harrington. "It is the fault of the good they bring to yourself and all about you, Mr. Fuller."

"Yes, I know," returned he. "I'm an ungrateful brute; I ought to say instead I need to bow my head punched twenty times a day, there's no doubt of that."

They laughed at his energy; even Elizabeth tried to come out of her miserably anxious thoughts, and combine her wandering faculties to the conversation.

"When are you going, Tom?" she asked.

"Oh, to-morrow?"

"He speaks as if it was the Day of Judgment," said Elsie.

"And I may be gone a whole week or more," pursued he.

"A small eternity," cried Elsie. "Dear me, dear me, how we all pity you."

"I don't believe you care a straw," said Tom, dismally; "you won't miss me a bit."

"He wants to be flattered," cried Elsie.

"I am sure you will be missed, dear Mr. Fuller," said the widow; "you wrong your friends by a suspicion to the contrary."

"I hope so, I'm sure," returned Tom, glancing at Elsie; but she was in one of her mischievous moods, and would not give him a gleam of consolation.

"Don't spoil him, Mary Harrington," said she; "the creature's vanity is becoming inordinate already; isn't it, Bessie?"

"You can ill-treat him sufficiently without my assistance," said she, smiling; "I shall not help you."

"That is right, Bess," cried Tom; "stand by a fellow a little, do; she hasn't a spark of pity."

"Take care, sir!" said Elsie, lifting her embroidery scissors. "Don't try to win my natural allies over to your side by an underhand persuasion."

"I am sure you don't need allies or assistance of any sort to be more than a match for a dozen men," said Tom.

"Another of my womanly prerogatives," replied Elsie.

"Well," said Tom, "there seems to be no end to them."

Everybody laughed at his tone, and he sat down next Elsie, pushing such a face for, and making signs to her to go out of the room, so that he might secure a few moments alone with her, but the little witch pretended not to understand his signals in the least.

"You ruin my work!" cried she. "What on earth are you making such faces for, and winking and blinking like an owl in the sun?"

Tom began to get red and confused, and laughed in a distressed way.

"Dazzled by your presence, Elsie," cried the widow, seeing that Tom had not presence of mind enough for the occasion.

Elizabeth began to get restless again; it was perfectly impossible for her to keep quiet any length of time that day, and she made some excuse for leaving them.

"Let me go with you," said Mrs. Harrington; "I like to get a peep at your kitchen; it is a perfect Flemish picture."

"Particularly the crowd of dusky faces," said Elsie; "you're a humbug, Mary Harrington."

"I am sure she is quite right," said Tom, anxious to insure her departure; "I was in the kitchen one day and it looked quite picturesque."

Elsie perfectly understood the motive which led him to speak, and she hastened to rejoin:

"If you think it so pretty you had better accompany them, and get sketching, eh?"

"No," said Tom; "I might disturb the colored persons; I'll stay where I am."

"Brave man," cried Elsie; "what consideration! You will be bursting into unpremeditated poetry about the dark future before we know it."

"Oh, Elsie," said Mrs. Harrington, "what a provoking creature you are!"

She followed Elizabeth out of the room, and Tom took a seat next to Mrs. Bell.

"Are you sorry I am going?" he asked.

"Do I look so?" she asked.

"No, you don't."

"Well, looks can't tell fibs," said she, provokingly.

"Elsie, be good to me now; just think; I shall be gone a whole week!" he cried.

"It's a calamity I dare not contemplate," replied she. "No, whatever you do, don't break your neck in those horrid coal mines, or come back smelling of brimstone like a theatrical fiend."

"I believe you would jest during an earthquake."

"If it would attract attention I might," she answered. "There, there, don't be cross, old Tom."

She threw down her work, and with one of her quick changes of manner petted him back to serenity.

"If you would only let me do one thing before I go," he said, getting courage enough from her caresses to propose an idea that had been in his mind ever since he arrived.

"What is it, *Monsieur Enigeaud*?"

"Just let me tell Grant of our—our—"

"Our what, stammerer?"

"Of the happiness you have promised me," said Tom, changing the original word from fear of vexing her.

"You were going to say engagement; don't deny it."

"And aren't we engaged?" he pleaded.

"Not a bit of it, Mr. Tom Fuller; I am just as free as air; please to remember that."

"Oh, Elsie!"

"And Elsie oh!" cried she. "But it's true! You said all sorts of foolish things about love, and I let you talk, but what right have to say we are engaged?"

She made Tom so nervous that he could not sit still.

"Oh, Elsie, Elsie, how can you?" he pleaded.

"Now, aren't you deliciously miserable," said Elsie; "that is the way I like to see you; it's you all over, sir."

"I wouldn't think you could be so cruel at such a time."

"You wouldn't you? And pray what right have you to think at all; no man has a right; that's another female privilege."

"There are worse than the Women's Rights people," said he.

"Now you are calling me names," cried Elsie, indignantly. "I won't stay with you another moment."

She half rose, but Tom caught her dress.

"Oh, don't go, don't!"

"Go on your knees then, and beg my pardon," said Elsie.

"No," said Tom, "I'll do no such thing."

"Ah, do now, just to please silly little me."

Down went Tom in dumb obedience. After enjoying his distress and penitence for a few moments, Elsie suddenly threw both her arms about his neck, and whispered:

"I am very sorry you are going. I do love you, Tom!"

He strained her to his heart with a burst of grateful delight.

"And may I tell Grant?" he pleaded.

"Not yet," she said; "wait till you come back; not a word till then."

"But as soon as I come?"

"Yes; if you are good. But not a look till I say the word."

She tried to escape from him, but he would not let her go until he had extorted one other pledge.

"You must write to me," he said.

"Now, Tom, I hate to write letters! I never write even to Grant, when I can possibly help it."

"But just a few words—"

"If you will get up and behave yourself properly, perhaps yes."

"Every day?"

"Oh, worse and worse! Tom, get up. Hear Mary Harrington's voice; she's the most inveterate gossip."

"Promise then!"

"Yes—yes—anything; oh, get away!"

She struggled from him, and Tom had just time to resume his seat and look as decorously grave as perfect happiness could permit when the door opened, and Mrs. Harrington entered, with her usual flutter, crying:

"Elsie, Elsie! Mr. Rhodes and the fascinating Jemima are driving up the avenue; the old maid is rushing to destruction again without the slightest warning."

"It's delightful!" said Elsie. "I shall tell her how rich Tom Fuller is, and that he wants a wife."

"Don't set the old dragon at me," said Tom.

"Yes, I will! Mary, you must flirt desperately with the old maid; between her desire to watch you and be agreeable to Tom, the spinster will be driven to the verge of distraction."

"I'll go and help Elizabeth," said the widow, "and appear after the old maid gets nicely settled."

She darted away through the hall, and just made her escape as Dolph opened the halldoor to admit the guests.

Mrs. Fuller and daughter were ushered into the room where Elsie and Tom sat, looking demure as two kittens.

"Here we are again, you see," said the stout man; "no one can resist your fascinations, Miss Elsie."

"Pa would stop," said Miss Jemima, "though I told him it was a shame to come so often."

The truth was the spinster's appetite had waxed fierce at the sight of his wife's table, especially as while Mr. Rhodes talked to him he gave Elsie whisper to Miss Jemima, and felt perfectly certain that she had given the thestered information about his being a rich bachelor in search of a wife.

"And when did you see your charming friend, Mrs. Harrington, last?" asked Mr. Rhodes.

"The oddest thing!" said Elsie. "Why, she is not here; hadn't you a suspicion of it, Mr. Rhodes?"

Miss Jemima's face changed so suddenly that it made a great effort to keep from laughing outright.

"Oh, Mr. Rhodes," continued Elsie; "I am afraid the attractions of this house are only borrowed ones."

The good man was in a state of blushing and confusion at once, but the spinster brought him out of it without mercy.

"If there's company we won't stay, pa," said she.

But Elsie would not permit her to go; she whispered again about Tom, and between her desire to stop long enough to fascinate him and her fear of exciting her father to the wiles of the artful widow, Jemima was in a terrible perplexity.

In the midst of it Elizabeth entered, and welcomed her elderly visitors; Mellen followed; and after a few moments in swept the widow, who swooped down on the unfortunate Mr. Rhodes in spite of his dragon, as a well-practised hawk pounces on a plump chicken.

"Ah, Mr. Rhodes, this is such a surprise," she cried, fluttering about him with a simper on her face which of late years had done the duty of a blush.

"I dare say a great surprise," snapped in Jemima, sliding up to her father.

This was great sport to Elsie and Mrs. Harrington. Tom would have enjoyed it more if the spinster had not beset him as much as her dire of attention would permit, and Elizabeth and Mellen bore the infliction patiently, as people must endure all things that come to an issue in their own time.

While they were all luncheon-table Elizabeth's dog ran into the room with a paper in its mouth. It was the most intelligent little creature in the world, a cross between a black and tan terrier and an Italian greyhound, and had been educated to carry in a surprising manner.

This pretty creature, which seemed almost human in her intelligence, ran towards her mistress, but another dog followed, a new pet of Elsie's, a frolicsome, wicked animal that had quite worried poor Fanny's life out ever since her intrusion in the house.

Piccolomini sprang at the paper in Fan's mouth, and a contention ensued between them which attracted general attention.

"Fanny's got a paper," cried Elsie, pointing towards her pets.

"It may be a letter," said Mellen; "Dolph often sends them in by her; call off, Pick, Elsie; she'll tear it!"

But Pick would not be called off, and Fanny refused to relinquish her hold; between them the paper was rapidly destroyed, Fanny howling dismally all the time at not being able to fulfil her errand in her usual trusty manner.

Mellen was towards them; as he did so Fanny sprang towards Elizabeth; she stooped, caught sight of the paper, and grew pale. She fairly thrust Mellen aside, and snatched the paper from the animal's mouth.

"It's only an old bill I dropped," she said, shrinking in hurriedly in her pocket.

The rest were too much occupied to pay much attention, but Mellen saw how pale his wife had turned; he noticed her alarm; he remembered, too, seeing Fanny running about the shrubbery just before he came in.

Here was another phase of the mystery, he was certain of that; the little creature was carrying a note to his wife. He seated himself at the table again, and appeared to forget the circumstance, but Elizabeth hardly looked like herself during the entire meal.

It was late before the visitors departed, then other callers made their appearance, and after that Tom Fuller was compelled to take his leave, a heartrending performance as far as he was concerned; and a day drew to a close, leaving the husband and wife each more preoccupied and anxious than the dreary morning had found them.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Germans had abandoned the siege of Fredericia. The town was evacuated by the Danes in front of the town. A portion of the city was set on fire during the bombardment. The allied commander then demanded a surrender, but the Danes refused. Duppel was cannonaded at intervals.

Austria and Prussia, it is said, have consented to a conference on the Danish question. The German Diet was in favor of a European Congress. It was reported that the Conference would soon assemble.

The Polish insurgents were very active. Russian troops were engaged in barricading the railroad between Wilna and the Prussian frontier.

It is said that the Russian Cabinet accuses Napoleon of encouraging trouble in Germany, Turkey, and that the feeling towards the court of France was very cool in consequence.

Maximilian was to assume the title of Emperor of Mexico on Easter Sunday, and set out for the capital of the empire early in April. He will open diplomatic relations with the United States, and observe a strict neutrality between the North and South.

Woll was appointed chief aide-de-camp to the new Emperor. The French steam frigate Dryade left Cherbourg for Vera Cruz, having on board about 200 Mexicans, recently prisoners of war in France, who have been liberated after having given their submission to the new government. The amount and terms of a loan for Maximilian was negotiated in financial circles in London and Paris.

The health of the Pope had improved. Garibaldi had sailed from Caprera for England. He was to receive a brilliant reception in London.

Spain was showing sympathy towards a revolution.

The National Government of Poland had prepared an appeal to the nations of Europe.

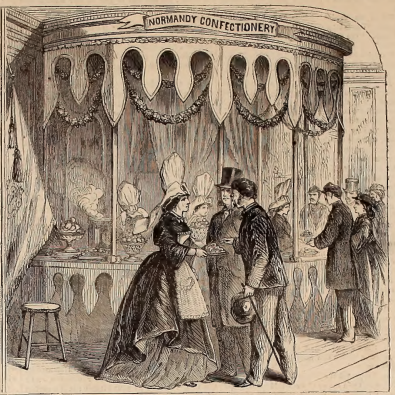
The Emperor Napoleon said that the Archduke Maximilian, "in going to a country that is 'one lump of silver,'" and their eyes mutually glistened and they parted.

CHARLES THE BOLD.

CHARLES'S marriage with Isabella of Bourbon took place in 1454. Though a reluctant bridegroom, he became strongly attached to his wife; and the amount of her dowry did not quite be found about seven years, was such as gave no cause for complaint. In a few years' age, and at a court where the sovereign himself set an example of gorgeous extravagance, the Count of Charolais (Charles's youthful title) penetrated what was certainly a rare, if not the only instance of marital fidelity. His faults, indeed, were not such as to give an inordinate love of pleasure. He ate sparingly, and of the simplest, and seldom tasted wine unless diluted with a much larger proportion of water. He was fond of sport. In luxury and in indulgence," says the chronicler, "but in labor and endurance!" In hardened himself by constant exposure and exercise. At excellent sportsman, in archery and in throwing the bar. He was seldom absent when the chase was proclaimed in the forest of Soignies, and delighted especially in the dangerous pastime of hunting the wild boar. But on the coast of Holland, which he often visited, he found still stronger excitement in the pursuit in which a large a number of the inhabitants were engaged, frequenting the shore with their horses and watching and making himself practically acquainted with the art of seamanship in its minutest details. In these early intercourses of society his manners were courteous and affable, and he won their hearts by those personal qualities of a princely life, but he had little relish for the ceremonies and excesses of his father's court. He shared, however, in its more graceful recreations. He was a good dancer, and wanted to be the most skilful chess player of his time. For music he had a strong partiality, cultivating the science so far as to could be said to exist, and composing motets, chansons, and other pieces of music.

Though somewhat below the common height, Charles had a powerful frame. His shoulders are broad and full, his limbs muscular and firmly knit. He was remarkable for agility, and was never so at his best than when in it. "I never heard him complain of weariness," says Philippe de Comines, "nor ever saw in him a sign of fear." In countenance he bore a close resemblance to his father. Full, red cheeks being the only distinctive feature which they had in common. His face was somewhat round; his complexion a transparent olive, tinted with a ruddy glow. A wavy mass of thick, black hair overhung his forehead, and flowed around his neck. In walking, his looks were habitually directed towards the ground; but his eyes were "sagacious clear," their glance equally penetrating, and in moments of excitement terrible. The tones of his voice were agreeable and distinct. He was gifted with a natural eloquence, sometimes impeded at the outset by the ardor of his temperament, but becoming, as he proceeded, not less logical than vehement.





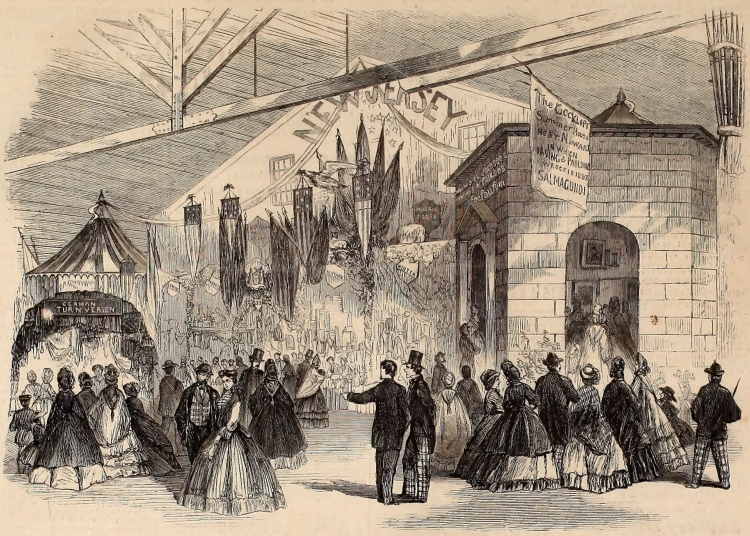








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"I HOPE you will be able to support me," said a young lady, while walking out one day with her intended, during a slippery state of the pavement.

"Why—ay—yes," said the somewhat bewildered swain, "with some little assistance from your father!"

There was some confusion and a profound silence when the conversation had ended.

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My grief is deep and bitter;
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Oh, could I but my cat behold!
My heart is wildly beatin'—
Oh, could I but my kitty hold!
To think she may be (k)eaten!

Oh, yes, I see her killed and baked,
In my imagination;
The thought of what will be her lot
Gives me cold puss-pic-ration.

Ah, ne'er again, 'tis very plain,
Shall I with rapture eye her;
Ah, no, she's thrust into a crust,
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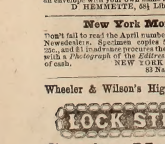
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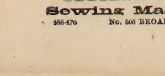
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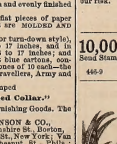
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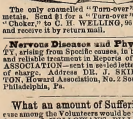
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 448—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1864. [Terms: $3 50 Yearly, 14 Weeks $1 00.

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.

The Tattoo.

THE Fair closes each night with bugle blast and tattoo. Our Artist has sketched the latter with grace and spirit. Our ladies will become soldiers with all this drill and pomp and circumstance of war.

The Boat Builders' Department.

Among the curious and attractive departments of the Metropolitan Fair is the Boat-builders' Department, with its models of world-renowned crafts. In the centre is a model of the Isaac Newton; models of lifeboats and of yachts are to be found on every side, attracting considerable attention when any yachter steps to explain to his fair friends and the group that soon gathers the beautiful lines, the graceful curve, the advantage for speed.

The Curiosity Shop.

Mrs. Gibbs's Curiosity Shop is one of the greatest attractions of the Fair. Here are gathered relics of bygone days, tapestry from Spain, chairs from palaces in France, Bohemian glass from Italy, water from the Dead Sea, Court dresses, Japanese robes, bonnets of other days, curiosities of every form and shape. Here stands a bronze vase that belonged to Pitt the great Earl of Chatham, whose memory our city has gratefully preserved in the names of two streets, although his marble effigy is no longer erect. Here looks down in sternest bronze the death-set face of the great Napoleon. Here is a mammoth nugget from our El Dorado, estimated to be worth the nice plum of $40,000. As the crowd sways along we pass in turn by all these, thrown together in strange juxtaposition.

Anthony's Pearl Album.

Among the fine objects of the Fair was a Pearl Photograph Album, got up by Messrs. E. and H. T. Anthony & Co., of New York, and presented to the Sanitary Fair by their employés. Our illustration will enable our readers to form some idea of its beauty. It was sold on the very first day for $150.

The reputation of the house of Anthony guarantees in itself its superior excellence and beauty. Being the first to introduce the Photographic Albums into this country, they have ever stood at the head, and the taste and enterprise of the firm are equalled only by the splendid workmanship of those whom they have trained to the various departments of manufacture.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.—THE TATTOO ON CLOSING AT NIGHT.

They have long been the leading house for the supply of all materials required in the art of photographing, and as in these nice operations all depends in the purity of the chemical agents, the Messrs. Anthony, by the high character which they have established, command the business.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1864.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 78 Duane street, below Broadway and Elm, New York.

Dealers supplied and subscriptions received for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, *also* FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR for 1861, *by* GEORGE P. BENDA & Co., *Proprietors of the London and Paris Agency, 100 Fleet Street, London, England. Single copies always on sale.*

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THE PUBLISHER of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER invites his present contributors and others to send in, before May 1st, stories and poems suited to its columns, as well as ideas for comic sketches on subjects of the day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DECLINED.—Mary—Afloat—Gentian—The Siege of Santee—The Owls' Concert.

ACCEPTED.—A Ring to Wear—The Highwayman of the Black Forest—Touching the Body.

A few very superior tales suited to our columns will be cheerfully received by the Editor. Contributors are requested to write legibly, on one side only, and give their address distinctly.

Manuscripts can be examined promptly, and if not accepted returned without delay.

Summary of the Week.

ARKANSAS.

Gen. Steele is said to have reached Arkadelphia on the 28th March, constantly skirmishing with the enemy.

A body of Texan cavalry, numbering 400, attacked a Union camp at Reseville, on the Arkansas river, on the 11th, but were repulsed, with a loss of 14 men killed.

KENTUCKY.

Forrest still besieges Columbus, now reinforced by 2,000 veterans, and parties of his men are ravaging to within 10 miles of Cairo, burning houses and stealing horses.

The rebel Gen. Buford demanded the surrender of Fort Halleck, Columbus, on the 15th, and then attacked Paducah. On the 16th the rebels again demanded the surrender of Paducah, and Col. Mitchell with the 5th Illinois and other regiments were marching out to attack the enemy.

TENNESSEE.

Fort Pillow was finally surrendered to the rebels on the 12th, Major Booth, the commander, with several of his officers being killed. Forrest then carried out his threats, and the negro soldiers, to the number of 200, with their white officers, were then put to the sword. Some of the wounded negroes were actually buried alive!

The enemy have abandoned Fort Pillow, leaving it in ruins.

The guerilla Reynolds and his command were surprised at Doraville on the 15th; 10 of his men killed, and he, with 15 more, captured.

MISSISSIPPI.

On March 30 a band of guerillas dashed into Natchez, but were repulsed, and an officer and three men captured.

TEXAS.

Our cavalry have occupied Eagle pass, 400 miles above Brownsville, driving out the rebels, and thus cutting off the cotton trade, which, after the occupation of Brownsville, was carried on here.

Corpus Christi has been reoccupied by our troops, from California, who captured 600 men.

LOUISIANA.

The rebel Gen. Dick Taylor recently surprised and captured 200 Union soldiers near Alexandria.

The rebels are said to have blown up their rams Shreveport and Missouri on the 26th March.

Alexandria is put in a state of defence against rebel attacks. Gen. Banks had reached Grand Ecore, but the steamer that took him up was attacked on the return trip.

MISSOURI.

On the 23d, Capt. Smith, with 32 men of the 14th New York, had a sharp action, near Barranca, with the 7th Alabama cavalry, in which the enemy lost heavily.

VIRGINIA.

The storm not only swept away the railroad bridges but swelled the Shenandoah, so that the pontoon bridge was in danger and had to be taken up.

Capt. McKee, 2d U. S. Infantry, was killed by guerillas, near Nokesville, on the 14th.

Longstreet has fallen back to Virginia with all his force except 20,000 men, who are to join Johnston.

Mosby, with 600 cavalry, made an attack on the patrol, near Bristoe station, on the 19th, and captured 30 or 35 men. A train, with Gen. Grant on board, had passed but a few minutes before Mosby's attack.

He made another attack on the 16th, near Fairfax station, capturing a train, burning 20 wagons and carrying off 200 horses.

An expedition sent up the Nansemond in search of the propeller used against the Minnesota, returned without any result. The weather was very considerable destruction. Lieut. E. P. Wilder, of the Minnesota, was killed.

COLORADO.

The 1st Colorado cavalry had an engagement with the Cheyennes, at Fremont's orchard, 85 miles from Denver, on the 12th.

NAVAL.

A desperate attempt was made by the rebels, on the 9th, to blow up Admiral Lee's flagship, the Minnesota, off Newport News, with a torpedo. The expedition was unsuccessful, but did not materially injure the frigate.

They were more successful in Florida, having blown up with a torpedo the transport Maple Leaf, returning from Pilatka to Jacksonville. The entire bow was blown out, and the steamer went down almost immediately.

The rebels are said, indeed, to have a regularly organised torpedo corps, which expects, even by the help of sympathisers in the North, to be able to destroy vessels by concealing small torpedoes among the coal furnished to steamers. As though the effect of such a device, the U.S. steamer Commodore exploded in New York harbor on the 15th, killing and wounding a number of officers and men.

The report of the loss of the rebel ram Tennessee is contradicted.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 11th April, after some unimportant business, it proceeded to the consideration of the Senate bill to prohibit the issue, after the first day of July next, of fractional currency. The resolution on the table. Carried by yeas 31, nays 10. The House resumed the consideration of the following resolution offered by Mr. Colfax: That after the 1st day of July next, no person shall be employed under Long. a Representative from the IIId District of Ohio, having, on the 4th day of March, declared himself in favor of recognising the independence and nationality of the so-called Confederacy, now in arms against the Union, and thereby giving aid, countenance and encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility to the United States, should be expelled." A long and excited debate ensued, the main features of which were the speech of Fernando Wood in favor of recognising the rebels, and the patriotic reply of Gen. Schenck to the New York Copperhead. Without coming to a vote the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 12th, there was little business of public importance. When the Naval Appropriation bill came as amended from the House, Fessenden moved to concur in the amendments, which was agreed to. Mr. Collamer moved to amend the bill so as to provide that the Secretary of the Navy should not be authorised to build more than the number of vessels now under contract, unless specially authorised by law. Mr. Howard, Wilson, Johnson, Grimes and Harlan, made remarks in favor of the measures of retaliation, man for man, or two for one.

In the House, the consideration of the Bank bill was resumed, and, on motion of Mr. Fenton, of N. Y., an amendment was agreed upon, to the effect that the capital stock of banks under the act should be liable for taxation by the States at the same rates as that imposed upon other moneyed capital, provided that no State tax should be imposed on any part of the capital stock of any association which might be invested in United States bonds deposited as security for the issue of its notes. In support of the Committee of Elections, declaring that Mr. B. M. Kitchen, of West Virginia, was not entitled to a seat as representative of the Seventh District, was called up and debated resulting in a resolution declaring the gentleman duly elected and entitled to a seat.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The news this week from Europe is not important. Austria and Prussia assert that the difficulties between the Emperor of Austria and Maximilian have been arranged, and that he will soon embark for the Mexican throne. The loan has been taken by French and English houses, and about $35,000,000 will be paid to Prussia for war expenses. It would seem as though France had received to take up the role which England had abandoned, and had to cause for the rebels, in the vain desire of being for the Chinese trade. The privateer Georgia is likewise to be sold in London.

In England great preparations are being made to receive Garibaldi, who arrives on Danish and German affairs is to be held in London.

The war continued in Denmark with varying success. The Danes had repulsed the Prussians at Duppel. Rumors of disaffection among the Hungarian regiments in the Austrian service were related to this fact the retreat from Frederick was attributed.

The British Channel fleet had received orders to be ready to sail for the Baltic at a moment's notice.

The Queen opened Parliament in person on the 6th of April, when she would hold a levee at Buckingham Palace.

The Emperor of Russia had given great offence to Napoleon, by celebrating at St. Petersburg the entry of the allied armies into Paris in 1814.

NOTES AND TOPICS.

The Hebrews.

We find in the statements of a late writer upon the Hebrews, that the United States have over 200,000 members of the race, while England has but thirty-five thousand. At first glance this may not seem a great number, but by those who have made themselves familiar with the history of the race it is only an argument to show how the tide of commerce, and immutability of character this country. As a positive evidence of our well-being, nothing can be more conclusive, like a sleuth-hound, it follows upon communities disposed to industry and commerce, and immediately deserts those which are sinking, especially in money and precious goods. They have always been the precursors of commercial greatness, and no country has driven them away who has prospered in business. We do not assert that they make this prosperity, but their almost instinct in this quality has enabled them to see it in advance. They are essentially a business people, a Jewish laborer, sailor or farmer being a rarity, though we believe that a great many of the race have become soldiers. In this the Christian element has been especially developed upon the Hebrew, they have found it difficult to do without him, and wherever luxury reigns there is he most at home. Considered as a sign of public prosperity, we cannot regret that there is almost a quarter of a million of Jews in the land.

Strikes in a Nutshell.

It seems strange that the intelligence that really does exist among American mechanics and working men should not be brought more into play when their own interests are concerned. At this moment labor is upon what is termed "a strike," all over the country. They are passing through that transition state which has to occur at stated intervals to keep capital and labor balanced. All things must be regulated by the price of labor, and the moment that articles of necessity reach that price that they are beyond the means of certain branches of laborers it proves that the value of the labor that produced them has risen, and as a consequence other labor must rise with it. This is the case just now with all articles of food, in consequence of the high value of agricultural labor, caused by enlistment, and as a result all branches of industry must rise proportionately. The great mistake of strikers is to make themselves enemies to capital. There is really no antagonism between labor and capital. They are both equally workers, capital being as much a dead instrument if it is idle—as the laborer would be in the same condition. If a rich man is so idle-man he soon ceases to be rich, his capital, all man can do is guide, but cannot help making losses. He may appear to be idle, but he must think always, and as he thinks so does he make work, and by working keep labor going. The capitalist acts as the director for the laborer, saying that in he would otherwise be using his products, providing him with machinery to lessen toil, building better workshops, and doing a thousand things that a single workman could not do. In fact, capital represents a number of workmen combined, and by that combination achieves what the single man never could. Capital is governed by the same laws as labor, and must have its own strikes. At that time, when there is a surplus of capital in any particular locality or business it must strike or fall to the level that is placed upon it or strike for something higher. This strike is generally accomplished by removing to some other locality, or embarking in another business. This also, is the only way in which labor can regulate itself. All the strikes in the world will have no effect if there is a surplus of labor in any branch. If that is so, the laborer must remove to another locality or another employment. This is the only way that a strike can become effectual.

Uncle Sam.

During the existence of the war of 1812 a New York contractor, who will still be remembered by some of our old citizens, named Albert Anderson, visited Troy for the purpose of buying provisions for the army. The inspectors of beef and pork at Troy were two brothers, Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson, and last, always known under the *soubriquet* of Uncle Sam, was the superintendent of the workmen employed to handle and ship the provisions. The initials, E. A.—U. S. This marking was the cause of Uncle Sam's numerous employés, who was either stupid or witty, and on being asked by the other workmen the meaning of these letters answered with a sly shout, "Why, stupid, Anderson and Uncle Sam. The thing took among the workmen, and from the barrels was discovered the quizzers still hung among them. In due time a greatmany of these very workmen found their way into the army, to help fight the battles of the country, and among them, of course, them went their old jokes, and this one pre-eminent, until it became a standard designation, applicable to the war was done was recognised over all the land as the appellation of the nation. I have never seen this in print, nor do I know that it ever has been in any, without doubt, many now living who know its truth.

BOOK NOTICES.

A YOUTH'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION, from the Bombardment of Fort Sumter to the Capture of Roanoke Island. By WILLIAM M. THAYER, Author of "The Log House Boy," etc. Illustrated. Boston: J. E. C. Co. 1864, 347 pp.

The popularity of the books for the young which Mr. Thayer has given makes it unnecessary to say that this work will be eminently popular. The author knows exactly the wants of the large class for whom he writes, and supplies them abundantly. His interests, warms and allures his young readers, who will all be delighted with his youth's history.

TOWN GOSSIP.

SHAKING the fate of all other sublunary things, the Sanitary Fair is beginning to flag in interest, and the ladies are already beginning gradually ceases to be a nine days' wonder.

By this we do not mean to assert that the crowds are dropping off, or that the exhibition is any less attractive, but simply that the local population have been and gone there, and that the immediate of fair ladies and clever men who threw their time and talents into the business at its start have begun to get tired of the daily routine of amateur shopkeeping and dickering, and feel somewhat like resigning their temporary occupations. We hardly think the visitors will be disappointed in the amount of attractions and subordinates.

But still the stream pours in, and so far no time has been mentioned for closing. In some respects the expectations of its originators and well-wishers have not been realised, for those cries have been made that militate fearfully against a success. The most important of these are directed especially in dividing the fair into compartments, and making it necessary that nearly $3 should be spent by the visitor before he leaves. We think that half the usual admission price on the first few days had been $3, until the rush was over, and then kept at that figure for a week, and something "all the sights, advertising each day what exhibitions would be given, the amount of money taken and what had been given away.

Another error is in asking exorbitant prices for goods. Thousands have been induced to go there solely to buy, provided prices ruled the same as in stores, but have come away with their money unspent on the ground that the prices were generally unattainable to the contributors, who, for the purpose of enhancing the supposed value of their gifts, placed on them the supposed value of their gifts, placed on them the usual retail prices, leaving them thereby unsold, and making it imperative that at the close of the Fair they should be sold at a ruinous loss.

So far, the greatest bargain we have heard of occurred at a jewellery stall, in the shape of a watch which, after a present a few minutes, left a young miss in charge. During this time a lady made her purchases, including a few small articles, scattered a set of ear-rings and pin. The price was asked, the label referred to, and $3 the amount, and the lady left. She liked them, paid the money and departed. On the return of the principal of the stall, the younger lady, pained at the mistake, immediately made a return of sales, and in an instant was horrified by the discovery that the watch was in reality the label, and had sold and an elegant diamond set, valued at $300, which the lady had purchased for the insignificant consideration, she started wildly through the thousands to find and recover the gems, the purchaser being as innocent of their value as was the seller.

The sword contest, which proves the most exciting affair of the Fair, closed on Saturday night of the second week with these numbers:

Whole number of votes cast	10,800
McClellan	4,800
Grant	3,200
All other Generals	2,800

Leaving McClellan 320 ahead on the entire ticket. When the excitement is over, it will be well worth the while of those interested to inquire, not who received the greatest number of votes, but who received the votes of the largest number of people

While the subject is on our minds, we would mention that, after one or two visits to the Children's Department we have become a firm believer in Carlyle's theory, that all boys should, upon birth, be put in a barrel and fed through the bunghole until they are 16 years of age, or at least that they should never be allowed in crowds. The manner in which youths, ranging from four to 14, ranged through the room, upsetting and pushing through the midst of quiet groups, tearing ladies' dresses and wiping their feet on gentlemen's pants, unrepressed by the police, has made us a convert to this belief.

One of the most singular, as well as the most impudent items of the week, is the fact of the presentation by Charles Jeffords, who is now in States Prison for life, of the pistol with which he committed the murders of Mathews and Walton to the Fair, requesting that it should be sold, and the proceeds booked in votes for Grant on the sword question!

What has Grant done to deserve this?

As a showing of the hungry crowds that seek the restaurant department, this is a record of one week's eating: 320 000 oysters, 15 883 lbs. meats, 6,591 lbs. poultry, 3,240 lbs. fish, 5 953 quarts ice cream, and other edibles in proportion, showing clearly that the angels, fairies, sprites and so forth that haunt the stalls and passages of the great Fair are strongly given to solids.

One of the impossibilities of a series of visits to the great exhibition is to give any connected account of the wonders. Its historian must have powers of analysis, condensation and arrangement beyond all human comprehension, and must lack everything of human passion that would prevent him from passing cool judgment. How can any narrator be expected to speak of the inanimate show, when from every stall and passageway eyes of every shade, from the heavenly blue to the raven black, gleam entreaty upon him, and lips that seem made only to utter perpetually musical poems plead the very last greenback from his pocket, to be replaced by loves of pincushions and unimpeachable knick-knacks? In a burst of admiration and enthusiasm, we even forgive the delicious damsel who took our hardearned greenback for a glass of sodawater, rendered absolutely necessary by our labors and the dust, and sweetly informed us that she gave no change!

Another matter worth mentioning is the sad lack of information on especial subjects, the catalogue not supplying every deficiency. One point on which we desired enlightenment is that of the mermaid exhibited in the Curiosity room. The question simply is whether it is the mermaid known to historic fame, as captured by Barnum, or whether it is merely a mermaid of unknown family, and having no interest to the general public, but the fact of being a genuine mermaid, which nobody will deny. If it is the first, then the public should know it, that they may view a creature whose fame is so identified with that of our country.

Another point on which we covet information is the private opinion of those Indians upon the whole matter. There is something so inconceivably wretched in the aspect of these Shoshones, something so evidently *blasé*, that we can compare them to nothing but the Happy Family at the Museum, which is, without doubt, the most unhappy gathering of living creatures on the face of the earth.

On Thursday an incident was made in the sale of Mr. Bonner's gift, the celebrated mare, Lady Woodruff. The mare is 12 years old, and is said to be the fastest trotter of her weight—1,100 pounds—in the country. She has done as well as 2.27 in harness, and is now represented to be capable of doing better than ever before. Under these circumstances it seems somewhat strange that she only brought $1,800, though she was resold immediately afterwards for $2,000. Before the sale there were rumors flying about that she was valued at $7,000, and that her giver would hand the Fair-managers $6,000 for her himself, rumors that did not prove realities.

Among the contributions of the week the most touching is that of a Spanish lady, who, having renounced the world, and became a nun, in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, sends all her earthly treasures, consisting of jewellery and gems, and valued at $2,500, to the Fair. They are exhibited on the Harlem stand.

Another is that of a book of autographs donated by Miss Fanny Kemble, containing that of Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, and a full assortment of other Dukes, Lords, Princes and Earls of celebrity. Side by side with this, and offered for $500, is a book containing a great number of autographs of American celebrities, among which are all the Presidents, from George Washington to Abraham Lincoln.

In the Trophy room we have many sights of pleasure and interest; among the first is the always goodnatured and earnest face of Mrs. McClellan, than the possession of which we can understand no greater privilege for the General, unless it be the warm-hearted and truthful admiration of his countrymen. Among the last is the presence of John Burns, the old Gettysburg patriot, who took his musket on the day of the battle, and went out to do a little fighting on his own hook. Burns is 71 years of age and a soldier of the war of 1812. At the outbreak of the rebellion he volunteered in a company bound for the field, but was discharged in a few days, because, as they said he was too old, a fact that Burns did not see. Determined to take a hand any how, he was delighted when the fighting reached his own door, and took one chance at Gettysburg, which proved no prize, for the old man was badly wounded, a trifle that is being thoroughly made up to him by lionization.

Another living history, in the same room, is a soldier named William Mudge, whose sightless eyes are made the subject of especial appeal by a beautiful lady, who recites his services and condition to those who have hearts and pockets. A ball has stricken away the soldier's sight, affected his palate, and taken from him a large share of enjoyment for life. Such sights bring home to us the realities of our great struggle, and makes us see the earnestness of purpose and necessity that underlies all the dazzle, beauty, fashion, flirtation and poetry of the great Sanitary Fair.

One of the most brilliant affairs of the week, as connected with the great work, was the performance on Saturday afternoon of the children at Niblo's Theatre in "Cinderella."

The house was crowded to greatly uncomfortably fulness long before the hour of performance, and we hazard nothing in saying, with the most fashionable large audience that has been gathered in New York in many years.

The matter was concocted very quietly, the outside public knowing nothing about it, until within a day or two of the time, and then only by a modest advertisement in one or two papers, which even neglected to mention such particulars as the price of admission. The performers—their first appearance on any stage—were all from Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, and their belongings, and not even a supe was allowed but could date from a brown stone front.

The play itself was a rendering of the story of "Cinderella" much cut up and much cut down, and could have been much improved by the substitution of Planché's version of the same exquisite tale. Of the performers we are obliged to admit that they rather excited our astonishment; every one, from the leading lady to the lowest subordinate, showing a coolness and presence of mind that would have made the fortune of any debutante, and almost argued that they had been inhaling the perfume of the footlights for the period of their natural lives.

The leading lady, Miss Minnie Cropsey, who did Cinderella, was as charming in her acting as she was in person, and brought down the house and bouquets frequently. Whenever her brown stone front and dividends fail her, the stage will be a vocation on which she can fall back with perfect safety.

Miss Katie Sinclair, who did honor to the reputation of the fairy Serena, is a charming little blonde—we never knew a Kate who was not a blonde—of twelve, who did her fairy business in an airy way, and interpolated it with a minuet—a dance that all fairies perform—assisted by a nameless youth, in very grandmotherly style.

One son of General Fremont—Charley by name—did up the Prince in a princely way, and seemed rather to enjoy his acquaintance with Cinderella; while another son of the General, the youthful Frank, acted as Herald, and blew a windless blast from an unimpeachably bright trumpet, that stamped him at once as an actor of uncommon power.

During the ball-room scene—which was really beautiful—being done by about a hundred well selected and elegantly dressed children; a lad of about nine years old played a solo on the violin, which, on his encore, was followed by a *melange* of national airs, and deservedly elicited earnest applause.

The whole affair was one of the most noticeable and pleasant items of the season, and netted to the treasury within a trifle of $3 000.

The receipts of the Fair up to the close of the second week are $800,000, and the average daily increase $40,000. We trust that the managers will not be hurried into closing prematurely, because the fair shopkeepers weary of their self-imposed burdens, but will appeal for fresh help as well as fresh contributions.

And now for the theatres.

The sensation of the day seems to be Avonia Jones, and we are more than surprised that one so much talked of, both by the press and the public, putting out of the question all criticism on ability, does not draw fuller houses. By this we do not mean that the houses are poor, but that they lack that fulness which always greeted other artists of a high order or much talked of. Through the week Miss Jones has given us more Judith, interspersed with Medea, Bianca and Juliana, and we think has gained upon her audience at each representation

On Monday night, according to promise, Mrs. Wood produced "Loyalina," a reconstruction of Planché's "Fortunio," by Oakey Hall, our District Attorney. Whether Mr. Hall has improved the structure is a difficult problem to solve, but certainly some of the local hits, puns and allusions are excellently well done, and, coupled with the manner in which it is put upon the stage, makes a most attractive hour's laugh. Especially would we commend the dragon's head after decapitation, and its performance in the chorus, only wondering that the property-man was not called before the curtain to receive the reward of pre-eminent genius, and the performer on the string connecting with the dragon's jaws to share it with him, the same as the author and the leading actor are called out to receive the plaudits of a pleased public.

Preceding "Loyalina" a neat little comic drama, by Morton, who never does anything bad, has run the week, and has given an opportunity for the debut of Mrs Winter, whose name is already familiar to the public as one of the most delightful story writers of the day. Mrs. Winter, during the first few nights, could not help but show the natural trepidation of a debutante, but that wearing off, she carries with her all the essentials of a charming actress. There are nature and beauty and with the education that time will bring upon the boards her success is certain.

A suggestion comes to our mind as connected with an incident in this house a few nights since, though equally applicable to every other theatre. It is in reference to the rise of the audience before the conclusion of the piece. We especially speak of it here because we believe that Mr. Duff is a reformer of theatrical abuses, and has the nerve to do it. If he will reform such an abuse as we mention, he will deserve not only the thanks and gratitude of the respectable part of the public but of every actor on the stage. We hardly see how it is to be done but by an iron hand, and its power should be exercised by closing the doors of the house five minutes before the fall of the curtain, and refusing to allow any one to leave the premises until it is fully down. This fact should be announced to the public, and then it would be understood, and the admission accepted with the condition. If any one violated it by rising and bustling in his seat during the last five minutes, let him be handed over to the police for disturbing the audience, and cool his heels in the station-house for that night. We hardly think he would repeat the experiment.

The promises for the week are Booth at Niblo's as Raphael, in the "Marble Heart," and Hackett on Saturday in "Henry IV.," for the benefit of the fund to erect a monument to Shakespeare in the Central Park. At Wallack's we have "The Clandestine Marriage," "The Wonder," "The Stranger," and more "Rosedale;" while on Saturday, 23d, the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth, a Shakespearian comedy will be given for the Dramatic Fund. Barnum will run "Cudjo's Cave," with a plentiful sprinkling of patriotism, as connected with American citizens of African descent—which, of course, doesn't mean darkeys—miscegenatic effects, loud tableaux and tall acting. Robert Heller opens his new theatre on Monday, opposite the Metropolitan, to give us "Music and Magic," having inaugurated himself before the children at the Sanitary Fair on Wednesday last.

Among the gossip of Wall street is an explanation of how the gold excitement was caused during the past week, it having touched 190 at one time. It seems that the panic was caused by certain Philadelphia brokers and speculators, who after securing several millions of the article, telegraphed to their correspondents in this city to buy for them to the extent of $100,000 at any price at which it could be had within 15 minutes after the reception of the dispatch. The receipt of such an extraordinary commission, as soon as it leaked out, naturally excited Wall street to the highest pitch, and instantly on the demand the price advanced. For a while it was perfect madness, no one being able to tell the reason why. As soon as the excitement had reached its highest figure the originators quietly commenced selling out, and the result was that each one connected with the scheme cleared about $100,000, and gold next day was down to 172, just 18 per cent. less.

One of the exciting topics of the week, that appeals to every man, woman and child in the community, is the rise in omnibus fare. A step so sudden as almost a doubling of the fare is not warranted by any circumstances The proprietors of these lines are already growing rich, even with the high price of food and labor, but if it had been necessary for them to rise, two cents would have been the highest justifiable point. The result of their attempt at extortion is that the stages are almost totally deserted, and the cars more wretchedly overcrowded than ever. The hardworking man and woman, who depended upon the ride to lighten somewhat their daily toil, are obliged to walk or take the cars, which possibly do not go near their domiciles.

These things are trifles, but yet, as interfering with our daily peace and comfort, they should be forced down. We are obliged now to bear with almost every species of outrage from the drivers and proprietors of these public nuisances, and this one more seems only like heaping the last feather that is destined to break the camel's back.

Every person ought to refuse to ride in them, and every good citizen ought to report at the Mayor's office every dereliction he witnesses of the drivers, even though it be only the running over and killing of a helpless old woman or young child.

THE five hundred Universal Wringing Machines presented by the proprietors to the Sanitary Commission are nearly disposed of, and will net $3,500. These valuable household assistants—which were almost unknown three years ago—are now selling at the rate of one hundred thousand annually. The manufacturers claim a combination, under eight different patents, of all the advantages that can be desired in a Wringing Machine. They are durable and in every way satisfactory.—*Journal of Commerce.*

"NIGGER, who am de fuss man dat introduced salt perwishuns into the navy?"

"Der, now, you's too hard for dis colored indiwidual."

"It was Noah, nigger, when he took Ham 'board his ark."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The maple sugar crop of 1864 will greatly exceed that made in previous years. In all probability it will reach 25,000 000 pounds, worth, at the low estimate of 15 cents a pound, nearly $4,000,000.

—— Mrs. Gen. McClellan is to have charge of one of the most interesting departments of the Buffalo Sanitary Fair, which is a collection of the torn and stained battle flags brought home from the war by the returning regiments. She has written to Quartermaster-Gen Aiken for the flags of Connecticut, and they are to be sent to her. The collection will be arranged upon stands in groups, and will form one of the most absorbing attractions of the Fair.

—— The amount appropriated in the law for the service of the Post-Office Department for the year ending June, 1865, for inland service, is nearly $8,000,000; for foreign mail transportation, $250,000; and for ship, steamboat and navy letters, $8 000.

—— On Thursday, the 14th April, gold reached the highest point yet—189¾. This, with exchange on London at 200, caused considerable excitement in the money market.

—— The famous trotting mare, Lady Woodruff, presented by Robert Bonner, the publisher, to the Sanitary Fair, was sold to Mr. Howard for $1,800, who again sold her to Mr. Irving, her original proprietor, for $2 000. Mr. Bonner bought it of Mr Irving, some years ago, for $3,300.

—— The season commenced on the trotting course on the 14th April. The unfavorable state of the weather prevented a very large attendance, but the races were conducted with great spirit, although there was little betting.

Western.—A terrific tornado swept over Bureau county, Central Illinois, on Monday, the 11th. Fences were flattened, buildings tumbled into ruins, and trees torn up by the roots. The towns of Knoxville and Galesbury were seriously damaged.

Southern.—Even in North Carolina, where comparative plenty abounds, the prices of food are enormous. Bacon is $5 a pound, butter $6, eggs $3 a dozen, corn $28 a bushel, flour $250 a barrel, molasses $30 a gallon, potatoes $15 a bushel, sugar $12 a pound.

—— The Raleigh *Confederate* says: "Gen. Morgan is about to make his greatest raid—if successful it will be the greatest blow yet aimed at the North."

Naval.—The French papers publish an article taken from the *Opinion Nationale* of Paris, which includes official documents, and proves that the French Government is quietly conniving at the efforts of rebel agents to have ironclad war vessels built in France for the rebel service. From the revelations of the *Opinion*, it appears that firms at Nantes and Bordeaux have been for months at work building war vessels, ostensibly for China, but really for the rebels Mr. Dayton, last fall, laid before the French Government proofs of the real destination of the vessels, and after much delay, the work was stopped by Government orders. But during the last two months, as the *Opinion* declares, the work has been resumed, and two of the vessels are now ready to be passed over to the rebel agents Lieut. Maury and Capt. Bullock have been prominent in these negotiations. These vessels are ironclad, and the rebel authorities have ordered an entire fleet, which the Government of Napoleon III. seems willing to have built at French ports, in spite of its reiterated desire to maintain a strict neutrality.

Personal.—Judah P. Benjamin, who is now playing a most conspicuous part in the grand drama of the rebellion, delivered a lecture in San Francisco before the war, in which he said, on the subject of disunion, that those who prate of and strive to dissolve this glorious Confederacy of States are like those silly savages who let fly their arrows at the sun, in the vain hope of piercing it, and still the sun rolls on, unheeding, in the eternal pathway, shedding light and heat and animation upon all the world.

—— Mrs. Lizzy Campbell Winter, already favorably known to our readers as a very popular novelist, made her debut at the Olympic on the 11th, as Rosina, in "Our Wife." Her performance was characterised by great vivacity and expression. She has every requisite to make a very charming actress. Her figure and face fit her admirably for parts requiring personal attractions, while her mental qualifications enable her to depict with force and precision the author's meaning.

—— Gen. Robt. E. Lee, the present Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia Confederate forces, was the Colonel who captured Ossawatamie Brown, at Harper's ferry, and handed him over to the Virginia State authorities.

—— Mr Chase, of the Treasury, arrived in New York on the 14th, and returned on the 10th to Washington.

Obituary.—G. T. Ticknor, the well-known Boston publisher, died suddenly at the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, on the 10th of April.

—— Mr. A. A. Lovett, the Superintendent of the People's Line of Telegraph, died on the 13th of April, of apoplexy, at his office, No. 21 Wall street. Mr. Lovett had long been identified with the telegraphic interests of the country, and during his useful career had endeared himself to a large circle of friends.

—— John C. Rives, of Washington, proprietor of *The Congressional Globe*, died on April 10, aged 68, of congestion of the lungs. Mr Rives began to reside in Washington in 1824, having come from Edwardsville, Ill., where he was a bank cashier. He received a clerkship in the Fourth Auditor's office, and afterwards was engaged in Duff Green's newspaper office. During the early part of Gen. Jackson's Administration he, with Frank Blair, sr., founded the *Globe*, of which he had been sole proprietor for three years at the time of his death.

—— The Hon. John Banks, of Pennsylvania, died on the 3d inst. He was born in 1793 In 1813 he commenced law. In 1833 he was sent to Congress. In 1836 he was appointed by Gov. Ritner President Judge of the Third Judicial District of the State, in the fulfilment of which office he gained the esteem and good will of those with whom he was brought in contact. In 1841 he was the Whig candidate for Governor, but was unsuccessful, and in 1847 he became State Treasurer, retiring from the Bench and returning to the Bar, where he at once attained a very large and lucrative practice, which he held to the time of his death.

—— M. M. Marmaduke, formerly Lieutenant-Governor and ex-officio Governor of Missouri, died at his residence in Saline county, on the 26th of March, aged 73 years. Of his three sons, John S. joined the rebel army, H. M. is now in the rebel "navy" and Vincent was banished for disloyalty. The old man, however never faltered in his devotion to the Union, but remained a loyal and true man to the day of his death.

Accidents and Offences.—Daniel Brooks, who was tried for the homicide of Smith, McKinley's bartender, and convicted of manslaughter in the third degree, is sentenced to the State Prison for 4 years.

—— In the case of James Nixon, the lame soldier, tried for the murder of Wm. N. Brown, keeper of the Pewter Mug, the jury find a verdict of manslaughter in the third degree.

Foreign.—In the southern provinces of Russia large discoveries have been made of petroleum.

—— Near Gournay, in France, three large and deep pits have been discovered filled with early Gaulish war hatchets. They were covered over with immense quantities of flints.

—— Mr. Smith O'Brien declined presiding as chairman at a recent meeting of Nationalists in Ireland, alleging that their behavior was more like that of a "mob of ruffians" than that of reasonable men and patriots. In his letter he advises the misguided young men who have joined the Fenian Association to abandon it.

—— The Swiss are at last entering into the ice trade and are exporting large quantities to Paris. The ice is carried over the Central railway, some of the blocks weighing 1,500 pounds.

—— A priest, when returning home in the evening, was stopped by a band of thieves, who began to rifle his pockets. While so occupied, the rascals, perceiving a French patrol approaching, compelled the priest to intone a portion of the Litany, which he did, they kneeling round him meanwhile, and devoutly responding *Ora pro nobis!* The soldiers taking them for a group of devotees, many of whom thus pray in public, passed on, and the moment they were out of sight the thieves completed their operation, and left the priest without a single bajocco.

—— The Re d'Italia arrived at Gibraltar from New York, after a splendid run of 14 days and 20 hours. Her behavior was admirable.

—— The serfs of Poland have refused the Czar's offer of freedom.

—— The Japanese Ambassadors, with a suite of 50 persons, are telegraphed from Suez Besides Paris, where they are to apologise to the Emperor for the misdeeds of the Tycoon, they are to visit London, Vienna, and also Switzerland, whither they are going to see an existing republic.

—— An Episcopal clergyman near Durham, England, has been handed by the police out of a Methodist New Connection chapel, having forcibly entered and loudly denounced the worship, not being under his charge, as sinful.

—— Prof. Tigri, of Sienna, Italy, has addressed a paper to the Academy of Science of Paris, wherein he declares that he has again found on the bodies of persons who had died of typhoid fever infusoria of the genus Bacterium.

—— A crazy man has been proposing marriage to the English Princess Helena. He is a gunner in the Royal Artillery.

—— Rebel two cent postage stamps are selling in London at two shillings each.

—— A man appeared recently in the streets of Paris clothed in a complete suit of medieval armor. He had been a collector of such things, and his calling had turned his brain.

—— The Sultan lately paid a state visit to the opera at Constantinople. The managers doubled the prices on the occasion, so the indignant Ottomans staid away.

—— Four millions and a half pounds sterling worth of cattle die in England by disease—pleuro-pneumonia the malady generally.

—— It is stated that Field-Marshal Von Wrangel has sent to the Crown Princess of Prussia a Danish cannon-ball which fell near to the Crown Prince while he was making a reconnoissance, and that her Royal Highness has caused the ball to be placed in her drawing-room at the Potsdam Palace.

Art, Science and Literature.—At the recent periodical meeting of the British Electric and International Telegraph Company, it was stated, among other things, that the best marine cables were perishable, and there was a necessity for providing means for replacing them.

—— "Our Mutual Friend" is to be the title of Mr. Charles Dickens's new serial novel. The first number will appear 1st May.

—— Mr. Sothern, the Dundreary of the play, is about to appear as David Garrick, in a play of that name, written for him by Tom Taylor.

—— A deputation, headed by Mr Charles Dickens, is to wait on the Dean of Westminster, relative to a statue or bust of Thackeray in Westminster Abbey.

—— Louis Napoleon's private secretary, Mocquard, has composed a tragedy, entitled "Julius Cæsar." It is to be performed about the same time that the Emperor's life is published.

—— Dr. Mosenthal, the author of "Leah," has written a new play for Miss Bateman.

—— Chlorine decolorizes precious stones, but the diamond, ruby and sapphire resist its influence.

—— Mr. Boucicault has just finished a new drama, called "The Rapparee." It is of the sensation order.

—— François Hugo's French translation of Shakespeare has realised for him 50,000 francs.

—— Prof. Hofman, of London, has patented a process for making a new coloring matter by means of iodine, extracted from seaweed, and which produces a beautiful violet, blue violet, or red violet. The patented process consists of mixing, in certain proportions, the substance called rosaniline with the iodides of ethyl, methyl or amyl. This dye may be used in the same manner as the aniline colors, and is already in the hands of practical people in all the manufacturing districts, and bids fair to be the "color of the season."

—— A Belgium paper says that petroleum oil lamps are affected by music—a certain note on a brass instrument puts them out M. Duhem extinguished eight lamps in succession by the sound of a trumpet. He was one of the late M. Jullien's band, and is professor at the Conservatoire of Music.

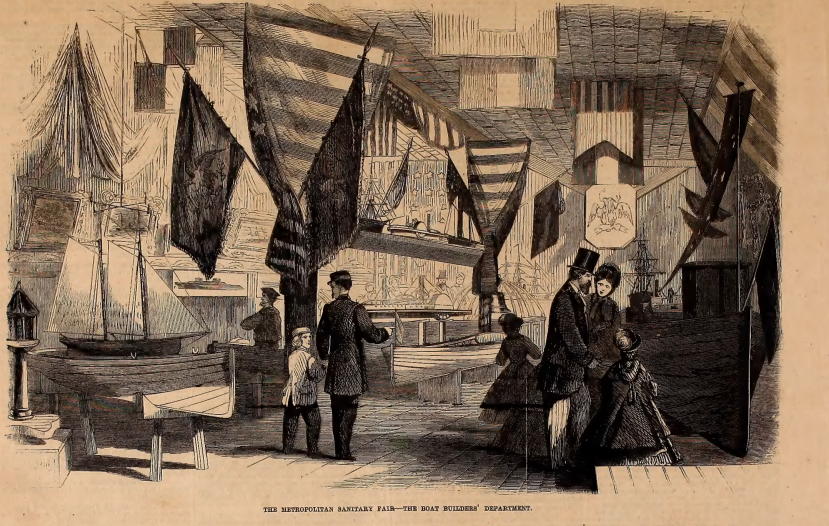
Chit-Chat.—The *Evening Bulletin* of San Francisco, California, issued at 5 o'clock, P. M., each afternoon, has news from New York and the Eastern States up to 8 P. M., or three hours later.

—— A startling "sensation scene" at the Surrey Theatre, Lon., in a drama called "Ashore and Afloat," has been received with a most lively expression of enthusiasm by the transpontine audience. Ruth, the heroine of the piece, is induced by a ruffian to descend into a deserted mine, there expecting to meet with her lover, Hal Oakford. Scarcely has she discovered the deception played upon her, when the water—real water—rushes in upon the scene, and there seems no chance of escape from destruction. At this moment, however, Hal descends in a basket, takes her into it, and calls out to his friends above to pull away. But a beam falls across the shaft, and further ascent seems impossible. There is no time to lose. Another effort. A slash with the sailor's knife cuts away the basket, and the lover and his love, clinging to the rope, are drawn up as the curtain falls amidst uproarious plaudits.

—— The Springfield *Union* tells the following story: The other evening, while waiting for the train, Henry Ward Beecher lectured some newsboys at the depot for making such a loud noise, in crying their papers. "There's no use making such a noise," said he. "Announce your newspapers in a plain but not boisterous manner, and you will sell them much more readily" His remarks were listened to with respect, and he seemed to have made quite an impression, when he asked, "What is the news tonight?" "Oh!" said one of the urchins, "give me three cents and I'll show you!"

—— There is now in Paris, France, a very lovely and charming young lady, who, from some strange fatality, is destined to go singly through the world, despite all of her attractiveness and exertions. —She is a dark beauty, with magnificent eyes, a glowing cheek, a lively expression, a graceful figure—in fact, altogether endowed with every attraction, even to that of having in her own right $500 000, and being an only daughter, with the prospect of inheriting millions. This fair lady is now about 26 years old, and has been engaged to be married 12 times. Each time the seemingly fortunate lover has died within a few weeks of the time appointed for the nuptial ceremony. Yet no suspicions of the dagger or bowl can be cast upon the fair one; a dark, mysterious fatality has carried them away. Several died of typhoid fever; one was killed in a duel; one was thrown from a horse; two were drowned; two were killed by railway accidents, and one hung himself! The lady has survived all these shocks.

—— To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one is.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE BOAT BUILDERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

THE priests and military have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock, from the bottom to the top not less than 100 feet, and about 30 feet wide and 15 feet deep. Around me are many strangers waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants five minutes to twelve. The clock has struck and the people are gone, except a few whom the orator or head man, with a wand and sword, is conducting round the building.

The clock has struck in this way: The dial is some 20 feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub or little boy, with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell; the cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, that on the right the second quarter. Some 50 feet above the dial, in a large niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell is in his left, a scythe in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter on the bell in the hand of Time, and then turns, and then glides, with a slow step, round behind Time; then comes out an old man with a mallet and places himself in rest.

As the hour of twelve comes the old man raises his mallet and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building, and is heard all round the region of the church. The old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes on ready to perform his part as the time comes round again. Soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some 20 feet higher still.

It is thus: There is a high cross with the image of Christ on it. The instant twelve is struck one of the apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns, facing the cross, bows and walks on around to his place. As he does so another comes out in front, turns, bows and passes in. So twelve apostles, figures as large as life, walk round, bow and pass on. As the last appears an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps his wings, stretches forth its neck and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside the church to some distance, and so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then all is as silent as death.

No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1551, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about 50 years, when it stood out for repair.

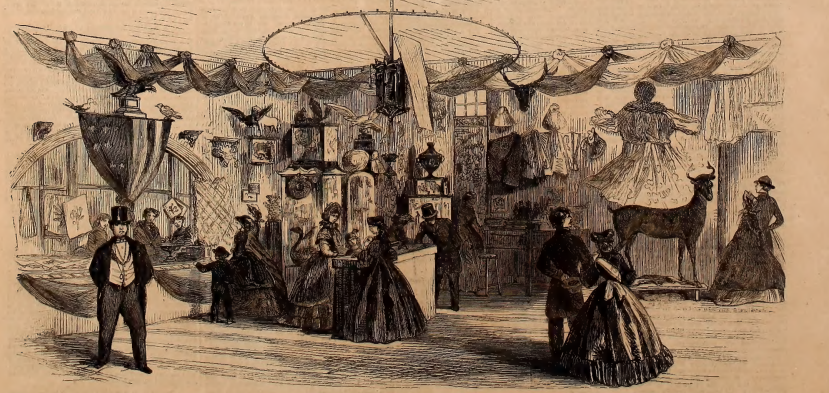
A LETTER from Paris to the Manchester *Examiner* tells of a visit paid to Madame Grisi, who, with her husband, Mario, is now residing in the magnificent mansion they have recently built and and furnished in the Champs Elysees, at a cost of something like 2,000,000 francs. The great artist, we are told, was to be seen "wandering about the splendid mansion, attired in brown velvet, a la 'Lucrezia Borgia' looking the very personification of royalty—the furniture of the saloons, all after the old fashion, with oak carvings, sombre tapestries and massive gildings, assisting to complete the illusion." In the midst of so much luxury, which a long and arduous career has secured, Grisi still sighs for the excitement of public life. Her voice is wonderfully fresh, and in person[illegible] appearance she is equally remarkable. "*Me regilo contenta*" is the leading theme of her discourse; and she declares that as soon as the time expires under the arrangement made with Gye, by which she bound herself not to sing in London, the voice of "Norma" shall again be heard in the great city. This will be at the end of 1865.

DR. WEBWELL, walking in Hamilton's garden at Cobham, expressed his surprise at the prodigious growth of the trees.

"My dear sir," replied Hamilton, "remember they have nothing else to do."

THE CROW A PINE TREE PLANTER.—J. Thomson, of Leeds, says, in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, that "In one of the pleasant straths of the Highlands of Scotland I have frequently seen great numbers of crows pass over my head, carrying in their bills to a neighboring hill something like a potato. I first thought that they did actually carry potatoes there for the convenience of eating them; but on a closer observation I saw them dig a hole in the ground with their beaks and then deposit what appeared to be a potato, but which, on examination, proved to be cones from fir trees. For what purpose they planted them there I am unable to say, but the result was that in a few years young firs began to spring up in all directions. A beginning thus made, the hill was planted and inclosed, and is now covered with a beautiful and thriving plantation of fir."

AT a recent ball in Paris the Marquis de Boissy, who married the Countess Guiccioli, appeared in his grandfather's coat. The Emperor said, "Marquis, that coat makes you very conspicuous!" "Yes, sire," returned the crazy old aristocrat, "and if your Majesty were to appear in your grandfather's coat you would be as conspicuous as I am." This allusion to Louis Napoleon's humble origin caused only a smile.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE CURIOSITY SHOP.—SEE PAGE 81.

THE NEW SONG.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

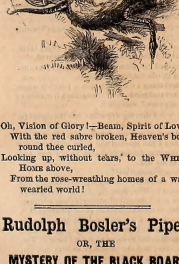
We must have a new song: but of what shall
it be?
Of the plighted at twilight beside the lone
tree?
Pressing hands, breathing vows, sheening all
things with gold,
Doing just as the world did in ages of old?

We must have a new song: shall it ring with
the fight—
Bounding on, burning on for the wrong and
the right,
While the Earth shudders wild at their ter-
rible tread,
And the proud sun, uncaring, looks down on
the dead?

We must have a new song: shall it bubble
with mirth,
Like a fountain's coil leaping to sunlight from
Earth?
Or with sorrow shall all its long measures be
breathed,
Like a lone, rayless river through caves
darkly wreathed?

We must have a new song: yet, oh, try as we
will,
The themes will but bear the same old bur-
dens still—
Truth, battle, ambition, star-breathed or
cloud-hurled,
Since the Devil and Michael fought for the
world.

We *must* have a new song: then, a theme
give in this—
But *one* moment of love o'er the whole of
Earth's sod:
Oh, then may you hear a New Song of such
bliss
That its stream might have burst from the
mountain of God!



Oh, Vision of Glory!—Beam, Spirit of Love,
With the red sabre broken, Heaven's bow
round thee curled,
Looking up, without tears, to the WHITE
HOUSE above,
From the rose-wreathing homes of a war-
wearied world!

Rudolph Bosler's Pipe;

OR, THE

MYSTERY OF THE BLACK BOAR.

By John L. Zieber.

THERE were assembled one evening at the Black Boar Tavern, at Heidelberg, some half dozen cattle drovers, who had just profitably disposed of their stock, and had come to the tavern—their usual resort—to count their proceeds.

They were all acquaintances, although they did business separately. The room they sat in was a sort of private apartment; not strictly so, but to which no stranger had access, especially during the meetings of the drovers.

On the evening mentioned only one other person beside themselves was present; a sleepy-looking fellow, named Rudolph Bosler. He was about forty years of age, and known to the inhabitants of Heidelberg. Rudolph was a constant visitor at the Black Boar, and, consequently, was well known to all who resorted there. He was an especial favorite with the cattle drovers, to whom he usually related tales and legends of the Black Forest and Hartz Mountains.

Bosler was never seen without his pipe, a long-stemmed and broad-bowled one. He usually sat at one end of the table smoking, while the drovers occupied the other end. He watched them intently as they heaped their coins of gold in piles of equal amounts on the table before them, and occasionally he would take the pipe from his mouth, and touch one of the piles of gold with the bowl, and say

"There are but eleven on that pile."

Sometimes the drover insisted there were a dozen, and to prove his words he would count them, and the result was always in Rudolph's favor. He then gave a quiet chuckle at the perplexity of the man, and replacing his pipe—the stem in his mouth, and the broad, heavy bowl in his right hand for support, he would resume his smoking and watching, ever and anon correcting the counters, always indicating the deficient pile by touching it with the bowl of his pipe. He was enabled to do this by reason of the extreme length of the stem. He could not have reached the money with his hand from where he sat. He had always maintained a respectable distance from the piles of coin while the drovers were engaged in counting it. After that was over they always had a merry time over some Rhine wine with Herr Rudolph, who always paid his way with the rest, and repaid them with his inexhaustible stock of stories.

Rudolph Bosler was the life of the Black Boar, and an ever welcome companion to all who knew him. He was a bachelor, and might have remained one to his dying day had not the black eyes of the daughter of mine host of the Black Boar played the deuce with his heart and taken it captive.

Mina Casper was a pretty brunette of twenty summers, and secretly loved a young man of her neighborhood, who waited till he could call a hundred guilders his own, when he would demand Mina's hand from her father.

Heinrich Casper, her father, knew nothing of her attachment to the handsome Fritz Wolff, and when Rudolph Bosler asked to pay his court to the pretty Mina he received the full consent of her father, to the overwhelming grief of the daughter.

"Father," she would say, "I cannot think of marrying a man old enough to be my father. He is good enough, I don't doubt, but I can't love him."

"If you think now," her father would reply, "but once his wife you will soon learn to know your duty."

But Mina was as firmly resolved not to marry Herr Bosler as her father was that she should. She at once wrote a letter to her lover, who served in a town some two days' travel from Heidelberg. She stated how matters stood, and urged him to come to her aid, if he could do so without incurring the loss of his place.

Fritz needed no second bidding, but at once resigned his situation, and returned to his native place.

He and Mina met, and held a serious consultation, which ended in Fritz obtaining a situation in the house of Heinrich Casper, who did not know that he had voluntarily admitted an enemy into the camp. The young folks had kept their loves a profound secret from all, and now being inmates of the same house, they took care not to arouse the suspicions of the landlord, which might mar all their plans for the future and hasten the catastrophe they so earnestly strove to avert.

"Resist all his advances," Fritz would say to his sweetheart, "and if it comes to the worst, and the old fellow is determined to marry you, I'll manage to serve him a trick which will at least delay his wedding-day."

Fritz had been a servant at the Black Boar about two months when our story opens.

The drovers had nearly completed their counting on the evening in question when one of them remarked:

"Rudolph Bosler has a quick eye, and can detect miscounts well. I should like to have him tell us now how he does it, by the size of the pile or by seeing us count wrong?" Then addressing the man directly, he said, "Tell us, Rudolph, how is it?"

"I have nothing to do but watch you and discover the mistake," was the quiet reply.

"Could you detect one among a dozen or more placed in a row, if all had an equal number save that one?" was the next question.

"Yes," replied Bosler.

"From where you sit?"

"Yes."

The drover arranged some fifteen piles of gold in rows, and asked Rudolph to point out the one that had eleven. The smoker touched six of them before he hit on the pile containing the odd number. His guesses were at an interval of a minute or so. After placing his pipe on one, and a shake of the head from the drover would indicate that it was the wrong one; Rudolph would place the stem in his mouth and the bowl in his right hand—as was his custom—and giving a few whiffs, he would repeat the operation until the right pile had been touched.

Several days after the last-named drover came to the landlord of the Black Boar, and made the following mysterious inquiries:

"Have you any suspicious persons attached to your tavern?"

"Explain yourself," was the response.

"I have lost nearly one hundred guilders since I stopped at your house last, and I can't for my life see how it could have happened. I must have been robbed in your house."

"Such a grave charge is hard to bear," remarked the landlord; "were it known that a robber visited my tavern I should lose all my custom. Let me hear your reasons for thinking the robbery took place under my roof."

"I had twenty packages of gold, each one containing twelve pieces, save one. When I came to pay them away for cattle yesterday five of the rolls contained but eleven pieces!"

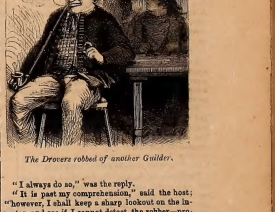
"And are you certain you counted them right?" asked Casper.

"Quite certain, for Rudolph Bosler was present, and nothing escapes his quick eye," was the reply.

"You slept in your old room?" queried Casper.

"Yes."

"And bolted your door inside?"



The Drovers robbed of another Guilder.

"I always do so," was the reply.

"It is past my comprehension," said the host; "however, I shall keep a sharp lookout on the inmates, and see if I cannot detect the robber—providing he is in the house. In the meantime say nothing of this; if the money is not recovered in a fortnight I will pay you all you have lost."

"You, Heinrich Casper!" exclaimed the drover, in surprise, as he regarded the landlord suspiciously.

"I've said so, and I'll keep my word," said Casper.

"But why should you do so?" asked the drover.

"To save the reputation of my house," replied the landlord.

"Very well," was the rejoinder. "I hope you may discover the robber, for your sake as well as my own."

The drover left the house, half suspecting the landlord of the Black Boar for the robber himself, a suspicion he subsequently imparted to his companions in trade, who, with one accord, agreed to patronize some other tavern should they meet with a similar loss during their sojourn at the Black Boar.

A month later eight of them met on the same evening at the tavern of Heinrich Casper, and he, not having discovered the thief, and consequently not recovered the money stolen from the drover, paid that person one hundred guilders out of his savings.

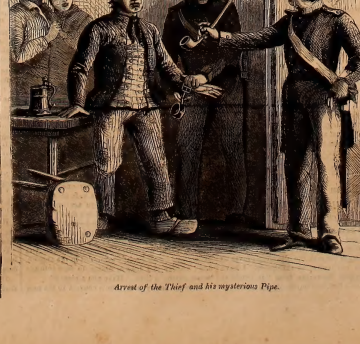
The drover took the money, and was more firmly convinced that Casper was in some manner connected with the robbery. They agreed to lay a trap for him that night after retiring.

After supper they went to the room to count their gold, Rudolph being present, and, as usual, with his unwieldy pipe in his mouth and hand. The robbery was made known to him, admonishing him to keep the affair a secret. Rudolph was astonished at the disclosure, but he stoutly took the part of Heinrich Casper. "No man more honest than he could be found in Heidelberg."

The gold lay in piles on the table before the men and the process of counting began. Rudolph



PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM PRESENTED BY THE EMPLOYES OF MESSRS E. & H. T. ANTHONY TO THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.—SEE PAGE 81.



Arrest of the Thief and his mysterious Pipe.

smoked and watched as usual, occasionally inflicting a short pile, and never making a mistake.

One of the men was an expert fellow, and he prided himself on his accuracy in counting. One pile touched by Rudolph as short of the required number the man insisted on containing twelve.

"Count them," said Rudolph, quietly replacing the stem of his pipe in his mouth.

The pile was counted, and there were but eleven! The man looked perplexed; he was positive he had counted twelve; however, there were only eleven, and no one had touched them to remove any; in fact, it could not have been done without being seen by all around the table.

The drover grew suspicious of some trick about the table, and proceeded to examine it thoroughly, but the ordinary piece of furniture was only an ordinary table, and contained no secret recesses or spring-traps. Rudolph laughed when the drover had concluded his search, and said:

"No, no, Herr Klein, it is no fault of that poor table, it lies in your wrong counting."

"I cannot count right," replied Klein.

"That no one gainsays," said Rudolph, "but the best of us err sometimes."

Klein finished the counting of his money, packed it up and left the room, bestowing a curious glance on the smoker and his pipe. Calling the landlord on one side he held a whispered conversation with him for some ten minutes, the landlord shaking his head as if incredulous at what Klein had said to him. The drover went out into the yard, and encountering Fritz, drew him into conversation. The eyes of the young man sparkled as the drover appeared to explain something to him, and finally they parted, shaking hands on some bargain they had evidently made.

That evening Fritz was unusually animated, and meeting Max he announced to her that he had a fair prospect soon to claim her hand.

"It seems to me then," said she, with tears in her eyes, "to my father said this morning that Rudolph was getting impatient of delay, and demanded that he within two weeks."

"Put ii' of that long," said her lover, "and one of two things I'll promise you; either Rudolph will give his consentanion to your hand or I shall run away with you, and marry you in spite of him and your father."

Miss Max smiled at Fritz's earnestness, but she saw nothing short of a miracle that would save her from the impending misery her father had planned for her.

"Trust in Providence," was the parting salutation of her lover, as he left her in tears.

* * * * *

It was the night before the wedding between Rudolph and Mina was to take place. The drovers, ten in number, arrived at the Black Boar. Rudolph was in a merry mood this evening; he had evidently been drinking freely during the day.

The drovers had all learned of the contemplated wedding, and they congratulated him, wishing him many happy years and a numerous family. Klein insisted on drinking a bottle of wine with him, and Rudolph, nothing loth, consented.

After the bottle was finished the ringing of gold was heard, as the drovers laid their respective piles on the table.

Rudolph, as usual, pointed out short piles, and amid many laughs at their own stupidity the merry drovers packed up their gold, and stowed it away in bags, which they then secured about their persons.

Klein was the last one to remove his money; he had ten piles, and putting them in a circle, he asked Rudolph could he point out the short one. The smoker touched eight of the ten before he guessed at the one.

"Now I shall count them over again," said Klein, "in order to make sure of being right."

The drover did so, and found seven of the piles with only eleven pieces! and the short one had but ten instead of eleven pieces; the two piles that had not been touched by Rudolph's pipe had twelve pieces. Here was a mystery!

Klein looked at his companions, who in turn looked at the smiling Rudolph Boeler sat smoking his pipe, regarding all with a quiet demeanour.

Klein cast an anxious glance at the door leading into the bar-room, as if he expected the entrance of some one; presently the door opened, and Fritz entered, followed by two policemen. Before the party could recover from their surprise the officers had seized Rudolph Boeler, and taking his pipe from him placed a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

"Gentlemen," cried he, pale as a sheet, "what can you mean to offer me this violence?"

"You'll find out presently," was the reply.

They took him before a magistrate, where his person was searched and some two dozen pieces of gold found on him. The pipe was handed to the magistrate, who, after examining it, gave his head a solemn shake, and darted a furious glance at the prisoner.

Rudolph Boeler was at once committed to prison.

Now to explain the mystery of Boeler's arrest. The drover Klein felt a sort of dislike to Rudolph, and had it not been for the rest of the drovers would have objected to his presence during the counting and packing of their money. Finally, he entered his head that it was a strange occurrence that he and his companions should make so many miscounts, which should always first be detected by Rudolph Boeler.

The more he thought of it the stranger it appeared. Resolving not to say anything to his comrades, he closely watched the sleepy smoker one evening, and although he could detect the mode adopted by the thief, he could not positively swear that Rudolph took the money.

However, he saw enough to convince him that Rudolph Boeler had made it a practice to pilfer from them at every meeting, and he vowed to lay a trap for him and bring the thief to condign punishment.

To do this effectually he made a *confidante* of the landlord, and had great difficulty in convincing that person of Rudolph's guilt.

"I can scarcely believe it," remarked Casper; "but if you are sure of what you tell me I shall afford you every aid in my power to detect the rogue."

Have you time to watch him to-night for me?" asked Klein.

"No," replied Casper. "I am all alone in the bar, but any other time I am at your service."

"Have you any one about the house that I could rely on to take the part of a spy on him?"

"Why, yes, I was the night," Fritz Wolf, my man-servant, a likely lad; he will answer your purpose, I'm sure."

Fritz was called into the lower of Mina, and during the interview learned how matters stood between Mina and him. Klein obtained Fritz's promise to aid him in watching Boeler in the act, then gave him a promise to effect a compromise with Casper, by which he, Fritz, should become the husband of Mina Casper, with the full consent of her father.

This is what caused the young man to be in such good spirits when he met his sweetheart shortly after.

On the evening of Boeler's arrest Fritz took a position behind a covered chair, from where he could observe every movement made by Rudolph, and this is what he saw:

Rudolph's pipe—as we have stated—was broad in the bowl, and on the bottom of the bowl he had placed a substance of a remarkably adhesive nature. When he placed his pipe on a pile of gold one of the pieces adhered to the bottom of it, and then replacing the pipe in his mouth, and dropping the heavy bowl in his right hand, he was enabled to remove the coin and stealthily drop it into his breeches' pocket, after which the pipe was in order again for another journey to the money heaps. When the harvest of gold was ripe for the time. Two policemen counted a false bottom on the bowl of the pipe, effectually concealing the trap.

Fritz Wolf saw all this plainly. Klein had only suspected something of the kind.

When Klein had made the discovery of the theft he gave a preconcerted signal, which, being understood by Fritz, the latter immediately crawled from his place of concealment and left the room by a door near him, leading into another apartment.

Two policemen awaited Fritz's entry to do their part in the play, and Fritz soon joined them and announced everything ready. They entered the room, and the leader said to Rudolph:

The eight pieces of gold Boeler stole from Klein had all been marked underneath by the drover. The marks he exhibited to the two officers, in the presence of Fritz Wolf and the landlord.

These pieces were subsequently found on the person of the thief.

Rudolph Boeler was imprisoned for life. He had, previous to his incarceration, made a full confession of his guilt. He had arrived at such perfection in practice for fifteen years without detection, and in the meantime had accumulated five thousand pounds, all of which he returned to such as he had at different times robbed.

Through the intercession of Herr Klein, Casper gave the pretty Mina to her lover as a dowry with her, and Fritz became a partner in the business in a year afterwards.

The Black Boar became famous after that; many came there out of sheer curiosity, after the mystery of the Black Boar had been unravelled.

The pipe of Rudolph Boeler was placed behind the bar, and many a customer examined the ingenious article with admiration.

"AT THE LAST."

"Men goeth forth unto its work;
And to his labor, until the evening."

THE stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
The flowers are sweetest at the close,
The birds are most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm;
Night wears no terror on her starry breast
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of God's own peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty and a power,
That morning knows not in the evening hour.

"Until the evening" we must weep and toil,
Plough life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

On, when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like summer evening, down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

A LITTLE FLIRTATION.

How it Began and How it Ended.

By William Wirt Sikes.

CHAPTER I.

TO-NIGHT I have been again to the opera. The music has pulsed as beautifully as of old through the wide auditorium of the great theatre. Beauty has shone to-night beneath the gleaming groves of chandeliers, as brilliantly, as thrillingly. I have seen the bouquets showering from fair hands at the prima donna's feet, and bursts of applause have been stirring the perfumed waves of the lighted air.

There was a time when this gay scene was full of attraction for me. Why was it different to-night?

I looked for her face. She was not there! Oh, my beautiful, my bird!

Ten years ago my heart leaped into the life of love beneath the starry gaze of Berthese Broughton. It was at Saratoga. I was then the reigning belle of the season; the queen of ball and promenade.

One day I was walking arm in arm with my friend Joe Beecher, smoking a fragrant cigar, when we were passed by a carriage, in which were seated two ladies and two gentlemen. The pair that occupied the back seat I did not see, for their faces were hidden as they swept by. But the lady on the front seat turned upon me, I thought, a look of ardent admiration from her deep brown eyes—a glance that seemed to take in my whole being with its fiery sweep, and to read my heart to the core. Her companion I recognized as a member of the last Legislature at Albany; a man with whom I had some dealings during the late session, and for whom I had little regard. I saw her turn to him, and from the look he instantly bent upon me I knew she had asked him who I was. I did not hear her.

"Who's that, Joe?" I asked my companion.

"What? Who?" said Joe, who was looking another way.

"In that carriage with the Honorable Snodgrass. Who is she?"

"Don't know. Oh, you don't know the Broughton—our belle this season?" with an emphasis on the "our."

"Our belle?" said I, inquiringly, for I was but a day or two arrived.

"Why, certainly, our belle. There's two parties you must know, as soon as possible—a blonde and a brunette—blue-eyed and dark-eyed. I go the brunette every time. I've a passion for brown eyes."

"Have you?" said I; "well, now, my favorite color is blue. Violet eyes and all that, you know. Mighty pretty girls. You ever hear of a dark-eyed angel, my boy? It's incongruous. Azure skies, blue eyes, and angels, always go together, you know."

"Oh, I suppose it's all right. Tastes differ. I don't go poetry very strong, you're aware; and as for angels, why, as long as I'm in the land I prefer a woman to an angel any day. But if you want to enlist in the ranks of the blue-eyed belle, I'll take Penelope Broughton for you."

"Is she?" I asked, following the brown-eyed belle with my eyes.

"To-night, at the Congress hop. You'll find her a lovely creature, I confess. I do justice to the enemy. I expect you to fall in love with her.

"I am crazy to know her," said I, enthusiastically, my heart already in the receding carriage of the brunette.

"They say she's quite a taste for your style of fellow—something of talking art and poetry, and all that. Swillis is very sweet on her, they say." (Swillis was a poet.)

"Ah, is he indeed? Would that I were by her side!" and I heaved a little sigh, for the carriage and the brown eyes were out of sight.

"Introduce me," was my good as their word. I danced with the blue-eyed. Her name was Belle Smith. She evidently thought me a rather slow fellow, yawned, and I did the same, and talked out-and-dried nonsense at her without the least idea what I said. The fact is, I was looking for the brown-eyed belle.

I found her at last, surrounded by a circle of admirers, among whom was the Honorable Snodgrass.

Joe led her on for the quadrille, presently. When he had seated her again, I rushed to him.

"Introduce me," I whispered, eagerly.

"Why, I thought I had!" said he, opening wide his black eyes.

"Yes, I know—to the Smith. But I want to be introduced to the enemy."

"Oh! certainly," and we walked that way.

"Walt still there, confounded Snodgrass in out of the way," I whispered.

"Oh, don't mind him. Come on! Miss Broughton, let me—"

She raised her queenly eyes and gave me a thrilling look.

"I warn you!" said Joe to the lady; "White's a spy in our camp. He's a believer in blue eyes, angels and poetry."

"Oh, the scamp! I pinched his arm fiercely; and then tried to rally, my wits for a counter-stroke to this ugly hit. But before I had opened my mouth she fell on my ear, sweet as a bell, soothing and low.

"So am I, Mr. White. We shall agree capitally."

Thought I, that's done better than I could have done for myself; and I held my peace accordingly.

She turned away from me almost at the instant, to listen to Snodgrass. Hang the fellow!

I found before the week had ended that Miss Broughton had selected me for a flirtee. I was not vain enough to ascribe this honor to any other cause than the peculiar manner of my introduction; for I knew what trifles will often give direction to the female fancy.

I led a happy life.

"By George, Ned," said Beecher one morning, "you're a deserter. I leave you safe in the blue camp, and the next I know you are one of the most faithful of the brunets. How's this? Angels are succumbing to flesh and blood—eh?"

"Pshaw, Joe," I replied to this sally; "don't you place too much faith in my loyalty to your queen. I am a student of human nature, you know; and being prettily grounded in the angelic, don't wonder if I take a notion to look into the earth-earthy a little. Have you a cigar?"

"Beware lest you become a convert to the new faith, then," said Joe, as he took the weed. Give' a light, will you?"

One evening, at twilight, we sat—the brown-eyed and I—by one of the windows of her private parlor, holding delicious chat. This was early in our acquaintance. Presently a dark shadow loomed at our side, and the coarse voice of Snodgrass broke the sacred quiet.

"Chawming evening, Miss Broughton! How are you, White?"

I nodded to him.

"How you startled us, Mr. Snodgrass!" said the belle. "Yes, she said "us." "Won't you be seated?"

"Naw, thank you," said he; "been taking a nap; dawn't feel very tired; stretch my legs."

Then he began a dawdling conversation on one thing and another of no interest or consequence; and Miss Broughton talked to him without addressing a syllable to me.

There was something in the fellow's air which jarred harshly on my nerves—a sort of an indefinable assumption of authority there, as if he had a right to monopolize the lady's conversation; while she, on her part, seemed to accept the privilege recognizing his right, and doing her best to please him.

Finding that I was being quietly ignored, I was about to withdraw, when I felt a gentle tap on my hand, which rested on the window-ledge. The lady was slipping her closed fan to and fro between her fingers, and every time it fell it touched my hand.

The twilight deepened. Snodgrass suggested lights.

"Oh, no! Pray, don't," said Miss Broughton. "I do love the twilight, so."

"But it's awfully dark."

"Oh, it's no matter. Let us enjoy it a little longer—do."

And as she said it I felt her little hand creep along the window-ledge, till its soft side rested against my own, while she tapped away idly with her fan.

Mischievous little hand, how its soft touch thrilled me! Remember, I was already adoring her. Already her warm eyes had built a fire in my heart; and now, to have the velvety bit of her touching my fingers! Flesh and blood! Oh, Joe, Joe!

Of course she was utterly unaware that her hand was against mine. Or did she do it purposely, to hold me by her side—at her feet, as it were—while she chatted unceasingly to Snodgrass? "You wretched little coquette," I murmured to myself, "is that it?"

I resolved to test the matter. Emboldened by the darkness I raised my hand an inch or so, and rested the side of my hand upon the back of hers. She took no notice, and I nearly doubled the bit of warm flesh under my eager palm, at the same time spreading her fan so as to hide the performance. She gave a little downward pressure of my palm—upon my life I could not help it!—and then rose abruptly.

"Going out, White?" said Snodgrass, taking my vacant chair.

I stammered something about an appointment, and left the room.

"Good evening, Mr. White," in her sweet voice, came through the open door as I disappeared.

"Confound the woman first!" I muttered to myself, and strode out into the street.

The first thing I did was to get a position where I could see that window. "Snodgrass's hand comes next, I suppose," thought I.

But I found that my departure was the signal for lights. They had withdrawn from the window.

Our flirtation got on amazingly. It was not long before I had reached the point which allowed me to take that fairest of hands in my own and caress it, to my lips.

Oh! happy memories!

Did you ever flirt at the Springs with the reigning belle, reader? Well, then, you know. As for those who have not, I despair of conveying any adequate conception of the fascinations of the amusement.

All things have an end, and the time came at last for departure from the Springs. How well I remember that last evening with her I loved! Yes, I did love her, and she professed to love me, too, though not with the deep enthusiasm of my own stormy nature, I fancied. We were in her drawing-room alone; and it was another hand-in-hand. We sat on a *tête-à-tête* in the shadow, but not to-night before the window.

"Birdie," she said, "we must part now, and I cannot see you alone again. Others will be here this evening, and to-morrow morning you know I take the early train for Albany."

"Yes, I know. I wish this hour could last for ever, my Berdie! My heart will rest in shadow after you are gone."

"You have my address. You will not forget me?"

"Forget you! Oh, Berdie! why will you not promise to be my wife?"

"I cannot promise. Wait till you see me in my home."

"You bid me hope?"

"I"—she hesitated. Then she said, "yes, I bid you hope. I can say no less."

She rose as she spoke, and I understood the meaning of the movement.

"Good-bye, Berdie. I love you—you know how I love you—and I may hope."

"Good-bye, dear Eddie, till we meet again."

Her head rested for a moment on my shoulder—her heart beat for a moment against mine—and then I left her.

It was my first parting with any woman that I had truly loved, and it shook me strangely. But I determined it should not be a long separation.

She lived in one of the beautiful villages on the Hudson side. My own home was in New York.

CHAPTER II.

Two weeks had elapsed when I visited Londale, booked myself at the hotel, and strolled up the street leading to the Broughton residence.

In a few minutes I sat in an elegant parlor by my Berdie's side, with her kiss warm upon my lips.

Half an hour later, as I held her hand in mine and looked into those deep brown eyes, I said to her:

"Berdie, I have seen you in your home. That condition is fulfilled. Now will you tell me—will you be my wife?"

She bowed her beautiful head upon my shoulder, but was silent.

"Tell me, my own," I whispered, with an expectant thrill, "does this mean yes?"

She raised her head quickly, and drew away from me with a strange, frightened look in her eyes.

"Oh, why do you make me tell you?" she said, distress in her tone.

"Tell me? What?" I whispered.

"I am to be married next month," she exclaimed, with an effort.

I started to my feet.

"To whom?" I asked.

"To Mr. Snodgrass," she answered, her eyes upon the floor.

I stood gazing on her, astounded.

She glanced up timidly at me, and smiled, as if she would disarm my face of its frown.

I turned to go.

She sprang forward and threw her arms about my neck.

"Eddie," she cried, "I cannot help it—indeed I cannot. Do not be angry with me. You will break my heart if you leave me so, for I can never see you again."

"And why should you care whether you see me again or not?" I asked, in a chilling tone.

"Oh, I do care! My heart is not dead! You must not go away and be angry with me. For pity's sake! Have you no forgiveness?"

"What need I forgive?"

"My deceit! I have deceived you, Eddie. I commenced a flirtation with you because at the Springs everybody flirts; and when I found out that I loved you I could not let you go till I was compelled to. I deceived you, for I was engaged to Mr. Snodgrass all the time. Oh, how wicked, how wicked I have been!"

She sank upon the sofa and burst into an agony of tears.

I stood silent, shaken by a tumult of contending passions. I could not at that moment bestow sympathy upon the woman who had so bitterly wronged me.

"No! Don't go away angry," she pleaded, raising her head and showing her brown eyes full of sparkling tears. "I cannot bear it. Be my friend still, Eddie. I know I am selfish to ask it of you, you whose rich love I have insulted; but you are good, you are generous, promise that you will not not be my enemy, not hate me. Oh, forgive me, for I am sincerely repentant; and believe me, in spite of all that seems, that you are dear to me, and always will be dear to me."

I could not but pity her—that queenly woman, bowed before me in tears, supplicating for the poor boon of my friendship. I gave it.

"Yes, I will be your friend," I said, "and I will think of you kindly. My loss I will bury deep down in my heart and try to bear the sorrow from which my life has been hitherto free. My friend, I forgive you all."

"Cold, cold word!" she murmured, dreamily, with clasped hands, and then she lifted her head and said: "I thank you—oh, how I thank you! You are good and true."

"And now good-bye," I whispered; I could not speak aloud.

She drew a brilliant diamond from her finger, and said, in a low tone:

"Eddie, will you take this ring and give me that upon your finger?"

It was a plain gold circlet that I wore, and I looked at her hesitatingly.

"Please do," she added; "and let this be a sign of our friendship. I may never see you on earth again, or if I do it may be in a position where we cannot exchange words. If such a meeting should occur look at my hand, and if you see your ring slipped half-way off my finger answer that mute sign of my continued regard for you by slipping the diamond partly off, as I do your ring. By that sign, whatever our circumstances, I shall know that you are my friend."

I acquiesced, and we parted so.

Years fled:

"And no man can be always sad
Unless he wills to have it so."

Time did the work of healing upon my wounded heart, and though I did not love again and did not marry I was at last able to remember her calmly.

CHAPTER III.

It was eight years before I saw Berthene Broughton again.

I returned in midwinter from a long, long ramble to the distant corners of the world. I had almost forgotten that early fancy at the Springs. Mrs. Snodgrass was now no more to me than any other woman of my past acquaintance.

One night I went to the opera—alone. The theatre was gay with fashion and beauty. Every color of the rainbow shone in the brilliant cloaks and hats, and fluttering fans waved the air, laden with a thousand perfumes. I looked listlessly around upon the sea of faces, but they were all strangers to me; eight years produce great changes in the aspect of the fashionable world.

In the box opposite me I noticed a particularly brilliant party, upon whom many a lorgnette was turned admiringly. Yielding to the prevailing sentiment, I raised my glass to scrutinise the party more closely. There was one woman who seemed to be the centre of attraction in the little group, and who wore a queenly beauty. There was something familiar about her manner which caused me to look at her still more closely; but I did not recognise the face. My gaze wandered over her faultless costume and graceful figure, and rested upon a hand from which she was withdrawing a spotless glove. The kid removed, a finger was raised and a ring slipped slowly half-way off!

Instantly the link was supplied. I looked at her face again. Yes, it was her.

She raised her hand to her hair, with the still loose ring upon the finger, and seemed to await a reply. I answered the signal with the diamond I wore. Then she faintly beckoned to me, and with her eyes she said even more distinctly:

"Come to me!"

As soon as the act drop fell I left my seat, and, crossing the theatre, I entered the box. They were all strangers to me in the box except herself. She said a quiet word of introduction to her friends, and offered me a seat that was vacant at her side.

There was no exhibition on either her part or mine of any other feeling than a commonplace friendship. We spoke on all the most ordinary topics of the season; I do not remember now exactly what they were; they were of no consequence. We called each other simply "Mrs. Snodgrass" and "Mr. White," just as any one would do.

"Is Mr. Snodgrass well?" I asked.

"Quite well, thank you. He will be here before the opera is through to attend me home. He could not stay; he has such a press of business."

"Then it is his seat I occupy?"

"Yes, sir."

In a few minutes I bade her good evening, to return to my seat.

"Good evening, sir," she replied. "I should be happy to have you call and see us. I will give you my address. Why, I have no cards with me! What a blunder! I will write an address on the corner of the playbill; that will answer for all practical needs."

She scribbled with her pencil a moment and thrust the playbill into my hand. When I had returned to my former seat I read it. She had written at a furious pace in that hasty moment, and I could barely decipher the words:

"If there still exists any bitterness in your heart towards me, forgive me now, for your injured love is avenged. Outwardly I am gay, but my laugh mocks the pain of my bursting heart. Oh, I would give worlds could I lay my head on your true breast and cry myself asleep like a little child. I cannot see you—dare not have you call. But if you feel any kindness for me, do me this favor: come often to the opera, and let me look upon your still dear form. This is all the happiness that remains for me on earth. Can you deny me, Eddie?"

I raised my eyes and glanced towards her. She was laughing gaily at Formes in that droll spinning-wheel scene—the opera was Flotow's "Martha." But she glanced towards me, and raised my ring to her lips, then let the fair hand flutter down upon her bosom, above her throbbing heart.

I made no answering signal, but the remainder of the opera fell unheeded on my ear.

Was this coquetry? I queried of myself. Or did she really love me so and live a daily lie and wear an hourly mask?

I was an idler, and every night found me at the opera. Each day I thought I should not go again; but each night I went. She was always there, and always pressed my ring to her lips as if to express her gratitude.

Was she only a coquette? How I revolved this question in my mind, and could not solve it.

At last the season ended, and I saw her no more, and was forgetting her again.

One day I received the following note:

"EDDIE—I am free! Come and see me to-night, and I will return your ring, for which I soon shall have no further need. It is the last request of
"BERTHENE."

Her card was enclosed.

So Snodgrass was dead, was he? And now this woman, about to enter society in the *rôle* of a fascinating young widow, wished to divest herself of my friendship and give me back my ring and take her own. Did she think she could call me straight to her, as a master whistles to his dog? I resolved to wait a week or two before paying my respects.

But when night came and I strolled out upon the steps of my hotel, and pressing on my kids, debated where best to kill the time, a Fifth avenue 'bus drew up to the curb, and while a passenger entered the driver lifted his finger to me. Such trifling circumstances guide the movements of an idler, and I entered the stage, and left it again at her door.

The servant informed me Mrs. Snodgrass was at home to no one, but when he looked at my card his manner changed, and he said:

"Oh! would you be kind enough to wait a moment?" and ushered me into a drawing-room.

He returned in a minute, and asked me to follow him. Having shown me into a luxurious boudoir, he retired.

So my lady received me in her chamber? I began to feel something very like disgust for the boldness of the woman.

The light was dim, and I did not at first discern objects clearly, for the chamber was a spacious one.

Presently I became conscious of the gaze of a pair of eloquent eyes from a queenly head which rested on a pillow of the bed. She beckoned to me, and I approached.

She raised her snowy arms and folded me to her beating heart, whispering, "Eddie, Eddie! my own Eddie! I knew you would come! No, you shall not break away. I can tell you my love now. Hush! I can speak now, for I am dying. Your head is on my breast, your heart beats with mine. I am so happy—so happy!"

"Dying!"

It was all I could find voice to say.

"Dying! In my Eddie's arms. Happy—so happy!"

Her strength was gone, and her arms dropped lifelessly upon the white sheet.

I was drawing away, but she grasped my hand, and clinging to it, whispered—oh! how earnestly—"Do not leave me!"

Ah! blissful hour of thrilling pain! I can tell no more.

Before midnight her soul passed to the God who gave it. Not once had she relaxed her hold upon my hand.

And that night I knew how much of Berthene Broughton was coquette—how much pure woman.

I shall never forget you, lost Berdie!

EXEMPT.

BY JOHN W. WATSON.

"GRAN'FATHER! gran'father, hear the good news;
Papa is exempt from the draft!
They gave him a paper to show it is so,
And a man in a uniform laughed.
Now, gran'father, why did the officer laugh,
And why did papa look so sad?
He has proven that he is a month too old,
And it ought to have made him feel glad."

"Why gran'father! why do you knit up your brow,
And frown when you hear the good news?
Had his name gone into the drawing wheel
You wouldn't have father to lose!
There's mother, and you, and Nell, and me,
We ought to be glad that the law
Has said that papa is too old to fight,
And will let him stay home from the war."

"My boy, when the shout of the millions arose,
To answer the tap of the drum,
And the boom of the parricide cannon was heard
To echo the entreaty—'Come!'
Where now would we be had the strength of the land
Unblushingly gathered aloof?
Our hearths would be drabbled in innocent blood,
And the torch would have fed on the roof.

"Where now would the twenty score thousand have been
Who camp on victorious fields,
And where would have trodden the merciless foot
Of the traitorous foeman who yields?
The first would have bent to the stroke of the lash,
Not freemen, but slaves to the slave!
And the last would have stood with his foot on our necks,
Or spurned us, unwept, to the grave.

"My boy, when our homes are in peril and fear,
And our hearthstones are threatened with blight,
When Freedom, endangered, is calling her sons,
No man is too old for the fight!
These hands that are withered, and trembling, and weak,
Had God not required their life,
Would have grasped the old sword in the glorious cause,
And been first in the front of the strife.

"I battled at Erie, and Chippewa field,
At Bridgewater, bloody and hot,
By the side of a handful of death-dealing braves,
Who followed the footsteps of Scott.
We stopped not to think of exemption and home,
We knew the invader was nigh,
And every man who went out to the fight
Was determined to conquer or die.

"There were many among us, my boy, on that day,
That were years upon years too old,
And many exempts by the hand of death,
Who were left there stark and cold.
It was half a century since, my boy,
And I had just turned twenty-one;
But the three-score years and ten of my race,
And my battle of life is done.

"Exempt! if this crutch were a musket or sword,
And this arm as it was years agone,
By the Lord, but I think that some traitorous skulks
Would wish they had never been born!
Exempt! why the thought has put strength in my heart,
My years seem a summer day song,
Too old! who says that a man is too old,
As long as he's willing—and strong?"

FORT DE RUSSY, LA.

WE give a sketch of Fort de Russy, on the Red river, captured by our forces on the 14th of March. The gunboats had ascended the river and opened a fire upon the fort, which was heard for miles. The 1st brigade (58th and 119th Illinois, 89th Indiana and 27th Iowa), 2d brigade (14th and 32d Iowa and 24th Missouri), then came up, and at once formed for action. The 1st brigade made the attack on the left, and the second on the front and right. In 15 minutes the action became severe, the fighting being mainly on the left and front. The regiments, although fatigued with a 30 miles' march, and but two hours' rest, pressed forward hurriedly for the contest. The rebel force, 300 strong, after an hour's fight, surrendered.

Had the fort been fully manned it would have been a difficult point to capture. The fort was intended for a large force. It consists of a very strong water battery, mounting four guns, and a bombproof battery of three guns, only two of which were really mounted. Both these batteries fully commanded the approaches, and were connected with a strong fort, about a quarter of a mile to the rear, by a causeway, protected by high breastworks, thus enabling them to pass from the battery to the fort in action with comparative safety. The bombproof was covered with two feet of solid timber and two layers of railroad iron of the T style, fitted into each other.

We took over 200 prisoners, six large and six smaller guns, and a large supply of commissary stores. Our loss was slight.

LAIRD'S SHIP YARD, LIVERPOOL.

ENGLISH Members of Parliament in our day will stand forward prominently as types of British good faith. One has just been proved to have made his house a rendezvous for conspirators against the life of the Emperor of the French, another is no less famous for building rams and other steamers for the use of the rebels, who are endeavoring to overthrow the Government of the United States. Our paper to-day contains a sketch of Mr. John Laird's shipyard, at Liverpool.

The house of Laird was established by the grandfather of the present member in 1824, and the first iron vessel was launched from his yard in 1829. Iron shipbuilding may be said to have originated here, as the first were built for the United States. Since then the Lairds have built for all nations, and their vessels are found in every sea.

The Russian war added greatly to their wealth, the large orders from the English Government requiring them to enlarge their yards by establishing a new one at Birkenhead.

The yard is very extensive, and fitted with machines of a costly character, adapted for raising vessels and for turning out the various parts of the ship and the machinery connected with it.

The two rebel rams with Arabic names, about which so much has been said, are seen in the river.

THE WAR IN LOUISIANA.

Battle at Crump's Hill.

ON the 2d of April our cavalry, advancing on Shreveport, came upon the rebels, in force, at Crump's hill, 22 miles above Nachitoches, where the roads to Manny and Pleasant hill branch off. Major Bassford, being in the advance of Lucas's brigade, skirmished with the rebels, who made a stand eight times, but could not hold their ground. The first line of our skirmishers was dismounted and the second mounted.

After their repulse here the rebels retired up the Manny road, pursued by Major Bassford. They made a stand and opened with artillery, but Rawles's battery silenced their guns and routed De Bray's Texas cavalry in confusion.

THE OCCUPATION OF ALEXANDRIA, LA

THE capture of the rebel stronghold on the Mississippi, throwing the river into the hands of the National Government, divided the rebel territory into two distinct sections. The trans-Mississippi district had its centre of supplies and resources at Shreveport, La., and this is now assailed. Our Artist, accompanying the Red river expedition, sends a sketch of Alexandria, with Admiral Porter's fleet lying before it on the 26th of March.

Alexandria is a place of about 1,500 inhabitants, and is the county seat of Rapides parish. It lies on the Red river, about 160 miles above its confluence with the Mississippi. The advance of Gen. A. J. Smith's forces in transports, and Admiral Porter's fleet of ironclad gunboats, anchored before the red clay bluffs of Alexandria on the evening of the 16th March.

THE FIRST CHARITY FAIR.

ALTHOUGH it is not exactly necessary, in the explanation of the N. Y. Sanitary Fair, to follow the example of the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker, and go back to the creation and investigate the theories of the chaotic period, still it may be interesting in this connection to know who conceived the idea of the first fair mentioned in history for benevolent purposes. The story reads almost like a romantic fiction, but it is nevertheless true. It is as follows:

In 1797 the Marquis de Aveze, manager of the Academy of Music in Paris—then known as the Theatre of Arts—was appointed the Government Commissioner of the three manufacturing establishments carried on by the old Government, known as the Gobelin tapestry, the Sevres china and the Savonienne carpets. Upon going to look after his additional charge he found the workshops vacant, and that the workmen had been for two years almost in a state of starvation, whilst the warerooms were full of rich carpets, exquisite painted china and the finest specimens of Gobelin tapestry.

Greatly moved at the scene of misery he beheld, contrasted as it was with the beautiful productions, the result of the ingenious and patient labor of the now starving operatives, a "luminous idea," as he afterwards said, "burst upon his mind," that he would get the consent of the Minister of the Interior to make a display of that rich and brilliant collection of carpets, tapestry and china, in one of the large palaces, which all the inhabitants of Paris should be invited to come and inspect, as specimens of the native industry of France, in the expectation that sufficient of these costly articles could be sold to relieve the pressing wants of those whose skilful hands had wrought them.

The consent of the minister was obtained, and the humane and enthusiastic marquis set to work and got up a most attractive exhibition at St. Cloud; but on the very day it was opened the decree of the Directory went forth banishing all the nobility from France, in which, of course, the marquis was included. The fame of the forthcoming exhibition, however, had spread over Paris. The national pride had been awakened by the announcement of the display of these exquisite specimens of French industry. The courtyard of St. Cloud was filled with elegant equipages, its rooms thronged with admiring and wealthy visitors, when, in the midst of his triumph, the marquis received notice that he must instantly leave the country, and be in 24 hours 30 leagues beyond Paris, on pain of death.

With his departure the exhibition and the humane object that gave rise to it terminated. "I had in imagination," he afterwards said, "conceived the idea of an exhibition of every product of national industry and manufacture;" and when a man has once got in his mind an idea of something that the world never thought of before, it is not likely to leave it. This was the case with the marquis. During the three years of poverty and exile that bright thought never quitted him, and when, in 1797, he, with Talleyrand and others of the exiled nobility, were allowed to return, the first thing that he did was to devote himself to the carrying out of the project so long cherished, and now fully matured in his mind.

He succeeded in obtaining the use of the Maison D'Orsay—a large and beautiful building in Paris—and having done that he went among the leading artisans, manufacturers, and all engaged in the industrial arts, and, obtaining their co-operation, collected together a most attractive and aristocratic display of French manufacturers which he opened as a free exhibition to the public. It embraced the richest furniture, different kinds of inlaid work, the finest watches of the world-renowned L'Epine, the silks of Lyons, the superb porcelain of Sevres and Angouleme, rich specimens of bookbinding, the historical pictures of David, the landscapes of Valenciennes, and the flowerpieces of Pankouk, with many other things chiefly of a luxurious character. The experiment proved such a complete success that the Government determined to follow it up immediately by a more extensive exhibition under its own auspices.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—COMMODORE PORTER'S FLEET BEFORE ALEXANDRIA, M

COTTON IN TEXAS.

THE occupation of Brownsville by our forces has only slightly checked, not stopped, the rebel trade through Mexico. An arrangement has been made by the rebels with the Mexican authorities, that cotton goes out and goods go into Texas as heretofore. When the compromise was made by the Commissioners with Vidaurri, not less than 6,000 bales of potton had accumulated at Eagle Pass, 5,000 of which belonged to the rebel government or officials, and the rest to private individuals. Some 2,000 bales more were on the road from San Antonio, Texas, and still more would be on the way were it not for the fact that sufficient grass cannot be found on the prairies for oxen, so the hauling for the time being has to be done with mule teams.

The contrabands at Matamoras estimate that not less than 30,000 bales of cotton will be got out of Texas, through Mexico (that is, by way of Piedras Negras, Guerrero, Mier, intermediate points on the R before the trade is broken can only be done effectual vance of our forces from San Antonia.

In the meantime, large trai with merchandise for the reb pecting to return laden with continually leaving Matam points designated on the Grande, and especially for gras. The trade thus far h diverted, not stopped, by th operations"—if they can wi be so termed—of the Depart Gulf. The only causes oper strain it are the disturbed Mexico, and the apprehens there may be a general war which will cause a falling price of cotton. It is to be not a few merchants who w for loyal citizens of the Un have been, are, and expect to be engaged in this trad rebels until it is finally br close. After that, and not calculate on taking the ben President's amnesty, if that deemed necessary.

The planters in Texas hav the half of their wagons seized by order of Magru were paid for in Confederat such a rate as would not the iron used in their m They have been much disc this and other matters, a sequence have planted no only corn enough to produc themselves, their families Confederate paper, when it in Texas, and it has long c carcass in the valley of the goes at three cents per dolla

The rebels are said to be depot for Confederate cott Antonio, with the design o with permits to export it t sons as will take the risk o through Mexico. They hav agent stationed at Piedras N have established a custom Laredo, Mr. Latham, late since C. S. Collector at B being their collector at that



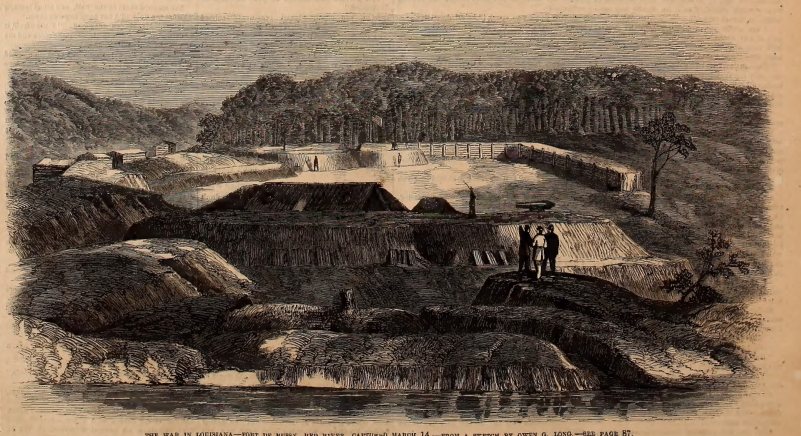
THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BATTLE OF CRUMP'S HILL, APRIL 7, BETWEEN GEN. LEE'S CAVALRY AND THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 87.



EXANDRIA, MARCH 26.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOXHILL.—SEE PAGE 87.

Guerrero, Mier, and other
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e trade is broken up, and that
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our forces from Indianola to
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and the apprehension felt that
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cotton. It is to be noted that
merchants who want to pass
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After that, and not before, they
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ecessary.
asters in Texas have lately had
of their wagons and teams
by order of Magruder. They
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ate as would not supply even
n used in their construction.
ve been much discouraged by
other matters, and in con-
have planted no cotton, and
n enough to produce bread for
ves, their families and slaves
rate paper, when it passes at all
, and it has long ceased to be
in the valley of the Rio Grande,
hree cents per dollar!
ples are said to be making a
e Confederate cotton at San
, with the design of selling it,
suits to export it to such per-
will take the risk of getting it
Mexico. They have a cotton
allored at Piedras Negras, and
stablished a custom-house at
Mr. Latham, late U. S. and
S. Collector at Brownsville,
eir collector at that point.

AN OLD TITLE UPHELD BY A WESTERN COURT.—We are not accustomed to associate the idea of antiquity with anything Western, except when occasionally we are reminded of the travels and exploits of the French explorers of the 17th century. We see, however, in the Detroit *Advertiser*, a report of a law-suit in the United States District Court for the eastern District of Michigan, wherein the Court sustained the claim of petitioners in a land case whose rights dated back to a grant of a Seigniory made in 1706 by Louis XV., then King of France, to two French officers. The grant included a large tract of land adjacent to the Sault St. Mary's river, six leagues in front and six leagues in depth, a very handsome domain. That a Court in the young State of Michigan should recognise rights to land founded in a grant of such comparative antiquity and made by a sovereign of France, is certainly a memorable fact and worthy of notice, not only as recalling the time when a large portion of the West was under French dominion, but as showing the disposition of an American Court to hold valid titles which originated under a system of jurisprudence in entire conflict with our own.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—FORT DE RUSSY, RED RIVER, CAPTURED MARCH 14.—FROM A SKETCH BY OWEN G. LONG.—SEE PAGE 87.

THE HARP AND THE POET.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

THE wind, before it woos the harp,
In but the wild and tuneless air,
But as it passes through the strings,
Thrills into music there.

E'en so the poet's soul conceives
The common things that round us lie
Into a glorious world of song—
Divinest harmony!

Sweet harp and poet! frawed alike
By God as His interpreters,
To breathe aloud the silent thought
Of everything that stirs.

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THEY were all going out to dine that day, and when Elizabeth came down into the library, dressed, she found her husband sitting moodily over the fire. He looked up as she entered, and it seemed to him that he had never seen her look so beautiful. Her dress was pink, relieved with folls of delicate lace that made her neck and arms look still whiter; her hair was decorated with jewels, and her brilliant dress and loveliness seemed to light the dull room as she entered. The constant excitement which she was undergoing during those days lent a rich crimson to her cheeks and a strange lustre to her eyes; she looked restless. This splendid beauty was very unlike the calm loveliness of former days, and his gloomy thoughts deepened as he watched her approach.

It seemed to him that her first impulse was to flee when she saw him sitting there, but if so the desire was quickly controlled, and she came up to the hearth, standing so near him that the folds of her dress brushed his arm.

"You are ready too," she said. "Goodness knows how long we shall have to wait for Elsie and Mrs. Harrington!"

He made no answer; she began clapping and unclasping her bracelets, toying with her fan, but watching him all the while from under her downcast lashes.

"Are you unwell, Grantley?" she asked at length.

"Oh! no; quite well."

"You are very surly, and you sit there in such a dreary way, I feared something was the matter."

He made an effort to rouse himself and shake off the oppression on his spirits, the heavy, heavy weight which had lain there all day.

"I am only stupid," he replied, with an attempt at playfulness. "I have been forced to talk so much essentially to those people that I have no ideas left."

"I am sure conversation with people in general doesn't consume one's energy," she said, with a lightness which seemed almost as forced as his.

"How long does Mrs. Harrington stay?" he asked.

"Only till to-morrow. You don't like her, I fancy?"

"There is too much of her in every way," he said, peevishly; "she dresses too much, talks too much—she tires one."

"That is very cruel and ungrateful; the lady confided to me only a little while ago that she had a profound admiration for you, and was dying to get up a flirtation with you if I did not mind."

"Don't repeat such nonsense." he said, almost rudely, "you know how I hate it. I think either the married man or woman who flirts deserves to be as severely punished as if he or she had committed an actual crime."

"I am afraid you would condemn the greater part of our acquaintance," she said. "After all, with most women it arises only from thoughtlessness, nine times out of ten."

"Thoughtlessness!" he repeated satirically. "I can only say that the woman who endangers her husband's peace from want of thought is more culpable in my mind than a person who does wrong knowingly, pushed on by recklessness or passion."

"I have never thought about it," she said; "it may be so."

She was playing with her bracelets again; the action reminded him of the lost trinket. He did not speak, but a restrained passion broke over his face which might have changed a plan she was revolving in her mind had she seen or understood it.

It was too late!

At that moment Elsie came dancing into the room, her thin white dress floating around her like a cloud, her fair hair wreathed with flowers, and everything about her so pure and ethereal that it seemed almost as if she must breathe some more joyous air than the pain-freighted atmosphere which weighed so heavily on others. She was holding her hands behind her, and ran towards them in her childish way, exclaiming:

"I have found something! Who'll give a reward? Won't you both be glad—only guess what it is!"

Mellen's face had brightened a little at her entrance, but as she spoke a sudden thought shook his soul like a tempest.

"What is it?" Elizabeth asked.

"Oh, guess, guess!"

"But I never can guess," she replied, seeming to enter into the sport of the thing.

"You try, Grant. Come, do credit to your Yankee descent!"

He rose suddenly and stood looking full in his wife's face, fixing her glance with a quick thrill of terror, which the least thing unusual in his manner caused her now.

Elsie was not noticing them; she was dancing up and down before the hearth, exclaiming:

"Oh! you provoking things—you stupid owls! Now do guess—oh! Grant, just try to tell what I have found."

Mellen's eyes had not moved from his wife's face.

"Have you found Elizabeth's bracelet?" he asked in a tone which made the unhappy woman shiver from head to foot, and startled Elsie out of her playfulness.

"Why, how did you think of that?" demanded Elsie; "did she tell you? Have you——"

She stopped short, and stepped from one her lips by the look which Grantley Mellen still fixed upon his wife. Without changing that steady gaze he extended his hand towards Elsie.

"Give me the bracelet!" he said, in the cold, hard tone which with him was the sure forerunner of a tempest of passion.

Elsie hesitated; she had grown nearly as pale as Elizabeth herself, but she looked only like a frightened child. Elizabeth did not speak or move, but though her face was absolutely deathlike her eyes met her husband's with unflinching firmness.

"Give me the bracelet!" repeated Mellen.

"Here it is!" exclaimed Elsie, nervously, putting the trinket in his hand. "What is the matter with you, Grant? I am sure there is nothing to make a fuss about. I found the bracelet among a lot of rubbish in one of Bessie's drawers—I suppose she forgot it was there."

Grantley Mellen turned ruthlessly towards her.

"Are you learning to cheat and lie also?" he cried.

Elsie burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"You are just as cruel and bad as you can be!" she moaned. "You ought to be ashamed to talk to me! I haven't deserved it, I thought you would be so pleased at my having found the bracelet, and here you behave in this way. You needn't blame me, Elizabeth don't mind, I am sure I don't. I am sure your dear mamma never thought you would speak to me like that! I wish I was dead and you were sorry, then you'd be sorry——"

"I am not angry with you, child," interrupted Mellen, softened at once by that childish appeal. "Go away and still Mrs. Harrington. This is falsehood and the treachery are not yours—thank God! at least my own blood has not turned traitor!"

Elizabeth had risen, and as Elsie stole one frightened look towards her, then the woman in her confusion and dizziness saw her float out of the room, and, she supposed, to her sorrow. She still held the bracelet up before her eyes, his hand shaking so that the jewels flashed balefully in the light.

"Your plan was carried out too late; you should have had it found before!" he said, and his last effort at self-control was swept away.

He must endeavor to stay to stem the tide, and keep back a little longer the exposure and ruin which for days back some mysterious warning had told her was impending over them.

"I don't know what you mean," she said. "You heard Elsie say that she found the bracelet——"

"Where you put it!" interrupted Mellen.

"Why should I have hidden it? What reason——"

"Stop!" he broke in. "Not another word—not a single falsehood more! You brought this bracelet back with you from the city—don't speak—I went to the pawnbroker's—it had just been taken away."

In the whirl of that unhappy woman's senses the room seemed to reel round her, and the lights were dancing before her eyes; the flashing gems blinded her with their rays, but she still controlled herself.

"Where you put it!" repeated—she must discover how much of the truth he knew—there might this time be some loophole for escape—some effort by which she could avert a little longer the coming earthquake.

"Why don't you speak!" he cried. "Say anything—anything but a lie. Have you still worse rather than this black truth! That man; you know him! Speak, I say!"

"I am sure I have no idea——"

"That traitor—that wretch! He had the bracelet; he got it from you! Explain, I say—explain!"

"I never gave the bracelet away," she said, desperately. "I have no explanation to make. I have told you—you may lay while you stand over me in that threatening way."

"Will you defy me to the last?" he exclaimed. "Will you can only kill me," she moaned; "do it and let me have peace!"

He flung the bracelet down upon the table, crying out:

"I have loved you so—that I should find you false!"

"What do you suspect?" she demanded. "What do you know?"

The momentary weakness passed; he stood up again cold and stern.

"I know," he said, "that this bracelet was in the hands of a bad, wicked man; that only yesterday he took it from the pawnbroker's, and now it is in your hands—you go!"

There was a hope; only by another deception; another lie; but she must save herself; while she was a breast of great she could not allow herself to be swept down the gathering storm.

"And is there no possibility that I may be innocent in all this?" she exclaimed. "If I receive an anonymous letter, telling me I can find my bracelet by paying a certain reward, is it not natural that I should go? after exclaiming your strange disposition, is it not equally natural that I should keep the whole thing a secret, and try to make every one believe that the bracelet had been mislaid."

"Is this true?" he cried. "Can you prove to me that you speak the truth?"

She was not looking at him; the apathy of despair which came over her looked only like sullen obstinacy.

"I can prove nothing," she said; "if it were possible I would not try. Do what you like; believe what you please; I will talk with you no longer."

Mellen turned away, and walked up and down the room in silence. There was a fearful struggle in his mind; the love he still felt for his wife wascontending against the horrible doubts in his soul, and almost threatening his reason with their force.

He could not tell what to think or how to act! For the moment at least he was glad to grasp at any pretext which might prove a sort of settlement to the question, whatever his thoughts and belief might be on after reflection.

He looked again at Elizabeth; her stony calmness irritated him almost to a frenzy. He was too much excited to perceive that her very quiet was the agony of despair; it seemed to him that she was only trying her power over him to its full extent; if her story was true she would die rather than humble herself by confessation or proof; if it was false! There was deceit somewhere, he felt that; but even in his madness he could not believe that Elizabeth had been guilty of anything that affected his honor; that was a black thought which had not reached him yet.

"Are you trying to drive me mad?" he exclaimed.

She lifted both hands with a strange gesture of misery and humiliation which he did not notice, and looked up at him in silence.

"What have I done?" she cried. "What have I said?"

"Nothing! There you sit like a stone, and will not speak."

"It is useless to say anything," she returned; "quite useless."

"And you expect me to leave this matter here; to endure this mystery patiently?"

"I expect nothing," she said.

The same dreary, desperate wail pervaded her voice, but it was not strange that he mistook her coldness for apathy or indifference; that very intensity of the agony she was enduring made her appear thus.

"You won't explain—you won't—"

She dropped her head heavily.

"I have no explanation to make; there is the bracelet."

He caught up the bracelet, snatched her arm so rudely, and fastened the bracelet on it with such pressure, that she uttered a faint cry of pain.

"You hurt me," she exclaimed; "this is cruel, unmanly."

"I must," he cried; "wear it, and when you look at it remember that you have dug a gulf between my heart and yours! Wear it, and remember that you have injured yourself; here your whole conduct since my return has been a lie, and if you have any shame or power of repentance left, may the hot curse burn into your very soul when you look at them."

Elizabeth fell back in her chair cold and white. He rushed out of the room. She was in a state bordering on fury thought; her brain was too dizzy; she sat there clasping her forehead between her hands, and seeming to see the whole world reel into darkness before her gaze.

"Has he gone; where is he?

It was Elsie's voice; she had stolen into the room to learn how the matter had ended.

"Can't you speak, Bessie; what did he say?"

Elizabeth dropped the hands from her face, and rose from her seat.

"No matter what he said; the end is coming. I told you it would; the end is coming!"

"Don't look so!" cried Elsie, "you frighten me."

"Frighten!" she repeated in a bitter tone. "You haven't soul enough in your bosom to be frightened."

"Oh, you cruel, wicked creature!" sobbed Elsie. "Oh, oh! I'll kill myself if you talk so to me; I'll go to Grant; I'll——"

"Hush!" interrupted Elizabeth. "There—I will say no more. I don't blame you—remember that! Whatever comes, I won't blame you for this new danger."

"Oh, you good darling!" cried Elsie, drying her tears at once.

She made a step forward as if to throw her arms about her sister-in-law, Elizabeth retreated.

"Don't touch me," she said, faintly; "don't touch me!"

"Should I poison you?" cried Elsie, angrily. "One would think I was some dreadful reptile."

"No, no; don't be angry! I need all my strength! Let me alone, Elsie; don't speak to me."

"The carriage is at the door," said Elsie, "and Mrs. Harrison is waiting for mercy's sake don't let her think anything is wrong. I am going to find Grant; wait here."

She ran down the room, and Elizabeth stood thinking of her words.

Very soon perhaps the whole world would know that she was a fallen, wicked woman, without a home, a friend, or even a name.

Could she bear up; could she find strength to go on to the end?

The hardness and desperation died out of her face; she sank on her knees, and a prayer for help rose to her lips; low and faint, but bearing the intensity of her inmost soul.

She heard steps in the hall; they were coming for her. She sprang to her feet, moved towards the door and opened it. Her husband, Elsie and their guest were there. She answered Mrs. Harrison's gay words; passed on with them through the hall, and took her misery out into the world as we all do so often, hidden carefully from every eye.

At dinner that day Elizabeth met two or three superior people from the city, men and women of note, whose presence at the board was like meteor flashes kindling everything with brilliancy, but among the most cheerful and most witty she shone forth prominent. Every word she spoke carried electric fire with it. Her cheeks were scarlet; her eyes were radiant. The lips that had been so pale in her husband's presence a few hours before glowed like ripe cherries with the sunshine upon them. In her desperation she was inspired.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IMMEDIATELY after breakfast the next morning their visitor returned to the city, perhaps glad to escape from the unnatural mental atmosphere of the house, certainly much to the relief of all the inmates of the dwelling.

Grantley Mellen drove their guest down to the railway train, and as soon as they had departed Elizabeth and Elsie, as if by a common impulse, started in a different direction, apparently anxious not to be left alone with each other.

About an hour after Elsie was passing through the hall when her brother drove up to the door. She stopped him after he had got out of carriage for a few moments' trifling conversation, then allowed him to pass on towards the library.

She danced towards the open verandah, saw old Jarvis Benson approaching the house, and hurried out, crying:

"Oh, Jarvis, I wanted to see you."

Jarvis took the pipe out of his mouth, regarded her complacently and answered:

"Then there's a pair on you, Miss Mellen."

"I want to have a pair of very light oars made to the little boat, so that I can learn to row it," pursued Elsie.

"That's easy done," said Jarvis. "I guess I've got a pair that'll answer. Only don't drown yourself."

"I'll take care of that," she replied, laughing. "But who else wants you, Jarvis?"

"Your brother told me to come up, and—oh, there he is."

Mr. Mellen had heard their voices, and came through the hall to the verandah door.

"Good-morning, Jarvis!" he said, in his quiet way.

"Good-morning, sir! You don't look very well, I think," observed the keen-sighted old man.

Elsie glanced at her brother; he was very pale, and his heavy eyes told a long, sleepless night.

Mr. Mellen frowned slightly; it appeared him to have his personal appearance commented upon, it wounded his pride to know that he had not sufficient strength to keep back every outward sign of the anxiety and trouble he was enduring.

"Be you well?" continued the pertinacious old man, who had a habit of expressing his opinions with the utmost freedom to people of every degree.

"Perfectly well," replied Mr. Mellen. "You have come up with that tree, have you?"

"Wal, yes," said Jarvis. "I hadn't much to do this morning, so I thought I'd come up. You hain't found no gardner yet?"

"No; I have sent to town for one. You have sufficient knowledge, so I want you to keep the greenhouse in order until one is found."

"Just as you say, sir; I'll do my best."

The gardener had seen fit to leave the place a few days before without the slightest warning, with the true, reckless independence of the Hibernian race. When a dilemma of this kind arose the people of the neighborhood were in the habit of sending for old Benson, who seemed, in some mysterious way, to have acquired a smattering of knowledge about everything that could make him generally useful about a house.

Elsie did not feel particularly interested in the subject of conversation, and was floating away in search of other amusement, when she heard old Jarvis say:

"It's the big cypress yonder, in the thicket, ain't it?"

She stopped short in the hall, and stood leaning against the door with her hands behind them.

"Yes," Mr. Mellen answered. "I am afraid it is very dead. I may have to dig about the roots and see if you can find out the cause."

"Loosening the earth a bit 'll maybe do a world of good," said Jarvis; "I've seen it'liven a tree right up."

"We will try, at all events," observed Mr. Mellen. "First you may take those plants under the library window into the greenhouse; it is too late for them to be left out."

He walked to the side of the house to point out the flowers he wished to have moved. Elsie darted through the hall and up the stairs in breathless haste.

She paused at the door of her sister's room and tried the knob, but the key was turned in the lock.

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" she called, in a frightened whisper, utterly incapable of speaking aloud.

"Open the door—for heaven's sake, open the door!"

There was a terror in her voice which communicated itself to the woman sitting so apathetically in her chamber. She rose and opened the door, whispering, in a voice as full of alarm as Elsie's own:

"What is it? What is it?"

Elsie pushed her back into the room, shut and locked the door, and staggered to a couch.

"The cypress tree!" she gasped. "They are going there."

"Well?" cried Elizabeth. "What do you mean?"

"I can't speak—oh, I am choking!" gasped Elsie.

Elizabeth seized her arm, and fairly shook her in her frenzied impatience.

"Speak!" she exclaimed. "Speak, I say!"

"Grant has sent old Jarvis to dig about the roots," returned Elsie, in a shrill whisper.

Elizabeth Mellen sank slowly upon her knees, her limbs giving way suddenly, as if she had been struck with paralysis. She caught at Elsie's dress, the girl raised herself with a low cry, and there they remained for several moments, staring in each other's faces, with a white, sickening terror, which could find no relief in words.

After a time Elizabeth shook herself free from Elsie's grasp and rose; the power to think and act was coming back to her.

"You heard them say this?" she asked.

"Yes, yes!" cried Elsie. "Grant sent for old Jarvis to come up and dig round the tree; he thinks it is dying."

Elizabeth threw up her arms with a low moan, more expressive of agony than a shriek.

"It has come at last!" broke from her white lips. "It has come at last!"

Elsie cowered down upon the sofa and buried her head in the cushions, shaking with hysterical tremors from head to foot, and uttering repressed sobs.

"Exposure—ruin—disgrace!" moaned Elizabeth, as if repeating words that some secret voice whispered in her ear. "It has come at last! It has come at last!"

"I shall die!" shrieked Elsie. "I shall go mad!"

She beat the couch wildly with her clenched hands and gave way to a violent nervous spasm, but this time Elizabeth made no effort to soothe her; she stood there, cold and white, repeating at intervals, in that dismal whisper:

"It has come at last! It has come at last!"

"Do something," moaned Elsie, between her sobs. "Don't stand there as if you were turning to stone. Think of some way to stop them."

"What can I do?" returned Elizabeth. "I tell you it has come! I knew it would!"

Elsie gave another shriek and sprang off the sofa, threw herself at her sister's feet, clutching her dress with her hands, and crying, brokenly:

"Do something—anything! I shall go crazy—my brain is burning! I won't live—I tell you I won't live if yon don't stop this."

Elizabeth shook off her grasp, not angrily, not impatiently even, but with a sudden change of expression, as if Elsie's despair had brought back some half-forgotten resolution and given her a sort of strength once more.

"You will not suffer," she said, drearily. "You are safe."

"But you—what will become of you?" groaned the girl.

"Let go my dress—get up, Elsie! See, I am calm. I tell you, no harm will come to you—get up."

Elsie staggered to her feet, and sat down on the sofa with a burst of tears.

"I'd rather kill myself than see you tormented so!" she cried. "I have the poison yet in my room—I've always kept it. If they don't stop, Elizabeth, they shall find us dead and cold——"

"Stop!" said Elizabeth. "I won't hear such wicked words! The danger is mine, the ruin and disgrace is mine—all mine; but I don't talk of killing myself."

"You are so brave," moaned Elsie, "and I am such a poor, weak thing. Oh, oh! This will kill me either way, I know it will!"

"I know what will happen to me," said Elizabeth, in a voice of unnatural calmness. "Do you know what this day will bring? Before two hours are gone I shall be driven out of this house, a lost, ruined woman."

"No, no! Grant will forgive you—he loves you so!"

"Does a man ever forgive?"

"But you will say you don't know—I will."

"Are you a baby? Don't you know there will be an exposure—we shall all be questioned—forced to give evidence."

"We will say anything—anything!" cried Elsie.

"We cannot satisfy Grantley Mellen. I tell you, Elsie, this is the last interview we shall ever hold in his house."

Elsie flung herself down in renewed spasms, shrieking and sobbing so violently that nothing could be done or thought of till she had been restored to composure by the strong remedies Elizabeth administered.

"Promise not to tell that I ever knew of it," she gasped. "Swear! I'll kill myself if you don't!"

"I have promised," returned Elizabeth, in a hollow voice. "I will bear whatever comes—ruin, death—and bear it alone."

Those words so solemnly spoken appeared to give the girl new life and energy.

"Go downstairs," she said; "stop them. You can stop them yet."

"How—what can I say?"

"Tell Grant the gardener said the tree must be left till spring—bribe old Jarvis to say so—oh, anything, anything; only try, Elizabeth. Save yourself if possible."

The woman walked to the window and peered out between the curtains.

"They are there," she said; they are going."

"Go down!" shrieked Elsie. "Go down, I say!"

Elizabeth took a few steps towards the door—caught sight of her face in the mirror, and stopped appalled at the haggard image reflected there.

"Look at me," she said; "my face tells the whole story."

"There is some rouge in that drawer," said Elsie. "Mrs. Harrington left it. I'll put it on your cheeks."

She could think now that Elizabeth showed herself ready to bear her danger alone. She got out the rouge, rubbed it on her sister's cheeks, and smoothed her hair, crying:

"Now you look like yourself—nobody would notice. Go quick—stop them—stop them!"

Elizabeth dared not pause an instant for reflection; she opened the door, walked downstairs, through the library, and joined her husband on the lawn.

He turned at her approach. She felt a mad sort of courage nerve her—she could speak now.

"What are you going to have done to the great cypress?" she asked, and even in that moment of supreme agony and fear she was conscious of a vague wonder at the composure of her voice.

"It seems to be dying," replied Mellen; "I am going to have the earth dug away from about the roots."

"I am afraid you will only kill it," returned Elizabeth; "it is so late in the season."

"I did not know that you were a gardener," he said, coldly.

He looked at her standing there with that unnatural brightness on her cheeks, that wild glitter in her eyes, and it seemed to him that she had only come out in her beauty and unconcern to mock him after the long night of wild trouble which he had spent.

"I know that is what Jones said," she went on. "He thought in the spring something could be done, but not now."

He was turning away—that action deprived her of all self-control—she caught his arm, crying:

"Don't touch that tree—don't go near it."

He stopped and looked at her in blank amazement; she saw the danger in which her impetuosity had placed her—dropped his arm and tried to appear composed again.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked. "The tree is not a human being that I am going to assassinate."

She forced herself to laugh; even then the woman's self-mastery was something astounding.

"I was a little theatrical," she said; "but I can't bear to have the old tree touched."

"Why, marm, it'll die if it aint," put in Jarvis, who considered that he had been silent quite long enough.

"You don't know anything about the matter!" cried Elizabeth, sharply.

The old man drew himself up, and looked so indignant that she felt sure he would oppose her now with might and main.

"I mean," she added, "you don't know how I feel about it, I want the poor thing left alone."

The old man relinquished his erect attitude and looked somewhat mollified.

"If it's yer whim, mar'm, that's another thing, but I thought I'd lived too long in this neighborhood for anybody to accuse me of not knowing a thing when I pretended to, especially about trees."

"Oh, no, no," interrupted she; "I always say that you are a universal genius, a better gardener than half the professed ones."

"Wal, I do' know about that," said Jarvis, his face beaming all over with satisfaction, for remarkable as he was, the old man was peculiarly susceptible to flattery.

"Then you won't touch the tree?" cried Elizabeth, turning again towards her husband.

Mr. Mellen had been watching her while she talked; he was growing more and more angry now he thought that she only wished to interfere unwarrantably with his least plan or wish.

"You will leave the tree till spring?" she continued.

"I shall have the earth loosened," he answered, "I don't choose to sacrifice the tree to a mere caprice."

"It is not a caprice," she exclaimed, forgetting herself once more in her excitement. "I ask you not to touch it—I beg you not to."

"Might I ask the reason of your extraordinary conduct?" he began; then remembering old Benson's presence, checked himself quickly.

"I think it the best thing for the tree," he added.

"But Jones said not; he ought to know."

"I fancy he said that to avoid the work."

"No, no! In the spring you can do it—not now—not now."

"By spring it will be too late; the earth must be dug away now."

She clasped her hands under her shawl—she resolved to make one effort more—a respite must be found—for a day, at least.

She looked out towards the tree—the lower part of it was hidden, where they stood, by a thicket of shrubs and bushes, but the stately top towered up dark and solemn, waving in the morning breeze and seeming to whisper an omen of dread to her half maddened senses.

"Not to-day," she exclaimed; "at least do not touch it to-day."

His suspicious mind, so wildly on the alert since the strange events of the past days, was now fully aroused by the singular earnestness and trouble of her manner.

There was another secret! It was no desire to contradict him which actuated her—there was something at the bottom which he could not understand—a new phase of the mystery with which he had felt surrounded from the first moment of his arrival, and which during the past week had gathered and darkened so rapidly.

"Leave the tree at least to-day," repeated Elizabeth.

"I can't send for Jarvis to do work and put him off without a reason," he said; "he has plenty of work on his hands."

"It can't make no difference, Miss Mellen," the old man joined in; "'tain't no use to put it off—anyhow I couldn't come agin till the last of the week."

"Let it go till then," she said, eagerly; and a new life stole over her face at the bare hope of obtaining that delay.

"This is sheer folly," said her husband. "Go in—go in. You will catch cold—the grass is damp. Come, Jarvis, get your spade."

"It won't hurt the tree a spec, Miss Mellen," said he; "don't feel oneasy about it—I'll be as tender of it as if it was a baby."

He moved away as he spoke, and left the husband and wife together. Elizabeth was pale even through her artificial bloom—no matter what he thought she must obtain some delay.

"Grantley," she cried, "don't touch the tree—I ask it as a favor—you will not refuse—let it go."

He gave one look at her face and turned his head away to hide the expression of anger and doubt which he felt was in his own.

"Can you give any reason?" he asked.

"No, no! It is one of my fancies—only gratify it—let the tree alone for a day or two."

A fierce passion shook Mellen like a sudden tempest. His first impulse was to drag her into the house and force from her lips the secret and the mystery which surrounded her, but he controlled the impulse and said:

"As you please. I will leave it for the present."

He walked away from her, and Elizabeth went back into the house. She had to rest a few moments in the library; her limbs were shaking so that she could not stand. She was roused by the sound of her husband's voice in conversation with old Benson—he might come in and find her there.

She started up like a wounded animal that concentrates its dying strength in one wild effort for escape—hurried from the room and up the stairs.

Elsie was still lying on the sofa in the chamber; she sprang up as Elizabeth entered.

"Will he leave it?" she cried. "Will he leave it?"

"Yes, he has promised."

Elizabeth sank in a chair, regardless of the questions she poured out, so pitiable an object in her agony that it might even have softened the heart of one she had most deeply injured.

"Saved again!" cried Elsie. "Don't despair, Bessie—it will all end right."

"Saved!" repeated Elizabeth, in a tone of mental terror. "Have you thought what must be done this very night?"

Elsie gave a cry and hid her face.

"Be still!" said Elizabeth. "I will do it—be still!"

"Don't let me know—don't tell me—I should die of fright!"

"Think of me, then," she returned. "In the night—alone with that —— where can I carry it——"

Elsie interrupted her with another cry and her old appealing wail.

"You are killing me! You are killing me!"

"Be still," repeated Elizabeth, in the same awful voice. "I will do it—be still!"

CHAPTER XXX.

Mellen set old Benson about some other duties and went into the library. While he stood at one of the windows, looking gloomily out on the autumn landscape, he heard the voices of 'Dolf and his spinster inamorata in the area below.

"What's marster gwine to have done to de tree?" Clo asked.

"He's afeared it's deceasin'," replied 'Dolf, pompously, "and he wishes to perwent."

"Don't come none o' yer furrin lingo over me," said Clorinda, angrily. "Can't yer say what he's gwine to do in good, decent English, widout any of dem dern outlandish Spanish 'pressions."

"'Twarn't Spanish, lubly one," said 'Dolf, greatly delighted at the effect his grandiloquent language had produced. "Sometimes I do 'dulge in far away tongues jist from habit; it's trabeling so much, you know."

"Don't know nothin' about it, and don't want to," interrupted Clorinda. "Ef yer can't answer a civil question as it outer to be, yer needn't stay round dis part of de house."

"Don't be ravagerous," returned 'Dolf. "Any question ob yours it is my delight to answer, only propose it."

"I does, plainly enough. What's marster gwine to have done to dat ar ole tree?"

"Have de airth dug up," said 'Dolf, deeming it wiser to use a more simple phraseology; "he's 'feared it's dying."

Mellen was just going to order them away from that part of the house—the veriest trifle irritated him now—when Clorinda's next words made him pause.

"I wish he'd hev it dug up by de roots," she said; "I do 'lieve dat ar tree is haunted."

"Haunted!" screamed 'Dolf, who possessed a large share of the superstition of his race. "Now what does yer mean, Miss Clorindy?"

"Jes' what I say," replied she sharply; "I ain't one ob de kind dat tittervates up my words till they haint got no sense left."

"But I never heerd of a haunted tree," said 'Dolf, gaining new courage as he remembered that it was broad daylight. "Haunted houses I've heerd on in plenty; but a tree——"

"Oh, mebby yer don't know eberyting yet!" said Clo', viciously.

Clo' had been rather short with her lover of late, on account of several private flirtations with Victoria, which she had interrupted.

"Do tell me what yer mean, Clorindy," pleaded 'Dolf, his eyes fairly starting out of his head with curiosity.

"Oh, mebby you'd better go to Vic," she retorted, "she's a heap cuter dan what I be. I ain't coffee-colored, I'se only a nigger."

"Now, Miss Clorindy!" cried 'Dolph, seeing that this was an occasion when flattery and soft words were absolutely necessary. "Yer knows yer's de most charming ob yer sex!"

"Don' know nothin' ob de sort," said Clo'. "I aint flirty and flighty about like some folks; but, anyhow, I ain't fool enough to put all my wages on my back. I guess marster cud tell what I've got in de bank."

That allusion to her golden charms made 'Dolf quite forget the youthful graces of Victoria; he grew more tender and submissive than ever.

"Yer's de pearl ob de creation!" he cried enthusiastically.

Mellen stamped his foot passionately, furious with their nonsense, upbraiding himself that he could listen to the conversation of his own servants, yet unable to move away before he had heard the revelation which Clorinda evidently had to make.

After a little more persuasive eloquence to restore her goodhumor completely, 'Dolph said:

"But do tell me what yer means 'bout de tree?"

"No," said Clorinda, mysteriously; "it's one ob dem tings as is best not talked about. I don't run and tell all I sees and hears."

"Jis' confide in my buzzom," said 'Dolf, tenderly.

"Men is so duberous," simpered Clorinda.

"Yer knows I'se de most faithful and constance ob my sect," cried 'Dolf. "Yer may speak freely to me."

"I 'spose yer'd say de same to Vic."

"Neber, Miss Clorindy! What, dat silly, giggling girl—don't tink it!"

His persuasions met with their reward at last, and when he pleaded again:

"Jis' tell me what yer means 'bout de tree bein' haunted?"

She yielded to his flattery and her feminine desire to tell all that she had seen or imagined, embellished by the powers of fancy so largely developed in her kind.

"Mebby 'twas two months 'fore you came back," she said, in the tone of a person trying to be exact in her recollection of events.

"What was?" cried 'Dolf, impatiently, "de hauntin'?"

"Ef I'm gwine to tell you my story I'll do it in my own way," said Clorinda, majestically.

"In course, in course," returned 'Dolf, eagerly. "I begs pardon for de 'ruption. Jis' go on, sweetest Miss Clo'."

"I tells yer dar's been somethin' agoing on in dis house," pursued Clorinda. "Dat ar bracelet losing was all of a piece wid what went afore. Missus was awful mad at me for saying so, but I don't care. She's very queer—stuck up like. There's Miss Elsie, sweet allers as a young kitten!"

"Yes, yes," 'Dolf said, ready to agree with anything in order to get at the heart of her mystery.

"Afore even dat ring was lost I seed a man in de house in de dead ob de night—a man and a woman!"

"God be gracious!" cried 'Dolf.

"I'd had de toothache, and ben down to de kitchen fire a smokin' pennyryal, and awful sick it made me. I was gwine up the backstairs, when I heerd steps in de hall. I looked in and I seed a man and woman plain. I had de candle in my hand. I screeched right out, and shut my eyes, and let de candle fall. When I opened 'em again missus had come out of her room, wid a shawl over her and a lamp in her hand.

"'What be yer doin' dar?' says she, mad as a March hare.

"I up and telled her 'bout the man and woman, and she larfed in my face.

"'Whar be dey?' says she. 'Dar's nobody here but us.'

"'Twan't no use to say nothin', she flew off into one o' her tantrums, and scolded me like all possessed. I don't like her, and dat's all 'bout it!"

"But is dat all?" questioned 'Dolf, in a disappointed tone.

"No, it ain't all; jis' wait and don't go off de handle afore you knows which end you've got hold on."

"But de tree, Clorindy," said 'Dolf; "tell me 'bout de tree."

"I'se comin' to dat," replied Clo', growing eager again. "I'd ben down to see Diana Jameson, at de cross roads; it was real late; we'd had a prayer meetin' and I kinder forgot myself in de refreshin' season——"

"Yes," said 'Dolf, fearful she would go off in a long digression and lose sight of the all-important topic, "dey is refreshin'; as preserves is to de taste so is meetin's to de spirit—soothin', yer know."

"Jis' so," said Clorinda.

"Wal, yer was comin' home," suggested 'Dolf.

"Yes; two or tree on 'em came with me to de gate and dar dey left me. I heeled up de avenue jis' as hard as I could, but when I got near de house I thort, suppose missus should see me, she's a pokin' up at all hours, she'd scold me like smoke. I jis' cut out ob de road to take de path trough de hicket, I came in sight ob de ole cypress tree."

Clorinda broke off abruptly to recover her breath and to allow her narrative to have its full effect upon her listener.

"Go on; oh, do go on!" cried 'Dolf.

Could the pair have seen the face leaning over the balcony, straining to catch every word, they might almost have thought that one of the ghosts they so dreaded had started up before them.

"I came in sight ob de cypress tree," recommenced Clo', with great art working up her story to a climax.

"Yes, yes," said 'Dolf again. "In sight ob de tree——"

"I seed somethin' all in white a cruchin' down dar, a throwin' up its arms and moaning like. I jis' give one yell and danced away. When I got to de house, what do you tink? dar was missus. Whar she come from I don' know, and she give me go ose again for screaming; but la! she was white as a dead woman all de while."

"What could it all a ben?" said 'Dolf.

"I don' know more'n you. The next morning she sent for me, and she telled me she'd hev to send me away ef I didn't quit dat habit of bein' up so late and skeerin' de gals wid stories 'bout ghosts; so I jis' held my tongue."

"And hab you eber seed anytink more?"

"Laws, I wouldn't go near dat tree after dark for all de money on Long Island! I tells you dar's sometin' queer somewhar."

"So dar is," assented 'Dolf, in a perplexed manner, "dar is, sure."

"Don't you say nothin', 'cause I'd get my walkin, papers ef you did. But ef you're so mighty wise, jis' tell me what yer makes ob all dis mysteriousness?"

"Clorindy," said 'Dolf, in a solemn voice, "ghostesses is a subject 'taint proper to talk on, and the queernesses ob our marsters and misseses is not tropics for us."

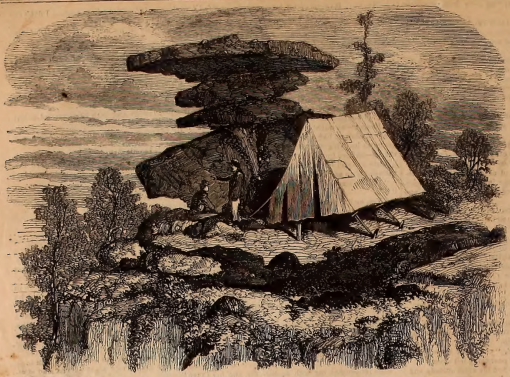
"A body must wonder, I s'pose, black or white," said Clo', angrily.

"But dat's all you've seen?"

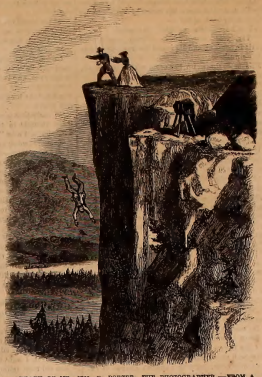
"Dat's all, and its 'nuff and more too."

Grantley Mellen stepped back into the library and closed the window. He had need to be alone. Every day, every hour, the mystery which had intruded into his home deepened and took more appalling shapes.

He walked up and down in the shadowy room, muttering to himself, forming a thousand futile plans, and utterly unmanned by the terrible fancies his morbid imagination conjured up.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. B. SCHELL.



DEATH OF MR. WM. F. PORTER, THE PHOTOGRAPHER.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. LIGOWSKY, TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEER.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Not long after the battle of Lookout Mountain one of our artists, not present at the battle, visited the spot, on his way from the Mississippi, and ascending to the spot where the rebels so long had their flag waving and their cannon thundering at Chattanooga, was no less surprised than amused to find on the then silent summit, which Hooker's men had so gallantly scaled amid fire and flame, the tent of a travelling photographer, who had pitched his tent here, with the true enterprise of a wide-awake, go-ahead son of New England, to take portraits and include a view of the famous scenery.

The view had been for some time ready for use, but we have now to add another sketch, sent to us by an officer of the 11th corps, showing the sad close of the career of the photographer, Mr. Wm. F. Porter, who, while placing a lady and gentleman, lost his foothold and fell down the precipice, a distance of some 200 feet.

EXPLOSION OF MERRICK AND SONS' IRON FOUNDRY, PHILADELPHIA.

Never perhaps have fires and explosions come more rapidly than within the last few months. The destruction of Colt's factory, the fire at Gloucester, and others in other parts, have crowded fast upon us. We give two sketches this week of a fearful explosion. Merrick and Sons' Iron Foundry and Boiler Manufactory was an extensive establishment in Philadelphia, situated on and entirely covering the ground bounded by Washington street on the north, Federal street on the south, and Fourth and Fifth streets on the east and west. On the morning of April 6th an immense boiler, of 70 horse-power, at the western end of the open space, formed by the square of the buildings, appropriated to the use of the different departments, exploded, and in an instant spread ruin around.

It was carried up into the air, and after making a circuit of some 40 feet dropped on the roof of the clipping-shop, demolishing it entirely, and crushing in the rafts, George Ward, one of the workmen.

The force of the explosion sent fragments of iron and bricks in all direction. A large piece of boiler was driven through the wall of No. 1,107 Fifth street, and a piece of girder traversed another house, fortunately without injuring any one. The streets around were strewn with bricks so thick that a person could walk on them.

Seven persons were killed in the foundry and a number injured, but no one in the street or neighborhood. Our Artist gives a view of the explosion itself and of the scene of ruin after the calamity.



HEADWATERS OF THE TECHE, LOUISIANA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. H. BOSWELL.

HEAD WATERS OF THE TECHE.

The Teche, one of the most beautiful of the Louisiana bayous, commences in St. Landry parish, a few miles from Opelousas and flows through a rich and romantic country, now unhappily desolated by the war. It empties into Achafalaya Bayou, near Lake Chatimaches. Our Artist, while proceeding from one memorable point to another, has sketched the head waters of the Teche in all their charming beauty.

Geranium Leaves.—It is not generally known that the leaves of geraniums are an excellent application for cuts, where the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of that kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrized in a very short time.]



The Explosion.



The Ruins.

DESTRUCTION OF MERRICK AND SONS' IRON FOUNDRY, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHELL.



VIEW OF THE SHIPYARD AT LIVERPOOL OF THE MESSRS. LAIRD, WITH THE REBEL RAMS IN THE RIVER.—SEE PAGE 87.

I'M LOVE'S TINY CHILD TO-DAY.

BY KATE J. BOYD.

HARK! the bells of joy are ringing,
Hope once more illumes my way,
Sweetly sad my heart is singing,
Sunbeams slow more bright to-day;
Nature moves to graceful music,
Zephyrs sport with feathery spray,
Oh, my heart is softly breathing,
I'm love's tiny child to-day;
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
I'm love's tiny child to-day.

Freedom flings its rosy banner
O'er my heart so light and gay,
Bound no longer, free and happy,
Thro' the world I will stray;
List! the birdlings as they warble,
Thro' the branches lightly play,
Oh, my heart is softly breathing,
I'm love's tiny child to-day;
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
I'm love's tiny child to-day.

Rippling streams, and flowers blooming
Fling their fragrance far and near,
And they win us to their wooing,
With a welcome rich and clear;
Heed the joys they scatter o'er us,
As they greet the rosy day,
Oh, my heart is softly breathing,
I'm love's tiny child to-day;
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
I'm love's tiny child to-day.

A BATCH OF WHATS.

What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.

What quadrupeds are admired to balls, operas and dinner parties? Waltz 'ers; sometimes the good become them.

What is that word of one syllable which, if the first two letters are taken from it, becomes a word of two syllables? Brat—Apart.

What kind of a face should an auctioneer have? A face that is forthcoming.

What wood makes the best planoforte? Broadwood.

What bird is the greatest friend to agriculturists? The whatever.

What sort of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as finished? A-pair.

What is the oldest tree in America? The elder tree.

What day in the month of the year is a command to go a board? The 1st May.

What prevents the running river from running away? Its bed.

What is the tourist's best motive for travelling? A locomotive.

What kind of a man would you prefer on a dark night? A lantern-jawed man.

What word would give sorrow to the mechanic and joy to the jury? Discharge.

What fish is most valued by a happy wife? Herring.

What tunnel in Massachusetts signifies "proceed with moderate caution."

What do we seek redress for? Injuries. Where do we find it? Injuries.

What instrument does a man who deals in fiddles most resemble? A violoncello (vile fellow).

What age is the most deceiving? The sausage.

What is that which by adding a letter to it will become smaller, but if you add nothing will grow larger? A hole in a stocking.

"What is it that sticks closer than a brother?" said a teacher to one of his class. "A postage stamp—by gum!" said the young incorrigible.

What was Eve made for? For Adam's Express Company.

What is that which belongs to yourself, yet is used by everybody? Your name.

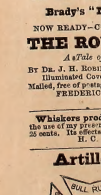
What tune we did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, and which read the same backwards and forwards? Madam, I'm Adam.

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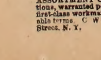
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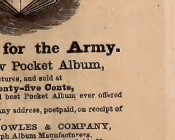
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NEWSPAPER

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THE WAR IN LOUISIANA.—VIEW OF NATCHITOCHES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. DONVILL.—SEE PAGE 102.



THE WAR IN TENNESSEE.—REBEL MASSACRE OF THE UNION TROOPS AFTER THE SURRENDER AT FORT PILLOW, APRIL 12.—SEE PAGE 103.

Barnum's American Museum.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

THE guerillas, the vermin that swarm in advance of the movements of the rebel armies, are now very active in Virginia. A body appeared on the 17th at Sulphur Springs.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The feeling of opposition to the Davis tyranny is spreading through the State. Rebel conscription officers in the western part of the State have been hung by the people. Holden's election as Governor seems almost certain.

To sustain its falling power, the rebel Government has made a tremendous effort to check the Union feeling, but to drive them to desperation.

On the 17th, with a force numbering from 5,000 to 10,000, they made a sudden attack on Plymouth. The 12th New York cavalry met and drove back the rebel horse. Gen. Wessels is prepared to defend Plymouth to the last.

Fort Gray, two miles from Plymouth, on the Roanoke, was first attacked, but it was resolutely defended by Capt. Brown, 85th N. Y., and the Miami, Capt. Flusser, with the Rutter, Whitehead, Lockwood and Bombshell steamed up and poured shot and shell into the rebel ranks. The enemy, after being three times repulsed with terrible loss, drew off.

After the attack on Fort Gray was repulsed the gunboat Bombshell ran up Roanoke river, to look out for the rebel ram, but was attacked by a rebel battery. On the 18th, about 3 P. M., the ram came down, passed the Union batteries, ran into and sank the gunboat Bombshell. The gunboat Miami fired at her, but the shell rebounded, killing Captain Flusser. The ram holds the river. Plymouth is cut off from relief, and, as the rebels state, was captured by storm on the 20th. Brigadier-General A. F. Hoke, the rebel commander, is said to have taken 1,600 prisoners and 25 pieces of artillery, besides immense stores.

KENTUCKY.

Gen. Shackleford and several citizens were captured by Bennett's guerillas at Madisonville, but subsequently released.

From Eastern Kentucky we learn that the rebels have been defeated in two fights on the Licking river. The rebels attacked the Union forces at Paintville on the 12th and were repulsed, after which the Unionists pursued the enemy, and on the 14th surprised their camp at Half mountain. The result of the movement was the killing and wounding of 85 rebels and the capture of 70 others, besides 200 horses, 400 saddles, 300 stand of arms, camp equipage, etc. Col. Clay is among the prisoners.

A party of rebels attempted to enter Kentucky at Pound gap on Tuesday, but were driven back by the 45th Kentucky mounted infantry.

LOUISIANA.

After the affair at Crump's hill, Gen. Banks advanced on the enemy's position at Pleasant hill. On the 8th he came up with them at Sabine crossroads, where the enemy, under Kirby Smith, Magruder, Holmes and Taylor were defeated with a loss of 1,000.

Being short of rations Banks recalled the fleet, which was nearing Shreveport. On its way down it was attacked, and in this battle the rebels lost Gen. Green, and 600 men. Green's head was carried off by a shell.

Meanwhile Banks advanced to Pleasant hill, where, after a primary check, his troops under Gen. A. J. Smith finally routed the enemy, who lost very heavily. Gens. Mouton and Parsons being among the killed.

A fight took place at Gov. Johnson's plantation recently, in which the rebels were repulsed, losing 20 prisoners, four officers and $10,000 worth of smuggled goods.

ARKANSAS.

Capt. Phelps, of the gunboat No. 26, on the 4th of April, captured a rebel mail carrier near Crockett's Bluff, Arkansas, with 500 letters and 60,000 percussion caps for Gen. Price.

NAVAL.

The blockade-runner Alliance was recently captured on the Savannah river.

CONGRESS.

THE Senate, on the 18th, was engaged nearly all day on the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill. The appropriations for the Agricultural Department, which had been reduced $50,000 by the Finance Committee, were restored to the House figures. There was quite a lively debate between Mr. Fessenden, the chairman of the Finance Committee, and Mr. Sherman, chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, in reference to these appropriations. Mr. Fessenden lectured Mr. Sherman and the Senate at large for thwarting the efforts of the Finance Committee to reduce the appropriations, and Mr. Sherman, Mr. Wade, Mr. Grimmer, Mr. Spinner, was incensed to $6,000, and other salaries in his bureau to the extent heretofore recommended.

In the House, the National Bank bill was passed, by a vote of 78 against 61. The Internal Tax bill was next made the special order for to-day. Resolutions in favor of increasing the duties on articles of luxury imported from rebel States, and of prohibiting all trade in, and also in favor of repressing the circulation of State Bank or tax notes, were agreed to. The latter by a vote of 63 against 56. Mr. Stevens made three attempts to obtain a suspension of the rules in order that a joint resolution increasing temporarily the duty on imports 50 per centum for 60 days might be considered; but the opposition enabled them to defeat the motion, and the necessary two-thirds vote consequently could not be obtained. This proposition was designed to meet the difficulty now threatening the country of gold by large purchases abroad in anticipation of a revision of the tariff and increase of duties.

In the Senate, on the 19th, several unimportant measures were discussed. The bill repealing all laws relating to the remitting of fines, etc., due to their owners was then taken up and passed to a third reading. When, however, the vote on the final passage of the bill was about to be taken, Mr. Sherman moved to except the law of 1795, and after considerable debate upon the motion was beaten by a vote of 24 against 17. Mr. Conness moved to lay the bill on the table. This was negatived—9 yeas to 31 nays.

In the House, there was no business of any interest transacted.

In the Senate, on the 20th, a joint resolution was introduced by Mr. Harris, providing for the taking of the decennial census in 1865 by the States. The question of appointing a Committee of Conference on the Missouri difficulties was discussed, but no conclusion reached. The bill repealing the Fugitive Slave law was taken up, and debated by Messrs. Foster, Sumner and Brown, until the hour of adjournment.

In the House, the day session was occupied in considering the Tax bill. No question of importance to the country was considered and passed upon. During the evening session, the new silver coin and the new two cent pieces were passed. The bill for reconstructing the Louisiana State Government, introduced by Mr. Ashley, and Messrs. Norton, of Illinois, and Bicconnell, of Pennsylvania, spoke in favor of it.

In the Senate, on the 21st, the House bill for the relief of pensioners, passed by rebel troops or guerillas was passed. The bill to establish a Navy Yard on Carson's bay, near Dalles city, Oregon, was taken up, and an amendment offered by Mr. Harlan struck out all after the enacting clause, and the subject was laid aside. The consideration was then resumed on the bill for the relief of Indian wars, resumed, and Mr. Van Winkle made a speech in favor of the bill. Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Wade, Mr. Sherman and one of the States of the Union were also heard upon the subject. The bill providing that no person found in any Territory or in the District of Columbia who is capable of bearing arms, and who refuses to serve or to have substituted in his stead, shall be entitled to vote, was then passed over the veto of the President. Bank bill, which had not been finally disposed of when the House bill was recently passed the House, with amendments, the only important one being the striking out the provision requiring the transfer of the capital, circulation and securities to the banks by 1st of September, and the business of the banks by 1st of next year; each half year, and duty of one-half of the capital stock to be assessed and after January, 1865, upon the average amount of circulation, and only upon one-quarter of one per cent. each half year upon the average amount of capital stock beyond the amount secured in United States bonds.

In the House, the Printing Committee made a report designed to cause a thorough revision of the publication of the *Congressional Globe*. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Tax bill, and completed it as far as the 70th section. Several Amendments of a verbal character and inquiries on hand were offered, and rejected; both propositions to increase the duty on whisky after the 1st of May, instead of the 1st of July, was agreed to.

In the Senate, on the 22d, the bill providing for the relief of Indian wars was passed. The bill providing a revenue of $150,000,000 by a system of internal tariff neither affords revenue to the Government nor encouragement to the industry of the people. Providing a bureau of military justice, consisting of Judge Advocate-General Holt and Assistant Judge Advocates, was passed. The Army Appropriation bill has been taken up and a number of amendments including one giving colored troops, after the 1st of January next, the same pay and allowances, except bounty, as white soldiers, was adopted, and the bill was passed by a vote of 36 to —. Mr. Powell, of Kentucky.

The entire session of the House was occupied with the Tax bill in Committee of the Whole. Amendments increasing the tax on wholesale and retail liquor dealers, commercial brokers, passenger vessels, bowling alleys and billiard tables, builders and contractors, illuminating oils, petroleum, soda water and other beverages, iron and numerous other articles were adopted.

The Senate, on the 23rd, was not in session.

In the House, a bill was passed creating an additional Supervising Inspector of Steamboats for New Orleans and Board of Local Inspectors at Portland, Oregon, and at Memphis, Tenn. A resolution was adopted amending the fourth section of the Act of March 3, 1793, empowering United States Commissioners to take depositions in cases arising growing them with seals. The Committee who investigated the charges against Representative Blair, of Missouri, of speculating in cotton, while in military command in Missouri, reported that the charges that Mr. Blair had not violated any law. Some remarks followed of a personal character by Mr. Blair and his accuser, Mr. McClurg. The coup de grâce of the investigation was administered by Thaddeus Stevens, who resolved itself into a committee for that purpose.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In the English House of Lords the Marquis of Clanricarde called for the correspondence with the Confederate States in reference to the removal of the British Consul at Charleston, and the action of the government of English subjects in the rebel army. Earl Russell agreed to the motion, the words "except the letter of an officer in the United States navy," as to men having come on board the vessel without his knowledge, being left out. The Earl of Derby then called the attention of the American Minister to the reports of the fall of Richmond.

Mr. Brunseld, M. P., had resigned his seat in the House of Commons, and was about to be made a Peer. A requisition of his complicity with Maurice and Ernest Duncan, in the Confederate Government, Lord Palmerston, speaking on the subject, said that the "pursuit" was not a criminal one, and that it was essential to the best interests of Europe.

The Duke of Beaufort resigned his seat in the British Cabinet in consequence of continued ill health.

Parliament was received with great enthusiasm in England. He made a short speech at Southampton, which he was entertained, and proclaimed the fidelity of England to the cause of Italy.

The Danes have retired from Duppel and the Prussians had bombarded Sonderburg without having given any notice. Sonderburg was severely shelled, and many killed and wounded; that 1,500 shells had been thrown into the town, which was deserted, and that 50 houses had been burned. The siege lines against Duppel had been strengthened, and the bombardment for some days. Lord Palmerston stated that all the Powers had agreed to the assembling of a conference in London. He said, however that the Germanic Diet dissented.

Heenan, Sayers, Mace and other celebrities of the prize-ring pleased guilty to the English indictment against them for prize-fighting, and received from the King, Judgment was suspended, and they stand discharged to appear for sentence when called on.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Talk about the Fair.

AFTER three weeks of a brilliant life the great event of the season settled into a thing of the past on last Saturday night. It went out, not quietly but honored by crowds, and lulled by the sound of soft music, even to the moment when the doors were closed the vast buildings, but who were as little of sleep as a greedy of sight-seeing as ever. We cannot say that the receipts of the concluding week of the fair was sustained to the last, and perhaps may be making an underestimate when we say that from 25 cent paying crowd was admitted, the interest and attendance of the artistic department was large. The bad impression of shopkeeping, seemed to flag, and the democratic portion of the community was in many cases to a stare at the empty stalls or neglected ones. We think this should not have been, when it is considered that the whole of good time of the fair had amounts to a quarter of a million, and that our city has thousands of beautiful women who have given the best hours of the cares of those resigning, and kept up the interest and profit to the very latest moment. We will, however, drop the subject of commentation, and be disposed to regard the entire matter as a success, and that the Sanitary Commission numbered that its business management was not of the best, and that, with all the enthusiasm and chances of the beginning, the gross amount settled should have been increased by at least 50 per cent.

One of the Curiosities

Is the Police Department and its management, which is under the charge of Inspector Leonard. To the headquarters of this department, across the street of the building, all arrivals are brought lost by the visitors, and found by the police or any one else. Here, lately, have been brought articles of artistic from an old glove up to a camel's hair shawl valued at $700, and we believe unclaimed up to the closing of the fair. Here, too, are contained considerable amounts of money, from a five cent currency stamp, to a $20 gold piece. Here a score of the room is the receptacle for each odds and ends as overcoats, canes, handkerchiefs, gloves and matters appertaining to manly wear.

Among the Incidents

Of the week was the visit of Gen. Grant, the wife of the General, who quietly took a look through the buildings, registered a vote for McClellan on the ballot-box, and departed, as she came in the crowd without being run down by them.

The visit of Gen. Grant was also loudly announced his name as McClellan, on Wednesday evening, voted for Lincoln and Johnson, and was cheered to the echo into various spasmodic jerks varying in size through the day, and which, we understand, still had reached, by which time possibly it toiled out.

The Sanitary Commission had at one of its stands in the refreshment-room on Tuesday evening. A gentleman, apparently a Jerseyman, was there looking with admiring eyes upon a young lady attending the counter, when he called for a certain cakes, and received for a beer, ten cents each. He paid for the beer, and proceeded to the lady, handed to eat some of them, were it not for the trouble of taking off his gloves. The fair lady suggested that he should eat them with his gloves on, but to that he objected, as it would soil them. The next proposition emanating from the fair shopkeeper, who did not like to lose a customer, was that she should feed him, an offer that was accepted with an expression of countenance that plainly said, "You won't dare to do it." But the damsel was not to be taken stock, and with delicate diamond fingers she broke up the cakes and put them piece by piece into the mouth of the eater until the last piece was gone. It was a fair day's labor during, and as the job was done with perfect gravity, the purchaser could not help to be satisfied, and, after wiping his mouth, proffered a $3 greenback in payment, and received back $2 change. To the question as to how the treat was performed, he received answer that 10 cents each for the cakes made 30 cents, and 50 cents each for the labor performed in feeding, summed up $1! If he did not leave a wiser man he is a prouder one, by $2.

All about the Sword.

The voting upon the sword went steadily on through the week, until at the closing of the poll on Saturday evening, the 14th votes were registered; 8,007 for McClellan; 7,804 for Grant; and 123 scattering. Considering the excitement and interest there was, and among the voters were Mayor Gunther, who put down his name, James Gordon Bennett, who duly registered her name for 500, both for McClellan, while Mrs. John Jacob Astor cast 100 votes for Grant, Farragut on the naval sword.

On Friday the excitement seemed to gather force, and it was only with the greatest exertion that space could be kept clear for the voting book for the enthusiastic admirers of either General who thronged up with greenbacks for the rescue. Opinion was freely expressed, but all in good humor, and whoever tried to create a disturbance by offensive remarks soon had soon joked down. Every ten minutes the crowd was eager for fresh bulletins of the voting.

"Give us a bulletin!" shouted a tall individual connected with the police, and a loud shout from the crowd that voting.

"Give him a bullet in himself!" is the response of a little fellow, who has been suffering by the trampling on the gaffs for the last quarter of an hour.

"Here, I go for $10," says an enthusiastic admirer of Little Mac, and swung his arm that amount, "and I know they won't let my man get it."

"Little Mac, Little Mac!" shouts various voices.

"Little Mac, and I don't care who knows it," is the response.

"Too may bet he won't," is the answer, "that sword is going to stay where it is for Grant, and I'll bet you by the shape of the handle that it'll just fit his hand!"

Through the day a great deal of money was in by mail, many from the army, almost all of which went for McClellan.

It had been arranged by the committee having charge of the voting, that at 7 o'clock the book should close, and from that time until 8 o'clock the votes should be counted by the two rival committees upon and put in a box, at the end of which they would be sealed up, and the box, with its contents, safely of foul play, and created great dissatisfaction, from the number of ill-natured remarks, and threats of a foot to fet-head their favorite of the award.

On the closing of the poll the vote stood for McClellan 11,003, Grant 9,047, and scattering 184, McClellan's majority 1,956.

From that time until about dark the interest lingered, but was revived about the time of dusk for closing the box. Mysterious looking personages were seen approaching the table with rolls of paper, which proved to be votes, and which were duly registered, and one more the voting and talking went on. One gentleman, who had voted for McClellan, was received the largest vote, counting each name only as a vote, but counting as five votes the names in the course of the evening his office was repeated, but none were counted.

Still these mysterious individuals would steal up to the box, and, apparently with the utmost secrecy, deposit quietly away. The crowd seemed to have an instinct that some mischief was intended, and kept a sharp eye, and became proportionately excited.

As the hour of eight approached the crowd swelled and the buzz of voices increased. About all was the number of the Grant and McClellan committee, who stood, watch in hand, announcing the time and encouraging the voters.

"Twenty minutes to eight, gentlemen! Come on, gentlemen! Only 20 minutes, Lodge, don't be backward in coming forward," "Only 15 minutes now! Let everyone have his say! A minute's life that you haven't a chance." "Now, then, only five minutes remain!"

Every one was in a state of excitement, and the half-dripped dozen were cast around as though something might occur to the ground to make it. Some were driven from either of the favorites.

The clock struck eight to the hour, when a cary passed through the crowd, seized a seal and pencil, wrote a few words, enveloped it in a blank envelope, and with a smile dropped the last vote in the box, and the voting was over for the last time.

Then the committee retired and the counting began, and the result was announced in almost twice a dozen for one result. It was pointed to large letters on a board of paper and displayed to the crowd from the orchestra. It read: Total vote, 16,403; for Grant, 9,091; McClellan, 7,895; scattering, 16. Majority for Grant, 1,196.

The announcement brought forth a mingled flood of cheers, hisses, boolings and groans, and for some time the noise was deafening. Three cheers for Grant from the excited thousands, who seemed to give way to the excitement in every way, and then three for McClellan in noise and confusion the drum corps of the 22d regiment were called to the building for their lively inspiration, and soon succeeded in drowning all other noise. Long and loudly it rolled out on the crowd as would a heavy shower, scattering them in all directions.

Thus ended the mysterious affair. Men who had so quietly stolen to the ballot box were soon explained. Then it was all over, and the result was that 16,403 votes were only signed, "Loyal Men of New York," or "Loyal Men of Independence," one voting for $10,000 with the former signature.

The receipts for the week showed further comment. The savvy sword registered 902 votes, and was awarded to Major-General Rosecrans, by vote of a jority or 130.

Last evening o'clock the excitement rose once more, and as discussion grew warm and difficulty was feared, the police were on hand in force, but all was quiet, their way into the streets, and the great Fair became a thing of the past.

The receipts to three o'clock on the day of closing were $1,100, and the total for the whole week are sold, will, without doubt, foot up to $1,350,000.

And now for the Theatres.

The season of the latter has not been a good great. Avonia Jones has been doing "Camille" and "Mother Confessor" to crowded houses, and has made a decided sensation on the public. Tom week she brings out an entirely new play, entitled "The Governor's Wife." The Bowery Garden having passed into new hands, those of Messrs. Wood & Conrad, both practical managers, great things will soon be made, and the theatre put on a flowing with the best of the season.

Edwin Booth has been doing Raphael in that very fine play of "The Marble Heart," and has now decided in crowding the houses, for which we are sorry, as we think that this play unsuccessful. We fully capable of being replaced by something better.

Mrs. Barney Williams is announced for a benefit on fast for which we are sorry, and deprecate the public

Mrs. Wood sticks to "Lucy Lisa" and "Our Wife," at the Broadway, and is doing well.

Barnum has brought out "Custer's Cave," and a very good thing it is. We thought that the scenery contains all who wish to gather in it for six months to come. Mrs. Jane Coombs, who is a favorite, has another "Little Tom" mania is about to seize the public, and we think she will see Lucille and that will handy be worth hearing.

Burton has brought out her old admirers will hear of Mrs. Hoey's retirement from the Winter Garden, and that Burton's new theatre will be opened in June.

Saturday, the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth, great things were done in all the theatres for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund, and to raise money for a statue to the bard in Central Park. The most prominent features of the great things was "Romeo and Juliet" at Winter Garden, with Agnes Booth as Juliet, and Edwin James, late Queen's Consul, and now of our own bar, as

Friar Lawrence. It is unnecessary to say that the house was full and the thing well done. Mr. James has demonstrated that he would have made as good an actor as lawyer had fate so cast his lines.

Mr. Wheatley, at Niblo's, played Prince Hal to Hackett's Falstaff, while Mr. Wallack gave his cheque for $1,000, for the same good object. At noon upon the same day Mr. Hackett, assisted by representatives of the professions of art, literature and the stage, laid the corner-stone for the statue in Central Park.

Mr. Robert Heller inaugurated his new theatre of music and magic on Monday, and has drawn crowded houses. It is so long since New York has known a professor of the black art that one is now hailed as a novelty. Mr. Heller does his work cleverly, and has withal a pleasant, witty way upon the stage that is more than half the battle in entertaining an audience. He is a pianist of rare merit, and his opening night drew together many musicians of world-wide renown, curious to hear their brother artist, and pleased when they had heard him.

The Last Idea.

A joint stock company is about being formed in this city to construct a huge floating hotel. It is proposed to construct the monster on a flat boat 500 feet in length by 250 broad, and able to accommodate 1,000 people. This huge machine may be moored at one of our wharves, or be anchored in the stream. It may be towed up the river or down the bay, anchored beside the Palisades with planks ashore, or at the Fishing Banks with lines and bait on board. Having no rent to pay, they propose to take weekly or summer boarders low, and to publish in advance the programme of the week. A small steamboat and an abundance of row boats will be in constant attendance, and every convenience will be rendered those who have to attend business in the city. There have been worse ideas than this.

A New Sensation

is promised us in a few weeks in the shape of a wedding at the Academy of Music, under these circumstances: Before the breaking out of the war a young lady in this city was engaged to a Southern gentleman, who afterwards entered the rebel army, and at length, after various vicissitudes, has found his way to Fort Lafayette, where he is now. The young lady is intensely Union, but also intensely in love, and has through influence got permission from the powers that be to take her rebellious admirer out of his cage for a week or two, just long enough to marry him. It has been resolved to celebrate the affair at the Academy, at $3 each admission, and give the money to the Sanitary Commission.

With which very probable piece of gossip we close.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—J. Lathrop Motley, United States Minister to Vienna, has presented $300 to the Boston branch of the United States Sanitary Commission.

—— On the occasion of his recent benefit in Boston Count Joannes was, unexpectedly to himself, held responsible to the amount of $75 for the services of policemen, whose presence had been requested to preserve order in the immense assemblage which it was expected would be present.

—— In the United States Court at Wheeling, on the 14th April, judgments were rendered against Albert G. Jenkins, the celebrated guerilla General—one for $5,525, and the other for $100,000. Capt. W. C. Thorpe testified that he was robbed by Jenkins in Jackson county, on the 3d of September last, of $5,525. The Captain exhibited the following receipt for the money which he received at the time:

Headquarters Cavalry Brigade, Ripley, Jackson county, Va., Sept. 3, 1863.

At the request of Capt. W. C. Thorne, of the Thirteenth United States Infantry, I certify that I have taken from him the sum of $5,525 in United States Treasury notes, the property of the United States Government.

A. G. JENKINS, Brig.-Gen., Commanding.

The other claim was for the destruction of Government property in Buckhannon, Upshur county, in September, 1862, during the Jenkins's raid of that fall. Several witnesses testified that Jenkins's men destroyed at least $250,000 worth of property, consisting of arms and Quartermaster and Commissary stores, and that the rebels left the streets of the town strewed with hundreds of bags of coffee and beans. As above stated, judgments were rendered for the Government in both cases.

—— According to the City Inspector's report, there were 441 deaths in the city during the week ending April 16—a decrease of 31 as compared with the mortality of the week previous, and nine less than occurred during the corresponding week last year.

—— The annual election of officers of the Tammany Society took place on the 18th ult at Tammany Hall. The following were the successful candidates: Sachems—Isaac Bell, Daniel E. Delavan, Charles G. Cornell, Matthew T. Brennan, Douglas Taylor, Peter B Sweeny, John E Develin, William M. Tweed. James B. Nicholson, Edward Cooper, John T. Hoffman, Albert Cardozo, John Clancy. Treasurer, Henry Vandewater. Secretary, Casper C. Childs. Sagamore, George S Messerve. Wiskinskie, Stephen C. Duryea.

—— The number of inmates in the public institutions of the city now is 6,337, a decrease of 14 for the past week. The number admitted was 1,427, and the number who died, were discharged or transferred was 1,441. The Commissioners of Charities and Correction have agreed to erect a county inebriate asylum, in pursuance of a law passed by the Legislature. The site of the institution will probably be on Ward's Island.

—— Jeff Davis would make a first-class publisher. The printers in Atlanta, Georgia, having struck for more wages, he immediately ordered them all to be conscripted into the rebel army at $15 a month, Confederate currency. The result is, that the four newspapers in which that city once rejoiced have been suspended.

—— Gov. Seymour has signed the Soldiers' Voting bill.

—— The gold market has remained in a very quiescent state all the week, ranging from 162 to 176. Exchange on London 191—thus nearly doubling the price of every imported article, without reference to the new tariff.

—— The London *Times*, which has been discouraging the emigration to America of the Irish, now says: "It is better to encourage emigration than to maintain these people at the expense of the Government." Just so, as an able bodied laborer can earn more in a day in this country than he can in a week in Ireland, the inducement to go abroad is not to be resisted. The bill before Congress to encourage immigration will add largely to the numbers already on the way here.

—— A new religious sect, called "Come-outers," has broken out in Pleasant Valley, Connecticut. Their belief is "perfect life, the only passport to immortality." The members generally consider themselves "elected."

—— The number of dead in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg is said to be 3,512. The highest amount of money found on any one person was $36. The various memoranda, diaries, etc., taken from the persons are under the charge of Mr. Daniel Weaver, the superintendent of removal. But two silver and one gold watch were found.

—— It is thought that Congress will remain in session until the 1st June.

—— Gen. Lee asked, by flag of truce, if the orders of Col. Dahlgren, as published in the Richmond papers, are genuine. Kilpatrick answered with a flat denial.

—— President Lincoln has approved the act extending for two years, from its date, the time within which the States and Territories may accept the grants of land donated for the establishment of colleges for the benefit of agricultural and the mechanical arts. West Virginia is included within the provisions of the law.

Southern.—The people of western North Carolina recently hung several Confederate officers and soldiers for attempting to enforce the conscription act.

—— The approaching gubernatorial election in North Carolina is causing considerable uneasiness among the friends of Mr. Jefferson Davis. The Raleigh *Confederate* says that its result depends altogether upon the success of the rebel armies in the approaching campaign.

—— As an evidence of the change in public opinion which this war has wrought, we need only refer to the parade, lately, of three colored regiments in Baltimore; and more, these same troops are a portion of Maryland's quota.

Military.—As a proof of how much accident has to do with the war, the Washington *Star*, of April 9, says: "Yesterday, Capt. E. T. Sullivan, of the 2d Texas cavalry, presented himself at the Provost-Marshal's office in this city, and asked permission to take the oath prescribed in the President's Amnesty Proclamation, which request was granted, and he was furnished with transportation to Philadelphia. Sullivan has a wife and one child residing in Texas, where he owns 46 slaves and a plantation of 600 acres. From his statement, it appears in March, 1861, he was commissioned a 1st Lieut. in the 2d Texas cavalry, and that in May, 1862, he was promoted to a Captaincy. He was in nine battles, and at Murfreesbro' was wounded and taken prisoner. On the 7th of July, 1863, he was exchanged, went home and joined his regiment; but hearing that three of his brothers were in the Union army, determined to fight no more against the United States Government. After repeated efforts, he succeeded in making his way into the Union lines at Frederick, Mo., on Friday last, and from there proceeded to this city."

—— The President has commuted the sentence of death, recently passed upon several deserters, into imprisonment on the Dry Tortugas during the war.

—— Gen. Grant has been very busy inspecting the various corps of the Potomac army during the past week. He was highly pleased with their appearance and discipline.

Personal.—A Northern man, who has just escaped from Wilmington, gives to the editor of the *New Regime*, at Norfolk, the following statement respecting Mr. and Mrs. Mallory: "I lived within a few doors of Mr. Mallory, the Confederate States Secretary of the Navy. His wife, a Spanish lady, is most anxious to reach the State of Massachusetts, where her sister now is living. The Secretary and his lady are actually very poor, so poor that when guests were at their house they usually had to borrow from us table equipage, and that of the simplest. During a temporary absence I made the Secretary welcome to the milk of my solitary cow, and he esteemed it, for his wife's sake, an exceedingly great kindness."

—— Henry Ward Beecher has purchased of Mr. J. S. Abbott, of South Royalston, Vt., a fine pair of bay Morgan horses for $600.

—— Mrs. Gen. Grant visited the Sanitary Fair on the 22d April, and voted for Gen. McClellan in the sword contest.

—— Mrs. Douglas, the Senator's widow, has sent a written denial that she is engaged as clerk in the Treasury Department.

—— John Hoey paid $1,000 for a pair of vases at the Sanitary Fair.

—— Mrs. Jessie Fremont sent the following telegram to a gentleman in San Francisco, on hearing of the death of the Rev. Starr King: "Put violets for me on the coffin of our dear friend who sleeps."

—— Frank Vizetelly, the correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, has returned to England from the rebel States, where he has been for nearly two years. His opinion is that the South will never be conquered. The women keep alive the warlike spirit.

Obituary.—Mrs. Harriet D. Field, wife of David Dudley Field, died at her residence, in Gramercy Park, on the 22d April, of bilious fever, produced by exhaustion from her severe labors in behalf of the Sanitary Fair. It is only a few days ago that we were called upon to announce the death of Mrs. Kirkland from a similar cause.

—— Dr. Holmes, of Calais, Maine, a brother-in-law of Vice-President Hamlin, died suddenly, while visiting a patient. He had been troubled for some time with heart disease, which probably caused his death.

—— Julius Izard Pringle, Esq., who died recently at Rome, Italy, was a man of fortune, from Charleston, S. C., and one of the most accomplished luxuriasts of the last half century.

—— Alexander Calame, of Geneva, Switzerland, one of the grandest landscape artists on the Continent, is dead. Calame, though chiefly known in the United States by the lithographs and etchings of his remarkable "Studies in the Alps," was one of the most successful *paysagists*, as the French say, where mountains are concerned, in modern times. His *chef d'œuvres* are mostly to be found in the collections of the Emperors of Russia and of the French, of the Queen of England and the King of Prussia.

Accidents and Offences.—Hon. A. T. Galt, of Canada, was recently done out of $2,000 by H. T. Machin, an agent of his, to whom he gave a blank cheque, to be filled out to meet a draft for a small amount about due.

—— The Cincinnati papers report great excitement there in consequence of the disappearance, between two days, of Messrs. Bodwell & Co., commission merchants, who seem to have acquired unlimited credit in some mysterious way, and to have improved their opportunities by forgetting to pay their bills. They are supposed to have gone to Canada.

—— Rev. J. L. Jonson, a colored clergyman, who was arrested at Clifton, Canada, last January, upon a charge of trying to induce negroes to enlist, has just been released, for the very simple reason that no one appeared to prefer charges against him.

—— There was a large fire in Lowell, Mass., on the 20th, in the Wamiset Steam Mill, used for various kinds of wood work.

—— On Wednesday night, the 20th April, a passenger train on the Lebanon Valley railroad (Penn.) had an accident, at the junction of the North Lebanon road, in consequence of the malicious shifting of a switch. The locomotive was broken up and the baggage car and one passenger car thrown off the track. The engineer, Thomas Gabriel, was badly scalded. No one else was injured.

—— The Adamantine Candle Works of C. H. Grant & Co., on 23d and Hamilton streets, Philadelphia, were entirely destroyed by fire on the 20th. Loss, $100,000; mostly insured. The firm did an extensive business, shipping 18,000 boxes of candles per month to California.

—— A raft was recently discovered to be on fire while passing down the Susquehanna river. Persons from the shore finally reached her, when they found three men on board, one burned to a crisp and the other two insensible. Nothing could be learned of them; but it is supposed that the raft took fire while they were asleep, or under the influence of liquor.

Foreign.—The last foreign mail settles the question of the safety of Dr. Livingstone, the African explorer, who was reported to have been killed by the natives on the Zambesi. The British war sloop Rapid has brought a letter from Bishop Tozer, dated Murchison (at the Luabo, mouth of the Zambesi river), on the 21st December, which states that Dr. Livingston had come back from his expedition up the country, and arrived at the foot of Murchison falls in November, and they intended to come down the river as soon as the water rose sufficiently to get the Pioneer down. Dr. Livingstone and the Bishop and the party were well in health. The mission party also intended to leave the country, as it appeared an unsuitable field, and would return to England by the Cape. The Bishop and his clergymen, however, were to visit the Governor of Mozambique.

—— A livery-stablekeeper, of London, was recently swindled out of five shillings and two glasses of gin and water by a man who represented himself to be Lord John Russell, in a great hurry, and on his way to Windsor, to see the Queen.

—— Mazzini has addressed a letter to the London *Times*, in which he exonerates Mr. Stansfeld, Member of Parliament, from any connection with the recent attempts upon Napoleon's life.

Chit-Chat.—Lieut. James Hutchinson, of the Veteran Reserve Corps, tells a story of Gen. Grant. Lieut. Hutchinson is stationed in Washington, and a few days since was on duty as Officer of the Day at the War Department. An order was in force which forbade smoking in the building, and the sentries were instructed to enforce it. It so happened that among those who called to see Gen. Halleck was Lieut.-Gen Grant, who approached the door confidently, cigar in mouth, expecting, doubtless, to pass without question: but the veteran soldier on guard knew his duty better. Bringing his piece down to a charge, he barred the General out, and informed him, respectfully, that he couldn't go in and keep his cigar! The Lieutenant-General is too good a disciplinarian to dispute such a point; so he yielded, threw the obnoxious weed away and went in. After his departure an order came down from Gen. Halleck rescinding the order about smoking, so far as it affected army officers!

—— George Francis Train caused quite a flutter in the breast of the clerk who has charge of the sword voting. Going up to that sanguine individual he introduced himself, and saying he wished to vote for Gen McClellan, asked the clerk if he had a blank check. The clerk said he had not, but would get one, whereupon Geo. Francis said, "Never mind; I won't trouble you," and then magnificently taking out a dollar, voted for McClellan.

—— Two of *mots* Thackeray, not before in print, appeared in the last number of *Fraser*: "Being told that an acquaintance of his, who was notorious for his love of beer, had sailed for India, he said: 'He was a good fellow. Take him for half-and-half, we shall not look upon his like again!'" On his introduction to one of the Harpers in New York, Thackeray had joked with him on the American contempt for copyright, and when he went into the drawing-room he took a little girl whom he found playing there on to his knee, and, gazing at her with feigned wonder, said in solemn tones, "And this is a pirate's daughter!"

—— A daguerrean artist in Manchester, New Hampshire, one day last week, having overheard part of a conversation between two ladies, impudently intruded himself upon their privacy, and made himself so obnoxious that the ladies have sent a statement to the Manchester *Daily Union*, as a warning to those who might wish their pictures taken.

—— A Bavarian professor announces that in 1865 a comet shall come so close as to endanger this our earth; and should it not attach itself to the earth as one globule of quicksilver to another, nor annihilate us, the sight will be most beautiful to behold. During three nights we shall have no darkness, but be bathed in the brilliant light of the blazing train.

—— In one Rhode island regiment are 14 brothers named Postly. Four of them are twins.

—— In a private letter to the editor of the Washington *Republican*, from the army, the writer tells a story of one of the farmers in the vicinity of Culpeper, whose possessions lay in a district where both armies have foraged. The old chap one day, while surveying ruefully the streaks in the soil where his fences once stood, remarked with much feeling: "I hain't took no sides in this yer rebellion, but I'll be dog gorned if both sides hain't took me."

—— The well-known romance in Nina, by Paesiello, better known to English readers as "Hope told a flattering Tale," is an arrangement of one of the ancient Italian melodies supposed to be of Greek origin, and sung by the half-savage peasantry of Southern Italy—a kind of music which Paesiello was wont to collect.

—— The annual report of the Department for Registration for Births, Deaths and Marriages mentions two cases where parties were married between 70 and 80 years of age, and one in which the happy customer was between 80 and 90. Surely this is encouraging to those who were heretofore looked upon as hopeless cases.

THE MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW.

A massacre, savage in conception, savage in execution, and savage in its bold endorsement by the rebels at the South and their minions at the North, has horrified the land.

Gen. Sherman telegraphs that after the capture last week of Fort Pillow, near Columbus, by Forrest's raiding rebel force, 300 of our colored soldiers, whom their commander had surrendered as prisoners of war, including those who had been wounded in the defence, were butchered in cold blood by their captors.

The Cairo Correspondent of the Associated Press adds that five of them were buried alive. Four of these were among the wounded; while the fifth was compelled to help dig the pits, and then tumbled in and covered up. The correspondent adds that Gen. Chalmers gave notice that no quarter was henceforth to be given to "home-made" Yankees—that is, to Southern Unionists, white or black.

The correspondent of the St. Louis *Union* telegraphs that of 350 colored soldiers who were engaged in the defence but 56 are left alive, and that every one of their (white) officers was killed. Also, that the rebels went over the field the morning after the fight, and killed every wounded negro who was not already dead. Many of our wounded, he adds, were shot in the hospital, which was finally burned. Gen. Chalmers told the *Union* correspondent that he had endeavored to stop this butchery of prisoners, but that it was contrary to the policy of his Government to spare negro soldiers or their (white) officers, and that he considered that policy right! Another rebel officer observed that our white troops would have been protected from butchery if they had not been found fighting side by side with negroes!

This correspondent was on board the Union steamboat Platte Valley, which was passing up the Mississippi on the day after the capture, and was hailed under a flag of truce by the rebels, and invited to take away such of our wounded as had been left alive. That white as well as black soldiers were massacred by the rebels after all resistance had ceased—that black women, and children not more than eight years old, were slaughtered like sheep—is attested by the passengers on the Platte Valley. Some of our officers on board that steamboat are reported to have fraternised with Chalmers and his murdering subordinates, treating them with abundant courtesy and whiskey. Fifty-seven in all, out of a garrison of 600, were brought away wounded by the Platte Valley—only seven or eight of them colored; but 200 in all are said to have been saved. Of the 57, eight died before the steamboat reached Cairo.

A correspondent thus describes the battle and its hellish afterpiece: "We have gleaned the facts of the fight from authentic sources, and they may be relied upon as truthful. The rebels, under Forrest, appeared and drove in the pickets about sunrise on Tuesday morning. The garrison of the fort consisted of about 200 of the 13th Tennessee volunteers and 400 negro artillery, all under command of Major Booth. The gunboat No. 7 was also in the river. The rebels first attacked the two outer forts, and in several attempts to charge were repulsed. They were constantly reinforced, and extended their lines to the river on both sides of the fort. The garrison in the two outer forts were at length overpowered by superior numbers, and about noon evacuated them and retired to the fort on the river. Here the fight was maintained with great obstinacy and continued till about four P.M. The approach to the fort from the rear is over a gentle declivity, cleared and fully exposed to a raking fire from two sides of the fort.

"About 30 yards from the fort is a deep ravine, running all along the front, and so steep at the bottom as to be hidden from the fort and not commanded by its guns. The rebels charged with great boldness down the declivity, and faced without blanching a murderous fire from the guns and small arms of the fort, and crowded into the ravine, where they were sheltered from fire by the steep bank which had been thus left by some unaccountable neglect or ignorance. Here the rebels organized for a final charge upon the fort, after sending a flag of truce with a demand for a surrender, which was refused. The approach from the ravine was up through a deep, narrow gully and the steep embankments of the fort. The last charge was made about four P.M., by the whole rebel force, and was successful, after a most desperate and gallant defence. The rebel army was estimated at from 2,000 to 4,000, and succeeded by mere force of numbers.

"The gunboat had not been idle, but guided by signals from the fort, poured upon the rebels a constant stream of shot and shell. She fired 260 shells, and, as testified to by those who could see, with marvellous precision and with fatal effect. Major Booth, who was killed near the close of the fight, conducted the defence with great coolness, skill and gallantry. His last signal to the boat was: 'We are hard pressed and shall be overpowered.' He refused to surrender, however, and fought to the last. By the uniform and voluntary testimony of the rebel officers, as well as the survivors of the fight, it is certain that the negro artillery regiments fought with the bravery and coolness of veterans, and served the guns with skill and precision. They did not falter nor flinch until at the last charge, when it was evident they would be overpowered, they broke and fled towards the river, and here commenced the most barbarous and cruel outrages that ever the fiendishness of rebels have perpetrated during the war.

"After the rebels were in undisputed possession of the fort, and the survivors had surrendered, they commenced the indiscriminate butchery of all the Union soldiery. The colored soldiers threw down their guns and raised their arms in token of surrender, but not the least attention was paid to it. They continued to shoot down as they found. A number of them, finding no quarter was given, ran over the bluff to the river, and tried to conceal themselves under the bank and in the bushes, were pursued by the rebel savages, and implored them to spare their lives. Their appeals were made in vain, and they were all shot down in cold blood and in full sight of the gunboat, chased and shot them down as they would dogs. I passed up the bank of the river and counted 50 dead strewed along. One had crawled into a hollow log and was killed in it; another had got over the bank in the river, and got on to a board that ran out into the water. He lay on it, on his face, with his feet in the water. He laid there when exposed stark and stiff. Several had tried to hide in crevices made by the falling bank, and could not be seen without difficulty, but they were singled out and killed.

"From the best information I could get, the white soldiers were, to a very considerable extent, treated in the same way. One of the 13th Tennessee on board—D. W. Harrison—informs me that after the surrender he was below the bluff, and one of the rebels presented a pistol to shoot him. He told him he had surrendered, and requested him not to fire. He spared him, and directed him to go up the bluff to the fort. Harrison asked him to go before him, or he would be shot by others, but he told him to go along. He started, and had not proceeded far before he met a rebel who presented his pistol. Harrison begged him not to fire, but paying no attention to his request, he fired and shot him through the shoulder, and another shot him in the leg. He fell, and while he lay, unable to move, another came along and was about to fire again, when Harrison told him he was badly wounded twice, and implored him not to fire. He asked Harrison if he had any money. He said he had a little money and a watch. The rebel took from him his watch and $90 in money, and left him. Harrison is probably fatally wounded.

"Several such cases have been related to me, and, I think, to a great extent, the whites and negroes were indiscriminately murdered. The rebel Tennesseeans have about the same bitterness against the Tennesseeans in the Union army as against the negroes. I was told by a rebel officer that Gen Forrest shot one of his men and cut another with his sabre who were shooting prisoners. It may be so, but he is responsible for the conduct of his men, and Gen. Chalmers stated publicly, while on the Platte Valley, that, though he did not encourage or countenance his men in shooting down negro captives, yet that it was right and justifiable."

The President, who overlooked previous massacres, has publicly declared that when official accounts of the affair arrive there shall be retaliation. We trust this shall be so; otherwise the troops, mocked by a Government that uses them and then allows them to be slaughtered, will rush on the places where the rebel prisoners are confined and wipe out in indiscriminate slaughter the account of Fort Pillow.

The Museum of Monarchs.—The Emperor Napoleon III. has established at the Louvre, already so rich in curiosities and treasures of art, a museum of monarchs. Here will be collected all the personal memorials which can be secured of the sovereigns who have ruled over France. Among those now to be seen in this interesting collection are the following: Arms and fragments of royal ornaments belonging to Childeric; a curule chair of Dagobert; the prayerbook, sceptre and sword of Charlemagne; the brevary and baptismal vase of St. Louis; the armor worn by Francis I. on the famous field of Pavia; the prayerbook of Mary Stuart, Queen of Francis II; the helmet and shield, splendidly inlaid, of the monster Charles IX.; the armor of Henri Quatre; the locksmith's tools of the hapless Louis XVI.; the crown worn by Napoleon I. at his coronation.

Sir Walter Scott, on lending a book to a friend, begged that he would not fail to return it, adding, good-humoredly: "Although most of my friends are bad arithmeticians, they are all good book-keepers!"

This jest of Sir Walter's reminds us of some poet's witty verses, entitled "The Art of Book-keeping," from which we give a few stanzas:

"I, of my Spenser quite bereft,
Last winter sore was shaken;
Of Lamb I've but a quarter left,
Nor could I save my Bacon.

"They picked my Locke, to me far more
Than Bramah's patent worth;
And now my losses I deplore,
Without a Home on earth.

"They still have made me slight returns,
And thus my grief divide;
For, oh! they cured me of my Burns,
And eased my Akenside.

"But all I think I shall not say,
Nor let my anger burn;
For as they have not found me Gay,
They have not left me Sterne."

Correcting his Orthography.—In a competitive examination held for the purpose of appointing fit persons to some of the Government offices, one of the candidates inadvertently spelt the word Venice with two *n's*; thus "Vennice." The examiner, an Englishman, but not always a correct speaker, sternly inquired:

"Do you not know, sir, that there is but one *hen* in Venice?"

"Then, eggs must be very scarce there," was the ready reply. The candidate passed.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—GEN. LEE'S CAVALRY FORDING CANE RIVER, MARCH 31.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOSWELL.—SEE PAGE 102.

THE PLAZA DE HIDALGO, MATAMORAS, MEXICO.

MATAMORAS has always been an object of interest to Americans since the time of the Mexican war. It became a town on our frontier, giving us the daily spectacle of civil war and commotion. During the present war it has thriven wonderfully, being the depot of a great cotton trade. While the rebels held Texas this traffic was carried on directly from Brownsville. The occupation of that town, however, compelled the rebels to cross with their cotton at Piedras Negras and Eagle pass, up the river. The cotton was then carted down to Matamoras. The recent occupation of Eagle pass will tend still more to break this up.

We give a sketch of the cathedral of Matamoras and of the square in front of it, called the Plaza de Hidalgo, in honor of the heroic priest who initiated the struggle for liberty. The signs of the stores show the mixture of Spanish and English. The sign of Ambler & Anderson and one with an inviting air, "Billiards," are relieved by one in the background, "Ropas Hechas."

MR. Rock, the player, once advised a scene shifter to get a subscription on receiving an accident. A few days after he desired the man to show him the list of names, which he read, and returned to the poor fellow, who, with some surprise, said:

"Why, Mr. Rock, won't you give us something?"

"Is it me you mean?" says Rock; "why, zounds! man, didn't I give you the hint?"



SKETCHES OF ARMY LIFE—WEIGHING OUT RATIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 103.



THE PLAZA DE HIDALGO, MATAMORAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOSWELL.

THE SOUTH WIND.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

OH, the light south wind!
It brought us the odor of orange bowers,
Of citron trees and of all rare flowers,
As we sat by our doors in summery hours,
Did the light south wind.



Oh, the sweet south wind!
It brought us the oriole's love-breathing note,
The paroquet's praise of his pretty green coat,
The carols that rush from the mockingbird's throat,
Did the sweet south wind.

Oh, the loud south wind!
It brought the rude song and the African's jest,
It brought us—oh, shame!—his deep sighs of unrest,
When the foot of his master bore hard on his breast,
Did the loud south wind.

Oh, the wild south wind!
It brought us the murmurs of bitterness first,
Then threats of the traitor (for ever accurst),
And the hum of a tempest just ready to burst,
Did the wild south wind.

Oh, the mad south wind!
It brought us the surge of a battle maelström,
The cracking of rifles, the cannon's deep boom,
The crashing of mortars, the thunders of doom,
Did the mad south wind.

Oh, the sad south wind!
It told us anew the dark story of Cain,
Rehearsing, to grieve us, again and again,
The groans of the dying, the dirge for the slain,
Did the sad south wind.

Oh, the glad south wind!
It brings the sweet bugle-note, piercing and strong,
Proclaiming the triumph of Right over Wrong,
And we lift up our voices to join in the song,
Of the glad south wind.

Married Four Days without Knowing it!

MARRIED four days without knowing it! Was such a thing ever heard of? I fancy not; it wouldn't agree with the eternal fitness of things. Nevertheless, I was married in broad daylight, in full possession of my senses, and was not aware of the happy fact until four days afterwards! How did it happen? Ah, dear reader, it is just my purpose to relate that:

My father's patronymic was Dimple, and I was the only little Dimple that he and my mother could boast of. My father died four years before I attained my majority, and I fell heir to The Willows, a goodly fortune and large share of inherent bashfulness; inherent, I say, because my worthy mother often told me that my father was the most bashful young man that she ever met with. From the time of my father's death my mother lived very retired; indeed, so secluded was I from the outside world, that when manhood's years were upon me, and circumstances threw me into society, I found myself incapable of assuming the position due to me. I was possessed of talents, had an excellent education and much information, for I had been a great reader—my books had been my chief companions—yet with all my studying and reading I had neglected the great book of society, that book of so many types.

To be sure, I had some acquaintances—even a hermit knows somebody—yet these were made by no exertions on my part. I had no young lady friends; I belonged to no "set;" I knew no "jolly fellows;" and if I mention our minister and a few worthy church members, my teachers, persons with whom I had business transactions, and some ancient friends of my mother's, I will have enumerated all who were honored by having me notice them. In my usual intercourse with men I could proceed without embarrassment, but when "out," when in company—as I found it had to be after I had taken upon myself the ownership and management of our home—I was ill at ease; my conversational powers were of the poorest description; I was not affable, even at commonplace; and, knowing my failings, I strove to be as reticent and unassuming as possible. My blushing, stammering and confusion in the presence of ladies made me a butt for their sly ridicule, and my impressions of them were not flattering; I conceived them to be a flirting, affected set, who thought it womanly to measure their abilities by their conquests and apply the term "soft" to goodnatured gentlemen of modest dispositions. Alas, the string attached to my mother's apron had very strong ties for her boy!

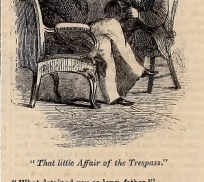
As a matter of course such game as myself was not to be neglected; my wings were well feathered, and the people knew it. In my walks, bows from obsequious individuals were plenty; professional men were "happy to meet" me; elderly gentlemen shook my hand in a fatherly manner, asking me to call and see them at their houses: "And you know, my dear Dimple, if I should not be home, why, the ladies will be only too glad to receive you." Enterprising mammas, prospecting for gold, thought me as rich a spot as they could strike on, and although their daughters were happy in ridiculing my failings, they would have been much happier had I paid court to them. Did I ever think of marrying? Oh, yes; but I had never seen a reality that would approach my ideal of a wife, and sometimes I blamed myself for looking for too much perfection. Invitations to call and invitations to parties were alike neglected, although my mother strove to persuade me to accept some of them, that I might rub off some of the rust of disuse; and I became more of a bookworm than ever, wishing for no other world than The Willows, no other society than that of the speakers of the silent language—my books.

At last, however, a circumstance transpired which materially altered the monotony of my life. A serious trespass on my property gave me occasion to consult Judge Walker, of Salem, who had been one of the executors of my father's will, and who had always been his legal adviser. On calling at his office one afternoon, I found that he was at court, presiding at a murder trial. My business was urgent, it would be imprudent to delay the matter too long, and as it was impossible to confer with the judge then, I concluded to wait and see him at his house during the evening. The Willows was a mile out of town, and the judge's residence was just half-way between. Eight o'clock found me at the wicket-gate that opened into the judge's garden, and there I stopped and shuddered—the judge had a daughter! I had forgotten that. What would I do? "Oh, never mind, my boy," said I, to myself; "ask for the judge, transact your business, and depart with a clear conscience." Certainly, just the idea.



According to Law—but no Clergyman.

Through the wicket-gate, up the gravel-walk, under the grapevine, and I was on the stoop. This was built in piazza style, and between its shadow, the darkness of the night and the want of a light in the hall, I had trouble in finding the knocker. A hard rap at this was soon answered by a pattering of feet, and a voice singing, "Charley is my darling." The door was hurriedly opened, and before I could speak a pair of arms were thrown about my neck, and a girlish voice said:



"That little Affair of the Trespass."

"What detained you so long, father?"

And a plump, warm cheek was pressed against mine, as if the owner was waiting to receive the paternal kiss.

This was a predicament for a bashful man. I had never kissed a young lady in my life, and now to have a handsome girl's arms about my neck and a pair of lips so close to mine was rather—well, it was more than I had bargained for. I was embarrassed, yet I admit that I actually thought of giving her a loving hug and a kiss, and then beg her pardon and tell her that I mistook her for my mother. As I said, I was embarrassed, and it was not until the arms were taken from my neck, my fair embracer saying, "Why, father, what is the matter?" that I found words to explain myself.

"My dear young lady—a—that is, Miss Walker, your father is not me; you must—a—or at least I must—"

At this juncture the appearance of a servant with a light put an end to my elaborate apology, and discovered me with hat in hand trying to articulate something, and Miss Walker standing a beautiful picture of confusion. She had retreated a few steps, but had neither screamed nor fainted; her curls were slightly disordered; her cheeks were covered with womanly blushes; and a startled expression was on her face, which relaxed into a smile as she recognised me, and broke the awkward silence:

"Why, Mr. Dimple! Dear me, what a mistake I have made! I was sure you were father; you must excuse me, sir."

Excuse her! certainly I would. Such mistakes I thought very excusable, especially with such a fair offender. My embarrassment over, I stated my business, and knowing, of course, the judge was not at home, I was taking my leave, begging a world of pardons, when a very pressing invitation to stay and await the judge's coming brought me to a halt.

My distrust of woman generally half persuaded me to decline, but Miss Walker's conduct after her little, and, to me, pleasing mistake; her unaffectedness and charming nonchalance had awakened my dormant admiration—I liked the girl. I sacrificed my distrust, entered the parlor, considering myself a doomed man, and was seated in an armchair before one of those grate fires that I loved so much.

She busied herself a few moments putting away some sewing, and as she flitted here and there I had a chance to observe her. She was of medium height, and her figure was perfection, well set off by a close fitting dress reaching the neck, and relieved by tasty linen collar and brooch, while linen cuffs terminated the sleeves. Her face had that quiet, modest expression of true beauty; her lips full and pouting, and her chin well rounded, both showing strong love and affection; her eyes large and blue, and her well-shaped head adorned with a profusion of chestnut curls. She kept chatting all the time, endeavoring to keep me at ease; but the little *contretemps* on my arrival, and her pleasing manner, had stolen away half my diffidence.

At length the sewing-up was finished, and she seated herself in a rocking-chair beside me.

"You know, Mr. Dimple," said she, as she shook back her curls, displaying a beautifully formed neck, "father is away usually most of the day, and I am always happy to meet him on his return, and receive his kiss. Since dear mother died I have been with him more than I ever did, and I always feel sorry to part with him and always glad to welcome him home—that will account for my affectionate reception of you this evening," and she smiled pleasantly.

I stammered out something about her having no occasion to excuse herself at all; then I coughed, and was near losing ground, but Tom Moore saved me. A volume of his poems was lying near, and I took it up and opened it.

The page before me bore the title of the second section of "Lalla Rookh," "Paradise and the Peri," and on the margin was written: "This poem contains the best sentiment of Lalla Rookh"—my own opinion exactly, and I mustered courage enough to express that opinion to Miss Walker.

From this remark sprung a conversation that lasted during a good part of my stay. I found that she was well read in both prose and poetry, and they had been my life study—English literature had been my particular hobby. I told her as much, and gave an outline of my favorite theme. I reviewed the poets from old Chaucer to Tennyson, not forgetting our own children of the Lyre; I smiled over Pope and pitied Milton squinting them; I repeated Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," and even stuttered in doing so; I gave Ben Jonson the cold shoulder; I praised Goldsmith for his truth and simplicity, and lamented poor Chatterton; I defended Byron, and challenged any poet to equal Moore for melody and sentiment. Then I glanced at the prose writers, winding up with Irving, and giving as a sample of his beautiful style his description of the Alhambra by moonlight. Here I dropped authors, but fearing that I would lose vantage if I quitted books altogether, I ran the risk of being considered a bibliomaniac, and took up biography and history; and found that Miss Walker was almost as well informed on the lives of eminent personages, and as well acquainted with historical facts, as myself. Mind you, I did not do all the talking myself; oh, no; my fair companion gave her opinions and expressed her views freely; and when we came down to commonplace (and I let myself down slowly, for I decided what was to me shaky ground), I found myself conversing as if I had known her for years. I was astonished at myself; I found that I had conversational powers that I had never dreamt of. And what had brought them to light? That is easy answered—I had found what I had long sought for, a person of some taste sympathized with my own, a woman of education and liberal sentiments, who could converse on other subjects than the usual small talk of the parlor. I need not say that she won my admiration, but it was not her intellectual acquirements alone that pleased me—her whole manner was pleasing; as she looked in my face while talking, her eyes had the open, honest look of the true woman; there was no affectedness in voice or action; and her smiles were much different from the quizzing contortions I had been used to. I was charmed; I forgot the hours and my bashfulness; and the spell was not broken until a footstep sounded on the piazza—Miss Walker started—then a heavy foot on the stoop. "Oh, it's father, I'm sure," and she hurried to the hall, and I could hear the door open before the knocker sounded; then a kiss and tender inquiries from daughter to father as to what detained him; then a whisper about "the gentleman in the parlor"—which caused "the gentleman in the parlor" a flurry of the heart—then the door opened and the hale old judge himself entered followed by the daughter. I arose and instantly commenced a hurried, stammering apology for intruding; but the judge stopped me as he grasped my hand warmly.

"Why, my dear boy, this needs no apology; happy to see you, sir—consider yourself at home. Where have you been keeping yourself? I believe I have not seen you since the settling-up of your father's will; sung property that of The Willows, sir. Sit down, sit down. Sorry that I was not here sooner, but we had a long trial and a most obstinate jury. Threatened to lock them up until tomorrow, and—Lizzie, thank you, I have had some supper—and as I was saying, Mr. Dimple, that made them act like sensible men."

Here I managed to state the cause of my visit, but thought that he must be weary of law for one day at least, and that the affair of the trespass might rest until some other time.

"Ah! yes, Mr. Dimple, it is rather a troublesome affair; but we can easily settle it some other time. I have to sentence the culprit to-morrow afternoon—sorry to have to do it, sir; clever, manly young fellow—did it all in a moment of passion—but the law must be satisfied, and I will be at leisure in the evening; suppose you call in the evening?"

Did I like the idea of having to call on the next evening? I think I did—I am very sure I did. On my way home that night I reflected on the change that had come over me within a few hours. Charles Dimple, Esq., of The Willows, had become an altered Dimple. Certainly Lizzie Walker was now perfection's self, but I resolved that seeking for entire perfection would no longer be one of my imperfections. Fancy was busy. Said she to me:

"Now that you have broken the ice, your bashfulness will amount to nothing; you do not know your own wish; say, your money is all-powerful; and all you will have to do is to propose, and she will accept you without a demur." But my better judgment said: "If she's the girl you take her to be, she'll do nothing of the kind." "Spoken like yourself, my boy," said I, and buttoning my coat to the chin, I faced a penetrating nor'easter, and was at home in a few moments. My mother was sitting up for me.

"Why, Charles," said she, in a troubled tone, "where have you been? Did you see the judge?"

"Oh, yes, mother. I saw her as soon as I called, and it is all right. She says—"

"She says! Who?"

"Why, the judge, to be sure; he thinks it's a clear case, and that you she's splendid. Hold her well up, and she'll take hedge and ditch; give her fair play, and I'll back her against the field!"

"Why, Charles, are you crazy? What are you talking about?"

"Why, Miss Walker, to be sure. She is as fine a young lady as ever—I'll tell—"

Here I came to my senses, and related my evening's experience. I found in my mother a sympathetic listener. She knew that I was getting well on in years, that a new mistress would be a good acquisition to The Willows. She would have preached to me, perhaps, a little not for any backwardness, and now since I had met with such an estimable young lady as Miss Walker, she advised me to keep up the acquaintance. Believing that my mother spoke like a sensible woman, I then and there resolved that, if my spirits would keep up until the following evening, I would speak. Sleep was long in paying her visit that night; my brain was too busy, and when at last I was under her influence my dreams were of Lizzie. I rose at seven in the morning I could have sung "Her bright smiles haunt me still." I was impatient until evening arrived, and then I was at the corner of eight were fairly drawn. I donned my sprucest attire, and with cane in hand took my way to the home of my legal adviser. Arrived there, my heart, long used to settle that little affair of the trespass, you know. Through the wicket-gate, up the gravelwalk, under the grapevine, and I was at the door. Lizzie, I mean—my heart was fluttering, but wasn't I on business? Certainly I was. I was ushered into the parlor, and Lizzie came to me and with extended hand, and shook mine warmly. Lizzie received my proffered hand with a pleasant smile, and placed a chair for me, and took a seat herself. That evening I shall ever remember as among the pleasantest of my life. I did not allow myself to become embarrassed, and as my spirits rose, so did I. Perhaps I was just a little bit absent-minded, for several times I caught myself looking at Lizzie when talking earnestly to her father; and sometimes I even forgot "that little matter of the trespass" entirely. Ah! yes; there had been a trespass committed on my property, but Lizzie had committed a greater trespass on my heart.

After this I often paid an evening visit to the judge's, and to say truth, my own matters were drifting. He would sit chatting awhile always after my arrival, and then, like a good old soul, he would head off to his library or bed, and leave Lizzie and I to ourselves.

That was a pleasant time, that courtship of mine. It was a courtship of two months, long enough, Lizzie's society was a world to me, and an evening not passed in her company seemed like a blank in my existence. I was in love with her with a devotion of my ardent nature, and well I knew that she returned it "measure for measure." Ours was not like the love of two strangers who meet by accident, become mutually affected, and from which springs a spontaneous love at first sight. No, it was deeper, holier; it was the love of two friends who met in early manhood. I proposed marriage I was not accepted on account of wealth; it was out of pure love, and Lizzie told me so in words as unaffected, sincere, and sweet. I pressed her to my heart, and—well, I hardly remember how many times I kissed her.

Of course I was aware that the judge would offer no objection to my suit, and nevertheless it was necessary that I should ask his consent, and this bothered me not a little. Many an off-handed speech we would have addressed to each other in a trice, and took it all as a matter of business; but I—ah, well, I had some of my backwardness left, and when I proposed to Lizzie I stuttered, and stammered, and when I tried to unbosom myself to the judge, Lizzie was in the parlor on my arrival, but she knew the interview was to take place before away. My legal adviser was in one of his best humors, and I immediately went to business.

"Sit down, sit down, Mr. Judge, to—to tell you that I have, or at least I would like to—to know if there could by any possibility be a flaw in the lease you had drawn up for my tenant, yesterday?"

"Oh, certainly not, sir; certainly not. One of my best clerks drew it up, and I examined it myself."

"Well, there is another matter I wish to speak about—how to say you the affair—you know, sir? But—as I was saying—you know, sir, in the course of human events it often becomes necessary for a man to—to—of course you understand me?"

"Perfectly, my dear boy, perfectly."

But that "perfectly" seemed to me as a matter of course, for in place of saying "God bless you, my boy," and asking which was the happy day, he kept silence, and I was just a little confused.

"Well, sir, you know that affair which must fall to our lot. You understand—"

"Oh, yes, perfectly. You object to a fair being held in your lot, and you desire me to—"

"No, no, sir; I was going to ask you for a—"

"You were about to remark that—a—"

"I was going to say—a—"

"Yes, Mr. Dimple—be cool, my boy—you were going to say—"

"Yes, I was going to remark that—"

"That you were about to—to—eh?"

"Eh? yes, that's—that's—I mean—a—"

"Ah, my dear friend, that is it exactly. I have proposed to Lizzie, and we await your consent."

I got the sentence out at last, and the judge laid back in his chair and laughed loudly; and when he recovered himself and tried to speak he relapsed into another fit, and laughed louder and longer, while I looking very sheepish. But the dear old fellow came to my rescue.

"Not over your backwardness yet, Charley? I thought you had acquired a good deal of assurance by this time, still I suppose you only acted as a great many do in like instances. Quite natural, perhaps, and very human nature. You wish my consent; you have it, my boy, and always had it. Nay, it gives me pleasure to know that I am consigning Lizzie to your care, and I feel a load lifted off my heart; for my years are beginning to weigh me down, Charley, and I might be called away at any moment. Yes, I will find it hard to part with her who has been the light of my home so long, but an old man must not be selfish. No, no, sir old man must not be selfish—take her, and know that you are getting one who has never been spoiled by the affectations of society, and who knows how to make home happy."

The day we appointed for the wedding soon drew near, and as we were sitting chatting in the judge's parlor one evening about two weeks before the day, the judge proposed that, as I might get confused during the performance of the ceremony, he would put down in writing the marriage form, so as to give me a slight idea as to how I should act. To this we agreed; a servant was called as witness, and the document was drawn up, executed, certificate signed, &c., and the judge pronounced me perfect. The day following I went to New York on business, and returned in the evening bringing with me a handsome piece of white satin for Lizzie's wedding dress. I was unfolding it to her admiring gaze when the judge entered.

"This is for the dress, sir," said I.

"What dress do you refer to, Charley?"

"Why, for the wedding—when we get married, you know."

"No man shall ever marry you to my daughter, sir."

The judge was looking "awfully severe," but I thought I saw a merry twinkle in his eye.

"Are you in earnest, sir? Did you not—"

"Did I not what, sir? Become a married man?"

"What is the necessity of an explanation, my dear, when you know that you are a married man?"

Then there was a mingling of masculine groans and feminine screams, and I forgot my "retired gentleman in the parlor" entirely. Ah! yes; there had been a trespass committed on my property, but Lizzie had committed a greater trespass on my heart.

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Then there was a mingling of masculine groans and feminine screams, and I forgot my "retired gentleman in the parlor" entirely.

"How dare you, presume, sir," said I, "to encourage my attentions to—"

"Encourage your—you—boy," interrupted the judge, his frown giving way to smiles, "pray do not get into a passion. Every word that I said was true. You are married—in imagination—and I am justice of the peace, you know, and can take a minister's duties—in the matrimonial way—upon myself. As to your medical joke, my children."

A light broke over me.

"And that mock ceremony was—"

"Was the real one," said he, both gave your consent to everything, and committed matrimony unwittingly."

Lizzie and I looked at each other; to be married four days and know nothing about it was—well, it was too bad; the joke was altogether too practical. But after all it was a lucky dog. Could it not been for "that little affair of the trespass" I should never have found my treasure; and the judge's way of marrying us without any fuss, was the best. It was a hit, and saved us from a sea of blunders. So I took Lizzie home, and soon after that the judge sold his property, and then he and mother and Lizzie and I all lived together at The Willows.

NATCHITOCHES.

NATCHITOCHES takes its name from an Indian tribe that once flourished on the banks of Red river, which empties into the Mississippi. The French, who succeeded to them, reared their little village on the high bluff, which is the first land met with, and was about 3,670.

It was an important place for the rebels, and for it and Shreveport they will make great inroads. Natchitoches was occupied by Gen. Banks on March 31st, after a brisk but short skirmish, in which he routed the rebels under Taylor.

Our Art ist, who entered with Banks's army, sends the faithful sketch which we publish.

Crossing Cane River.

We give, moreover, two views by our Special Artist of the crossing of Cane river, on the 31st, by Gen. Lee's cavalry, by fording, and in part by the bridges, which the retreating enemy had not time to destroy completely; and also of the Army of the Gulf, under Gen. Franklin, crossing by bridges and pontoons on the same day. The point sketched is about 56 miles above Alexandria.

We give last week a sketch of the action at Crump's hill, which followed, and will give hereafter views taken on the spot by our Special Artist of the terrible engagement which has made Pleasant hill a sad misnomer.

THE VIOLETS.

BY JULIE LEONARD.

Down where the river and little brook meet,
Under a tuft of bright green grass,
Hidden away from the wandering feet
Of any who chanced to pass,
Nestled a knot of violets blue,
That bathed in the sun and drank in the dew,
And saw in the river their own rare hue
Reflected as in a glass.

They bloomed in the sunlight, so warm and gay,
And smilingly welcomed each passing shower;
They laughed at the brook as it ran away
And past their little bower.
They loved the soft breath of the balmy air,
And breathed out their fragrance free and rare,
So subtle it was—and it was not there—
In the heart of each sweet flower.

No rude hand plucked them from out their place,
Away from that cool and shady spot,
But the soft wind kissed them with soft embrace,
To show they were not forgot;
And day after day the sweet song of the bird
And the cry of the chirping cricket were heard,
And the heart of each blossom with joy was stirred,
And blessed its quiet lot.

Which was the Guilty Cousin?

A MONSIEUR DE BOUGAINVILLE, who commanded a frigate at the siege of Toulon in August, 1793, in consequence of ruinous losses at play, left an only child, Julie de Bougainville, in a state but little removed from destitution. The young lady was in her seventeenth year; not at all attractive in person; and the only resource left her was to embrace the profession of a nun. These morally enough disposed, she resigned herself with reluctance to a life for which she had no vocation; but ultimately, yielded to the necessity, entered the Ursuline convent, near Paris, the regular confessor of which establishment was Father Etienne Lafont, an aged venerable priest, who had been by his celebrated at the church of Notre Dame. Julie de Bougainville believed herself to have no relative nearer than a far-off cousin, M. Dupré, a notary in active practice, through whose influence she obtained admittance amongst the Ursuline sisterhood. Her father's brother, Alexis de Bougainville, had emigrated when quite a young man, though a widower, to the Brazils, where he had risen to a high rank from, he was concluded to be dead. His first wife had a boy-child when he espoused her—Alphonse Bertin, who was now a clerk in the notary's office. His Alphonse Bertin's cousin, Eugène Le Gros, the only son of the first Madame Alexis Bougainville's sister, had reached the age of twenty-four when he left Paris. He had served with some distinction, in Amerîes, under Lafayette. To each of these young men M. Alexis Bougainville had forwarded splendid presents, though never such costly ones as those he forwarded to his niece Julie. Bertin and Le Gros were both on very friendly terms with Mademoiselle de Bougainville, whom they had accustomed themselves to address as "Ma Cousine."

The young Bertin was left in the keeping of M. Dupré; and an acquaintance which he had formed with a very pretty, very clever, very designing woman, and daughter of a *modiste*, Josephine Ramon, gave the notary much uneasiness. He had often, and warmly, expostulated with the infatuated youth on the point; but Alphonse was obstinate, inflexible, and there appeared no doubt that, sooner or later, he would consummate his folly. Eugène Le Gros was an admirer of the fascinating *modiste*, though not to the extent of desiring to share with her affections and stave upon his lieutenant's pay. M. Dupré had always manifested what Alphonse Bertin deemed an unreasonable antipathy towards Le Gros. The notary knew more of the lieutenant than his cousin did.

Such was the state of things in general, when some twelve months after Julie de Bougainville came out of the Ursuline convent, and, of course, many more before it would have been possible for her to take the irrevocable vow, a letter arrived M. Dupré, from Brazil, which at once entirely changed the aspect of affairs. It was a communication, from a Brazilian lawyer, announcing the death, in Lisbon, of the previous, of Alexis de Bougainville. He had died wifeless—childless. Madame Bougainville and their offspring, two girls, had been carried off by fever within a few days of each other. The suddenness of the stroke completely broke down the already failing health of the husband and father, who survived his family a few weeks only. He had some time before realised his property, with a view to investment in France or elsewhere, to the unspeakable joy of which, amounting to over six hundred thousand francs ($120,000), was devised by his latest testament in succession to Julie de Bougainville, his niece, with the exception of twenty thousand francs ($4,000), which were to be equally divided between Alphonse Bertin and Eugène Le Gros, who stood as cold and unfettered legatee. The Brazilian lawyer concluded by requesting instructions as to the channel by which the legacy should be transmitted to Paris, &c.

Over this letter M. Dupré must have pondered long and anxiously; since, according to his own sworn testimony, it was not till a week after receiving it that he disclosed the important intelligence to Alphonse Bertin, and to Alphonse Bertin only. To neither Julie de Bougainville nor to Le Gros did he let fall a hint of the matter.

The notary, as already stated, felt a strong affection for Alphonse—could scarcely have loved him better had he been his own son; and he finally determined upon a scheme for breaking off the young man's connection with Josephine Ramon, and marrying him to Mademoiselle de Bougainville. A long conference with his protégé resulted in a promise on the part of Alphonse to give up the *modiste* and marry Julie de Bougainville, who was to be kept in ignorance of the league till some time after wedlock. At first it was settled that, as Julie de Bougainville had only taken the veil M. Dupré should take the necessary steps for withdrawing her from the convent, and she consenting, of which no doubt seems to have been entertained, celebrate the marriage openly. Two or three days afterwards Alphonse Bertin, who, meanwhile, had seen Josephine, objected to such hasty proceedings. He himself required time for reflection—say a fortnight. Finding the young man had taken his resolution, the notary yielded, and advanced him a considerable sum of money, soon after receiving which, Bertin, "who was much flurried and excited," quitted the house. A few lines, traced in pencil upon a scrap of paper and left upon a table in his bedroom, apprised M. Dupré that he should not return till the fortnight's grace agreed upon had expired.

Two days after that period had elapsed Alphonse returned to the notary's late at night, on foot, and in a very strange condition; his clothes were torn and soiled, his face scratched and bloody. He was much agitated—said, in a confused, incoherent manner, that he had been assaulted and robbed by a woman and a man. He could describe neither of them; and upon being asked where, or near where, the assault and robbery had taken place, replied, after a hesitating pause:

"Near, or at least about a quarter of a league from a *cabaret* called Le Lion d'Or, where I passed the evening."

The next morning he informed the notary that he had finally decided upon marrying Mademoiselle de Bougainville, and it would be well that the affair should be put in train at once, lest he might change his mind. M. Dupré, much pleased, declared that he would set off for the Ursuline Convent within an hour at latest. When the notary was about to depart the vacillating young man solicited a short delay, and being refused, for M. Dupré would be trifled with no longer, he turned pale as paper (*pâle comme du papier*), and but for a glass of brandy given him by the notary's wife, as the latter *exerpe* thought, have fainted outright. I should have before stated that Alphonse Bertin was a young man of an unusually sensitive, excitable temperament.

M. Dupré's cabriolet was not long in conveying him to the Ursuline Convent. The porter at the gate, one Juice Bart, who looked like a *vieille moustache* that had once belonged to a regiment recruited exclusively from the ranks of the refuse of Paris, received him with an impudent grin, and the remark, in an undertone, as M. Dupré passed on, that the mother superior would hear news of her stray lamb sooner than she expected.

Utterly confounding news greeted M. Dupré from the mother superior. Mademoiselle de Bougainville—Sister Marie Agnes—had surreptitiously left the convent the previous evening, and had not since been heard of. A messenger was at that moment on the way to inform the notary of his ward's inexplicable, disgraceful flight.

Those words were scarcely uttered when a commissary of gendarmes was announced, and entered the apartment.

"Our search," said he, in a sad, feeling tone, "has been successful—too successful. We found the dead body of Mademoiselle de Bougainville in a wet ditch, about a mile away. She has been cruelly murdered. Upon the unfortunate's person, concealed under her clothes, our search officer holding his auditors dumb—" upon the unfortunate's person I found this paper; and near the spot this ivory-torn-off fragment of cloth. They may assist in tracing the assassin. Your name," added the officer, addressing M. Dupré, "is mentioned in the paper."

"My name!"

"Your name. I may not part with the note for an instant; but I will read it to you. The hand is evidently a disguised one:

"MADEMOISELLE DE BOUGAINVILLE—You are intended to be the victim of an infamous plan arranged and the chief parts filled up, by the mother superior, the notary Dupré, and his favorite, Alphonse Bertin. The object is to ensure said Bertin amongst them an immense fortune bequeathed to you by M. Alexis de Bougainville, your late lamented uncle. According to the terms of the will, you will forfeit the last stipend you have become possessed now—pure uncle, though you may not know it, having a rooted aversion to conventual institutions. The money—over a million—then goes to Alphonse Bertin. He has entered into it equally with the number superior (who through some indiscretion, got scent of the secret) and the notary Dupré. It has been only by a providential chance that I have discovered it. I, you know, was a friend of your father, and will see justice done to his daughter. Come to see this evening. You know the way to the Château d'Aix. It is long and solitary, but you will see a man in a green blouse, and wearing a gilded round hat, before you have gone far. He will safely escort you. Say not one word to a living soul; I will acquaint you with every reason why you must not, till you are safe with me; act openly."

"MARIE COULANGES."

"The infamous calumniator! the vile assassin! the lying impostor!" exclaimed the mother superior. "Madame Coulanges died more than a month since, and the Château d'Aix is untenanted. That, however, was not likely to be known here."

"True," said the commissary; "and the handwriting, though, as I have said, disguised, is evidently that of a man. Don't you think so, M. Dupré? And this fragment of cloth has been evidently torn from a man's coat; the color is a peculiar one."

"Great God!" exclaimed the notary with a shudder. "Alphonse Bertin is the murderer!"

The commissary and his aids did not find Alphonse Bertin at the notary's. He went out, the *concierge* said, soon after M. Dupré, and had not since returned. But they found the young man's soiled and torn coat, from which the piece of cloth found near the corpse had unquestionably been torn. This proof of Bertin's guilt seemed conclusive, irrefragable.

A few hours later he was discovered in a state of semi-inebriation at a low tavern called the Faubourg Saint Marcel, seized and presently lodged in prison.

The trial was a mere formality. The accused, when at first had declined, in reply to the interrogatories of the judges, that he had not mentioned M. Alexis de Bougainville's legacy or legacies to any one, subsequently declared that he had told Josephine Ramon, to whom he was madly attached, in the hope that she would consent to share the wealth as his mistress, which he could only obtain by espousing Mademoiselle de Bougainville. He also stoutly averred that it was in compliance with a message delivered by a person unknown to him, and said by that person to be from Mademoiselle Ramon, that he had gone to the place where he was assaulted and robbed, expecting to meet her there. He also strenuously denied all knowledge of the letter found upon the murdered girl's person, or that he was the man who had given it to her. Josephine Ramon, however, to deliver any letter or message to Mademoiselle de Bougainville. All these assertions were flatly contradicted by the mistress of the accused, who had never spoken to her of M. de Bougainville's legacy, though he had importuned her with improper overtures. But just then the trial took a turn between them. As to her having sent him a message to meet her on the evening the murder was committed, that was a falsehood, which, from all the experts, but M. Dupré himself, reluctantly gave his opinion that the note purporting to be signed by Marie Coulanges was a forgery. Josephine, piously disgusted, of the accused, and Jules Bart roundly swore that he was the man calling himself Monsieur Maillard, whom, at the Faubourg, and privately to place a note in Mademoiselle de Bougainville's hand. He had once before seen the prisoner, and heard his name mentioned, and consequently knew, though the prisoner suspected it not, that M. Maillard was M. Bertin. Finally, the prisoner was convicted of homicide with premeditation, and condemned to the galleys.

Father Etienne Lafont, confessor of the Ursuline Convent, was a very anxious auditor of the trial. He had been called to express an opinion, from his ion that the handwriting of the letter subscribed Marie Coulanges was not the handwriting of Alphonse Bertin, but a disguised hand. He could, however, bring an expert, he was not allowed to give that opinion upon oath in open court. He had also declared (having been present at the arrest of the prisoner, he, at his own instance, had several interviews in his character of priest, with Bertin, between the sentence and the execution) in favor of the late man's innocence. Lafont had intimate relations with several highly influential personages, and it was by his exertions that commutation of the sentence was at length obtained—the galleys for life being substituted for death on the scaffold. Eugène Le Gros was also supposed to have been absent at Amiens at the time of the murder—reported only to have been there—eagerly corroborated, as he had been, by the prisoner, to save his cousin's life. This did not involve any great sacrifice on his part; the civil death of Bertin would have left the lieutenant to M. Alexis Bougainville's wealth.

The Bertin-Bougainville affair was fast dying out of public memory when it was revived by the marriage of Eugène Le Gros with Josephine Ramon. So strange a union excited much remark, and especially gave color and consistence to the vague suspicions which, since the trial, had haunted Lafont. He was bold enough, imprudent enough if you will, to endeavor to induce the public prosecutor to reniff the whole of the circumstances. This, however, was refused, but the attempt, and also the offensive reasoning by which it was supported, must have greatly exasperated Eugène Le Gros and his wife. Father Lafont was quite aware that he had made a mortal enemy of the *homme modiste* and his spouse, and consequently for several times remarked to his friends that he felt sure he was watched whenever he left the Ursuline Convent, where, strange to say, at his earnest solicitation, Juice Bart still officiated as porter. Shortly after the above date his previous internal complaint which of late had rapidly developed, and Lafont was anxious not to lose sight of him, as he feared that the approaches of death might terrify him into making a revelation that would be serviceable to Alphonse Bertin. The man, however, lingered on, giving no sign, much longer than had been declared possible by the medical attendant. At last the summons came, and Lafont, after the usual extreme unction having taken place, he had but a few hours at the most to live. The terrified wretch implored Lafont that the mother superior might instantly send for Father Lafont. This was done, and Juice Bart expired in a few moments after the priest's arrival. Lafont, the mother superior appeared to be strangely agitated when leaving the death-chamber, spoke a few hurried words to the mother superior, the purport of which was, that the departed sinner had made important disclosures—not under the seal of confession, which, in fulfilment of the merciful's own request, he should communicate without delay to the criminal authorities. Bart had also warned him that he was constantly watched, and that as soon as the employers of those who dogged his steps knew, which they soon would, that he had been with him (Bart) in his last moments, the priest's life would be in imminent danger. Father Lafont said he believed that to be true, and he would therefore hasten at once back to Paris, so as to reach it before evening had quite closed in. The good father then left, walking at his fastest pace. I may here add, it was discovered that Juice Bart, or whatever his real name might be, was an escaped convict. His right ear had been lopped on his shoulder. The fact was known by the surgeon before Lafont was sent for, and Bart, perceiving his avowal was discovered, muttered a malediction upon Eugène somebody—the surname was not caught by the hearer—who knew that too, and long ago.

Father Lafont never returned to the cathedral of Notre Dame. Rigorous inquiries were instituted, but without any result, no trace of him could be found. The Revolution was fast hashing itself into frenzy of rage, especially against priests, and it was thought probable that he had been massacred in the streets, as on the same evening two other persons were. The objection to that surmise was that the body could not be found.

Another year rolled away; the population of Paris was drunk with blood, and amidst those fumes, from among many, I am aware at all, was strung up *à la lanterne*, was M. Eugène Le Gros. His wife was seized at the same moment, and with her husband was dragged to the Abbaye, but she was recognised by an influential ruffian, and declared by him to be, instead of a bloated *aristocrate*, a most patriotic female, and was released. She was released, and reached home in safety, but never recovered the shock sustained by her nervous system during the scenes of the day. Her house, survived the fall of Robespierre a few months, but for long previous to death her mind was completely deranged by terrific visions, which in her sleeping and waking dreams she often gave shrieking utterance. Those distempered ravings were overheard by the physician, but attended her, and who knew nothing of her antecedents, solely to the effect of extreme nervous terror; her talk—demons, vampires, and skeletons, were topics—to a nurse possessing her at such times that she was still struggling with the sanguinary ruffians from whom a mad stone—a paving-stone—had saved her.

Shortly before her death, and when it was evident to Dr. Petit that the end was very close at hand, that gentleman brought him that the mysterious lady was at length permitted by the rulers who had succeeded Robespierre, might help to calm her troubled spirit. "I accordingly," states Dr. Petit, "went to the house called the Abbaye, who, as it chanced, had once lodged at Madame Ramon's for a short time. He perfectly remembered Josephine, a very sprightly Josephine, but, having been several years absent from Paris, had never heard of her marriage. He was somewhat surprised at the title of mistress of the mansion to which I conducted him was Madame Ramon's daughter.

"I found the lady dying, dying," said Dr. Petit, "when I and the abbé entered the apartment, where she lay reclined upon a luxurious couch. She was dressed with the greatest taste, in order that she might be informed I had taken the liberty to bring a priest to speak with her gently, tenderly. As I approached she opened her eyes, and, awaking in much calmer mood than usual. Her glance first rested upon me, and a faint, and easily recognised smile, played over her features. Presently she noticed the abbé, and a slight scream escaped her; and half rising from the couch, she started with frightful excitement in his face, while muttering to herself, 'I know—I remember—the Abbé Delmar—the good Abbé Delmar. That was when she knew me not. Hush! Hush! she cried. Hark!' she suddenly exclaimed, breaking off abruptly. 'Hark! he is coming upstairs. You must not see him, must not, must not. You are a priest also. Drive him away!' she added, falling back, shaking in every limb with terror, and covering her face with the pillows. This fancy of some one ascending the stairs to drag her away was a frequent one, and when I happened to be present I always quieted her by going outside the door, and peremptorily forbidding the intruder's approach. I did so upon the present occasion. 'Hush!' she said, 'the wretched woman—Juice—He is going back. But he will come again when you are gone. Ah!' she continued, speaking with real eagerness, and she had drawn a priest, and could sprinkle the dars, damp grave with holy water, so that he could never come out of it again. Go, go, at once! Get yourself to the priest; you stay with me. Go—the cellar, that farthest off. Ah, the door is strongly barred; yet he can pass through; and why not you? Oh, go, go!'

"She spoke in a manner that I was obliged to comply with her behest. She sat listening intently for a while; but before he returned closed her eyes, as if commencing her attendant, we left. That night she died.

"The strange fancy which so constantly haunted her that some one was coming upstairs, always out of the cellar, to drag her away, struck me as so very odd that I at once asked the servant if there was a strong door to the cellar. She said there was. I mentioned the reply to the abbé, and he, who had quickly ferreted out all about the De Bougainville mystery, spoke of it to a commissary of police, that functionary to the officer of gendarmes who discovered the corpse of the murdered Julie, and who, of course knew all about the mysterious disappearance of Father Lafont, with whose opinion of M. and Mme. Le Gros he was moreover well acquainted. The zealous officer broke his way into the cellar, found it empty, and set his men to work digging up the floor. A grave was found in which a human being, an aged man, had been buried. Quicklime had been thrown upon the corpse, which was probably interred in a naked state, and only a few bones were left!

"The next of kin to Eugène and Madame Le Gros divided amongst themselves the large sum which had been invested in the names of the wife as well as the husband, and threatened with the penalties of the law any and every one who should dare question the perfect innocence of their deceased relatives. As to Alphonse Bertin, to convince the Directory or the Consulate that the conviction in his case was wrong proved to be impossible. Probably neither of those exalted personages ever took the trouble of giving the memorials upon the subject forwarded to their mightinesses a conscientious, careful perusal. However that may have been, Bertin left his cave; Alphonse Bertin escaped from the Bagne, and ultimately from France, during the last year of the Consulate, I suppose, sought refuge and peace in the New World."

GOLD IN NEW YORK.

THE rise and fall of gold during the war has been a problem, and to enable some future investigator to study the reasons and causes, an enterprising man has got up a chart like a meteorological table, showing its variations. A black diagonal ruled with straight lines, and one single line—evidently not under the influence of gravity—making a queer zigzag across, is not a very attractive picture. We chronicle the gold fever in our way, by giving illustrations of scenes that have taken place in the auriferous region run riot as it has lately done.

Gold had been coming up, up, up. But there came a crash. The precious metal which had reached the perilous height of 169, came down to 171, and on its way down it created a panic, real and corresponding dismay in Wall street and filling it with lame ducks. Then after matters had stagnated, long vacillation ensued, all was eagerness and excitement. Our Artist has drawn for us the scene of confusion at the Gold Room, the bidding, the offers of more in the street, on wagons, and the swindle of counterfeit bids. It is an amusing sufficing yet the ocean depths of the Brokers' Board. Nothing could be more different from the privacy of the outside world.

How completely the spirit of speculation has invaded all else we may be seen in the fact that ladies have taken to speculating specimens, which naturally met daily in one of our hotels, to discuss the stock in the last arrival by the steamer, and the young brokers who attended regularly for the purpose. The matter with which the fair views and daughters of wealthy merchants embarked in the perilous traffic was crushed coal, which, however, in the immediate future is known.

On the meanwhile a new fever arose among merchants. To secure the gold certificates issued by the government, they had to pay a deposit—bullion. The impatient seekers formed a long queue with extended arms—"Gold in—Mon. Hill, right to secure an early place. Others sought to buy; some to sell, and many to exchange. The crowd was loud, but making a fair day's work.

Our sketch is not only the building and these scenes, but the consequences. The miser, the gold speculator in luck, the ruined, the Jew, the Arab, with the divine's reproving glance at all the vanity.

WEIGHING ARM RATIONS.

ARMY rations! In all the reports of armies, camps, marches and sieges that our readers often reflect on the hard fare to which, for three years and more, over a million of men have endured—the hard biscuit, the salt meat, weighed out with scrupulous fidelity, as though too precious to be wasted. One picture, true to life, we have carefully studied, which we give to-day from our Artist with the Army of the Potomac, whose sketches of camp will hereafter appreciate. There is nothing very attractive in the fare or in the daily routine, nothing very alluring or appetising. Yet it is life, and as such will well repay the study and hereof reflection.

THE U. S. 10-40 LOAN.—Instructions to the National Banks acting as agents for same are issued from the Treasury at Washington until March 15th. The banks are not generally begin to receive subscriptions until one week later, and in distant parts of the country not until two weeks later, but the subscription does not close until to the Treasury on a week's notice, which is not given until the sum actually subscribed but not yet reported at that date is of sufficient amount. The instructions to agents parties to compel the Secretary of the Treasury to close the list of interest on the loan before a fully fixed. The experience of the last few weeks gives us every reason to believe that all the power the Treasury desires to borrow, can be obtained for five per cent. interest.

BROOKS'S PATENT WRITING, WORK AND ROLLER CASE COMBINED.—This is what has long been wanted, and is now manufactured in such a form as to small compass than any one of the time it is light, compact and of good, and combines in the ladies' secretary or a soldier and traveller, as well as being very useful in a family. For all who live in country villages it is invaluable.

ONCE upon a time there dwelt in the village of [illegible] a man who was known as Pete. He was noted for knowing everything that happened between any two men.

One day being in the village lawyers—a favorite resort with him, for he could always learn some there to listen to his big yarns—a gentleman there spoke of a lost pocket-book, and asked if he would:

"Why, didn't you ever see one of 'em, Mr. Brown, in the days of Way down South, when I was several years ago, they don't raise any other kind; and I've seen a sight of 'em, and I've had forty pockets of wool!"

AN IRISHMAN, who had borrowed some money of a friend, a resident of our village, came one day to his office to pay it. After it was paid he wanted the lawyer to do a little business.

"What do you want with a receipt?" said I, "you have got the money back from me, and the affair was filled with loungers.

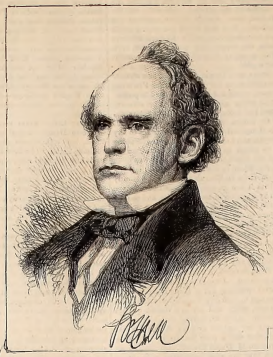
"Why, I want to see that when I die, and go up to Heaven and knocks at the gate, and one of the saints comes out and asks me what I want, I can say, 'Who's there?' I'll say. 'Pat Murphy, plase yer reverence.' Then he'll say, 'What do you want, Pat?' Then I'll tell him I've been in Lima. Then he'll say, 'Have you any receipt?' Then I'll say, 'Yes, I have.' Then he'll say, 'Let me see that,' and I'll have to go back to hell for want of a receipt."

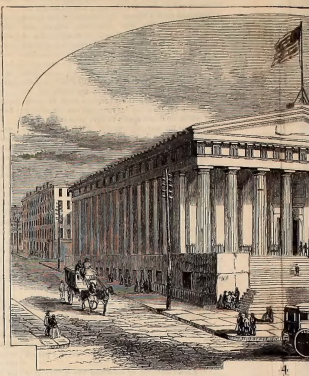
The "receipt" was given as soon as the laughter subsided.

"A FROG," says Professor Bump, "is an amphibious animal, whi it leaves on cold water, and once quaintly invented the musical society. He always walks with a jump, he does; and when he sits down has to stand up. Being a lover of native melodies, he gives free concerts every night, he does, himself. He provides music for the million, which has been so called because it usually is heard in a millinood. He is a warmint what eats, so bad when broiled on a gridiron."



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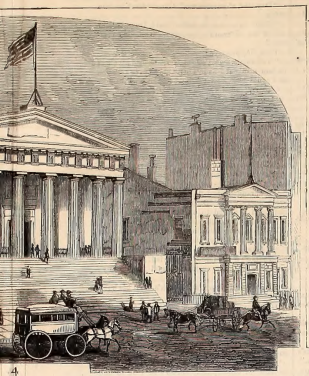




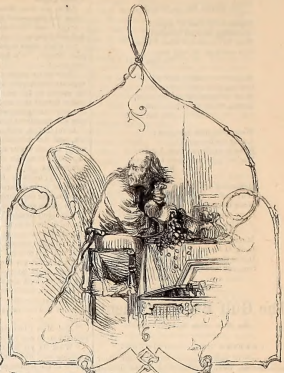
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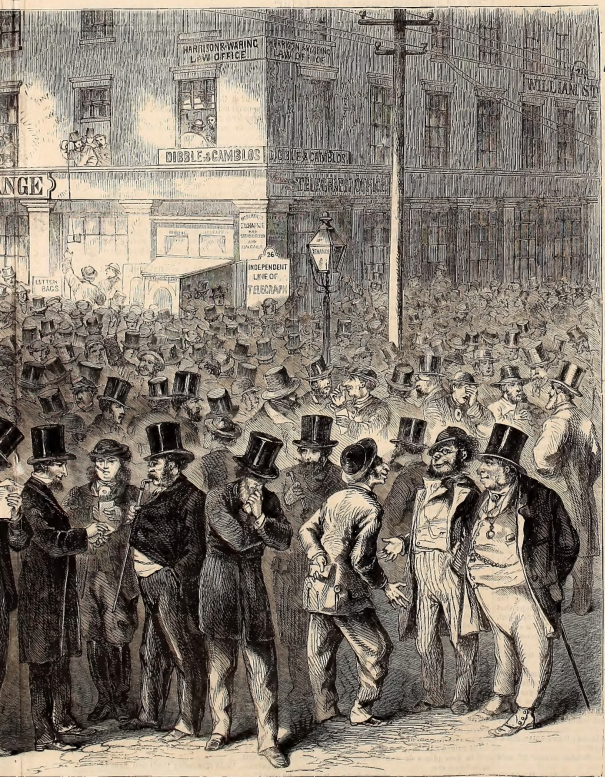
1. Lady Speculators in Session. 2. Sold to a Profit. 3. Selling a Place in the Line for Gold Certificates. 4. Treas

THE GOLD FEVER IN NEW YORK—THE EXCITEMENT AMONG THE SPECULATORS AND BROK

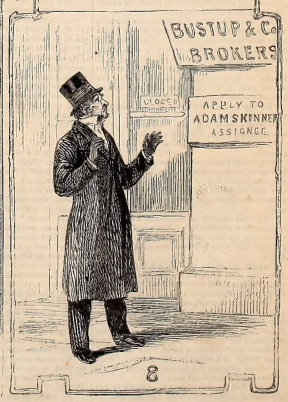












4. Treasury Building. 5. Scene in Exchange Place. 6. Miser. 7. The Man that Lost. 8. "Burst."
BROKERS, THE RUSH ON THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT FOR GOLD CERTIFICATES.—SEE PAGE 103.

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY GRACE DE LA VERITE.

Measuring time by agony!
Quivering, pierced humanity!
None to soothe me when I weep,
Nor one hour of vigil keep;
No, not one!

Measuring time by agony!
Chilling looks are cast on me;
None to touch my aching brow,
Loving words to whisper low;
No, not one!

Measuring time by agony!
Agony for harmony!
None to cheer me when I grieve,
Nor the light with dark to weave;
No, not one!

Measuring time by agony!
Why unfold my misery?
None but strangers pass this way,
None who care with me to stay;
No, not one!

Measuring time by agony!
Look, O Jesus! where I lie!
Day is turned to night for me,
Sun, nor moon, nor star I see;
No, not one!

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XXX—CONTINUED.

THE pair of sable retainers went on with their conversation, totally unconscious of the listener they had had, and whose every interest connected with the scene had culminated diverging to themes more intimately connected with their own affairs.

One of the chief desires of Dolph's soul was to find out exactly how much money Clorinda had in the bank, but he had never been able, with all his arts, to bring her to that point of confidence when she would make him a partner in that dearest secret of her life.

The other servants and her friends in the neighborhood gave very contradictory accounts concerning the amount, and Victoria openly avowed her belief that—

"Dat one ting was just gammon—didn't 'believe she had no money no-bar—she know'd she was so old that it was her only chance of ketchin' a beau, on the ebb side of six."

But Dolph was too wise to be influenced by Victoria's sneers, and he had lately become convinced that the sum was a larger one than he had at first supposed. In that case Dolph felt the extreme folly of allowing his fancy to stand in the way of his interest. Already he had incurred Clorinda's serious displeasure by his behavior on different occasions; it had required a vast amount of eloquence to reconcile matters after his indiscretion with the strange young woman at old Mother Hopkins's, and his flirtations with Victoria were a constant bone of contention between them.

Dolph felt certain that if he only came directly to the point and made Clorinda a bona-fide offer of his hand with his heart in it, she would melt like honey candy in the sun, but it required a good deal of resolution to make up his mind to that step.

Clorinda was not prepossessing in her appearance, but her most partial friends would have been forced to admit; probably even in her youth she might have passed for an ugly young dowdy as could easily have been found, and now that years and avarice and a not very patient temper had worn their furrows in her face, it really required all the glitter of her reported wealth to make her endurable in Dolph's mercenary eyes.

Then her mind and her finest locks at which Victoria sneered so openly—that was a tender point with Dolph—he had the true contempt for the jetty hue which our Creator seems to find among those of his bronze complexion.

Dolph stood there looking at Clorinda and revolving all these things in his mind, while she washed away at her vegetables and made herself busy as possible at the kitchen dresses.

"Dis life is full of myst'riousness, Miss Clorindy," he said in a meditative tone.

Clorinda snipped off the tops from the carrots she was preparing for the soup and assented.

"Dar ain't much wuth livin' for," she said gloomily.

Dolph was frightened at once; when Clo got into one of her desponding humors she became very religious without delay; unless he could get her off that track he would most certainly be condemned to Methodist hymns and a prayer-meeting that very night.

"Don't say dat, fair Miss Clorindy, now don't!" he exclaimed, pathetically. "You'a de light ob too many eyes for sich renumerations—de luminary dat lights der hearts as de sun does de sky at noonday."

Clorinda simpered; with all her firmness and numerous other grim virtues, she was a thorough woman at heart, and never could withstand flattery thus adroitly administered.

Clo "long with your pesky nonsense," said she, giving a coquettish toss to her head that made the little frizzed knobs below her gorgeous bandanna flutter about as if suddenly electrified. "Go 'way wid sich, I say."

"Don't call it nonsense, sweet Miss Clorindy," urged Dolph, in a more insinuating tone; "when a gemman dispuses the tenderest feelins' of his bussom at your feet, don't jist at 'em."

To be called by such endearing epithets in two consecutive sentences softened Clorinda greatly; this time something uncommon must be coming—Dolph certainly was in earnest.

"I don't see nothin' at my feet," said she, with a little giggle.

"Yes, yer does, Miss Clorindy," pleaded Dolph; "yes, yer does—now don't deny it."

"I s!" said Clorinda, with another giggle full of delightful flurry, "you mean is so confusin."

"I d—n't mean to be confusin', Miss Clorindy," said Dolph; "it's far from my wishes—leastways wid you."

There was a tender emphasis on the concluding pronoun which quite upset Clorinda. She allowed the carrots to fall back in the pan of water, and seated herself on a stool near by—if anything serious was coming she would receive it with the dignity she considered befitting the occasion.

Artful Dolph, profound in the knowledge of the sex, read her thoughts without the slightest difficulty, and his vanity chuckled inwardly to see how impossible it was for any female heart to resist his fascinations. Still he was in a condition of great perplexity; he had no intention of committing himself until he had learned the exact price Clorinda could pay for the article, and he was prepared to make of his youth and good-looks. On the other hand, he was sorely puzzled how to acquire the information he desired without laying his heart at her feet; he had tried various plans and they had all signally failed; in that respect Clorinda was astute enough to be fully his match.

But he must say something; in a moment more Clorinda might flounce off in one of her tempers, and Dolph could not afford to lose time in misunderstandings, particularly as he had lately discovered that the sable parson whose meetings she attended was becoming quite devoted in his attentions.

"Ah! Miss Clorindy," said he, "de sect is all resemblence in one leetle particlar."

"What do yer mean?" inquired Clo, in a languishing way, which she thought becoming in response to the tenderness of Dolph.

"In yer cruelty," said Dolph, "yer cruelty, Miss Clorindy."

"Lawd, nebby ebber said I was cruel," returned the matter-of-fact Clo. "I wrings de necks o' de chickens and skins de eels alive, 'cause it's a cook's lookout, but I hain't got a speck of cruelty in me."

Dolph shook his head, then dropped it on one side with an air which he had found very killing in former flirtations, and replied:

"In course yo'll deny it—it's de way ob de sect, but de fact is dat—"

"I don't know what yer mean," said Clorinda, beginning to resume a little of her usual rigidity; "if yer ain't a talkin' Spanish now, it's jist as bad."

"I alludes to de coquettations in which you all indulge."

"I d—n't," said Clo; "I leaves all sich foolishnesses to silly things like dat Vic—I hain't no patience wid 'em."

"Oh! Miss Clorindy, Miss Clorindy!"

"Dat's my name, fact 'nuff; yer needn't go shouting it out dat aways."

"When I'se seed wid my own eyes," said Dolph.

"What has yer seen? Jis' 'ticlaries—I has nebber seatin' round de bush."

Clo began to simper again; she really believed that Dolph was getting jealous; the bare idea filled her with a delicious tremor, although in a short were sufficiently rare in her experience to be exceedingly precious.

"But I don't know what yer mean," she went on, "no more's de man in de moon."

"Dar it is!" said Dolph. "Why, I 'lieves dat ef I only could get de sect looks at de moon, 'cause dar's a man in it."

"Oh, he's too far off," returned Clo, with a prolonged chuckle at her own wit; "'too far off by a long-shot."

"Berry good," said Dolph, "very good indeed! Yer's in de right 'rection, Miss Clorindy."

Here he sighed dolefully.

"Wal," said Clo, "if I be, 'taint no reason for you to be spunking dat 'ere engine."

"Oh, yes, I 'replied Dolph.

He certainly was in earnest this time—Clo felt assured of that. He possessed soup, and still tried to look more bewitching in his eyes.

"I don' see why," she said, in sweet confusion.

"But say how yer didn't prove nothin' 'bout my bein' coquettious."

"Dar it is!" cried Dolph. "It all goes to-gether."

"Oh, laws," cried Clo, lightly, "as ef dat ar would set you a sighin'; I knows a heap better'n dat, fair Mister Dolph."

"Yer don't do me justice, Clorindy," said Dolph, seriously, putting on an injured look; "yer don't know her done me justice."

"Why, what have I done now?" demanded Clo, beginning to play with her apron string.

"Yer know why," said Dolph, prolonging the situation as much as possible, in the hope that some bright thought would strike him by which the conversation might be turned to the subject uppermost in his worldly mind; "yer knows very well."

"Why, yer's making me out quite a monster," said Clo.

"No, Miss Clorindy, no; don't say dem keerless t'ings—don't! I ain't a makin' you nothin', only de most charmin' and de most cruel of yer sect."

If Clo did not think it was only because nature had endowed her of the dangerous privilege, but she fell into a state of sweet confusion that was truly beautiful to behold.

"But yer go agin," said she; "now quit a-callin' me cruel, or else say why?"

"Didn't I see you a Sunday evenin' ?" said Dolph.

"In course ye did; we was to Mrs. Hopkins's arter de meetin'."

"And wasn't Elder Spott dar, too?"

"In course he was; yer knows it well enough."

"I knows it too well," said Dolph, in a tragic voice.

"Law sakes, what has he done to you, Mr. Dolph?"

"Dar's whar de coquettations comes in," continued Dolph; "dat's jist de subject I'm 'proachin' yer wid."

"Me!" cried Clo, in delightful innocence. "Laws, I didn't know yer even looked at me; I tought ye was fascinated wid dat Vic."

"I'se nebber too busy to reserve you, Miss Clorindy," said Dolph; "wherever I may be, whatever my ockipation, I'se eyes for you."

"Oh, laws!" sighed Clo. "Oh, lawsy me!"

And I need not have warned Dolph; "I see'd de elder a bending over ye, a whisperin' in yer ear."

"Oh, git out!" cried Clo. "He didn't do no sich."

"Oh, yes, he did, Miss Clorindy: dese eyes seen it."

"Wal, he wa'n't a-takin' me if I was gwine to come to meetin more reglar dan I had ob late."

"It took him a great while to ax," said Dolph, in the same gloomy tone.

Clo laughed a little rambling laugh.

"He's a berry pleasant man, de elder," said she; "berry pleasant."

"Dey say he wants a wife," observed Dolph.

"Do dey! Mebby he do; I sin't in his secrets."

"But yer will be, Clorindy, yer will be."

"Me! Takin no ways likely; don' 'spect I shall."

"Oh, yes, yer will," insisted Dolph.

He was serious, and Clo began to grow dizzy at the thoughtsof so many conquests crowding upon her.

"I jis' b'lieve he's a sarpint in disguise," said Dolph, with great energy; "one ob de wust kind of old he ones."

"Laws, Mr. Dolph, don't say sich things; he's quite a shinin' light in de sanctuary, I'se certain."

"It's a light I'd like to squinch," cried Dolph.

"And if he pokes himself into my monshine I'll do it."

Clo gave a shrill squeal, and caught his arm, as if in the excitement he were going to rush forth in search of the elder, and put his menace into instant execution.

"Don't kick up a muss wid him," she pleaded: "why should yer?"

"It 'pends on yer, Miss Clorindy."

"Laws, how?"

"Yer know; de 'couragement yer've ben a givin' him is 'nuff to drive yer admirers out o' der senses."

"Oh, dear me, I neber heerd sich nonsense!" said Clo.

"It's true," answered Dolph, 'an' yer knows it. But yer received in dat man, Miss Clorindy, yer is! He's got both eyes fixed on de glitterin' dross. I've heerd him talk 'bout de fortin yer had, an' how it was all a-waitin for us, an' what good he might do wid it 'mong de heathen."

Clo gave another scream, but this time it was a little of a hysterical nature.

"Spend my money 'mong de heathen!" she cried. "I'd like to see him do it! comes bout me I'll quit his old work for him, I will."

Dolph smiled at the success of his falsehood, and made ready to clinch the nail after driving it in.

"Dat's what he t'inks anyhow. Why, Miss Clorindy, he was a tryin' to find out jist how much yer was wuth."

"That nobody's business but my own," cried Clo, angrily, "folks needn't be a pumpin' me; 'taint no use.

"Jis' what I've allers said," remarked Dolph, with great earnestness; "sich secrets, says I, is Miss Clorindy's own."

"Yes, dat's what I said Clo, holding on to the sides of her stool as tightly as if it had been the box which contained her treasures.

"I've said sometimes," continued Dolph, "dat if de day shud ever come when dat parathon ob her sex made up her mind to gib her lubly hand to some true bosom dat lobed her, she'd probably whisper dat secret in his ear de secret she has kept from all de wuld."

Clo was divided between the tenderness awakened by his words and his vigilance with which she always guarded the outposts leading to her cherished secret.

"Ain't dat sense, Miss Clorindy?" he demanded.

"I hain't said it warn't," she replied.

"Dis world is full o' mercenary men," Dolph went on, "searchin' for de filty lucre; I'se glad I nebber was one ob dem. I allers has 'spised de dross; gib me a lubly, sunny face wid de fair heart to it my choice, and I asks no more."

Clo played with her apron string again, and looked modestly down; he was going to speak now.

But Dolph did not know exactly what to say next without committing himself more deeply than he intended; indeed, he had been led on now considerably farther than he could wish, but that was unavoidable.

Now, what was it he desired, he said, "cause in die world people must lib."

Clo assented gently to that self-evident proposition.

"Do yer know what I'se often tought, Miss Clorindy?" said Dolph, seizing on a new tack.

"Spect I don't," said Clo.

"I'se wished many a time, more lately 'n I used to, dat I could take some fair cretur I lobed to my heart, an' dat 'tween us we had money 'nuff to start a restauration or somet'in' of dat sort."

Clo sniffed a little.

"In dem places de wuk all comes on de woman," said she.

Dolph was quite aware of that fact; it was the one thing which made him contemplate the idea with favor.

"Oh, not at all," he said, "de cookin's a trifle; tink ob de 'counts; my head's good at figures."

"Dey kind o' puzzles me," Clo confided to him softly.

"Taint 'spected in de ladies," said Dolph; "dey nebber ort to trouble 'emselves 'bout sich matters."

Then Dolph sighed.

"Yer wonders what's de matter," he said; "I was jis lamentin' dat I hadn't ben able to save as much as I could wish, so dat I could realise my dream."

"Laws," cried Clo, so agitated and confused that she was about to speak the words he so longed to hear; "how much wud it take? Does yer tink dat it's a woman had—"

"I say yer Clo, where be yer?"

The interruption was a cruel one to both the darkeys, though from different reasons; the voice was Victoria's, and it proceeded from the kitchen.

"Clo!" she called again, in considerable wrath, "jis' you answer now, else I'll tell missus of yer tricks."

Clo sprang up and flew at her vegetables with great energy, and Dolph mounted a couple of steps and appeared to be diligently searching for something in a closet.

Victoria opened the door, looked out and tossed her head angrily when she saw the pair.

"I 'spose I might a split my throat callin', and yer wouldn't a answered," she cried.

"I'se 'bout my business," said Clo, grimly "jis' mind yours."

"Oh, laws! I 'spose Mr. Dolph's 'bout his business, too," retorted Vic.

Dolph turned round from the closet and asked sweetly,

"Did yer speak to me, Miss Victory ?"

"No, I didn't," said she; "but marster was askin' for ye, and he'll raise hot if yer stays here a gossipin'!"

"Who's a gossipin'?" cried Clo; "if he wants somet'in' in the cuppard, mustn't he look to find it?"

"Don't be snappin' my head off as if yer was an old turtle," cried Vic, belligerently, "'cause I warn't to blame. Marster's got a gemman here, an' he wants lunch."

"Wal, it's your place to get de lunch," said Clo.

"Taint," cried Vic; "it's Mr. 'Dolph a."

"I'se comin', ladies," he exclaimed; "I'se at yer service."

He winked at Clo, out of one eye, smiled at Vic out of the other corner of his mouth, and did his best to keep both propitiated.

"I want to know what dem cold ducks is," said Vic.

"Look what dey be and ye'll find 'em," replied Clo, spanking her carrots about in the pan.

"If they hain't gone down dat ol' preacher's throat it's lucky," cried Vic; "but ye'll ketch it if they have."

"Don't 'cuse me of none o' yer own tricks," retorted Clo.

"It 'ain't 'em, den," said Vic, "or I'll go up to missus."

You may go to old scratch, for all I care," said Clo, too much enraged to think of having been cheated out of an offer to be careful of language or consequences.

"Dat's pooty talk for a meetin'-goer," cried Vic. "I'll see what de elder tinks of sich."

Clo turned furiously upon her, but a violent ringing of the library bell checked her quarrel in the bud. They all knew that Mr. Mellen was growing impatient, and did not venture on another moment's delay.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE day was wearing slowly away; a day more terrible in its moral darkness and suspense than perhaps had ever before descended upon the old house.

Mr. Mellen was engaged with a succession of visitors on business, with whom he remained about up in the library; Elisa took refuge at first in her own chamber, but either nervousness or a desire to talk drove her again to Elizabeth's room. Their dressing-rooms were separated by Elizabeth's chamber, so Elsie flung the door open and ran into her sister's room, exclaiming:

"You need not stay; I can't be alone."

Elizabeth only replied by a gesture; she was walking slowly up and down the floor as she had been during all the morning; Elisa was conscious of her power to accept one instant of physical rest. She left the door open and extended her promenade through the suite between her own and Elsie's, and then back, pacing to and fro till she looked absolutely exhausted, but never once pausing for repose.

They were unfortunate, except when one of the servants knocked at the door for orders, and at each request for admittance Elsie would give a nervous little cry.

"Tell them not to come any more," said she.

"They must have their orders," Elizabeth replied; "some must stay, everything must go on as usual to the last moment."

Elsie shivered down among her cushions and was silent. Elizabeth sat on a sofa drawn to the hearth, gathered a pile of novels about her and sat there trying her best to be comfortable in her feeble way.

"If you would only sit down," she exclaimed, at length.

"I cannot," replied Elizabeth; and resumed her dreary walk.

Then there came more interruptions, and Victoria reported that they would have luncheon.

"Marster's got it in de library wid dem men—'spect misses don't want to go down."

"What is she talking about?" groaned Elsie, from her sofa.

"Luncheon," said Elizabeth; "will you have it up here?"

"As if one could eat—"

A warning gesture from Elizabeth checked her.

"You may bring the luncheon up here," Elizabeth said to the girl.

Victoria went out and closed the door.

"I believe they would come if we were dying to know if we would stop to eat," cried Elsie.

"Everything must go on as usual," was Elizabeth's answer.

"How can you stand there and talk so calmly to them!" cried Elsie. "It's enough to drive one frantic."

"It is too late now to be anything but quiet," she said.

Elsie began some shuddering complaints, but Elizabeth did not wait to hear them; she had resumed her promenade, walking with the same sort of eager haste, with her eyes seeming to look afar off and unable to fix themselves upon any object in the rooms.

"There is another knock," cried Elsie. "Oh, they'll drive me mad!"

"Come in," Elizabeth said.

It was Victoria with the luncheon tray, and it seemed as if she never would be done arranging it to her satisfaction.

"I brung you some apricot jelly, Miss Elsie," she said; "I knowed you had one of yer headaches."

But Elsie only moaned—perhaps at the misfortune of possessing no appetite when apricot jelly was at hand.

"Da's only cold chicken and dat meat pie," said Vic; "I 'spects I do duckie in for marster."

"There is quite enough," said Elizabeth; "you needn't wait."

"Yes, miss," returned Vic. "I hain't had no time yet to sweep de room Miss Harrison had—Clo's, she's ugly as Cain, to day."

"It makes no difference," said Elizabeth, while Elsie threw open her book in feverish impatience.

"Yes, miss, but 'taint pleasant," returned Vic, with her most elegant curtsey. "I likes to do my work reg'lar and in time, miseus knows dat, but when Clo gets into one o' her tantrums she sets shoving topsy-turvy."

"Then get out of the kitchen," cried Elsie. "I don't be quarreling."

"Laws, Miss Elsie," said Victoria, with all the injured resignation of suffering innocence; "I neber quar'l's wid nobody, but I defy an angel to git along wid Clo! She's jest de most aggrewatin piece dat ever walk dis leather! She's a mad 'cause she's gettin' ole dat she hates a young girl was nice person, so she does."

Vic was now fairly started on the subject of her wrongs, and hurried on before Elsie could stop her with all the energy of a belated steam engine. Elizabeth had walked into the other room, and Victoria, standing much less in awe of Elsie than her, took that opportunity to pour out her sorrows with the utmost freedom.

"Miss Elsie, sometimes I tinks I can't stand it I wouldn't, nohow, if twarn't for my affection for you—you an' Miss Lizzie." Victoria hastened to add, deferentially, fearful that her mistress might be within hearing and that the omission would be turned to her disadvantage. "Clo, she gits me gravatiner chery dey, and sence Dolph come back she's wuss'n a bear wid a sore head."

"Oh, my head—my head!" cried Elsie.

"Laws, miss, I wouldn't 'fer de worl'."

"Then go along, and let me sleep, if I can."

"Sartin, miss; but let me do somefin' for yer head," said Victoria, out of the goodness of her heart.

"No, no; I only want to be let alone."

"If yer'd let me bathe it wid eologney," persisted Vic.

"I don't want it bathed," fretted Elsie.

"Laws, miss, it does a heap o' good! Penny royal tea's good—"

Oh, do go away!" groaned Elsie.

"In course I will, miss; but I'd like to do something fur ye"—her looks real sick."

"Then just go away, and don't come up again for the next two hours."

"Yes, miss, I'll jest—"

"Go out!" shrieked Elsie.

"I 'se all fur yer cushins," said Vic. "Dear me, Miss Elsie, yer allers says I'm hard handy when yer has dem headaches."

"I wish to heav anybody to-day."

"Dear me, sin't it's pity! Now, miss, I knows what 'ud be good for yer—"

"Elizabeth," groaned Elsie, "do come and send this dreadful creature away!"

This time Victoria deemed it most prudent to make a hasty retreat, for she stood in a good deal of awe where her mistress was concerned. She went out, reiterating her desire to be useful, and really very full of sympathy, for she was kindhearted as people, except where her enemy, Clorinda, was in the question.

"They'll kill me, I know they will!" moaned Elsie.

But as Elizabeth did not pay the slightest attention to her querulous cries, she relapsed into silence. Finally, her eye was caught by the luncheon-tray; the apricot jelly looked like a great oval-shaped wedge of amber, the cold chicken was arranged in the daintiest of slices, and there was custard-cake, Elsie's special favorite.

She made an effort to fancy herself disgusted at the bare sight of food, and turned away her head, but it was only to encounter the fragrant odor from the tempting dish. Victoria had set upon the hearth.

"Could you eat anything, Elizabeth?" she said, dejectedly.

"No, no; I am not hungry."

"But you never touched a morsel of breakfast, and you ate nothing all yesterday."

"I can't eat now—indeed I can't," was Elizabeth's reply.

"Oh, nor I!" moaned Elsie. "I feel as if a single mouthful would choke me."

She glanced again towards the tray, and began to moan and weep.

"Oh, dear me! This day never will be over!

Oh, I wish I were dead,—I do truly! Do say something, Bessie; don't set so."

But Elizabeth only kept up her incessant march, and Elsie was forced to quiet herself.

She rose from the sofa at last, stood by the window a few moments, but some magnetism drew her near the luncheon-tray again. She took up a spoon and tasted the apricot jelly.

"I want things to look as if we had eaten something," she said, as Elizabeth entered again.

"You had better try some," said her sister.

"One ought, I suppose," observed Elsie. "I think I will try and drink a cup of tea—won't you have some?"

Elizabeth shook her head, and with renewed sighs Elsie poured herself out a dish of tea and sat down at the table.

"Oh, this wretched day! I'd rather be dead and buried! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

In an absent way she turned her spoon into the apricot jelly again and stopped her moans for a second with the translucent compound.

"I will, I could eat; but I can't."

She put a fragment of chicken on her plate, made a strong effort and actually succeeded in eating it, while Elizabeth was walking through the other rooms.

"I've tried to eat, she said, when her sister appeared in the doorway again, "but I can't."

She drank her tea greedily.

"I am so thirsty; I believe I've got a fever."

But Elizabeth never heard her, and Elsie sat staring at the paté—a magnificent affair, she knew it was—one of Maillard's best, full of truffles and all sorts of delicious things. She felt something in her throat, which might have been hunger or it might have been weakness; she chose to think it the latter.

"I feel so weak," she said, when Elizabeth returned on her round; "such a sinking here," and she put her hand to the region where her heart might be supposed to lie.

"You had better lie down," her sister said, blandly.

That was not the advice Elsie wanted or expected, and she cried out, spasmodically:

"How can I keep still? Oh, I wish I had some drops or something to take!"

She moaned so loudly that it disturbed Elizabeth.

"Drink your tea," she said, "and eat something; you cannot go without food."

"Oh, I will try," said Elsie, resignedly. "I wish you'd come and sit down and have a cup; maybe I could eat then."

"Not now," replied Elizabeth.

The sight of food was loathsome to her. She had hardly touched a morsel for two days.

After a good deal more hesitation and moaning Elsie started the sofa, and the jelly, and the pickles, and the custard-cake, and some crisp little wafers, and, finally, made an excellent meal; all the while declaring that she did not eat, that every mouthful choked her, that she believed she was dying. To all these complaints Elizabeth paid as decidedly slight attention as if Elsie were not making.

Elsie went back to her sofa, feeling somewhat comforted, and prepared to take a brighter view of things. It appeared possible now for her to live an hour or two longer—a little while before she had believed that her death might be expected any moment.

"Do come and sit down, Bessie," she said, as Elizabeth entered, for about the hundredth time. "I'll give you the sofa; you must be tired out."

"No; I am not tired—I like to walk."

"Well, I am sure you have been on your feet hours march—march! Do sit down."

Elizabeth only turned away in silence, but Elsie was much relieved after her exertion to comforts, that she could not forbear attempting to inspire her sister with a little of the hope which had begun to spring up in her own weak heart.

"Oh, Bessie," she cried, "I feel as if this would get over somehow, I do indeed."

"Oh! how?" said Elizabeth.

"Oh, I can't tell; but there'll be some way, there always is; nothing ever does happen, you know."

Elizabeth did not know. She was thinking of the books she had read, in which women's ruin and disgrace were depicted; of the accounts in almost every day's paper of families broken up, their holiest secrets made a public jest; of terrible discoveries which had been made, shaking a whole community with the excitement, and dragging all that seemed before the eyes of the whole world. Yet Elsie could say:

"Nothing ever does happen!"

But the thinking that perhaps in a few hours that quiet house might be agitated by a discovery, mysterious and full of horror as any of the occurrences in the novels she was recalling; only a few hours and she might be driven forth to a fate terrible as that of the unhappy women whose names she had almost ceased to be unaccustomed.

Not for one instant did she delude herself with hope. She knew that the crisis was at hand, and that it was rapidly, very rapidly, approaching for weeks. This time there would be no loophole of escape—this last respite was all that would be granted her; and yet now that she had gained that much, there seemed every hour less probability of her being able to turn it to advantage.

She looked at her sister, as the idea had to do, a work at which the stoutest man's heart might have quailed, alone in the dead of night, with the fear of the civil powers rising up weird and solemn, she heard the low shiver of its branches as they swayed to and fro; she saw the earth laid bare, and——

The picture became too terrible, she could endure no more, and with a shuddering cry she sank upon her knees in the centre of the room:

"God help me! God help me!"

Elsie sprang off the couch and ran towards her with a succession of strangled shrieks.

"What is the matter? What ails you? Oh, oh! You frighten me so. Are you sick—did you see something? Is he going that way?"

But the woman neither saw nor heard, her eyes were fixed on heaven's sky, and the pallid look on her haggard face, which might well have startled stronger nerves than those of the girl by her side.

"Elizabeth Lorrell," she shrieked Elsie, in a genuine terror which there was no mistaking.

"I must do it," muttered the woman; "I must do it! Alone—I must go alone! And all no use—no use—I tell you, no use!"

"Oh, Bessie, dear Bessie! Get up! Don't look so! Oh, for heaven's sake! Bessie, Bessie!"

Elsie threw herself upon the floor beside her sister, crying and shrieking, clinging to her, and hiding her face in her dress, all fearful that some terrible object would peep before her gaze. Her agitation and wild terror recalled Elizabeth to her senses. She disengaged herself from Elsie's arms and staggered to her feet.

"It's over now," she said, feebly, with the weariness of a person exhausted by some violent exertion; "I am better—better now."

"Oh, you frightened me so."

"I won't again. Don't cry; I am strong now."

"What was the matter? Did you see anything?"

"No, no. I was only thinking; it all came up so real before me—how horrible."

"But it may be made all safe yet," urged Elsie. "If you can escape this time—only this once."

She did not venture to speak with the trouble which might befall her sister. Even in that moment of anguish her craft and her selfishness made her remember to be present in Elizabeth's mind the promise she had made.

"Only this once," she repeated.

"It is to be my fate," returned Elizabeth. "I told you the day would come—it is here!"

"But he can't discover anything, Bessie, when everything is gone!"

"Have you thought what I must do?" she broke in. "The horror is almost worse to bear than exposure and ruin would be."

Elsie wrung her hands.

"Don't give way now. You have borne up so long; don't give way when a little courage may save everything."

"I shall not give way; I shall go through with it. But, Elsie, it will all be useless; the end has come."

"Oh, don't say that, don't think it! Think how many secrets are kept for ever. It needs so little now to make us secure; only don't give way, Bessie dear; don't give way."

"Be quiet, child; I shall not fail!"

Elizabeth walked away and left her crouched upon the floor, and began to pace about in her self. The rouge Elsie had rubbed on her cheeks burned there like two hectic spots, making the deathly pallor of the rest of her face ghastly; her eyes were sunken and gleamed out so full of agony and fear that she turned away with a shudder. Her dress, in the disorder, showed wildly disheveled hair and her shoulders. She bound it up again, arranged her dress and recommenced her restless walk.

"Get up, Elsie," she said; "some one may come in."

Elsie took refuge on her sofa, and sobbed herself into a semi-unconsciousness, lying in her haggard anxiety, moved and yet drown, horrified by terrible reflections, which wrung her soul and left it dumb, with a sense of humiliation, born rather of desperation than endurance.

At last she caught sight of Elsie lying asleep upon the sofa. She approached and bent over her. Her hatred to her sister in her crisis took from her face, and they fell over the cushions in rich luxuriance, a feverish color was on her cheeks, lighting up her features, but her whole appearance was so pretty, so singularly childlike, as she lay there, that it seemed impossible, even then, that any crime could be laid to common with the awful trouble that oppressed Elizabeth.

Elizabeth stood for a long time regarding her, and then stooped down over her face as she did so, but they all settled into a look of settled determination, and she turned away. Whatever was to be the issue of her present course; she would keep her promise to the very letter. If ruin and disgrace came they should fall on her alone. Why attempt to involve those who were dear to her in it?

She went to a cabinet in the corner of the room, opened a little drawer and took out a package of letters. They were those her husband had written to her during his long absence.

She drew an easy-chair near to the sofa and sat down, for her limbs trembled under her, untied one or two of the epistles and read passages from them. One of the pages she read ran thus:

"Whatever may happen, no matter how long my absence may be prepared for, I know that you will take care of Elsie. If the worst should happen—if death should surprise me in this far-off land, I know that you will not fail me now I made my dying mother and be a parent to that desolate girl.

"Forgive me if I pain you by writing so sadly. I do not believe that any misfortune will happen to me; something tells me that I shall reach home in safety, and find love and happiness once more awaiting me there."

"But the charge I have in Elsie's future is always present to my mind. I never can forget the words that my dying mother spoke; they are with me night and day, and have been since the hour when they were whispered from her pallid lips.

"I rejoice my heart to think how different from most girls our little Elsie is. If any harm were to come to her I think I should go mad; disgrace to one whose blood was kindred to that in my veins would kill me. You may think this pride a weakness, but it is too deeply rooted in my nature ever to be eradicated. When I look about the world and see girls disgracing themselves by improper marriages, elopements, often worse shames, which must blight their lives and those of all connected with them, I think what I should do under such circumstances.

"Elizabeth, I could not endure it. You are my wife; I love you more deeply than you are aware; but I tell you that I could rather incur wrong which came to me through my wife than through the weakness or dishonor of one who claimed my name by right of birth. It is an inherited pride which has, I know, come down from father to son, and will go with me through life.

"But Elsie—in your hands quite safe. I rest upon that thought. I remember her loveliness, her innocence, her sweet childish ways, and I am at peace again."

That was the letter Granthey Mellen had written during his long exile, and there his wife sat reading it in the presence of that sleeping girl.

After a time Elizabeth folded up the letters, kissed them passionately, and laid them away.

"Perhaps it is the last time," she murmured. "The last time! I won't think—I won't think! Let the day pass!"

She began walking up and down the room again, treading softly so that she might not disturb Elsie's slumber, and trying to build up a hope in her desolation, only the next moment to be swept aside by the black wave of her agony and fear of ruin.

"He will not feel it so very much when it is only me on whom disgrace falls," she thought, with mournful self-abasement. "For her it would have done my best. I have struggled so hard to keep the fair creature he loves so much from harm. When I am gone—when I am in my cell, Heaven cloud that had no silver lining for him, he will be happy with her. I ought to be comforted by this. Yet, O merciful God! this thought alone makes the worst of my misery. They will be so happy, and without me!"

BOOK NOTICES.

LIFE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. Philadelphia: J. B. Peterson & Brothers.

GEN. MCCLELLAN'S LIFE AND REPORTS. Philadelphia: J. B. Peterson & Brothers.

The entering house gives, in a popular and cheap form, the "Life of President Lincoln," embracing his Speeches, Proclamations, Letters, Messages, &c.," and forms, in a handsome octavo of 500 pages, extremely useful for reference, and at a remarkably low price.

A "Life of Gen. McClellan," with a full history of the battles in which he took part, and his reports, in like style, is also offered, and cannot fail to meet an extended sale although there are many competitors.

THE SCHOOLGIRL'S GARLAND. Parts I. and II. By Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Simultaneously with the death of Mrs. Kirkland appears the first number of her "Schoolgirl's Garland." The circumstances would disarm criticism were there a field for it, but there is none. It would seem to be easy to make a good selection of poetry for the young; but in reality it is one of the most difficult tasks a really good one. True poets have failed in this apparently simple task.

Mrs. Kirkland took up the subject as one accustomed to watch the fluctuating minds of young girls, and her selections are graduated, beginning with the simple verses that they can read to the little mates of four years old, seated upon your knee, and finishing at an active literary age, when they can use the noblest poems in the language. The pieces chosen are gems, and treated as such. The two little volumes, in type, workmanship and paper, are of unexceptionable simple beauty. The volumes have no associations but the girl's main tasks and schoolbooks. They cannot but be favorites and exercise a most beneficial influence.

THE CHAPLAINS AND CLERGY OF THE REVOLUTION, By J. T. HEADLEY, Author of "Washington and his Generals," "Napoleon and his Marshals," &c., &c. New York: Scribner, 1864, 12mo., 400pp.

Mr. Headley's name stands among our most popular and graphic writers, has here brought together biographical sketches of the lives and labors of the most eminent chaplains and clergy of the Revolution: Jonas Clark, Samuel Cooper, Dudley Pope, Peters, Bennett, Muhlenberg, Allen, Rossbugh Benedict, Bishop White, Rodgers, Dwight, Witherspoon, Styles, Burlow, Caldwell, Trumbull, Kirkland, Gano, Cumming, Hazlett, Dr. Wilkinson, Gray, Brown, Smith, Champion, McWhorter, Allen, Pomeroy, Hunter, Hubbard, and others, forming a new, forever, Archbishop Carroll, whose services in his mission to Canada entitle him to a place in the list of patriotic clergymen.

The sketches are carefully prepared, not so much for the historical student as for the public, and it is needless to say they are of interest and value.

As Mr. Headley remarks, the influence of the clergy in the great struggle for liberty was immense, and yet in written histories is almost ignored. The French and Indian wars were stepping-stones to the subsequent appeals of the people; the patriot sermons of Whitefield and Davies prepared the people for revolution, and the influence exerted by that body prior to the general outbreak was notorious.

MY CAVE LIFE IN VICKSBURG. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1864, 12mo., 198p.

We have not met a more interesting book on the war than the sketches of a lady caught in Vicksburg, and there during the siege. Our readers cannot forget the letters in the shells of the bill, many little incidents to escape from shells. The writer was the inmate of caves, and records the daily life of the parents' subterranean abodes, their hardships, their miseries, their fears, their hopes, and occasionally a smile in every shape.

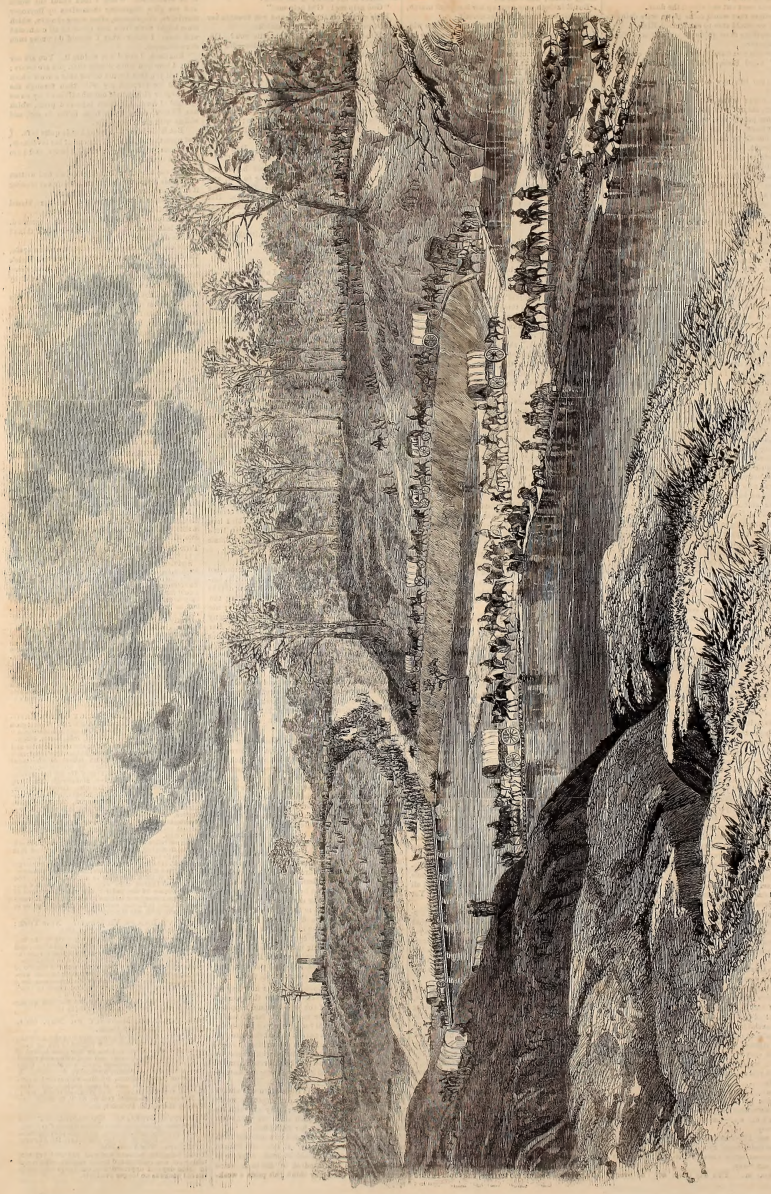
It is the work of a lady, and we purpose giving extracts, to enable our readers to enjoy it.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May, 1864. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We may well be proud of a magazine like the Atlantic, which stands, as we may regard it, as the purest news of some of the articles, is the embodiment of the best, the most pure, purest and best-cultured talent in the country. The present number contains: Gold Foil, a Country Town, Poems by Robert Browning; A Cruise on Lake Ladoga, by Bayard Taylor; a continuation of Harriet Beecher Stowe; Wit and Humor, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; Wet Weather Work, by L. E. Mayer; the Reaper's Dream, by T. B. Read; the Rim, by Harriet E. Prescott, &c.

PHILLIPS'S STERLING EXCHANGE, for the Reduction of Sterling into United States Currency, and Currency into Sterling at Rates varying from 1 per cent. From 2½ to 100 per cent. By ALFRED PHILLIPS. New York, 1864.

These valuable, because accurate and well printed, tables we can recommend to our readers, who must in these days of unprecedented exchanges cast aside the old books as no longer available.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BANKS'S ARMY, IN THE ADVANCE ON SHREVEPORT, CROSSING CANE RIVER, MARCH 31.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST, C. E. H. BOUTELLE.



THE WAR IN THE SOUTH—NEGRO RECRUITS TAKING THE CARS FOR MURFREESBORO.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. HILLEN.

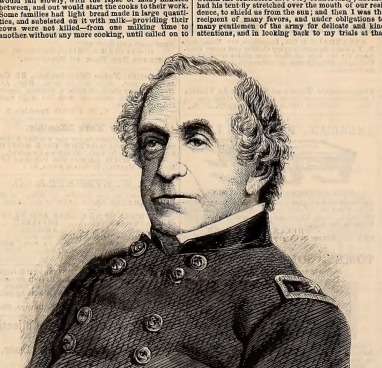
NEGRO RECRUITS.

THE sketch of negro recruits taking the cars to Murfreesboro' comes in sad contrast with the scenes at Fort Pillow. The negroes enter the service of the Government, under an implied promise of protection. But in spite of their voluntary enlistment, in spite of their heroism at Millikin's bend and Fort Wagner, they are butchered in cold blood, and scarcely a word of indignation or sympathy is expressed, and Government is as inert to retaliate as though it were of no importance.

BRIG.-GEN. J. G. TOTTEN, U. S. A.

BRIG.-GEN. JOSEPH GILBERT TOTTEN was at the head of the corps of Engineers, the most thorough branch of the service, to which only the most accomplished graduates of the military are assigned. He was a veteran and a man of high attainments. He was born in Connecticut, in 1788, and entered the Military Academy on the 6th November, 1802, receiving his first commission, that of 2d Lieutenant of Engineers, on the 1st July, 1805, nearly 60 years ago. He became 1st Lieutenant in 1810, Paymaster and Captain in 1812, was Chief Engineer in the campaign on the Niagara in 1813, won a brevet of Major for his gallantry at Fort George, and of Lieutenant-Colonel for his conduct at the battle of Plattsburg, in 1814, for he was here, too, Chief Engineer. He received a Major's commission in 1818, a Lieutenant-Colonel's in 1824. Ten years after he was made Colonel and Principal Engineer. During the Mexican war his services were called into requisition; he was Scott's Chief Engineer at Vera Cruz, where he won the brevet of Brigadier-General, and in the third war of the country stood at the head of his important department, having been commissioned a Brigadier-General, March 30, 1863. He died at Washington on Saturday, the 23d of April, 1864.

The War Department has ordered appropriate honors to be paid to his memory. During the 32 years that he was at the head of the Engineer Department he administered with untiring devotion, spotless integrity and signal ability the varied duties, the financial responsibilities and professional labors of that arm of the service. Our extended line of coast and lake defences are enduring monuments to his memory.



THE LATE BRIG.-GEN. JOSEPH G. TOTTEN, U. S. A.

THE CAVES AT VICKSBURG.

OUR readers will recollect the caves in which the inhabitants of Vicksburg took refuge during the siege, which we so graphically illustrated.

A Southern lady has just published a work entitled "My Cave Life at Vicksburg" (Appleton, New York), which gives a thrilling account of them and life in them. Speaking of the running of the batteries, she says:

"Some of the gentlemen urged the ladies to go down into the cave at the back of the house, and insisted on my going, if alone. While I hesitated, fearing to remain, yet wishing still to witness the termination of the engagement, a shell exploded near the side of the house. Fear instantly decided me, and I ran, guided by one of the ladies, who pointed down the steep slope of the hill, and I quickly ran back for a shawl. While I was considering the best way of descending the hill another shell exploded near the first, and causing to hesitate, I flew down, half sliding and running. Before I had reached the mouth of the cave two more exploded on the side of the hill near me. Breathless and terrified, I found the entrance and ran in, having left one of my slippers on the hillside.

"The dining, breakfasting and supper hours were quite irregular. When the shells were falling fast the servants came in for safety, and our meals waited for completion some little length of time; again they would fall slowly, with the lapse of many minutes between, and out would start the cooks to their work. Some families had light bread made in large quantities, and subsisted on it with milk—providing their cows were not killed—from one milking time to another without any more cooking, until called on to replenish. Though most of us lived on corn bread and bacon, served three times a day, the only luxury of the meal consisting in its warmth; I had some flour and frequently had some hard, tough biscuit made from it, there being no soda or yeast to be procured. At this time we could also procure beef. A gentleman friend was kind enough to offer me his camp bed, a narrow spring mattress, which fitted within the contracted cave very comfortably; another had his tent-fly stretched over the mouth of our residence, to shield us from the sun; and then I was the recipient of many favors, and under obligations to many gentlemen of the army for delicate and kind attentions, and in looking back to my trials at that time, I shall ever remember with gratitude the kindness with which they strove to ward off every deprivation. And so I went regularly to work, keeping house under ground. Our new habitation was an excavation made in the earth, and branching six feet from the entrance, forming a care in the shape of a T. In one of the wings my bed fitted; the other I used as a kind of dressing-room; in this the earth had been cut down a foot or two below the floor of the main cave; I could stand erect here, and when tired of sitting in other portions of my residence I lowered myself into it and stood impassively resting at full length—one of the variations in the still shell experiment life.

"Caves were the fashion, the rage, over besieged Vicksburg. Negroes, who understood their business, hired themselves out to dig them at from $30 to $50, according to the size. Many persons considering different localities unsafe, would sell them to others who had been less fortunate or less provident, and so great was the demand for cave workmen that a new branch of industry sprang up and became popular, particularly as the personal safety of the workmen was secured, and money withal."

Mrs. Fry on Umbrellas.

"AH!" said Mrs. Pry, "umbrellas have a good deal of character, after all. They express themselves very well; much better than their owners sometimes. I can tell, sitting at a window of a cloudy day, just where every passing umbrella comes from. People can deceive you by assuming false expression, but umbrellas can't.

"That thin, black, genteel, silk umbrella, coming up the street, can't be more than a month old. It's a young umbrella, bought in a dry season, and only used out for the first time. If it was older, or had been seen by many friends, it wouldn't look as it does now; it would have been borrowed and smashed.

"That blue thing, now, with a hole in the top and stray bones sticking out of it, is the umbrella a friend lent you. It has the look. I'd know it anywhere. You were caught there in the rain, and she said: 'It's a shame to spoil that sweet bonnet; I'll try to find an umbrella!' and you know of two black silks, a gingham and an alpaca, and hope for one. But no; the thing was the product of her researches. It is an umbrella kept to lend a friend. That is bad enough.

"But a neighbor's loan of an umbrella is always worse. Only two of the points are fastened to the whalebone; the top has been fastened on with a piece of old wire. The string, of course, is of; and when the rain comes shining on and you want to shut it down, it forms a bulgy bag, at which people stare and grin. And no wonder—it is full of holes! The handle is broken short in the middle; and I have had one that had a long, sharp nail in it to hold it by! That was lent me by my landlady, a Jewess.

"The umbrella that has been stolen might as well have pickpocket plastered upon it. It is always shabby-genteel. People watch their umbrellas well in the first gloss of newness, and stolen umbrellas are not cared for as they have been, because they cost their owners nothing but a prick of conscience, and conscience doesn't amount to much in 1864.

It generally has a white ivory handle—perhaps the handle is the temptation—and the present possessor is always very careful to put it in dark corners, or sit before it; lest, unawares, the owner should enter. Sometimes the stolen umbrella has a silver plate on the handle, from which the name has been carefully scraped with a penknife.

"Some people never lose their umbrellas, because they always carry them rain or shine, and choose each old ones that they could be sworn to anywhere after a passing glance. Your Quaker aunt, from Philadelphia, has a sad-colored one, shaped like the half of a cantelope, with a large white ring instead of a hook. She has had it twenty years, and is never seen without it. The umbrella is as much a Quaker se your respected aunt.

"Then there is an old bachelor umbrella—umbrellas which never could stand side by side with feminine umbrellas, with ornamental handles. Where bachelors find them we don't know; no man ever has one before he is fifty. These umbrellas are very tall. They are of olive-green silk, thick to richness; they have a ribbed border about them, and a large crook and a sharp metal ferule. The elastic confining them when in repose has a polished tag as large as a pea, and the owner's name is stamped in white on the black handle. It never leaves the old bachelor's hand. Some one tells it under the pillow when he retires to rest, and one of my acquaintances does hook his on the back of his chair at breakfast as a regular thing.

"It is only equalled by the traveling missionary's umbrella in tenacity of life; but that, poor thing, is a brown cotton, with a handle like a broomstick, a button instead of a ferule, and big white blotches where it has been darned on.

"Oh, don't tell me," continued Mrs. Pry, "I know the character of an umbrella wherever I meet it as well as Mr. Fowler knows a man's disposition by his tongue—and a great deal better."

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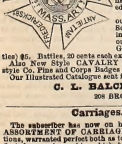
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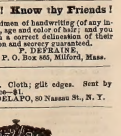
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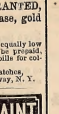
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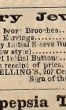
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ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

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No. 450—VOL. XVIII.] NEW YORK, MAY 14, 1864. [TERMS: $5.00 YEARLY, 14 WEEKS $1.00.

The War in Virginia—The Prospect a Short and Decisive Campaign.

We are on the verge of the most momentous struggle of the war. Before this article shall have passed into the hands of our readers the chosen battle-ground of old Virginia, if not precipitately evacuated by the enemy, may be baptised anew in a deluge of blood, and her ancient hills may be shaken as by the throes of an earthquake. We believe that from the smoke of the conflict the flag of the Union will be advanced to the high places of the rebel capital; that the armies which Gen. Grant has summoned around him cannot be successfully resisted; that his plans and combinations are adapted to meet all possible emergencies; that he has the enemy within his powerful grasp; that the campaign will be "short, sharp and decisive," and that the fatal hour to the rebellion is near at hand.

We have not forgotten our disappointments resulting from each of the Virginia campaigns of 1861, '62 and '63. But all those reverses may be traced to that one grand mistake of scattering instead of concentrating our forces, and if the dearly purchased victories of our Potomac Army have been without substantial fruits, it has been in consequence of wasting delays in following up the enemy. This was the Austrian system of warfare against the little Corsican. The opposite or Napoleonic system of concentration and activity, which has reclaimed an Empire in the



SUGARHOUSE OF EX-GOVERNOR MOUTON, AT VERMILION, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. S. S. DAVID.—SEE PAGE 116.



1. Major C. Von Hermann. 2. First Lieut. Charles E. Sargent. 3. Col. James Grant Wilson. 4. Col. Horace B Sargent. 5. Lieut.-Col. William S. Abert. 6. Col. E. G. Beckwith. 7. Brig. Gen. Charles P. Stone. 8. Col. John S. Clark. 9. Major-Gen. N. P. Banks. 10. Col. S. B. Holabird. 11. Brig.-Gen. Richard Arnold. 12 Captain J. S. Crosby. 13 Brig.-Gen. A. S. Lee. 14. Capt. Wm. B. Hoe. 15. Lieut-Col. George W. Sapp. 16. Major G. Norman Lieber. 17. Major R. H. Alexander. 18. Captain Charles L. Bulkley.

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS AND STAFF.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY E. JACOBS, NEW ORLEANS.—SEE PAGE 119.

Barnum's American Museum.

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To Correspondents.

DECLINED.—Patrick Henry—Decline—Old Age—Some thing New—Serenade—Drover's Leap—Any Haste wood—The Fisherman.

Poetry, sketches of character, poems, and sketches for comic illustration are thankfully received. They will be carefully and promptly considered and returned. Care should be taken to write legibly, and give the address especially with all distinctness.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

A cavalry skirmish occurred recently near Strasburg, Va., between 100 of the 1st New York and 300 rebels.

The Union troops recently entered, and, it is said, burned Madison Court House.

NORTH CAROLINA.

A flag of truce was sent to Plymouth, but was not received.

Gen. Wessells and his little band of 1,500 fought like heroes for four days and nights, and the rebels admit the loss of 1,700.

A Union or "Buffalo" camp near Windsor was attacked and captured by the 624 Georgia, about the middle of April, and Capt. Hoggard, the commander, killed.

The Fort Jackson, Capt. B. F. Sands, with the Niphon, the Howard, the Sonoma, the Stepping Stone, Wilmington, and destroyed valuable waterworks belonging to the rebel Government.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The suspension of hostilities here has been followed by the withdrawal of troops. Beauregard has proceeded to Virginia, as he did three years ago. He passed through Wilmington on Monday.

The shelling of the city is kept up at intervals, and a broadside given to Fort Sumter.

LOUISIANA.

Our army is at Grand Ecore, fortifying. The large boats are above, but the smaller ones are below. Several of the boats have been hotly attacked by guerrillas on the banks of the river. The Bisckhawk had quite an adventure with them.

Gen. Steele is said to have captured Shreveport, and Banks has advanced on the 22d to meet the enemy.

Gen. Stone has been superseded by Gen. Dwight. A small Union force had gone up the Washita River, and a cavalry action had taken place there on the north bank of Red river, near Alexandria, by Gen. Grover.

The rebels, under Jumel, have made a raid on Plaquemine, destroying a large stock of cotton.

TENNESSEE.

Our pickets near Nickajack gap were attacked on the 23d and five killed, seven wounded and 15 taken by the rebels.

ARKANSAS.

Gen. Thayer joined Gen. Steele at Elkin's ferry, on the Little Missouri river, where the rebels were driven from their breastworks. The enemy then made a stand at Prairie de Anne, fortified by rifle-pits and epaulements, but Steele flanked their position, and Price retreated towards Washington. Steele then dashed on Camden, which Price endeavored in vain to reach before him. From Camden Steele moved on Shreveport.

MISSISSIPPI.

Forrest is retreating towards Alabama, followed by Gen. Grierson, who had a fight with him on the 21st near Hudsonville, Miss., and captured a number of prisoners, wagons, horses and mules.

KANSAS.

Quantrell is reported to have crossed the Arkansas and Verdigris rivers, on his way to Kansas. Gen. Blunt has been ordered to Kansas for service.

MISSOURI.

A detachment of Rogers's Union troops at Charleston had a fight with guerillas, on the 19th and 20th inst., in which they killed 12 of them. Six more were killed by the State Militia.

KENTUCKY.

A detachment of the 45th Kentucky, under Capt. Adams, attacked the rebels in Brent Hill county, killing and capturing 20; he then pursued Everett's command, whom he also defeated, killing two officers and taking seven.

FLORIDA.

A party of refugees ascended Wetappoe river some 20 miles to White bluffs, and destroyed 2,000 bushels of salt. They captured a valuable barge. Some of the crew of the Restless destroyed another Government saltwork on East bay.

NAVAL.

Commander Fox, of the Potomac flotilla, recently ran up the Rappahannock and destroyed two ferries, seven large lighters, three pontoon boats, 22 large skiffs, white oak ready to build a sloop of war, 22 large boats.

The blockade-runner Mary Sorley, from Galveston, was captured off the 12th of April.

The rebels continue their torpedo attacks. The Wabash in Charleston harbor was recently attacked, but escaped.

Admiral Dahlgren has gone back to the command of Charleston harbor.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 26th of April, a bill providing that no soldier shall be retired until the age of 62, and whose name shall not have been borne upon the navy register 45 years after the age of 16, was referred to the Naval Committee. The rest of the proceedings were unimportant and preliminary.

On the 27th, the consideration of the Tax bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole. An amendment that incomes derived from the interest of notes, bonds or coupons issued by the United States shall be included in the estimate of incomes was adopted. An amendment, that persons with incomes exceeding $600 and not more than $10,000, a tax of 5 per cent. shall be imposed; on incomes of $10,000 and not exceeding $50,000, of 7½ per cent. shall be imposed; and on incomes of over $35,000, a tax of 10 per centum shall be imposed, agreed to by a vote of 29 against 35. A proposition to tax the salaries of Members of Congress 10 per cent. was voted down by a large majority. The evening session a number of bills giving away a large quantity of the public lands for Western railroads and other purposes were passed.

In the Senate, on the 27th, the National Currency bill was taken up and debated at length, but no conclusion was reached. Several bills of commercial interest were passed, and petitions presented from the wives, widows, mothers and sisters of soldiers, praying for an increase of the soldier's pay.

In the House, the Tax bill was taken up and considered vigorously, progress being made to the 19th section. The joint resolution from the Senate appropriating $35,000 000 for the expenses of the 100 day troops was passed.

In the Senate, on the 28th, after the transaction of some unimportant business, Mr. Fessenden reported from the Finance Committee, increasing the duties on foreign imports temporarily 50 per cent., with an amendment making the internal revenue, and all stamping goods in bond and in transit. A spirited debate followed the consideration of this amendment, and after considerable manœuvering the House bill was finally passed over the President's veto by a vote of 30 to 8, whereupon the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the Internal Revenue bill occupied the larger part of the day. A spirited debate ensued upon a motion to tax the circulation of all other than National Banks 1 per cent. per month, but the amendment was finally adopted by the close vote of 74 to 73. An amendment proposed by Mr. Fernando Wood repealing the act of March last, which gives to a tax upon income on hand, and Mr. Washburne moved, as a substitute, to tax dormant income. This amendment was adopted by 76 to 65.

In the Senate, on the 29th inst., Mr. Sumner presented a joint resolution authorizing every road operated by steam to construct a postal car, and requiring to carry the mails at such compensation as the Government may deem just. A long disagreement on the Montana question came up, and was discussed at length, finally going over to the next day.

The House sessions, both day and evening, where principally occupied with the Tax bill, and considerable progress was made.

In the Senate, on the 30th of April, Mr. Sumner offered a resolution requesting the President to communicate to the Senate the opinion of Attorney-General as to the right of the Government to seize, in the and elsewhere, but Mr. Powell objected, and the matter was laid over.

In the House, a resolution for a Special Committee to investigate the contracts made by the Treasury Department was accepted, and Messrs. Garfield, Winslow, Harding, Pendleton, Brooks, Spaulding, and Brodhead-stewart, Dawson and Steele, Opposition, were appointed said Committee. Some progress in the consideration bill was then taken up, the question being on agreeing to the Senate's amendment thereto. The amendment placing covered troops on an equality, as regards pay, rations and clothing, with the regular army, created a long and lively discussion, but finally the amendment was adopted by a vote of 81 against 69.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MAXIMILIAN accepted the crown from the Mexican deputation at Miramar on the 10th of April. The formality was conducted with great pomp. The new Emperor made a speech in reply to the deputation, stating that he was convinced that the throne was voted by a great majority of the Mexican people. After this he was addressed as Emperor and the Archduchess as Empress. The Mexican flag was hoisted at the castle of Miramar and saluted with 21 guns. The Emperor commissioned ministers to the courts of Rome, Vienna and Paris, and made quite a number of appointments for his staff and household. On the 21st near Hudsonville, Miss., and captured a 11th of April Maximilian was seized with a low fever, so that his departure was again delayed. It was thought he would set out on the 16th instant for Rome, where he goes to receive the benediction of the Pope, of which he, as he states himself, stands in great need. The Archbishop, his wife, after some very difficult negotiation in Vienna, and after renouncing her right to the throne of Austria and her income from the State, brought the Archduke Francis Joseph to Miramar to sign the great Imperial State paper of Mexico.

Duppel was still besieged and vigorously bombarded by the Germans. Its fortified works were almost silenced, but still the garrison defended the ruins with vigor. The Danes made a vigorous sortie on the Prussians, but were repulsed. The Armistice had not yet assembled in London. The English House of Commons expressed some doubts of the prudence of permitting the English Delegate to the Conference to pledge the nation to any strict course of policy on the Dane-German question without the consent of the Parliament.

Garibaldi had entered London. He had a popular reception of the most enthusiastic description. The crowd in the streets was about equal to that which received the Princess of Wales. Mr. Mazzini was endorsed by the working men in their address to Garibaldi. The General had private audiences with Lord Palmerston and Earl Russell. He was afterwards entertained at a banquet given by the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. The city Corporation have been to continue some days.

Lord Cowley had gone on a private mission to Paris. It is said that he was to endeavor to allay an "irritation" which had sprung up in Napoleon's mind towards England since the Mirandola affair.

Twelve vessels, from Matamoras, Nassau and Bermuda, laden for the most part with cotton from the rebel States, reached Liverpool in two days.

The City of New York remained fast on Daunt's rock.

TOWN GOSSIP.

About May Time.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor"—landlordridden city.

In no other part of this wealth-bestridden land does such a disagreeable custom exist as that of making all renting and leasing terminate on a certain day and that day the most uncertain of the year. To New York city alone belongs the inhuman edict that could only have been derived from the King of Dahomey, whereby the household opportunities and goods of mankind through the streets upon a set day, and inviting all the world to look upon his poverty or his wealth. We say, therefore, doing the modern municipal monarch injustice in attributing to him so disgusting a fashion, when we remember that it is essentially "custom," as it is called, or holiday of "Parading the King's Wealth," is confined to his own property, which, in the month of May, is turned into the palace and borne by an army of his slaves through the streets of the city of his property, and there exposed to his old quarters. In this "custom" the King merely parades his household utensils, but, wiser than barbarian whites, does not attempt to change their place of deposit. His civilization extends further than that of New York, a solitary exception to the human spin his loving subjects a following of his "custom."

While in the country the day is ushered in

With bud and bee and flowers and hours,
And birds in gladsome singing;
With locks of steam and sweet dreams,
And winds their perfumes flinging;
With inviting eyes and liquor blue,
Through field and homestead ringing,
To talking up the life's first page
In mesmeried beauty bringing.

In the city, as though intended to illustrate the old saying that "man made the country and man made the town, it comes:

With smash and crash, and tearing dash
Our household goods are flying,
And dryman's screams, the music seems
Of mourning and of crying.
With careworn face and hurrying pace
Each Jack and Jill are bringing,
His weary limbs, wherever built whims
Of landlords and their kinsfolk.

The country rises in ruin, so utterly at variance with the small rise in the value of labor, how this year opens an immense per centage of New Yorkers to a change of domicile. Those who have been accustomed to pay $12 per month for rooms, themselves charged $20, and have, consequently, sought here some portable quarters, find that they can rent the old price for a somewhat poorer flat. The same rule applies all the way up in the scale, and all classes suffer alike. There is one thing in connection with the present state of affairs we never fail to wonder, and that is why capitalists do not extend to the city, while by so doing, enormous building on a large scale, and other inducements in men of small means and mechanics to live in

Country Houses.

To show how this could be done, let us enter upon a financial estimate.

Within half an hour's travel of the city by rail and steamboat upon Long Island, the Passaic river, the Hudson, the East river, and a number of other places, there is plenty of good ground that can be bought for $200 an acre. We'll say to put this handy cut into acre or half acre plots, the first with a house costing $1,000, and including all the modern fixings, with one of $750 and four rooms, and rented to artisans! We say practically we say so, that these houses can be contracted for and well finished for that price, and allowing a fair 10 per centum, rented for 10 per cent. on the entire cost, which would be $200 and $100. We know the working of such a plan to perfection it must have the co-operation of the railroads and steamboats, and that they would have a liberal rate of commutation and swift time to make it possible. But the benefits would be mutual. The people, and be at his city arbor as the cultivator, it will eventually succeed. Let a thousand houses of this class be done by an outlay of $35 per annum to the family or tenant, and the money consumed in paying the rural home will not be longer for the clerk and workingman than now in Jenkins' Row, Cliff Hall Row, Sixth street, time that in the cars or on the boats can be employed in reading or resting, or playing games or something else.

This is no dreamer's scheme, but only wants the action of a few persons to be carried into reality.

What is wanted is a Peabody and a Stuyvesant, or our Lenox, Astor, Ely, Blunts, and all the rich merchant princes, thus out of pocket, to erect over populated and increasing more city—to stamp the infamous tenant-house system, in which property we feel sure that none but Shylocks and money grinders ever invest.

Posthumous Record of the Fair.

With the young days of the sun on the third week of its existence the sanitary Fair went out, and the glories of its career ended. Failure became among the things that were. Delight effort was made to keep the Union Square Department open for a few days at a tax of 50 cents per head for those who

same, but the attempt was a failure, and scarce 100 visitors visited the "banquet hall deserted." On that day, that time sanitions have been the order of the day, and the goods have gone at fascinating prices, much to the chagrin of the Jews.

Since the sober second thought has set in, or for the grand scheme, our business men and shopkeepers are coming up the coast, and the epidemic is generally arrested so that the great Fair has been a financial success, and the commercial interests of the city of Boston have largely gained. Over a million and a quarter of money been raised and preserved to the Sanitary Commission, by the agency of the Fair. No doubt this may be true, but the cost of the interest to the city is not calculated, but there where would then be all the fun, dissipation, matrimony, misery, slaughter, misery and general happiness created by it.

The Last Come Down

is that of Broadway stages, a triumph of the public in which we believe they really rejoiced. The attempt of the drivers' fares of omnibus to raise their fare to 10 cents—even though it may have been warranted by increased rates of labor and produce—has failed in the most signal rebuke that has ever been administered to any public wrong within our recollection. The public have contented themselves with letting the charge, and have taken to locomotion and decreased overcrowding of the cars. The result has been that a Broadway stage became solitude personified, and the fact of an individual hailing one of them almost terrified the deserted John out of his wits, and proclaimed the hailer a countryman just arrived, or a citizen who rode once a year, did not read the papers, and dared the expense.

The Events of the Week,

in a dramatic way, are, firstly, the debut of Miss Jane Coombs, at Wallack's, as Lydia Thorpe, in which she made a pleasant impression, though somewhat leaking the life and vigor that should be put into the part by a wife of the old Sir Peter.

Secondly, the production, by Avonia Jones, at the Winter Garden, of a new drama, entitled "The Sorceress" the history of which is that of a mother, Lady Janet, the sorceress, having had her son stolen in infancy, and that the secret of the mystery is only known only to Miron, the King's physician, who refuses to reveal the secret. Attempting to wring the hereoit on Miron, she plots a fearful death for the unconscious Prince Edward, but discovers that the young man is her son time enough to save him.

Thirdly, the production of the hands of the assassin, and secondly, by rescue from an insanction, in which the assassin saves her own life. The piece is sensitively sensational, and brings down the house. The coming week is devoted to Edwin Booth at the house, where he opens in "Hamlet."

The Olympic is running "Loyalina" on its fourth week.

Barnum announces the last week of "Cuelo's Cave," and a magnificent spectacular drama to follow.

Wood's has no more opera, perhaps, not until fall, in consequence of Maretzek's rebellion against the extravagance of the chorus, who, not content with all the profit, want a bonus extra.

Another Sensation

for sightseers during the week has been the doings of the Davenport Brothers, at the Cooper Institute. These savages must have an outraged sense of common sense, and quiet outrages of probability and judgment, that we are forced to confess to a feeling of indignation not belief in anything. The manner in which they—or he by proxy—is released from the cords and manacles legs from the strongest binding, done by such eminent binders as Jaggers Wesley, who has bound over a good many Jersey men, is somewhat amazing. What they do is indescribable, and will sound like a catching when described; but so far has puzzled all the wisdom and acumen of the police force, and defied even a Houdini. We shall wait in patient hope for the debut of Simmons, who makes his first appearance in New York, the New Broadway Theatre, Wallack's old house, which has been entirely remodeled by Mr. Geo. Wood, late of Wood's, and who promises the public that he will do the same thing as the Davenports, and expose the trick. Do hurry up, Simmons!

BOOK NOTICES.

LIFE OF EDWARD LIVINGSTON. By CHARLES HAYNES FOSTER. With an Introduction by GEORGE BANCROFT. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1864. 8vo., 468pp.

We are in the new era of good books, well printed on good paper, with liberal margins. This "Life" is a very interesting, complete, and in a racy, interesting, comprehensive life of a truly great man, who, though as much appreciated in Europe as in his own country, has not been appreciated by them in his own country. We gladly find for this field, will do much to make Americans at our day acquainted with the immense learning, practical sense, sound judgment and sterling patriotism of the great legist, Edward Livingston.

PLASTER OF PARIS FOR PAINT.—A writer in the *Reports of Rural Affairs* recommends the use of plaster of ground gypsum, instead of white lead, to mix with oil for paint for outside work. If, as he says, it is equally as fast, more durable than white lead or zinc white, it deserves to be widely known, as the plaster is very cheap and easily obtained. Two equal parts of the plaster and white lead with oil enough to make the consistence of cream, are to be put it through a paint mill. This will have a good body and be very extensible. For inside work, as in dwellings, the plaster and oil are a good purpose, as it is harmless, and when rain water is colored by cisterns, it will be found to be purer than when it comes in contact with lead. Plaster is generally found ground very coarse, and it should therefore be run through a paint mill before it is used.

—Dr. Riggs, of Mitchell, Lawrence county, Ind., sold a mare six months ago, about twenty years old, who, being admitted to a private room, locked the door, and proceeded to weep, told him they had a warrant issued against him for having counterfeit money, but if he would give them $1,000 they would release him. He gave them $900 in cash and a note for the remainder, at sixty days. By virtue of his note the action was taken until a few days since, when one of the men returned to settle the note, when he was arrested and made to give bail in $1,500, to appear at the Circuit Court. The trial over, the mare was was at U. S. detective, showed a warrant to arrest Dr. B., and the mare and him to Indianapolis for trial.

—A few years ago a physician of Georgetown, West Indies, examined the body of a dead trash, or the fibrous residue of the canes, and found it to be a mummy, untinct to rot, and was cried up like a mummy. He did not at the time proclaim his discovery, but immediately instituted experiments with dead animals, which completely confirmed his observations. The convinced first by the preservation of fresh meat, and finally by placing the wards and the supply cane-trash to be placed in the wards and the supply to be removed at intervals. In a short time the atmosphere of the hospital was purified, the contagion entirely ceased.

If a man has nothing to say, he is sure to take much time and use many words in saying it.

JESSAMINE LEAVES.

SPRING in absolute earnest at last. Blue skies, balmy breezes and open windows; strawberries if you like to pay 50 cents a dozen for them, and other delicacies intended evidently either for Lilliputian appetites or bewildering ones. Bonnets—sparkling bonnets, with a spring in them—bonnets which should be called Excelsior! The millinery interests of the city of New York were last year, but the lace and roses and Arthur grass, and indescribable ornamentation of bonnets, and the bewildering tall sprouts certain an altitude calculated to strike the beholder with amazement, I have remarked them in church—don't groan and say "shocking"! I was attending to the words of the Rev. Creamcheese—but ours is a fashionable church, and as I looked down the aisle, I couldn't see anything but my neighbors' bonnets. I dodged one way, and was met by a nodding by a maize-colored plume; another, and blue silk cap crowns baffled me. I stretched my neck, but that was useless, I saw no plaster; so I gave up the effort in despair, and naturally forgot theology in millinery.

A Man of Wax.

Flowers and fruit are very popular in wax, and we presume massive members of society of tender years adding wax beauties who turn about and wheel about in the fashionable promenade. Wax widows who simpper behind "grief-bordered" kerchiefs in mourning coaches, and wax heroes of from men of wax! Whoever conceived the idea of moulding the counterfeit presentment of a military hero, forthright, with his martial bearing, pattin' on his head a little wig, dressing him in uniform, hanging by his side a real sword, and putting him in a showcase in our fair! So he sold for $150 or so. There is something awful in it. We are told that the great Napoleon had a wax effigy made. The poor young soldier has gone where it is impossible for him to redress his wrongs, and there is no fear he would be anxious to tear down this monstrously pretty likeness as s/he was to uproot the rebel flag. If it were a good likeness, and the hero a live man gentleman could, if he pleased, take the presentation sword—a beautiful gold one, I presume, and run some one's bowels liv vains on the Fair. But a dead hero is helpless, and Ellsworth in wax is sufficient to make a woman faint. Poor Ellsworth! He is a hero, let ladies innocently and horribly perpetuate me in wax!

Two Cent Pieces.

Congress is considering the propriety of giving us two cent pieces. The description is glowing. "They are composed of bronze, and are intended to supply the dispatch; "on one side is a wheat-wreath; on the other, the words, 'two cents.'"

Do not feel elated, however; we don't believe any brilliant dream on the subject will be realized. Government cannot afford to confer such an mysterious days that is not disgusting, that has not from the bow's pocket and pocketbook. Nickel cents were charming, and the plague-wagging people could not resist the fact that we gave them the "gold-resembling" twopenny pieces will cap the climax of the "cents" by issuing "two cents" in "two bricks," white pebbles or tenpenny nails before long, unless Peace makes her appearance on the stage. Then we shall smash in one land and a bag of gold and silver in the other.

The Crisis.

People who are wise in such matters predict an early bull market, when everything will be blown to atoms. Everybody will be bankrupt. Every body will be ruined. Every man will be up to the snuff of a candle. Millionaires will retire to bark attics, and make brooms for a living. Actors and actresses will be reduced to the necessity of vending pins and shoestrings in baskets from door to door. Persons now earning $5 a day will scrape a living over the world with hurdygurdies and hand-organs, receiving pennies to go away; and thousands will pull be glad of bread and cheese and cast-off calicoes. At first we were alarmed, but on calm consideration we remember such things, and are perfectly sure that, we can remember anything, and are perfectly sure that, even during the worst crisis, everybody had as much to eat and to wear as they could. Nevertheless consequently we do not believe in the approach of famine and rags, and expect that there will remain a good deal of splendor for years to come, and that jewellery will glitter, and palatial residences will continue to grow, even in the midst of the hardest times.

Broadway Policemen.

Broadway policemen are not impartial; we regret to say it, but it is so. Of course no one can be stands like the statue of Napoleon, on a corner, conscious of the fact that unenlightened and unsympathetic "Paddies" he knows that well enough, but it is a matter of no importance to him. A carriage is stopped, and only the middle of the road, and recedes back with majestic scorn from the fact of sundry impatient ladies and gentlemen behind it. Then a cry of old women seem to want to get run over; why can't you look out, old tabby?

Proceeding to his corner and the Napoleon attitude, he waits again until a bevy of maids and matrons shall wish to cross the corner. He sees them critically; very respectable, good sort of folks out shopping or paying calls, and he condescends to the girl with the curls; rather bewitching.

This decides him. He forsakes the Napoleon attitude, and with the gallantry of a Chesterfield, crosses the street—advances to the girl with curls—clutches her by the arm, and, with a "Come along, miss, you now"—and escorts the trembling bevy to the other side, leading them into rather more than a trot, and the girl with the curls; rather bewitching.

Again, after a parting nip of the young lady's arm, the policeman resumes himself in his Napoleon attitude, and behold a matron—portly and tall—competent to subdue any number of horses and omnibus drivers—grim and obstinate, and strong-minded. She will be taken care of—not that she needs protection, but on principle—the officer must do his duty—and he does it, fiercely. Now he drags her through the mud—on the double quick—charging on vehicles as that they retreat in turn.

Ah! it is grand—we don't know who will be Commander-in-Chief of the Union army by the time this appears, but whoever it is couldn't do it better. The strong-minded lady clutches the nearest lamp-post and gasps for want of breath.

But behold! Somebody—something—in a tight lace and bugles—in sky-blue silk, with as silk can be —with lace and velvet tacked on everywhere—with a scarlet scarf tied under one ear—with gloves of canary color—with a parasol—a jockey hat and sweeping plume—and dotted veil and rose-tinted cheeks—treading on the heels of the man, which (since purchased at the hairdresser's) will escape—and with a parasol, with tartan silk—and scarce here—she passes—but a moment—he of the brass buttons flies to her rescue—he embraces her with one arm—he bears her from the fray—he presuming dirties—he kicks an infant sweep importuning for a penny—and deposits her safely on the pavement—safely on the sidewalk and turns to gaze after her while aunt Jemimas and grandma Smiths vainly beseech his attention—and cannot win favor in his sight. Yes, policemen are partial, there's no denying that.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK

Domestic.—The proceeding instituted by Judge Barnard against Mayor Opdyke for "contempt" was brought to a close on the 28th ult., by the Mayor's counsel declining to answer further interrogatories about his editorship and proprietorship of the Tribune, on the ground that it was not the jurisdiction of the Court. Subsequently the same question was put to Mr. Greeley, who, as the responsible editor of the Tribune, declared his willingness to take the consequence of whatever contempt had been shown in the case. Judge Barnard, on the 30th ult., decided that the ends of the proceedings was to correct the growing evil of libels upon individuals, and was by no means satisfied with which they differed in politics, expressing himself willing to punish the Mayor for his refusal to his interrogatories, and ordered him to be discharged.

Tailors working on custom work are liable to pay the tax of three per cent. on their earnings, by a decision lately given in the United States District Court. The decision in this case is highly important, as the principle covers a number of other occupations where the labor is performed on and exempt from taxation.

The net proceeds of the Cincinnati Sanitary Fair are officially stated at $334,850.

—Shirt collars of linen, cotton, paper and steel, are now manufactured, and we now to be added shirt collars made from vulcanized India rubber, which will be cheaper than linen, cotton or paper.

It is rumored in Washington that Postmaster-General Blair will be made Secretary of War, Mr. Watson, a radical Republican clerk in his department, to be placed at the head of the Post-office, and not Mr. Chase's friends.

The Rev. Dr. Todd, in a communication to Congress, states that Gen. Blair is a Major-General in the service of the United States, and on active duty, and standing with Gen. Blair and Gen. Schenck, last fall. Gen. Blair's rank and their places in the army by taking their seats in Congress.

—The Pennsylvania Convention assembled last week in Harrisburg, and elected Simon Cameron and a strong Lincoln delegation to the Baltimore Convention. A resolution was adopted in favor against the adjournment of the Convention and in favor of the immediate nomination.

—The stage fares on certain city routes were reduced to five cents on the 2d inst. The fare was also reduced to the former rate of six cents on Monday, May 2, 3, 4, and 5, when empty stages is not a paying business, as the proprietors have found out. The Fifteen of Jackson's colored regiments, with their entire suites be appointed to inquire into the expediency of giving them a chance to show their fighting propensities in omnibusses or coaches in this city. Thus looks like retaliation.

The school district of Moscow, Wisconsin, containing 31 districts, with a levy half of them under 15 years of age, has sent 26 men to the war, some of whom will be reduced to the necessity of a second a good deal of land will have to go uncultivated.

—The fifty-seventh census of New York vet. eran regiments were deposited in the Bureau of Military Statistics, in the Capitol, on the 29th, 30th, 31th, 13th, 16th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32d, 33d, 34th, 35th, 51st, 66th, 76th, 77th, 80th, 81st, 85th, 87th, 104th, 130th, 165th, 177th, 74 Artillery, 7th Battery N. Y. V., 11th Battery N. Y. V.

—The annual meeting of the Religious Society of Friends was held in the city of New York, Wednesday, near Hammonton, Chester county, Pa., on Thursday, June 2nd instead of the 1st of June. The meeting will probably continue for three days.

—Mayor Henry, of Philadelphia, has ordered the staging of the State House bell on every fire to be discontinued. The bell is connected with every telegraph only and the new method is said to answer exactly well.

The police of Portland, Maine, have been very active in recovering from several much property stolen from the vaults of the Bohemian. Among other goods was a large stock of jewellery, which was found in a house in one cave, hence, forward to be called Jewellery Cave. Most of it was supplied by the Jews.

Western.—There is considerable uneasiness in Missouri, in consequence of the coming campaign —several of the leading editors evidently having had their "fingers burnt" in the fiery furnace of treason events in the South-West. One says: "We have lost all faith in the Democratic party of a Government which leaves Kentucky at the mercy of a rebel raider with impunity."

Southern.—The prices in Georgia and Alabama are—gold, $30 for $1; corn meal, $5 per bushel; flour, $100 per barrel; bacon, $5 per pound; rice, $1 per quart; flour, $100 per barrel; coffee, $25 per pound; tea, $100 per pound; and every thing else in proportion. If the purchaser has a note of either of these articles he is a rich man. Gold watches, silver knives, forks, spoons, cups of all kinds, are not to be had.

—The Richmond Whig has a jubilant over the recent disasters to our arms in Florida, Red river and North Carolina. The editor of that paper evidently begins to infer that the rebel leaders have received upon some defeat which they will not recall, will bring on a decisive campaign. Their journals make many allusions to the "great battle coming," since the 20th inst., implying that they have been busy in building ramsand gunboats. The recent proclamation of Governor Vance indicates considerable countenance.

Military.—Adjt.-Gen. Schouler, of Massachusetts, reports that the State has furnished 49,625 three years' volunteers; 17,764 nine months' men; 1,031 two years' men, since the 15th April, 1861, to the war. Total, 91,976.

—Surgeon-Gen. Calvin Webster, sentenced to 10 years imprisonment for enticing slaves from Kentucky, and who had served 12 years of the time, has been pardoned by Lieut.-Gov. Jacobs.

Mrs. Gen. Fremont is at the Revere House, Boston. She is on a visit, with her children, to her many friends in that vicinity.

—King Victor Emanuel, who is a great friend of the stage, has received 30 stags from California. They cost, voyage and all, little less than fifty a-piece.

—Gen. Halleck is said to be an applicant for Chief of the Engineer Bureau, made vacant by the death of Gen. Totten.

The golden wedding of Mr. Joel and Mrs Abigail Converse, of Lyme, Conn., was celebrated on Monday, April 11, in the presence of a large array of relatives and friends. Many elegant and valuable presents were bestowed upon the venerable people, and the occasion was a very happy one.

Obituary.—James Hillhouse, the well-known special agent of the Post-Office Department, died at Brooklyn, Conn., on the 30th April, of typhoid fever.

Mr. Edward D. Riley, Chief of Police of Jersey City, died at his residence, in Montgomery street, on the 5th April, of consumption, after an illness of nearly four months. Mr. Riley was a native of Jersey City, and at the age, and was an upright and highly esteemed citizen. In 1861 he was elected a member of the Common Council, in the 3d ward, and for years he was elected to the Legislature; and in the following year was elected Chief of Police, which office he held at the time of his death.

—Commodore William D. Porter died on Sunday last, at his house in New York, aged 70 years. Commodore Porter was a native of the State of Massachusetts, and entered the U. S. Navy, in 1812, as midshipman duty, over 8 years shore duty, and was 30 years unemployed. He was between 60 and 70 years of age at the time of his death. He leaves a wife, who was with him at the time of his death, and daughter, who is in Richmond, and two sons, who are in the Confederate service.

—Com. Charles W. Flusser, who was recently killed in such a peculiar manner in the fight with the rebel ram Albemarle, was a native of Pittsburg. He was one of the most promising young officers of the navy, possessing the stern accomplishments of high moral character and elegance of manner, he was one of the most popular officers in the service that we ever met with. His gallantry was always conspicuous. He was appointed to the navy from the city of Pittsburg. Ore Perry with him, at the furious bombardment of Fort Sumter, when the rebels opened fire on the fleet. He was Judge Advocate-General on the staff of Gove. Young during the Mexican campaign, and was Clerk of Surrogate of the county and also to the Assembly of 1854, 55, 56. He was also Clerk of the Board of Aldermen in the city of New York. When the war broke out he was commissioned as Lieut.-Col. of the 79th regiment, Excelsior Brigade, which regiment he served with until the Peninsular campaign, shared its earlier hardships, and fought from the first battle of Bull Run until he was captured. He was taken to Richmond, where, and at Salisbury, N. C., he was confined in prison. At Concord, Winona, etc. After an imprisonment of several months he was exchanged, and in 1863 (only seven month after his exchange), he was commissioned Colonel of the 120th regiment, Excelsior Brigade. In October the regiment proceeded to New Orleans. In January, 1864, Col. Flusser resigned his regiment, and in that capacity was actively employed, rendering important services to the Navy Department at Washington, where he was conspicuous in most of the terrible battles during the campaign of 1864. He was present in the fearful slaughter of June 18, and when it was found impossible to take the rebel works by storm, commanded of the 3d battalion, selected to serve as the storming party.

Accidents and Offences.—A married woman, named Lucretia Hall, residing in Troy, N. Y., with a young man and $13,000 in certificates of deposit in the German Savings Bank, has left her husband to be in her name, but belonging to her husband. She is supposed to have gone to Canada.

—A boat containing five persons has been drawn over the upper dam at Little Falls, N. Y., and all drowned. Their names are not given. The upside and not having been found. The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and a young man named McEnery and Carr.

—The Rev. Mr. Sanford, who succeeded in marrying a Palmyra, N. Y., girl, she supposing that he was a Mr. Sawyer, who was already married, and by letter alone, turns out to have had other wives already. It is thought he has given up the military to be civil authorities.

—Two vessels this year have been lost from the Gloucester Sailing fleet, valued at $46,000; 78 men have perished with them, leaving 81 widows and 93 fatherless children.

—Lieut. Burns, who absconded from Louisville with $13,000, was arrested in Canada, and has been arrested at Montreal, C. W.

—Governor Sullan has appointed two Christians members of the Grand Council, and others have been promoted to high offices. The chief Liberal tendency on his part is a mark of progress, which others should imitate.

—The Italian brigade Re Galantcomo, which recently sailed from this port, and which was originally known as a band of organized stealing outfitters, is not lost, as was reported, but has arrived safely at Rio, one of the Azores, where their gruns were thrown overboard during the bad weather which prevailed on the voyage.

Art, Science and Literature.—Mr. Sprague has been appointed by the Governor of Rhode Island and Commissioner of Vienna, recommending the purchase by the Government of the Crystal Palace, and the Superintendent of the Imperial paper mills and printing establishment, and the Director of the Imperial Academies of corn husks and leaves.

—A woman has, for the first time in England, passed a Medical examination. She has applied to the University of London and to the Universities of Edinburgh, and has passed the examinations and Medicine and Midwifery to the College of Physicians. She has studied for five years, and has had to solve refused to allow her to graduate. Her object is to practice Medicine. Have her to complete her qualification to labor in the cure of human ills, and to be examined in Surgery, Chemistry, Botany, and has been examined in anatomy, physiology, chemistry, botany, and has been examined in Surgery, and studied for the prescribes five years—was successful in passing the examination, and has received her degree, and is entitled, when, if proved duly qualified, she will receive her diploma.

Quiz-Chat.—A little daughter of the owner of a coal mine in Pennsylvania was recently asked by a friend how much coal her father represented it to be a large gulf of fire. "Why," she replied, "sometimes he says he can't get coal enough you get the devil to buy coal of you!" He's been trying to get you."

—A Newburyport sugar merchant heard a few days since that sugar had gone up two cents, and telling no one what he was going to do, immediately rushed off and bought the whole stock of another merchant at 21 cents. He was so delighted with the operation that he treated the clerks all round on his return, and then learned that a man in a clever mood had sold bought all his stock at 20 cents while he was away.



THE SHAKESPEAREAN TERCENTENARY—LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF A STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE AT THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK, APRIL 23d.

THE SHAKESPEARE TERCENTENARY.

AMERICA claims Shakespeare as part of the great English-speaking race, and has ever shown her reverence for the memory of the great poet. Yet we may look in vain for any testimonial that gives evidence of this feeling.

The tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth naturally aroused enthusiasm here as well as in England. The erection of a statue in the Central Park was soon suggested, and Saturday, April 23d, witnessed the interesting event of laying the corner-stone of a monument to the memory of Shakespeare.

The Century Club, which initiated the movement, yielded the direction of the affair to Mr. Hackett, the well-known actor.

The weather lent its pleasantest countenance to the scene. The Park wore its heightened and gayest look, and was still more beautiful by the presence of charming women. We noticed, among others, Mrs. Fremont, Mrs. Judge Daly, Mrs. John Wood, Vining, Davenport, Miss Rose Eytinge. The male portion were represented by the Rev. Dr. Osgood, Father Hecker, Judge Daly, Herstatt, the artist, Lant Thompson, the sculptor, to whom rumor points as likely to be selected to execute the statue, the Hon. Henry J. Raymond, C. B. Seymour and Nicholson, of the Press, Stoddard, the poet, Augustus Saln, the author, Managers Wheatley, of Niblo's, Stuart, of Winter Garden, and Grover, of Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Messrs. W. H. Davidge, &c. In the evening benefits were given at Niblo's and Winter Garden for this object, Mr. Wheatley and Mrs. Hackett playing Falstaff and Prince Hal in "Henry IV." at the former, and Mr. Edwin Booth, Miss Jones and Mr. Edwin James playing Romeo and Juliet and Friar Laurence at the latter. The receipts at Niblo's were $1,250, and at the Winter Garden, $1,546, the largest amount ever received on one night at that house.

It is intended to organize similar benefits in every town throughout the country, and doubtless when raised is estimated at $30,000—the cost of the statue in Washington on Union Square. About $4,000 is already raised.

The site of the proposed statue is at the south end of the Park, one of the most attractive and delightful within the limits of the ground's. A space staked off and surrounded with ropes protects the excavations, in which rest an oblong block of granite, bearing the following inscription:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
April 23, 1864.

At 12 o'clock the ceremony commenced with a performance by the band, after which Mr. A. H. Green read the act of authorization. Judge Daly then delivered an appropriate address, and Mr. Hackett then laid the stone. This closing scene is sketched by our Artist. We trust that before many months it will be our pleasing task to present a view of the inauguration of the statue itself.



RESIDENCE OF EX-GOVERNOR ALEX. MOUTON, VERMILLION BAYOU, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

RESIDENCE AND SUGAR MILL

Of Ex-Governor Mouton.

As additional illustrations of the scenes of operations in Louisiana, we give two pleasing sketches of the residence and sugar mill of Ex-Gov Alexander Mouton, of Louisiana, the same we believe who, as the rebel Gen. Mouton, was killed in the recent battle with Gen. Banks. His fine estates are situated on Vermilion Bayou, on a rich and highly-productive tract, one of the richest sugar regions in the South.

A GENTLEMAN went with a friend to the Opera, and arrived before the doors were open. While waiting in the crowd standing behind his friend, he amused himself by picking the pocket of the latter, abstracting therefrom a handkerchief. Hardly had he done so when he was tapped on the shoulder, and on turning round he saw a gentlemanly-looking individual who handed him his own snuff-box, with a polite bow, observing that he never knowingly "operated on a brother professional, and was sorry that he had made such a mistake."



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—PLYMOUTH.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. VON GRIEFF.—SEE PAGE 119.

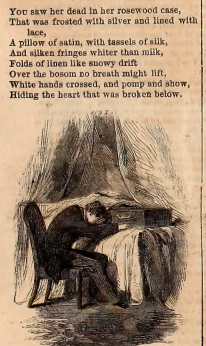


VIEW FROM PATTERSON PARK, ON LOUDENSLAGER'S HILL, BALTIMORE, MD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.—SEE PAGE 119.

WHY.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

You saw her dead in her rosewood case,
That was frosted with silver and lined with lace,
A pillow of satin, with tassels of silk,
And silken fringes whiter than milk,
Folds of linen like snowy drift
Over the bosom no breath might lift,
White hands crossed, and pomp and show,
Hiding the heart that was broken below.



Had I but known that the little hands
Held fateful dower of gold and lands,
I could have worshipped and walked aside,
Content in loving, my love to hide—
For their palms had touched me, and ever-more
Life would have brimmed with the extacy o'er,
As the Nile's love-valleys, caressed from sleep,
With tropical fervors the memory keep.

As star answers star in the twilight of earth,
So a love in her bosom like my love had birth.
I kneel to recall it, the love of that girl—
For the gift was an ominous, sad sea-pearl;
All of the wealth of her womanly soul,
Of her tenderness all, of her life the whole;
For how could they give her to such as I?
So my darling is dead, and that is why.

ENIGMAS.

By Miss L. M. Alcott.

I BOUGHT my roll that day of the quiet woman who kept the bakeshop near my poor lodging. I liked her ways; she always folded my purchase in a tidy paper, received my three cents with a little bow and a softly-spoken "Thank you," which dignified the paltry transaction and cost my pride no pang. At the corner I paused to decide where I should dine. A simple process, one would fancy, for the bread composed my meal. But, not being a Franklin, I objected to consuming the roll in public, and had two free dining-rooms to choose from—the Park in fine weather, a certain reading-room in stormy. A drop of rain decided me, and I strolled leisurely away to the latter refuge, for hunger had not yet reached its unendurable stage.

The room was deserted by all occupants but the librarian and one old gentleman, consulting a file of foreign newspapers. I slipped into an alcove devoured my dinner behind a book, and then fell to brooding moodily over the desperate state of my finances and prospects, the first consisting of a single dollar, the last of slow starvation or manual labor, if I could bring myself to it. An abrupt exclamation from the old gentleman roused me, for it had a hopeful sound.

"Page, who copied this? I'd like to secure such a penman."

"Don't know, I'm sure, sir," responded Page. "Among so many clerks it's impossible to tell. I'll inquire if you like."

"No; I couldn't have him, if you did. But if you happen to hear of any good copyist who, for a moderate sum, would do a job for me, let me know, Page."

"I will, sir."

The old gentleman put down the list of newly-arrived books which he had been examining, and drew on his gloves. As he approached my alcove a sudden impulse prompted me to step out and address him.

"Pardon me, sir, but necessarily overhearing your request, I venture to offer myself for trial."

"Have you any references or recommendations to offer, eh?" asked the old gentleman, pausing.

I had an excellent one which I had vainly offered to many persons for the last month. He read the very flattering letter from a well-known scholar whom I had served as secretary for a year, and seemed inclined to try me.

"Hum—quite correct—very satisfactory. Give me a sample of your writing; here's pen and paper."

I obeyed, and laying a sheet of paper upon the open book I had been reading, dashed off my signature in several different styles.

"Very good; the plainest suits me best. What's this? So you understand Italian, do you?"

"Yes, sir; perfectly, I believe."

The old gentleman meditated, and while doing so scanned my face with a pair of keen eyes, in which I could discover nothing but curiosity. I gratified it by saying briefly:

"Mine is the old story, sir. I am a gentleman's son, poor, proud and friendless now, in want of employment, and ready to do anything for my daily bread."

"Anything, young man?" asked the old gentleman, almost startling me with the energy of his emphasis on that first word.

"Anything but crime, sir. I am in a strait where one does not hesitate long between almost any humiliation and absolute want."

I spoke as forcibly as he had done; it seemed to please him, for the stony immobility of his face relaxed, and a curious expression of satisfaction crept over it.

"Come to me to-morrow at ten. There is my address."

And, thrusting a card into my hand, the old gentleman walked away.

Precisely at ten o'clock on the morrow I presented myself at Mr. North's door, and was speedily set at work in his very comfortable office. The whole affair was rather peculiar, but I liked it the better for that, and the more eccentric the old lawyer appeared the more I desired to remain with him, though copying deeds was not exciting. He seemed to take a fancy to me, engaged me for a week, kept me busy till Saturday evening, and then astonished me by informing me for what secret service I was next intended.

As the clock struck five Mr. North wiped his pen wheeled about in his chair, and sat waiting till I finished my last page.

"Mr. Clyde, I have a proposition to make," he



Copying the Work on Italian History and Politics.

began, as I looked up. "It will surprise you, but I have no explanation to give, and you can easily refuse. I have not intended keeping you from the first, but desired to test your capabilities before offering you a better situation. A certain person wishes an amanuensis; I think you eminently fitted for the post. You wish independence, agreeable duties and the surroundings of a gentleman. This place will give you all these, for the salary is liberal, the labor light, the society excellent. One condition, however, is annexed to your acceptance. If you will pledge me your word to keep that condition a secret, whether you accept it or not, I will mention it."

"I do, sir."

"For reasons, the justice and importance of which you would acknowledge if I were at liberty to divulge them, I desire a reliable report of what passes in this person's house. I think you are fitted for that post also. A week ago you told me you were ready to do anything for your bread which was not a crime; this is none. Do you accept the place and the condition."

"I am to play the spy, am I, sir?"

"Exactly, to any extent that your interest, ingenuity and courage prompt you. It is necessary that I should have a daily witness of the events that occur in that family for the next month at least, perhaps longer. I know the task I offer you is both a mysterious and somewhat difficult one, but if you will rely upon the word of an old man who has little more to expect of life, I assure you that no wrong is meditated, and that you will never have cause to regret your compliance. Let me add that at the end of your service, be it short or long, you will receive five hundred dollars, and be subjected to no questions, no detention, no danger or suspicion of any kind."

"But, sir, am I to work utterly in the dark?"

"Utterly."

"Am I never to know what mysterious purpose I am forwarding?"

"Never."

"Can I, ought I to pledge myself to such blind obedience?"

"I believe you can and ought; it is for you to decide whether you will."

Not a feature of the old man's face had varied from its usual colorless immobility; his keen eye searched me while he spoke, and when he paused



The Author and his Amanuensis.

he sat motionless, with no sign of impatience, as I rapidly considered the strange compact offered me. I rebelled a little at the dishonorable part of it, yet I was conscious of a secret interest and delight in the mysterious mission. The place seemed a tempting one, the bribe a fortune, the security reliable, for Mr. North was as much in my power as I in his. As if cognizant of the doubt and desire between which I was wavering, he said, abruptly:

"You are well-born, well-bred, comely, discreet and acute. Too proud to bear poverty, too poor to be over nice. A man exactly fitted to the place, though others may be found as competent, less scrupulous and more eager for both the enterprise and the reward."

"Hardly, sir. I accept."

The only sign of satisfaction which he gave was a closer pressure of the long thin hands loosely folded on his knee.

"Good! now listen, and bear these instructions carefully in mind. This place is ten miles out of the city; here is the address. On Monday evening you will receive a communication. On no account mention my name or ever betray that you have any knowledge of me. Another thing remember, use your Italian as far as the comprehending of it when spoken by others, but deny that you possess that accomplishment if asked."

"Am I sent as if being accepted, sir?"

"Yes, I think so. You have only to say that you saw and have answered an advertisement in last week's *Times*. Such a one appeared—stay, put it in your letter. Now look at this and give me your attention."

He turned to his table, produced a small locked portfolio and explained its purpose as I stood beside him. Several quires of peculiarly thin smooth paper lay within, a package of envelopes directed in a strange hand to A. C. Clyde, a seal with a knife for its device, and a stick of lion-grey sealing wax completed the contents of the portfolio.

"You will record upon this paper the principal events, impressions or discoveries of each day, beginning with your first interview on Monday. Every Saturday you will send me your weekly report in one of the envelopes directed to the imaginary author of your own. Secure each carefully with this wax and seal, and post them as privately as possible, without attracting attention by too much precaution."

"I shall remember, sir."

"You are to ask no questions, show no especial interest in what passes about you, and on no account betray that you keep this private record. You have wit, courage, great command of countenance, and will soon discover how to use them helps. Let nothing surprise, alarm or baffle you, and keep faith with me unless you desire ruin instead of reward. Now go, and let me hear from you on Saturday."

He rose, offered me a check, the portfolio and his hand. I accepted all three, and with our usual brief but courteous adieux we parted, the old man to brood doubtless over his strange secret, the young one to hope that in the unknown family he should find some solution of this first enigma.

* * *

JUNE 1ST.—Having received no directions as to the form into which I am to put my record, I choose the simple one of the diary as the easiest to myself, perhaps the most interesting to the eyes for whom these pages are written.

According to agreement I came hither to-night at nine o'clock, being belated by an accident on the way. A grave, soberly servant ushered me into a charming room, airy, softly-lighted and exquisitely furnished, yet somewhat foreign in the elegant simplicity. It was empty, and wandering about it while waiting, I discovered a lady in an adjoining room. As the second apartment was of my reserve, I began my surveillance by taking a careful survey. Leaning in a deep chair, I only caught the outline of her figure for open by one of the gray doors she wore a large white cashmere, as if an invalid, and forced to guard herself even from the mild night air. Gray hair waved over on either side her pale cheeks, under a delicate lace cap, which fell in a point upon her forehead. A deep green shade concealed her eyes, leaving visible only the contour of a rounded chin and feminine mouth. She was knitting, and I observed that her little hands were covered nearly to the fingers with open-work black silk mits, such as ancient ladies wore. There was something melancholy yet attractive about this figure, so delicate, so womanly, so sadly afflicted, for I felt sure she was blind.

Absorbed in watching her, I was rather startled by a rustling among the shrubs that grew about the open French window behind me, and turned to see a young man entering from the garden. Somewhat embarrassed at being discovered peeping, I hastily inferred that the new-comer was a son of Mr. Bernard Noel, and introduced myself rather awkwardly.

"I came in answer to an advertisement in the *Times*, sir. I sent my name to Mr. Noel; but it is late; your father, perhaps, is not disengaged?"

What a clear look flashed upon me out of the dark eyes that were scrutinizing my face, and what a singular smile accompanied the words.

"I am Bernard Noel."

I murmured an apology, presented my letter, and while I read it sat examining my future patron, wondering the while that such a lad should need an amanuensis. I say lad, for at the first glance he looked eighteen; a second caused me to suspect that he was some years older. Every inch a gentleman, for high-breeding makes itself manifest at a glance. Of middle height, slender and boyish in figure, yet with no boyish awkwardness to mar the easy grace of his address or attitude. The light shone full upon his face, and in that momentary pause I studied it. Dark curling hair framed a broad, harmoniously rounded forehead; black brows lay straight above those Southern eyes of his, now veiled by sweeping lashes; the nose was spirited and haughty; the mouth grave and strong, perhaps rendered more so by a slight moustache that shaded it. Even his dress interested me, as if I were a woman, though nothing could have been simpler or more becoming. A black velvet paletot, dark trousers, collar turned over a ribbon, an artistically small cravat pin, perfectly shod, and a single ring on a handsome hand that held the letter. An almost instantaneous impression of the possession of the very youth was both older than he looked and wiser than his years. Whether some deep experience had matured him, or the presence of genius then manifested itself, I could not so soon decide, but felt instinctively attracted and interested in the unconscious person whom I had come to meet to watch.

Presently he looked up, saying in a peculiarly clear and penetrating voice:

"This is entirely satisfactory, Mr. Clyde; let me hope that the situation may prove so to yourself for Mr. Lord has engaged you following my own. You are to serve the services of a 'a fine scholar and an accomplished gentleman.'"

He bowed with a gesture that turned the quotation to a compliment, then continued with a gracious gravity that was very charming, from the contrast of youth with the native dignity which set so gracefully upon that boyish master of a household:

"It is too late for the return train; you will remain to-night, and perhaps send for your luggage to-morrow. I am impatient to see my work begun for time presses."

"I am entirely at your service, Mr. Noel."

"Thanks. You will find us a quiet family; we see no society just now, for my cousin is an invalid, and my present occupation a solitude. I hoped to have finished my task myself, but my health will not permit of such close application as it demands, and I shall leave it to you, and take a holiday."

Anxious to discover what my duties were to be, I put the question in the form of a surmise.

"I shall be doubly glad to take it up if, as I infer, it is to be used for the transcribing of some maiden work, perhaps."

A slight flush rose to the young man's cheek, colorless before; his eye fell like a shy girl's, and his head broke into a sudden smile, instantly against his will, for he checked it with a frown, and answered, with a curious blending of pleasure, pride and reserve:

"Yes, it is my maiden work, but as we shall both be heartily tired of the thing before we are done with it, let us drop that subject for the present if you please."

"Sensitive and lofty, like most young authors," thought I, apologizing, in an air of contrition. Setting the topic aside with a little wave of the hand, Mr. Noel said, more cordially:

"Your rooms are in the other wing, and I hope will be agreeable to you. Madame Estavan's health and my own wayward habits prevent much regularity in our daily life, but each must study the rest of us. We breakfast in our own rooms, lunch when we please, and dine at five. You will oblige me by ordering the two first meals as you prefer, and thus bring your appetite and convenience, and by joining us at dinner; for in so small a family ceremony is unnecessary, and social intercourse better for us all."

"What hours do you prefer to have devoted to my duties, sir?" I asked, with a secret dread of the long hours of respectful monosyllable, for my six and twenty years seemed to give me no superiority over this stripling save that of experience, and I felt that I could only study early these summer mornings, finding an hour or two then more profitable than later in the day when sun or storm called me out, and after, with a recess at noon for rest and refreshment. The garden and west wing are sacred to madame, but the rest of the house, and the library for open to you, and the evenings at your disposal, unless you prefer to write. When not otherwise engaged, we are usually in the drawing-room after dinner, if you care to join us."

Another singular expression passed over his face just then, reluctance and regret, audacity and pain, as if some doubt had arisen in it, but it was gone before I could define the predominant emotion, and his countenance was like a cold, pale mask again.

I expressed my satisfaction at these arrangements, and while I spoke he watched me intently, with a look that made me feel that being a most unwanted manifestation, and doubly annoying just then; for, conscious of my secret mission, a sense of guilt haunted me which was anything but tranquillizing, with those searching eyes full upon me. I think the blush did me good service, however, for as if some doubt had been solved in his mind, my present bashfulness seemed to reassure him. He said nothing, but a slight fold in his forehead smoothed itself away, and an expression of overpraised his features so wisely that I made a mental note of the fact, and resolved to support the character of a simple-minded young person, rather than a man of the world, as by so doing I should doubtless secure many opportunities which might otherwise be withheld me.

Here madame called "Bernard!" and he went in to her. Without leaving my seat I saw him kneel over her chair, and caress her face, a cousin, heard her ask several questions in a lowered voice, the answers to which she received with a merry little laugh as fallible as any girl's. Then she rose, saying aloud in a slow, mild voice, with a pleasant accent in it:

"Take me in, *cherie*, and present monsieur, then ring for Pierre, that we have coffee."

Drawing her arm through hers, Mr. Noel led her to the larger room, established her in an armchair, and presented me, with the anxious look again apparent. Madame was very French, penetrating courteous, and so gracefully helpless that I soon found myself waiting upon her almost as zealously as her cousin, who watched my compassionate attentions with that inscrutable smile of his. The soldierly servant handed coffee, and the slight constraint which unavoidably exists at the beginning of an acquaintance was fast wearing off when an incident occurred which effectually broke up our interview.

I was approaching madame with her ball, which had rolled from her lap, when Mr. Noel, who stood beside her, stooped forward, as if attracted by something that alarmed him; for, dropping his cup, he whispered a single word and threw her shawl across her face. It sounded like "paint" or faint," was probably the latter, for with a slight cry, more expressive of alarm than pain, madame fell into her chair, and the word he carried her away, leaving me transfixed with astonishment.

He was back again directly, looking quite composed, and with the brief explanation that madame was accustomed to such turns, he reassured asked if I would like to retire in order for my luggage, that it might be dispatched early in the morning. Accepting the hint, I bade him good-night, and was soon installed in my own room, a two charming rooms on the ground floor of the west wing, where I now sit, concluding first report.

JUNE 2D.—Breakfasted in my room, and punctually at eight o'clock tapped at the door which Pierre had pointed out the night before as belonging to Mr. Bernard Noel. He bade me enter, and obeying, I found him busied in a deep recess, divided from the room by damask curtains. These being partially drawn back, revealed a window, looking on the garden, a writing-chair and table, a tall cabinet and couch, and a literary store of books, all in the luxurious and refined confusion which a room itself was plainly furnished, quiet, cool and shady, while the same atmosphere of refinement and elegance pervaded it that had impressed me elsewhere, and which seemed rather some peculiar charm of its possessor than the result of taste or time. He was busy in the morning with a chilly courtesy, which would have instantly recalled the relations between us had I been inclined to forget them, and with a dignified writing-table, between all necessary appliances were laid ready, he handed me a pile of MS., saying, as he hail recommended me to myself upon it:

"Many freaks and whims are permitted to young authors, you know, Mr. Clyde. One of mine is to leave my book unfinished till it is ready to be set up in type. I will not impose the first chapters upon you, but you may begin where my patience gave out. Copy a few pages as a sample, I will come and look at them presently."

He returned to his nook, and employed himself so noiselessly that I soon forgot his presence. The manuscript was in a fine essence of a poorly, hand, and culture hardly credible in one so young. The book was no romance, poem, satire or essay, but a most remarkable work upon Italian literature and politics. A strange subject for a boy to choose, and still more marvellous was his treatment of it. I was fairly staggered as I read on at the learning, research and eloquence each fine paragraph displayed. No wonder his cheeks are colorless, his eyes full of fire, his brow both lofty and haughty, when that young brain of his has wrought such sentences. No wonder he is proud, knowing himself endowed with such gifts and the power to use them. This explains the fascination of his presence, the charm of his manner, the indefinable something which attracts me in spite of one's interest, yet restrains one's curiously by an involuntary respect for that attribute which is "divine when young."

I should have gone on reading in a maze of admiration and incredulity, had not the recollection of his request and my duty filled me with utmost activity and diligence. Soon I became absorbed and forgot everything but the smoothly-flowing words, that seemed to glide from my pen as if to music, for the theme was liberty, and the writer was a poet as well as patriot and philosopher. Pausing to take a long breath, I became aware that Mr. Noel was at my elbow. He saw my excited face, my evident desire to break into a rapture. It seemed to touch and please him, for he came nearer, asking, tenderly enough:

"Do you like it?"

"I have no words to express how much. It well that you do not embargo on my tongue, for otherwise I should never be done praising."

His face glowed, his eye shone, and he offered me his hand with that bewitching smile of his.

"I thank you, I shall remember this." Then, as if to check me and himself he examined my copy of the last twenty written MS.

"This is beautifully done. I hardly know my pages when freed from the blots and blemishes given so familiar to me. Do you find it very long some?"

"On the contrary, most delightful yet most tantalizing, for I long to read more, and fear I shall be evening. Mr. Noel, I am utterly amazed that such a book should be produced by so young a man."

"I might say I did not write it, for my father has quenched me his labors, and if these pages possess truth, eloquence or beauty, the praise belongs to him—not me."

Softly, almost solemnly he spoke, without confusion or conceit; pride unmarred by any tinge of vanity he probably never knew, and seemed as if he had entirely forgotten himself in his work, and would accept no commendation but through that. He appeared to fall into a little reverie, and I sat silent, my eyes fixed on the shapely hand resting against the table as he stood. I was not thinking of it, but it amongst him; for, with an almost genius gesture, he flung down the pages he had held, thrust both hands deep into the pockets of his paletot, turned sharply on his heel and went into his alcove. I heard him stirring there for several minutes, as if putting his papers under lock and key, then reappearing, he said gravely:

"You will find lunch in the dining-room whenever you like it. I must take madame for her drive now, we shall meet at dinner."

He went, and soon after I saw a pony carriage roll down the avenue. I wrote till noon, when feeling hungry, I went in search of refreshment, as Mr. Noel had forgotten to mention where the dining room was, and I did not care to ring up a servant. A wide hall ran the whole length of the house, opening upon the garden in the rear. Four doors appeared; the two opposite were open and belonged to the drawing-room; I was about to rap on the threshold of the third, and the fourth evidently led to the dining-room. I chose to ignore that fact and satisfy my curiosity by peeping elsewhere. I might never have so good an opportunity again; the master and mistress were away, no one would suspect a stranger, and if I met the servants ignorance would be a fair excuse. Having assumed the part of spy, I wished to play it well, and being forbidden to question a person, must gain information from inanimate things, if possible. Two cross passages led from the main hall, one to my rooms, the other to the west wing. This, of course, I took, softly opening the first door that appeared; madame's apartment, for the gray silk dress and white shawl lay upon a chair. A rapid survey satisfied me, and I passed to the next; Mr. Noel's, though I should scarcely have guessed it but for the hat and riding-whip on the pistols beside it. Bed, and the gentleman's dressing-case on the toilette. The windows were heavily curtained, the furniture luxurious, and the air of almost feminine elegance pervaded it. Two things struck me; the first was a dainty work-basket in a lounging chair, so near that I could see the exquisitely fine stitching on the wristband that lay in it. Madame was blind, no other woman appeared—who did it? The second was more important. Upon the floor near the door where I stood appeared another half open, showing a flight of thickly carpeted stairs winding upward. A blaze of sunshine streamed down from above, the odor of flowers came to me with a balmy gust, and in the act of stealing forward to see what was there, I was arrested by a soft voice exclaiming in Italian:

"Ah, I am so tired of this; desire some new amusement, or I shall die of weariness!"

"My darling, so am I," replied a deeper voice; "but remembering our reward, I can have patience. Come to me and let us talk of our next letter, it is late to-day."

"No; it makes me sad to think of that unless I must, and Heaven knows I need all the cheerfulness and courage I possess."

"Poor little heart, you do. Sing to me while I work, and so forget imprisonment and trouble."

"That is my only consolation. Shall I am thirsty, I want a draught of wine, and Pierre has forgotten me," murmured the female voice.

"Then you shall be well do that. I am obliged to send him to the St. Michaels, that they might be told of this man's arrival and conduct matters with double discretion," answered the other.

"Poor Pierre! he has to serve us now as butler, gardener, errand-boy and sentinel. His life must be almost as wearisome as mine," sighed the other.

"Now you are growing sorrowful again. Kiss me, Clarita, and let me find a laughter face when I return. I am going for the wine."

There was a rustle, a murmur and a pause, but I heard no more; for gliding like a shadow down the hall, I retired to my own room, and sat down to devour the first viand that came to hand. Here was a discovery! the deeper voice I heard was Mr. Noel's, and the other his cousin's instead. Here was sweet and slow, this youthful and vivacious, plaintive and petulant by turns. Noel's was unfathomable, though at times it betrayed a certain melancholy to an infinite tenderness, a caressing tone that would have soothed and won any woman by its magic. I had a lonely time to myself in my room before he entered, started at seeing me, then laughed and explained.

"Father, I have lived so much alone that I had forgotten the addition to my household for the moment. Let me tell your glass."

I sat opposite to him by when a strain of music floated past the window, and involuntarily I paused to listen.

"Ah! Clara Diva, and exquisitely given."

As I spoke I saw Mr. Noel's hand tighten round the decanter he held, and again that peculiar glance flashed upon me as he said:

"You understand Italian, then?"

"Yes," was on my lips, but the recollection of my promise checked it, and I answered with an accent of regret, "I wish I did."

Mr. Noel raised his glass to his lips, as if to conceal the smile that again parted them, while he doubtlessly thought, "So do not I," but he said aloud:

"You recognised the air rather than the words, I fancy."

"Yes, madame possesses a wonderful voice."

"Madame is an accomplished woman."

With which unsatisfactory reply he strolled to the window, plate in hand, and stood there listening. I ate in silence, but watched him covertly, recalling what I had lately heard, and finding in his appearance further confirmation of the suspicion which had come to me. His eyes had met mine but once; on that occasion I caught a glimpse of the summer heat; his grave mouth was soft and smiling, as if the kiss he asked for still remained upon his lips, and the music of that sweeter language seemed to linger in his voice. He looked a lover, and I felt that he was one, for genius rapidly matures both head and heart, unhampered by restraints of custom, age or race. How elsexplains the presence of the unknown singer, upon whom I had heard him lavish such tender names with more

than brotherly affection? I confess the fancy charms me, for my own loveless life has been so bare of romance I am ready to find interest and pleasure in another man's experience, whilethe mystery which surrounds this strange youth and my relations with him make it doubly alluring.

As I rose to return to my work the act seemed to rouse him; approaching the table he carefully selected a cake and fruit, filled a glass with red claret, and arranging them on a silver salver, added a handful of flowers from a vase near by, and carried it away, saying with a half-sad, half-archful look:

"Madame likes me to wait on her, and finds me of delicate attentions as a girl."

Till nearly five I wrote, then dressed for dinner, and when summoned found my host and hostess waiting for me. A well appointed table, a well served meal one occurrence at its close are all that is necessary to record of this episode. Noel sat beside his cousin, waiting on her with a quiet devotion beautiful to see. Pierre hovered about both with a respectfully protective air, which became the most favorable sentiment who seemed to exist between jealously, as if he feared a rival in his young master's confidence. It was a silent meal, for Noel was not loquacious, and madame seemed ill. I did my best, but the role I had taken was not one to allow of much conversation, and long pauses followed short dialogues.

We were just rising when Pierre entered, bringing a basket of toothsome flowers, which he delivered to his master, with the message:

"For madame, with Mrs. St. Michael's compliments."

Madame uttered no thanks, made no gesture of pleasure, but every particle of color faded from her face as she seemed to listen for Noel's answer. He too was paler, and the hand extended for the basket trembled visibly, yet he answered with unwonted animation:

"She is very kind; cousin, I will take them to your room for you. Mr. Clyde, I have an engagement for this evening; but drawing-room, library and lawn are at your service."

"The last shall be first, thank you, and I will enjoy the sunset out of doors."

With that I took myself away; Pierre closed the door behind me, and as I turned into the passage to my rooms I fancied I heard the click of a key turning in the lock. I got my hat, passed out at the open window of my room, and leisurely strolled towards the lawn along the terrace which lay close before the house. My steps were noiseless on the turf, and as I neared the windows of the dining room I snatched a hasty look, which showed me the basket overturned upon the floor, madame with her head at her feet and her face hidden in her hands, Mr. Noel reading a letter aloud, and Pierre listening intently, with a napkin still over his arm.

They did not see me, all being absorbed, and with my curiosity still further piqued, I wended myself with impetuosities as I surveyed the exterior of the house, the occupants of which already inspired me with such interest.

A wandering English gardener is a nest of verdure. A lawn slopes to the road in front, a garden lies behind; a lane runs parallel with the garden-wall on the right, and a grove of pines rises abruptly against the sky upon the left. Curious to locate the room of the unknown, I struck into the lane, scrutinizing the left wing as I walked. To my surprise, no upper windows appeared. An ancient grape vine covered the western wall, trained away from the lower casements, but completely masking the space above and wandering over half the roof. Looking closer, I soon discovered a large aperture in the eaves, half hidden by the vines; the sash evidently lowered from within, and this explains the flood of sunshine and the odorous gust that float down the stairway which I now rang to mount. Having looked till my eyes ached, I roamed away into the fields when the lie between the solitary cedar and the tower.

As I came up the avenue on my return Mr. Noel passed me, driving rapidly; he did not see me, for his hat was pulled down over upon his head, but his mouth looked grim, his whole figure erect and resolute. I watched him out of sight, went in and read for an hour, then to my room to secret diary. It is past midnight now, but Mr. Noel has not yet returned.

JUNE 7TH.—Found the young gentleman in his alcove, and my work laid ready when I went to the study this morning. He looked up and answered my salutation as I entered, then seated himself behind his curtain, and I saw no more of him for an hour. At the end of that time the perfect silence that reigned in the room arrested my attention, and caused me to suspect that he had slipped away through the window. I was just meditating a step when accident supplied me with a genuine excuse. A little gust of air blew in from the garden, rustling the papers on his table; one was wafted beyond the curtain, and almet to my feet. I waited a moment for him to reclaim it, but nothing stirred, and quite sure that he was gone, I examined it. It, evidently covered what is written in Italian it proved to be, and a moment's inspection showed me that it was a part of the work I was copying, though in a different hand bolder hand. Stepping to the recess to restore it, I was startled by discovering Mr. Noel asleep in his chair. His very soul must be locked, though younger than ever in his sleep, and on the page upon his desk lay drops that looked like tears. Seeing that his slumber was deep, I ventured to look well about me. The half-written sheet on which his pen still lay, as it dropped from his drowsy hand, was a translation of the very page I held. Others lay on the table, and in the cabinet which now stood open I spied three piles of MS. A hasty glance showed me the missing chapters copied in his graceful hand, a heap of blurred and hasty translation, and a worn, stained MS. in he same bold writing, the same language as the truant leaf. Farther I dared not look, but crept back to my seat, and fell to wondering why the boy wrote in Italian, and muffered no one to translate it but himself. Were he other than he is I should suspect him of a literary theft or some double dealing with another's work. But Bernard Noel seems incapable of deceit, and his look, his manner when speaking of it assure me that it is rightfully his own, whatever his reasons may be for so laborious a process. My reflections were suddenly interrupted by hearing him rouse, and being his guilt unable to remain unseen, I left him where. He looked half bewildered by sleep, but began to collect the papers, and carefully arranged them in the cabinet, and, stepping out into the garden, where I saw him pacing thoughtfully to and fro for half an hour. That was the last of him for the day. Madame dined alone, as the St. Michaels, as Pierre informed me when five o'clock found me the sole partaker of an excellent dinner. They returned at nine, and the invisible musician has been singing for a hour.

JUNE 8TH.—For four days nothing has occurred worth recording, as I have been almost entirely alone. Mr. Noel handed me over or two each morning, receives my copy at night, and only the necessary directions are asked and given. Madame has not been visible, I am told, yet her cousin looks tranquil, and no nurse or physician has been summoned to my knowledge. Very brief and silent are my meals at dinner, and I do not once have I found the drawing-room occupied of an evening. No one calls, but Mr. Noel drives out often, and evenings of late have been spent at the writing-table, my evenings in my own room or solitary walks about the country. Receiving from one of these last I saw the window under the vines brilliantly lighted, and resolved to satisfy my curiosity the first moonless night. This crisis has arrived, and I will put it to satisfactory, and that out of my own darkness I have given light.

JUNE 7TH.—To-day, being Sunday, I asked Mr. Noel, when I met him at lunch, in which of the three churches, over the hill, I should find his pew.

"In none; I go nowhere just now. My cousin cannot, and I join her in a little service here at home," he said slowly, and without a change of color. I should expect to be included in that domestic service: "My friend, Mrs. St. Michael, will be glad to see you, I am sure, in the drawing-room, I have spoken to her, and she expects you."

I thanked him, went to church, found the pastor dull preache, though apparently an excellent and pious gentleman; his wife a very motherly lady, who received me with courtesy, examined me with interest, and, as we came out together, asked me how I liked her husband's sermon.

"Mr. Noel seems an eccentric but most charming young man, and madame a wonderfully cheerful sufferer," I replied.

"Genius has many privileges, and eccentricity is one, you know," replied the lady, adding, rather guardedly: "Madame has been ill a long time, it seems, and manifold afflictions cannot wholly darken her bright spirit. May I trouble you to give my kind regards to her, and tell Mr. Noel I will see him the morrow?"

At dinner I delivered the messages; Mr. Noel looked graver than before on hearing his, and madame turned gay. I was glad to see her so, and did my best to interest her, observing that her attention often took the word from her lips, and that Pierre's usually expressionless face wore an aspect of uneasiness. In drawing out her handkerchief a letter was dropped at every rosary. No one heard it fall, for it slipped noiselessly into the folds of her dress, and no one saw it but myself. Pierre was busy at the sideboard, and, stooping, I lifted and returned it to her. She received it with the exclamation:

"Oh! How careless I am grown! I thought I put it by after mass."

"Madame is a Catholic, one sees."

The words slipped from me involuntarily, her answer seemed to call for them.

"Oh, yes; in truth I am, and so is——"

A heavy silver fork slanged down into Mr. Noel's plate, and madame started at the clatter, leaving her sentence unfinished.

"Pardon, cousin; if you are forgetful, I am awkward. You were saying that you were a Catholic."

Noel spoke quite naturally, but I suspect madame caught some warning from his tone, for the color returned to her face instantly, and she smiled on me.

"Surely, yes. Whom else could I mean? Not you, my too Protestant and English Bernard."

Poor lady, she revealed the secret of that anxious emphasis upon the words "Protestant" and "English" convinced me that Noel was Catholic, and looking at her this I now should have suspected it. As if anxious to banish it from my mind, he led the way to the drawing-room, and, as madame's spirits rose, I exerted myself bravely to entertain us both. In conversation I found him witty, earnest and frank, but in the midst of an animated discussion he suddenly covered his face himself, and going to the grand piano gave us fragments from the sacred music of the great masters, with an ease and brilliancy that caused me to cease instantly enjoying this treat when, as if doomed to make scenes, madame suddenly gave a loud cry and fainted quite away from her seat.

"He has come! *Mon pire! Mon pire!*"

For an instant Noel stared aghast, then sprang to her, looking quite wild as she. I followed to the terrace, nd, standing there, heard, through the stillness, the twilight, madame sobbing and her cousin chiding. He spoke Italian, but low and rapid as were his words, I caught them broken ly.

"I cannot trust you—you have no control of face, voice, mind or manner. You have it impossible—he cannot come for weeks yet—I will have no more of this."

"Forgive me. It is the life which destroys my nerves; it is unnatural. I cannot bear it. Let it end for me," sobbed madame.

"It shall," almost sternly answered he. "Rest content, I will ask no more of you; it is selfish, unwise. I can bear and do alone; you have suffered enough."

"It is not that; it is the suspense, the deceit, the danger that dismays me. I can sat no parley. Send me away for a little; you will be freer, happier, safer, without me, as you know."

"I shall, and so will you. To-morrow St. Michael will return, and a few weeks will end all. Now compose yourself, go to your room, and leave me to explain your flight to Clyde."

I slipped round to the hall door and met him there with, I flatter myself, well-acted concern. Madame passed me with a murmured:

"Monsieur, I implore your pardon, it haunts me; forgive the malady of a broken heart."

Noel gave her into the charge of a STATE, elderly woman, whom I now saw for the first time, and who came hurrying up with Pierre. As she departed the old servant hastily explained that it was only her old peeped and startled madame.

"Then madame is not wholly blind?" I asked, quickly, for there he paused and looked confused. "I beg your pardon, I——"

"It is only a partial loss. You may go, Pierre, you are forgiven. But let us have no more of this sort of nonsense."

The old man gladly withdrew and his master added, as I bade him good-night:

"If you will excuse me, I shall take her to town to-morrow. We have friends there, and her state demands better care than I can give her. We shall leave early, and prepare matters for you, as I shall not return till late."

A long sigh of relief broke from him as he turned away, and I went to my room with a half-fear and belief that madame is not only a little mad, but some refugee whom he is befriending, and who, in her grandeur, has chosen to lead a life of concealment under the same roof with some fair, frail lover of this fascinating boy.

GEN. BANKS AND STAFF.

WITH the present interest attending the movements of Gen. Banks, our readers will view with pleasure the group of the General and his staff, from a striking photograph, recently taken in New Orleans. Of Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks, the General commanding the department of the Gulf little need be said. He holds the steadily rose to be his own efforts to the highest rank in Congress, who, as an officer, possesses the many high qualities and deserved success, is too well known to need a sketch here.

Brig.-Gen. Charles F. Stone, his Chief of Staff, is an old army officer, a native of Massachusetts, who graduated from West Point in 1845, served in the Mexican war, and was brevetted Lieutenant in the 1st regular service Colonel of the 14th infantry, and till recently was Brigadier-General, having been appointed in 1861. He subsequently recently mustered out.

He commanded at Ball's bluff, and was then confined in Fort Lafayette for many weary months, to be at last discharged, untried, unheard and unconvicted.

Brig.-Gen. A. S. Lee, the Chief of Cavalry, led the charge at the Sabine Pass fight.

Brig.-Gen. Richard Arnold, Banks's Chief of Artillery, was a cadet in 1846, and in 1850 entered the artillery service, becoming Lieutenant in the 1st artillery, and became a First Lieutenant in 1854. He was brevetted Major for artillery, his commission dating from May 14, 1861

Lieut.-Col. William Stretch Abert, a son of Col. J. J. Abert, is also on the staff of Gen. Banks in the artillery, June 18, 1835, and First Lieutenant March, 1838. He left the army May, 1861. he was made Captain in the 6th cavalry, and holds the position of Inspector-General, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Col. E. G. Beckwith, the Chief Commissary, was a cadet in 1838, and in 1842 entered the 2d artillery; in 1850 he rose to the rank of First Lieutenant, and became Captain in 1855. He has held the rank of Chief Commissary since 1861.

Col. Clark was appointed an additional Aide-de-Camp, with the rank of Colonel, Nov. 18, 1861.

Major Guido Norman Lieber, a son we believe of the well-known author, was born in South Carolina. but was appointed from New York in May, 1861, as Assistant Adjutant-General.

Major Richard H. Alexander, the Medical Director, and assistant surgeon, whose name appears among the rank and file.

Col. James Wilson is a gentleman of fine education, who previous to the war edited a pa er at Chicago, and in 1860 and 1861 has published a volume containing biographical sketches of the Illinois officers.

Major Peter Hagner, Major Von Sherman, A. D. C.; Lieut. Charles A. Burgess, A. A. G.; Lieut. Robert Targett, A. D. C.; Col. S. B. Holabird, Chief Quartermaster; Lieut.-Col. Thomas Swords, Deputy Quartermaster; Chief Signal Officer; Lieut.-Col. George W. Stipp, Medical Inspector; Capt. Charles L. Bulkley, Chief of Military Telegraph.

The accompanying engraving represents the staff of Gen. Banks on the field, Col. Wilson and Col. Clark being specially mentioned.

PLYMOUTH, NORTH CAROLINA.

IT is not an attractive subject, but we give our readers a view of Plymouth, N. C., made by an artist who was a prisoner of more than a year at that place, which has now been, in a manner so disgraceful to our arms, wrested from us.

Plymouth, which lies miles south of Roanoke river, and is connected with Albemarle sound by a small mill stream, is a town of 1,500 inhabitants, the population of about 1,000, and was rapidly increasing in trade.

The Loss of the Southfield.

Nothing can be more disheartening than the disasters at Plymouth. The Navy Department had long been aware that the rebels were building a formidable ram on the Roanoke. When at last Plymouth was occupied by an immense force on land and the ram was found to be descending the river, the Sassacus, an old iron-clad boat, was sent to meet her. A rebel land battery, by sinking her, sacked her from being run down by the ram Albemarle. The Albemarle, down stealthily under the shadow of the bank and ran into the Southfield, Lieut. Island ferryboat, sinking it in ten minutes after her formidable saw-rated prow crushed through its sides.

The Miami, Capt. Flusser, lay alongside, and the commander, who had been actively shelling the rebel ashore, sighted and fired a gun at the Albemarle, but it rebounded in fragments from the sloping side. killing Flusser himself.

Capt Bunker is a loss to the service, for he was an active, energetic officer, and had performed with unusually means to do all that he could in the emergency. It was his intention to connect two boats firmly together, by means of chains and spars, and sink the connection by exploding a torpedo under the aiming to strike her between both vessels and force her against the bank. At the same time the torpedo was to be so arranged as to cast it into her smoke stack, and thus to destroy communication by control, the arrangements were not executed. After his fall several other gallant officer were killed at the ram, but all failed to pierce her well armored sides.

BRIG.-GEN. T. E. RANSOM.

GEN. RANSOM, recently wounded in the battles in the Red river country, was born at Norwich, VT., Nov. 29, 1834, being a son of the gallant Col. T. S. Ransom, who fell at Chapultepec. The deceased, and who had, in his military school, trained many to military duties.

After completing his education, young Ransom removed to Peru, Ill., in 1851, and began life as an engineer, but shortly became an engineer in a real estate. When the war broke out he raised a company in La Salle county, where he resided, and on its incorporation into the 11th Illinois was elected Major. The regiment during its three months' service was stationed near Cairo, and was then mustered out. When it was reorganized for three years Ransom was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and as the Colonel, the late Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, was generally acting as Brigadier, Ransom commanded the regiment during most of it. On the 23d of August he defeated a rebel force under Gen. Marmaduke, at Fayetteville, Ark., and received a severe wound in the shoulder. At Fort Donelson he was in the thickest of the action and was specially mentioned. His services had prostrated him, and for a long time he could accompany his men only in imagination, but he would not leave them.

He was made Brigadier, and at Pittsburg Landing was again in command, and though wounded in the head on the first day, would not retire, and for his gallantry received the highest commendation. He was made Chief of Staff to General Hurlbut on his appointment as Brigadier-General, and he was raised to the rank of Major-General. He was also Chief of Gen. McClernand and Inspector-General of the Army of the Tennessee, and Gen. McClernand's staff of the District of Cairo.

In the seizure of Vicksburg he commanded a brigade and led it at Champion's hill and the other preliminary battles, and in the attack made on the rebel works, 19 May, 1863. After the surrender he was sent to Natchez, in July he was called to head up the operations of the rebel army.

He has since been engaged in the Red river expedition, and, as we have seen, has for the fourth time received a wound on the field, having been shot down by a Minie ball in the knee while directing the fire of the Chicago battery, on the second day's fight.

COL. JOSEPH J. MORRISON, 16TH NEW YORK ARTILLERY.

COL. MORRISON, now at the head of a fine artillery regiment, for which he recruited so successfully as to command double the number of men, he is a native of New York city, born about 1832. On the breaking out of the rebellion he was at the head of the company of the National Guard. Removing to St. Louis, he offered his services in military organization, and raised a militia company. When the President, in May, 1861, called for troops he was elected Captain of company in St. Louis, but seeing little chance of service there he resigned, and went to New York and was chosen Captain of Co. A, 9th New York State Militia, and served with Sherman through the Virginia campaign. After this he returned to New York and organized a Zouave battalion, with which he participated the 36 New York artillery, and fought under Gen. Burnside in the campaign through the North Carolina campaigns, distinguishing himself at Kinston, Whitehall and Goldsboro. At the latter place his battery was charged upon by three South Carolina regiments, which he repulsed with a loss of over 700 men. His regiment was next sent to South Carolina, to reinforce Gen. Foster, and while there Col. Morrison was selected to return to New York and raise a new artillery regiment. He accordingly returned to New York in the 16th, and is now in command of it at Gouverneur Hospital. The 16th is not yet full, but the full complement is to be reduced to 1,100, the rest being assigned to other regiments.

THE SPELLING OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

VARIOUS attempts have been made from time to time to reform the horribly confused orthography of our language to make it conform to sound. Ormin, author of a metrical paraphrase of the New Testament, written in 1215, was the earliest writer for outstripped the former in his work *De recta et emendata linguæ Anglicæ Scriptione*, published at Basle, in 1568. In 1850 was published the "Alveary, or Quadruple Dictionary," of John Bare, which contained every valuable conversions upon the imp rfections of our alphabet, &c.; in that year Alexander Ellis published his Glossic (since which would have all more sleepe with him quettie a shilla, and a mannie, and a boie, and a dogge than his iddiscave copie), will sale I am too curious about the matter to be satisfied with such a reform. Such so fruities and trifling a matter; other come that Alexander Ellis would bring in such a state of writing h e filled their bares and baggee with old shoone and hatte, if he had any. But it is impossible to accord it, and but follie to go about to make any bobbie.

The names of John Hart, William Bullokar, Richard Mulcaster, Richard Stanyhurst, Thomas Smith, Alexander Hume, Alexander Gil, Alexander Top, Charles Butler, Edmund Coote, Richard Hodges, Owen Price, Bishop Wilkins, William Holder, Francis Lodwick, John Wallis, John Jones, Thomas Grumpe, Dean Aldrich, James Elphinstone, Benjamin Franklin, Dr. Lepsius, and Dr. Max Muller are the subsequent names.

Besides all other attempts at change sink into insignificance before the scheme of Isaac Pitman by James Spearson. Of him De Quincey says: "The worthy Pinkerton proposed a revolution which would have left us nothing to spell." He proposed the letter "a" as a plural termination in place of "s," the "ment" for "ments," "papers" for "papers;" the accented "e" for "ed" in all substantives; the "f" for "ph" in all adjectives.

WHEN we hear a novice playing the organ, we think the instrument has one stop too few.



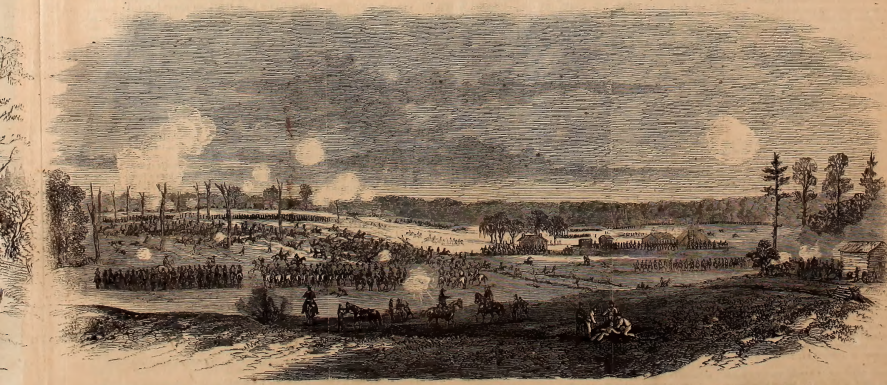
THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE BATTLE OF PLEASANT HILL, BETWEEN GENERAL BANKS AND THE R



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BATTLE OF WILSON'S PLANTATION, BETWEEN GEN. LEE AND THE REBEL GEN. GREEN, APRIL 7.—SEE PAGE 115.



THE REBEL GENERAL DICK TAYLOR, APRIL 9.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, C. E. H. Bonwill.—See Page 115.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BATTLE OF MANSFIELD, BETWEEN GEN. BANKS AND GENERAL DICK TAYLOR, APRIL 8.—See Page 115.

AT LAST.

BY ADA TROOMAN.

So I smile proudly, do I? Well, what then?
Sweet cause I have for smiling, since my crown—
My rightful crown of love—the flower of men
Has place upon my brow—waving shaken down.

From that bright tree which ever bloomed so fair
(But not for me); content I stood aside,
Nor thought of hate, that other brows should wear
Its starry blooms that crowned them wife or bride.

For what was I that he should strive to win
And wear me on his breast? A wayside weed—
No more; but still a weed unsullied by sin
Of any worldly taint or soiled deed.

Perhaps that won him; no, it cannot be,
Nor good nor worth had I; I cannot tell,
I only know he bent and said to me
Those precious words my heart knows now so well.

Am I not right to smile, the happy queen
Of one true heart? the dear and chosen one
Of him I love! What marvel if my mien
Is proud? my woman's life is just begun.

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE day was passing—that long, terrible day in which the moments seemed to lengthen themselves into years, filled with every one the gloom about the old house deepened and pressed more heavily down.

Gravely Mellen was in his library still; it had been a busy day with him; it appeared as if every creature within reach who could invent a plea of business had chosen that time to trouble him.

He was alone at last, and it was well; he was literally incapable of enduring any farther self-restraint.

He rang the bell and gave strict orders to Dolph:

"Let no one else in to-day; I have letters to write; I will not see another human being."

Dolph bowed himself out, and took his way to the lower regions, to communicate to Cleo and Victoria the commands his master had given. Those three servants kept themselves aloof from the few others employed for tasks which they considered too menial for the dignity of their position, and these gaping youths and girls were strictly forbidden to enter the apartment in which Cleo had installed herself.

They were perfectly well aware, those three subtle emissaries, that something was wrong in the house; servants always do know when anything out of the common routine happens, and no pretence can blind their watchful eyes.

"Master says he won't see nobody more," observed Dolph, as he entered the room where Cleo was rolling out her pie-crust, and Victoria busily occupied in watching her.

"I wonder what's come over 'em all," said Vic. "Dar's missus a walkin' up an' down like a crazy woman—"

"An' she didn't eat no breakfast," interrupted Dolph, "an' she never touched a thing yesterday."

"An' Miss Elsie a-rushed out on de sofa, lookin' as if she'd cried her pretty eyes out," went on Victoria. "Says she's got a headache—go 'long; tell dat to nobody else! It's my 'pinion der's more heartache under dem kinks dan anything else."

"Dat's jis' what I tink," assented 'Dolph.

Cleo laid down her attack at the pastry board, gave a sniff of doubtful meaning to attract their attention, tossed her head till her frizzed locks shook as if in a high wind, brought her rollingpin down on the board with great energy, and remained silent for the express purpose of being questioned.

"What does yer tink 'bout it, Miss Clorinda?" asked 'Dolph. "Yer sentiments is allers so conspicuous dat I be glad to have der 'lumination on dis pint."

Vic looked a little spiteful at hearing such eloquence wasted on Clo, but she was so anxious for anybody's opinion that for once she forgot to quarrel.

"I tinks what I tink," said Clo, with another toss of her head and an extra flourish of the rollingpin.

"Oh!" said 'Dolph, quite discomfited.

"Jis' so," said Clorinda.

"Any passon could have guessed dat or," put in Victoria, in an irritated way; "yer needn't make such a consequence ob it' saying dat."

"I shall make a mysteriousness or shall luff it alone, jis' as I tink best," retorted Clo, "so yer needn't get needfully wid my dumpin,' Miss Vic, 'cause yer'll git yer fingers burnt if yer does."

"I don't want to meddle nor nothin' dat reerns to you, Clo," said Vic, looking at the prospect of a quarrel, since there was nothing to be gained by amicable words. "But I colored tings is generally too high seasoned for my taste."

"Jis' give me any of yer sarse," said Clo, "and I'll mark yer face smash wid dis ere dough, now I tells yer!"

"Don't lay a finger on me, 'cause I won't stand it," shrieked Vic; "I'se a cross old catamount, dat's what she mutters."

"Go 'long 'bout yer business," shouted Clo, shaking her rollingpin in a threatening rage, "Dis ere's de housekeeper's room, an' yer hain't no business here."

"Much business as you, I guess; yer ain't housekeeper as I knows on; yer only potwasher anyhow."

"Missus telled me to use dis room for makin' pies and cakes in till she got smoder housekeeper, an' I'se gwine ter."

"I don't keer if she did, dat don't make yer housekeeper nor more'n stolen feathers makes a jackdaw an eagle."

"Now, ladies, ladies!" pleaded 'Dolph, fearful of the extent to which the tem pest might reach if not checked in time. "Don't let us conduct ourselse dese little seasons of union by savageousness; don't, I beg."

"Den let dat old catamount leave me alone," sniffed Vic.

"Lor' bless dat gal to keep a civil tongue in her yaller head if yer want peace an' composion," said Clo.

"Dat ar's religion wid a vengeance," cried Vic; "a callin' names is pretty piety, ain't it! I jis' see what Elder Brown says to dat ar de bery next time I sees him."

"Oh, yes!" said Clo, contemptuously; "yer allers git all a 'casion to gabble to a man. How's a passon gwine to hab religion when dey's persecuted by sich a born devil; wure's dem in de scripture as war dun into de swine."

"Laws!" said Vic, with a vicious sneer, "was yer roun' wid dat drove 'bout dat time."

"I'll drove yer," cried Clo; "I'll fix yer."

But 'Dolph interposed again, and luckily Clo's nostri s detected the odor of burning piecrust, and she rushed into the kitchen to see if the girl had allowed any injury to burn.

'Dolph took that opportunity to soothe the angry Victoria, and succeeded so well that by the time Clorinda returned she looked quite amiable, only there was a broad wet spot on her cheek, and a corresponding crumple in her curls, which might have excited Clorinda's suspicions had she observed it.

Now, Miss Clorinda," said 'Dolph, when she had removed her thoughts of sharing Sally for her carelessness about the pies, and was once more tranquilly occupied with her work; "now, Miss Clorinda, jis' gimme yer 'pinion 'bout de 'fairs ob dis dwellin' which we has all noticed is more mysterioser dan is pleasant."

"I don't know what you've been snapped up like a beetle by a Shanghai rooster," said Clo; "shan't do it, no how."

"Dat's spoked at Victoria, and that artful maiden condescended to attempt to mollify her for a little.

"Now don't be cross, Clo," said she, "it's bad enough to hab conflictions above stairs widout us quarrin'."

"Dem's my sentiments," cried 'Dolph, "and I knows I'se Miss Clorinda's friend—she coincidates, if yer'll excuse the leetle bit o' dictionary."

Victoria made a grimace behind Clo's back, but said, gratifyingly:

"I se gwine to give yer dat ar blue handkercher Miss Elsie gur me, Clo," she said, "so now let's make up and be comfable."

"That handkerchief was something Clo had coveted for a long time, and the gift quite restored her good-humor.

"But's as it orter be," said 'Dolph. "Peace and harmony once more prewails, and we's here like—like—de Happy Family at Barnum's Museum," he added, finding a comparison at length, and quite unconscious of its singular appropriateness.

"I'se gwine to mend dis tablecloth," said Vic, "and I'll send to fo—or when I go upstairs I'll git yer the hankercher, Clo."

"Oh! laws," said Clo, "I'se wantin yerself—don't be a 'pendin' on nobody else."

"I'd rather yer had it," observed Vic, "she's allers becoming to yer, ain't it, Mr. 'Dolph?"

She made another effort to propitiate Clorinda by having sent Dolph into fits, but he restrained his merriment, and answered with the gravity of a judge:

Miss Clorindy overcomes whatever she puts on, but since yer wishes my honest 'pinion, I must say I tink blue's about de proper touch for it."

The peace quite restored to delight, but she worked away resolutely, only saying:

"Victy, dar's a leetle cranberry tart I jis' tuk out o' de oven's on de kitchen table—I 'spect we might as well eat it, 'cause 'taint big enough to go on de table."

"Dat's jis' it," cried 'Dolph; "to save de fair is my priv'lege."

He darted into the kitchen, bore off the tart from before Sally's envious eyes, and cleared the dish of what else he could not be regaled even with a scent of the delicacy.

"I'se jis' done now," said Clo, "so I'll rest a leetle and see how dinner. I'll jis' taste de tart to see if it's good—it kinder eases my mind like."

"In course it does," said 'Dolph, and he cut the tart into three pieces, having an idea that the last slice would revert to him in the end.

They ate the pie and talked amicably over it, which is the best possible way to take extra pieces by earnestly pressing it on his companions, who in turn insisted upon his eating it himself.

"Mebby Sally'd like a taste," he said, virtuously.

"Sally, 'deed!" cried Clo. "It's nuff fur her tor see such tings widout eatin' 'em—a lazy, good-for-nuffin' creetur."

"Den ter 'blige yer I'll dispose of it," said 'Dolph, and he did so in just three mouthfuls.

"Now what does yer mean?" cried 'Dolph.

Clo nodded her head up and down several times with great gravity and precision.

"Yes, missus," she repeated, with the firmness of a person who meant what she said, and was fully prepared to defend her opinion.

"What's come over her?" asked Vic.

"Dat's jis' it," returned Clo; "now you've hit it preact—yer might talk a week, Victy, and not cum into de pint agin."

Victoria looked at 'Dolph, and he looked at her, but, however convincing her words might have seemed to Clorinda, there was nothing to throw any light upon their minds.

"Yer's revealin' wid yer usual knowledge," said 'Dolph, softly, "but can't yer sperficate a leetle more clear."

"Me 'Dolph," said Clorinda, rolling up her eyes till only the whites were visible, "when I lives in a house de secrets ob dat house is locked in my bussome—"

"But to feller domestics," put in artful 'Dolph.

"Jis' 'mong us," said Vic.

"I know, I feels dat, and so I speak," replied Clo. "All I tink 'bout it is dat my Miss Mellen is a favorite ugr mine, 'cause she isn't—but she's my mistress. Her ways isn't my ways, dat's all I says, and I hain't reconcurred to bein' brung up so sharp roun' de corners as is her way to do."

"Tain't ter be 'spected," said 'Dolph.

"Mebby 'tis and mebby 'tain't," returned Clorinda; "I only says I sin't recustomed to it, dat's all."

"But what do yer tinks happened to her to put 'em all in sich a to-do?" questioned Victoria.

"I sin't prepared to say exactsly," replied Clo, "but I tink she's got a cross-eyes wid master and dat lubly angel, Miss Elsie. Dat's a syrup fur yer! She nebber gubs a passon orders widout even lookin' at 'em—she's too high and mighty dat ar ground sin't good 'nuff for her to walk on! Not but what missus is mighty fine woman—she steps out like a queen, and I'll yer when she's dressed dat she sin't many kin hold a candle ter her, and as fur takin' de shine off, wal, I'd jis' like to see anybody do it."

"It's all true," said 'Dolph, "as true as preachin'!"

"Mr. 'Dolph," said Clo, gravely, "don't take dem seriousnesses so lightsome on your lips."

"I won't," said 'Dolph, humbly, "I begs to 'pologize for makin' free 'bout de world a gemman 'quires some parts of speech as seems keerless, but dey don't come from de heart."

"I'se glad dat's," observed Clorinda, "bery glad, Mr. 'Dolph."

"But what do you think missus has done?" demanded Victoria.

Such a straightforward question was rather a puzzler to Clorinda, so she said with a stately air:

"More 'n I knows; 'tain't answer even to my most intemanicies—don't press it, Victy."

Victoria's big eyes began to roll wildly in their sockets; she was determined to find that Clo had for some time seen that things were going wrong, when the fact had escaped her own observation, and, for the first time in the course of their acquaintance, she felt a sort of respect for her usual foe but temporary ally.

"Does yer think dey's quarrling?" she asked.

"Wal, I hain't heern dat exactsly," said Clo, sententiously, "I allers takes it for granted there's a storm brewin'."

Vic grew more puzzled than ever, and 'Dolph was act much better off, though he tried to appear full to the brim with wisdom and sagacity.

"Yer knows the sagacity missus lost her bracelet, Mr. 'Dolph?" asked Clo.

"I does bery well indeed."

"When missus 'peared herself to shoot out at me as if I'd been a sarpint," cried Clo, viciously. "Wal, if ever I see thunder I seed it in marster's face and eyes dat minit."

Oh!" exclaimed Victoria, bundling up her work, "if you and Mr. 'Dolph has got secrets to talk over, I'll leave you to 'em."

"Who's a destryin' the harmony now?" shouted Clo. It's real sinful, Victory, to give way to temper, I tells yer."

"Oh, dat's all fine 'nuff! But I don't wish to stand in nobody's way. I'd better take my work upstairs."

"Sit still, set still, Miss Victory," urged 'Dolph. "Der's no secret. We shall have de uttermost pleasure in listenin' in making you 'quainted wid de pint in question."

Clorinda did not look altogether pleased at his eagerness to explain; she rather liked Victoria to suppose there was a secret between 'Dolph and herself; it screened like paying off old scores, and though in a friendly mood, Clorinda was a woman still.

"Splain or not, jis' as yer please," said Vic, tossing her head, viciously, "it's quite 'material to me."

But 'Dolph gave a voluble account of what his master and mistress had said and done the night the bracelet was lost, and commented the conversation beautifully, calling on Clorinda to set him right if he erred, and the points where Clo most loudly expressed her approval as being the exact words spoken were the places where 'Dolph embroidered most highly.

"Why, dar goes marster now," exclaimed Victoria, suddenly. "He's gwine out to walk."

They all rushed to the window to look, as if there had been something wonderful in the sight, and just then Sally rushed in with a cry:

"The soup's bilin' over, Clo; come—quick!"

The *séance* broke up in disorder, and Clo was soon engaged in pulling Sally's wool, too common an occurrence to create any surprise in the house.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE confinement of the house became so irksome to Grantley Mellen that he could support it no longer. He could not have talked even to Elsie just then, so he put on his hat and hurried out into the grounds.

Upon one point his mind was fully made up. The clue to the mystery appeared to be in his hands; he would follow it out to the end now—he would know the worst. He had strength enough left to bear another great trouble. He felt that if this woman had wrenched him he could sweep her out of his life, even as he had done that false one in year's gone by.

That thought drove him nearly mad, it recalled the recollection of that writing. Should it prove the same! If this man had again thrust himself into his life to blacken it with his treachery and his hate! Terrible words first, half uttered on Mellen's lips, his face was fairly convulsed with passion, a loathing and a hatred which this time only blood could wipe out.

Below the house the lawn and gardens led away into a grove, and towards its gloom Mellen mechanically directed his steps under the cold, gray sky. A chill wind was blowing up from the water, but he did not observe it; in the fever which consumed him the air seemed absolutely stifling, and he hurried on, increasing its excess by his rapid movements.

He was in the grove, rushing wildly on and down, with no settled purpose in view, striving only to escape those maddening thoughts which clung to him still.

The wind was shaking the few remaining leaves from the trees and blowing them about in rustling dreariness, the frosts had already touched the grass and ferns, and though the place on a bright day would still have been lovely, it looked bare and melancholy enough under that frowning sky.

"It is like my life," muttered Mellen, looking gloomily; "like my life, with an added blackness coming up beyond."

Then his mood changed; again that fierce passion swept over his face, leaving it dangerous and terrible.

"If that woman has deceived me," he cried aloud, "this time I will have no mercy! She shall taste her degradation to the very dregs; there is no depth of shame through which I will not drag her, though I ruin my own name in doing it! But it can't be! It can't be! It were death to believe it! Oh, Elizabeth, Elizabeth!"

Every tender feeling of his nature went out in that last agonizing cry. For the first time he realized all that his heart had been to him, how completely she had united herself with his life, and what a terrible blank it would become if he were forced to tear her from his heart.

He tried to check those black thoughts, to invent excuses; he was almost inclined to rush into the house, beg for her truth and promise pardon in advance. Then he called himself a weak fool for the idea, as if any excuse were possible.

"More lies, more lies! It was a test. "I will wait—I have the clue—it will all be made clear soon."

He clenched his hands with a groan that was half anguish, half rage, and hurried more swiftly on.

He came out upon a little eminence, from whence he could look down on the paths leading towards the house, though the dwelling itself was hidden by the thick growth of trees.

He saw some object creeping through the bushes, moving carefully, as if to elude the possibility of observation. He was always keen-sighted, and now but just then the thoughts in his mind made his vision still quicker and more clear.

He looked again—it was a man, running very fast and crouching among the bushes at each sound.

Without pausing for an instant's reflection he darted down the hill—as he approached the figure it disappeared. On into the thicket Mellen rushed —grasped the intruder in a strong arm that there was no shaking off, and dragged him into the light.

"Rascal!" he cried, "what are you doing here? Answer me, or I'll shake you to pieces!"

The man struggled violently, but Mellen was like a giant in his passion, and swung him to and fro as if he had been a child.

"Let me alone!" cried the man. "I ain't a doing no harm!"

"What you prowling about my house for, then? Do you know that I am master here? I shall take you indoors, and keep you till I can send for a constable. Take care—no resistance, or I'll brain you on the spot."

I wasn't prowling round," pleaded the man, gasping for breath in Mellen's strong grasp; "I thought these woods was public property."

"Then you shall be taught. But it's a lie! You had some errand here—speak out, or by the Lord I'll kill you!"

"Don't—don't! You're choking me!" groaned the wretch.

"Then speak! What are you doing here—who do you want to see?"

"Just let go, and I'll tell you," pleaded his prisoner. "I can't speak while you're throttling me."

Mellen loosened his grasp on the man's throat, but still held him fast. His hold had been a fearful one—the man was actually breathless—Mellen had almost strangled him in his fierceness.

"Will you speak now?" he demanded, with a terrible menace in his voice.

The man tried to breathe more freely; but, though shaking with fear, he answered sullenly:

"I hain't got nothin' to tell; I was going to the village and took a short cut through here."

Mellen caught him again by the throat.

"Tell me another lie," he hissed, "and I'll choke the breath out of your body."

The man could both see and feel that he was in horrible earnest; he might easily have opposed himself to the power of an insane man—and for the moment Mellen was little better.

"Let me go, I say—let me go!" cried the man, struggling more vigorously; but Mellen only clung to him more tightly, and down upon the ground they fell in that struggle.

Mellen had his knee on the fellow's breast and called out:

"Now, will you speak?"

"Yes, failured the man, as well as he was able. "Just let me up—I'll tell you."

Mellen rose, and pulled him violently on his feet; as he did so he perceived a note lying on the ground which had fallen from the man's pocket during their struggle. He loosed his hold of the fellow, and stooped for the letter; the man took advantage of his freedom, darted away like an arrow, and was out of sight before Mellen could recover himself.

"No matter," he muttered, "he'll think twice before he comes again—I have the letter."

The envelope bore no address—it was sealed, but he tore it open without a moment's hesitation. Even as he unfolded the sheet his hand faltered—in the very height of his rage he could not think of the woe its contents might bring to his heart without a sharp pang.

He opened the epistle and glanced at the writing—it was the same peculiar hand he had seen at the pawnbroker's.

"It is his," he exclaimed. "Oh, this time I shall have revenge."

He read the letter—read it slowly through, though every word seemed to burn and sear his very eyeballs—standing there motionless, unable, at first, to take in the full extent of his crushing anguish.

These were the contents of the letter:

"I expected you to-day—you were wrong not to come. I know it is difficult for you to elude the vigilance of your Cerberus, but this matter will admit of no delay. I have information that the stocks are disposed of—look sharp that the broker is not playing a double game.

"The letters are ready—bring the money, and I pass out of your life for ever—since you will have it so. Let it rest there. If I am hated by those I love, be it so; hate does not kill, and love cannot be expected to last for ever, with men or women. I must have the money. I can submit to no further delay. If I do not hear from you to-morrow I shall come to the house in the night—so be prepared."

There was no signature—it needed none. Mellen knew only too well who the writer was, knew it as thoroughly as he did the name of the woman for whom it was intended.

For a full half hour Grantley Mellen was a madman; it was a mercy that, during his paroxysm, he did not rush into the house and murder the woman who had so wronged him. The fever and the insanity passed at length; he lay upon the ground, staring up at the cold sky, the letter still clutched in one hand, the other dug deeply into the earth, in a wild conflict of passion that shook him to the soul. He raised himself and looked about; it seemed as if he had been suffering in a mad dream—he glanced down at the letter—that brought conviction back.

He sat there for a long time revolving vague plans in his mind, and deciding upon the course he would pursue.

"Meet craft with craft," he muttered; "so I will."

He read the letter again.

"If he does not hear from her he will come to-morrow night—he will get no message—let him come!"

There was a horrible emphasis in his voice which none could have mistaken. He rose from the ground, arranged his dress, and walked towards the house.

"Not a sign, not a word which can betray," he said aloud. "I will meet her with a duplicity equal to her own—wait—a little longer—only a little longer."

He walked towards the house, and again Victoria called out to her companions:

"Here comes marster as fast as fast can be."

But Clorinda's thoughts were now centred upon her dinner, and she had no time even for gossip.

"Get away from dat window and go 'bout yer work," cried the dark spinster, austerely; "what hev yer got to do wid de marster's outgoin's or incomin's? Beat dese eggs into a foam rite off, for I'se in a hurry. Mr. 'Dolph puts one back so."

Victoria cast one more glance through the window, for the wild agony on her master's face rather alarmed her. But Clorinda called out in a voice so shrill that it was not to be disregarded, and she was constrained to undertake the task assigned her without more delay.

THE OPERA IN 1680.—An idea of the splendor of ancient operas may be conceived from the *mise en scène* of "Berenice," first brought out on the stage at Padua in 1680. It had three choruses. The first consisted of 100 girls, the second of 100 soldiers, the third of 100 knights on horseback. In the triumphal *cortége* were 40 huntsmen with horns, 60 trumpeters on foot, six tambours, together with 24 other musicians, a great number of flagbearers, pages, huntsmen, grooms, etc.; two lions with Turkish and two elephants with Moorish grooms. Berenice's triumphal car was drawn by six white horses; six other carriages, for generals, were drawn by four horses each; six others, for the booty and the prisoners by twelve. The transformation scenes represented a forest, in which were being hunted boars, deer and bears; an endless plain, with triumphal arches; Berenice's rooms; the royal dining-saloon; a picture gallery; and the royal stables, with 100 living horses. Towards the end a great golden globe appeared from the sky, which opened of itself, and threw out eight other blue globes, upon which sat Virtue, Generosity, Fortitude, Heroic Love, Victory, Courage, Honor, and Immortality, floating in mid-air, and singing a chorus!

CURRANTS.—Dried currants of commerce, as they are miscalled, are in reality a grape, and free from stones or pits; they come from the Isthmus of Corinth and several places in the Indian Archipelago. A small Spanish currant is sometimes sold in their stead. It is the island of Zante which furnishes the largest amount of these currants, and their cultivation is materially lessening, as the jealousy of the Ottomans does not allow large vessels to enter the Gulf for their purchase. These currants grow on vines like grapes, the leaves are somewhat the same figure and the grapes similar; they are gathered in August and dried on the ground; when kegged they are trodden down closely with the feet. Zante island produces enough to load five or six large vessels; Cephalonia, three or four; and other islands, one.

WE have heard much of the power of a woman's eye, but the eyelids are still more powerful; they can wink down a reputation.

THE OLD BEGGAR.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

I.

THERE was an old and crippled man
  Who sat a begging, where
It was my wont each morn to pass
  In weather foul or fair.
He seemed so steeped in woe and want,
  I thought, as I passed by,
That it would be a happy thing
  For such a man to die!
For in the scorching sun or rain,
  When wintry blasts are keen,
In scanty garb and tattered boots
  This wretched man was seen.
So that whene'er I passed the spot
  And saw this beggar nigh,
I inly said, "A happy thing
  For such a man to die!"

II.

It was upon the Sabbath morn
  When church bells cheerly ring,
To summon all, both old and young,
  To praise our Heavenly King,
That as with contrite steps and sad
  To prayer I slowly trod,
This poor old man was also bent
  Churchward to praise his God.
But what a change! his face was bright
  And he was cleaner dressed;
His step had thankful life in it—
  His spirit seemed at rest.
And 'twas my chance that morn to sit
  Near to him in the aisle;
And now and then I saw his face,
  And caught his kindling smile.
His voice was full of thankfulness,
  Praise came with every breath,
And in his look I saw the hope
  That triumphs over death.
And thus rebuked, with wiser thought
  I said, half audibly,
"Great Father! what a happy thing
  For such a man to die!"

The Fate of Duke Alberto.

SOME two centuries ago there lived in Milan, in Italy, a certain Duke Alberto. His palace was in the city, almost within the shadow of the far-famed cathedral, while his enormous possessions covered leagues of land in every direction. In person he was remarkably handsome, a giant in strength; in mind he was cunning, shrewd, sufficiently well educated for his social position; in morals he was unscrupulous, wicked and revengeful. He had immured his wife in one of his country castles, in order to have her out of the way of his daring and licentious pleasures. In fact, it was rumored throughout the city that he had murdered her; but, owing to his wealth and power, the authorities never instituted an investigation. His days and nights were passed in revelling with lewd women and parasite courtiers. His amours seemed to be the turning point of his existence, the whole end and aim of his ambition.

Such, in brief, was the character of the duke. With his tenants he was careless and liberal, caring but little about the amount of his income, provided it was sufficient to enable him to support and gratify his three great passions of wine, women and play. His principal associate and companion was one Guido Tomaselli, a libertine and spendthrift of the first water. Whenever the duke proposed an adventure, Tomaselli was ever ready to assist and co-operate with him. If a lady was to be abducted, a nunnery broken into, or a castle sacked, he was ever willing to obey the behests of his master. In age he was about fifty years, while the duke scarcely numbered thirty. He was wealthy and powerful, and was even more dreaded than Alberto. The gray hairs that plentifully sprinkled his hair and beard brought with them no wisdom—his long experience brought with it no discretion. Perhaps it was to his fatal influence that the duke ascended the ladder of crime and wickedness. He had been married, but his wife had long been dead, and from the moment of her death he abandoned himself to the world, the flesh and the devil.

Such are the two principal personages with whom we have to deal in the following narrative. A more charming pair of Don Juans cannot be found in all history.

Returning home late one night they had to pass the cathedral. It was lighted, and from its vast depths poured forth the musical volumes of a requiem mass.

"By my soul, Guido," said the duke, "this is strange! What noble lord or lady has departed this life and now invokes the aid of the church in behalf of the repose of his or her soul? *Corpo di bacco!* Let us enter. We may, perchance, light upon some fair vestal offering up her vows for the defunct, and in such case the hour and circumstances are propitious for another journey to my walled chateau at Aventino."

The pliant Tomaselli assented, and they entered the cathedral. The church was draped in black, the priests were livid beneath the yellow light of the sacred candles, and the organ filled every aisle and nave with its melodious notes. High up near the altar was a splendid catafalque, richly draped with heavy black. A few mourners knelt beside it, while here and there throughout the vast building, and dimly visible in the semi-darkness, were a few of the devout and faithful. The duke and Guido, awestruck at the scene, pressed forward towards the altar, when the former, in a whisper, inquired of a verger in attendance as to the name of the deceased in whose behalf these solemn rites were administered. In a ghostly voice, and with a pallid face and demoniac expression, he was answered:

"'Tis for the soul of the wicked Duke Alberto, of Milan."

With an expression of horror the duke gazed upon the catafalque, and there, reposing upon it, with all the gilded trappings of princely rank, he beheld himself. With a cry of dismay he sank senseless upon the pavement. Guido raised him and guided him to the outer air—both conscious-stricken at the terrible ceremonial in which they had been participants. When they regained their senses they found themselves seated upon the stone steps of the entrance, and the gray dawn beginning to develope itself in the far East.

Both agreed in the same story, although the cathedral was closed, its lights had fled, and its organ was silent. How and when the spectral procession had passed out without their notice seemed past their comprehension. Moodily and gloomily they entered the ducal palace.

Alberto looked narrowly at his companion, who was dejected and stupified.

"Wine, my dear fellow, will dispel these illusions of the brain," exclaimed he, as he filled a pair of goblets to the brim with the ruddy liquor. They quaffed and quaffed until the morning sun entered the apartment with its golden effulgence. "And now to bed for a few hours, and to-night, my good guide, with your assistance, I shall clasp in these arms the beautiful Donna Isabella, the fairest and loveliest flower in all Italy. She will return from vespers shortly after dark, and generally unattended. You shall disguise yourself as a coachman, and drive me to the corner opposite the great square, around which she must necessarily pass in order to reach her residence."

Guido Tomaselli shuddered.

"Don't say that you decline to participate in the enterprise," said the duke. "It is full of love and danger, two condiments that give a spice to every adventure of the heart. Besides, remember that I acted as your coachman in your last little affair, besides acting as your second in your duel with the lady's brother."

"It is true, Alberto," said Guido, "but would to God these adventures as you call them were abandoned. My nerves have not yet recovered from that horrible dream of last night. However, more wine and then let us to bed."

Darkness was just beginning to cover the city with its sable pall on that quiet, holy Sabbath evening when a carriage hastily emerged from the ducal palace, and took the direction indicated by Alberto. Scarcely half an hour had elapsed when a female figure dressed in black was seen slowly wending her way from the cathedral. The duke stepped quickly upon the pavement, seized her as she passed, and the horses bounded on a full gallop in the direction of Aventino. The Donna Isabella was a captive, and Tomaselli was the coachman.

As soon as Guido reached the castle with the duke and lady, he immediately returned to the city, delivered the carriage to an attendant in waiting, and forthwith proceeded in the direction of the residence of his only daughter, Lucia, a young and lovely girl of scarcely seventeen summers. The existence of this child he had always kept a profound secret for two reasons. One was that he feared the duke and his rapacious desires, and the other was his sense of duty in preserving her from the contamination of the outer world, among whose wicked ones he modestly acknowledged himself chief. In her society he passed many pure and happy hours, gazing with parental pride upon the golden innocence that Providence had entrusted to his keeping.

Bold and bad as this man was, he nevertheless had a corner in his heart unspotted by crime, but that corner was alone reserved for his child. All others he grasped in his net as the fowler does his prey. As he passed beneath the shadow of the great cathedral, he fancied he heard again the solemn notes of its mighty organ pealing forth a requiem mass. This time he seemed to see his own corpse lying in state upon a costly bier. Shuddering at the figures that his imagination had conjured up, he entered the dwelling of his daughter.

But no lithesome step was heard coming to meet him, no merry voice uttering a silvery welcome as of yore. A dread misgiving overcame him, and he sank upon the pavement at the base of the stairs leading to his child's apartments. Again did the organ waft its spectral music across the square. Phantoms, livid and deathly, jeeringly pointed their skeleton fingers and glared from their cavernous eyes at the wretch as he lay prostrate. They thundered in his ears:

"Thou art the man! Await thy doom, for vengeance is sure, saith the Lord."

In this condition he was found by one of his daughter's servants, who gave the alarm and procured the necessary assistance to remove him to his couch. Bewildered and crazed, he groaned in spirit, and it was some time before he could be made to understand that Lucia had not returned from vespers, and that already her attendants had scoured the city, in different directions, hoping to obtain some clue to her whereabouts, but all had returned without success.

"It is no use," he exclaimed, "I know where she is, and miserable man that I am, I am her destroyer."

In his then condition he was obliged to keep his bed for the following day, for his mind was in a state of frenzy, bordering on absolute madness. Towards evening he recovered himself somewhat and ordered a coach and horses to bear him to the castle of Aventino. We will now return to the duke and the poor girl whom he had abducted and imprisoned.

He had long watched her, knowing only that her name was said to be Isabella, hoping for some favorable opportunity of seizing her and bearing her to his fastness in the mountains, where he could defy an army in case of siege or assault. Nor did he dream for a moment that she was the daughter of his friend Guido. Had he known that fact it might have stayed his impious hand, but as it was the deed was done. After thrusting her into his carriage, he threatened her with instant death if she cried out or made the least resistance. Overcome by fright and terror she fainted away, and it was in this state of insensibility that she at length reached Alberto's castle. When she recovered she found herself in a gorgeous apartment, with a young and handsome cavalier gazing at her with looks of passion and admiration.

"O God!" she exclaimed, "where am I? Noble sir, release me, and heaven will smile upon you. I ask this boon on bended knees."

"Heaven, it appears, has smiled upon me this very night, fair lady," said the duke, "in vouchsafing to my tender care and custody so young and beautiful a flower as yourself. Believe me that I love—aye, have longed loved you—and that I shall devote the balance of my life in endeavoring to make you happy."

Her great grief at length gave way to a flood of tears, when Alberto perceiving her condition left her, promising to return as soon as time had assuaged her sorrow. She found herself in a man's apartment. From the window she could perceive that the castle was situated upon the top of a lofty mountain, and only accessible by a bridle pathway. The winds swept through the dark forest with a melancholy sound, bearing to her ears the presaging notes of death—for to die she was determined, rather than be dishonored by a villain. She examined the room and found in one of the closets attached thereto a stiletto. This she concealed in her bosom, with a feeling of security such as the fierce pride of an Italian nature only can bestow. Late in the afternoon Alberto again made her a visit, but finding her obstinate, he again left, promising to see her on the following morning. He trusted that time and patience would work a change in her obduracy.

She had now had ample time for reflection as to the best mode of escape. The bolts and bars she could not overcome, and she was ignorant of the intricacies of the castle. Still she did not despair. Hope at length pointed out a gleam of light. If she could disguise herself in one of the duke's costumes—of which there were many in the room—she might pass the sentries after nightfall without notice. Once having reached the bridlepath she would be safe. About sunset she hastened to complete her preparations. It was about this hour that an attendant opened the door to bring her an evening repast, and she determined to sacrifice his life if necessary with her dagger, in order to secure her escape. At length steps were heard approaching, the door opened and the attendant entered. She had previously lowered the heavy damask curtains by the windows, so that a quiet gloom or semi-darkness pervaded the apartment.

"My lord duke," said the servant, "I did not expect to see you here. I have brought the evening meal for the lady, according to your instructions."

"'Tis well," said the mock duke. "She is now reposing and must not be disturbed. Remain here until I return."

Saying which Lucy boldly gained the hall. Proceeding through various gloomy corridors, she at length reached one of the ramparts, where she paused a moment to survey the ground. The portcullis was lowered, and several persons attached to the duke were seen passing to and fro. Night was rapidly setting in, and now was the moment or never to carry her plans into execution. She reached the bridge without interruption, and in passing it she hummed a lively air from one of the operas in fashion at that day. And now she is on the bridlepath, and in half an hour more she will be in safety. She had nearly reached the bottom of the hill, when a tall, armed figure sprang out of the bushes and plunged his dagger to her heart. She fell and died without a groan.

"Thus perish," said the figure, "thou wretch and miscreant. Little didst thou know that it was Guido's child thou didst abduct."

Saying this he pulled the body into the forest and proceeded on his way to the castle to enforce, if need be, a return of his daughter.

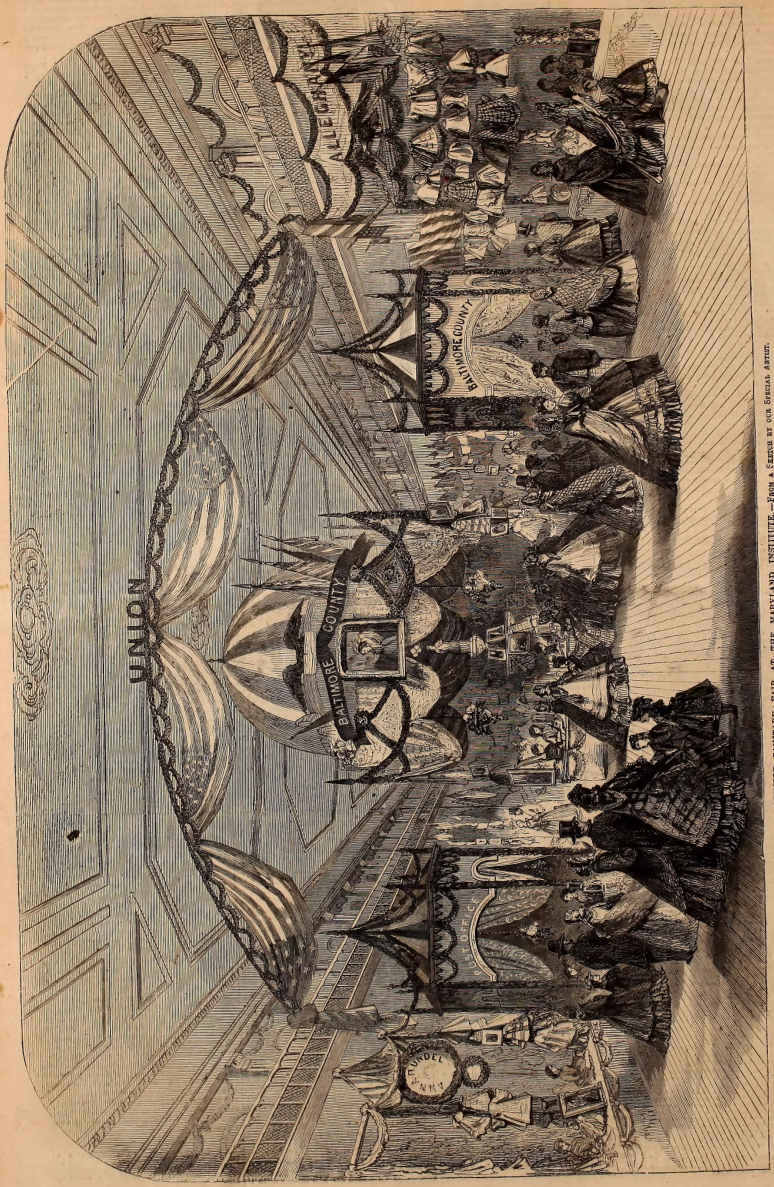
As he was well known to all of the duke's retainers, he was gladly welcomed by them. To avert suspicion, he carefully asked where Alberto was? Some said he had not long before descended the mountain, while another averred that he had just passed him in the grand hall leading to his apartment. Guido knew well the direction to take, but first stepped upon the ramparts to cool his fevered brow. At this instant, to his great horror and astonishment, he perceived the duke advancing towards him.

"Ha! Guido, my pretty bird has flown; and that, too, within an hour," said he. "Just think of it; the jade donned one of my costumes and passed my guards without detection. But I will have her yet, for I have out parties to scour the mountain."

"Scoundrel! She is my daughter, and I am, unwittingly, her murderer!" exclaimed Guido. "The issue is now between you and me, and one or both must fall."

So saying he made a furious onslaught upon the duke, who, perceiving that he had to deal with a madman, began to call for assistance, at the same time defending himself with his sword. As this rencontre took place at a remote part of the castle, his cries were not heard. At length Guido closed with him and pressed him to the edge of the parapet, which overhung a depth of nearly five hundred feet. The bottom and sides of this abyss were jagged rocks, on which no one could fall and live. And now the death-struggle waxes furious. The parapet is reached; Guido, with the strength of a giant, presses Alberto over. 'Tis done! With a dull, heavy sound both are plunged into the awful darkness.

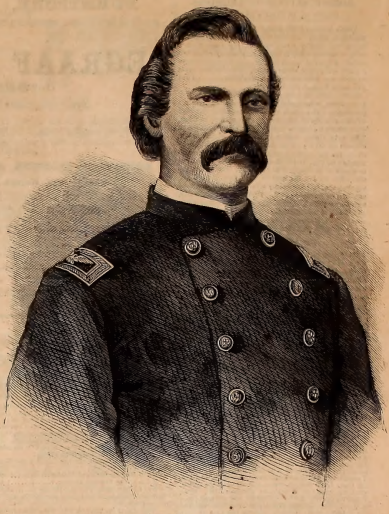
AN Irishman describes metaphysics as follows: "Two men are talking together, and one of them is trying to explain something he don't know anything about, and the other can't understand him."



THE BALTIMORE SANITARY FAIR AT THE MARYLAND INSTITUTE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



BRIG.-GEN. T. E. RANSOM, U. S. V.—SEE PAGE 119.



COL. JOSEPH J. MORRISON, 16TH N. Y. HEAVY ARTILLERY.—SEE PAGE 119.

THE SANITARY FAIR AT BALTIMORE.

THE great success of the Sanitary Fairs in New ... and Brooklyn is stimulating other cities to renewed ... rtions. We give in the issue of this week a sketch of the Fair at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, made on the spot by one of our Special Artists. It was inaugurated on the 18th of April by President Lincoln, who went thither, accompanied by Speaker Colfax and Senator Wilson. The contribution of all kinds are very fine and attractive; and such is the change of feeling in Baltimore that the Fair cannot fail to command great success. As the Sanitary Commission extends its favors to all the suffering of either army, no consideration of politics should keep any one of charitable feelings away. In connection with this we give a view from Patterson's park on Loudenschlager's hill, which will be readily recognised and admired by those who visit the City of Monuments to attend the great Sanitary Fair.



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—THE REBEL RAM ALBEMARLE SINKING THE SOUTHFIELD AT PLYMOUTH, APRIL 19.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 119.

RECENT BATTLES IN LOUISIANA.

Battle of Wilson's Plantation.

Gen. Banks took camp at Natchitoches on the 6th of April. On the following morning at daybreak the cavalry again started, and came upon a body of mounted rebels before they had marched two miles. Fighting began at once, and the enemy were rapidly driven before our troops. This running style of fight was kept up for 14 miles until they had got two miles beyond Pleasant Hill.

Here a force of 2,500 rebel cavalry, commanded by Gen. Green, were found strongly posted on Wilson's plantation. The rebels were deployed along the edge of a dense strip of woods, with an open field in front, over which we had to charge in order to reach them. The only Union soldiers that had advanced far enough to take part in the fight, which was inevitable, was the cavalry brigade of Lee's corps, commanded by Col. Harai Robinson. As he had either to attack or be attacked, he decided to take the initiative, and he led his men in with such a dash and vigor that at last the enemy was completely whipped and driven from the field. This engagement lasted two hours and a half, and our losses amount to about 40 killed and wounded, the enemy's being at least as many. Col. Robinson pursued the retreating rebels as far as Bayou du Paul.

Battle of Mansfield.

On Friday a portion of Gen. Banks's forces was attacked by a superior force of the enemy, four miles from the town of Mansfield. Gen. Lee, with 5,000 cavalry, was cautiously advancing, when the rebels suddenly assailed his front in strong force, after considerable sharp skirmishing was indulged in. Finding the enemy were pressing him heavily, Gen. Lee sent for a brigade of infantry to reinforce him. A brigade of infantry of the best war material—tried veterans from the 13th army corps—were at once sent forward. The rebels fought vigorously and with desperation for several hours, driving back our troops with great loss, flanking both wings of our army, until a retreat was inevitable, if the enemy continued assaulting our right and front.

Our artillery, consisting of Nims's celebrated Massachusetts battery, six guns, Rawles's 5th Regular battery, 1st Indiana, and Chicago Mercantile Battery, together with two mountain howitzers, barked loud, long and furiously against the invading hosts; but notwithstanding the vast numbers of these savage messengers of death which mowed down the rebel lines, the enemy continued to advance boldly, evincing a desperate determination to conquer or perish in the attempt. After the enemy had inflicted a most terrible blow upon the gallant little band who nobly opposed their fearful progress, a retreat was ordered. The retreating force finding the road blocked up by trains got into confusion. A panic ensued, without a precedent since Bull run. The enemy pushed on in pursuit, capturing 18 guns, all Gen. Lee's wagon train, and driving the panic stricken mass for 10 miles to Pleasant Hill. Here Franklin opened his line-of-battle, and allowed them to pass. The 13th and 19th army corps then repulsed the enemy. Gen. Ransom reports the loss at 1,475 killed, wounded and missing.

The guns were not lost, however, without heavy cost to the enemy. The charges of grape swept them down fearfully, and amongst them the rebel Gen. Mouton fell, pierced by four balls.

Battle of Pleasant Hill.

On Saturday morning all Gen. Banks's forces were at Pleasant hill, and the rebels came on, cavalry in front.

The battlefield of Pleasant hill is a large open field, which had once been cultivated, but is now overgrown with weeds and bushes. The slightly elevated centre of the field, from which the name Pleasant hill is taken, is nothing more than a long mound, hardly worthy the name of hill. A semicircular belt of timber runs around the field on the Shreveport side. Gen. Emory formed his line of battle on the side facing these woods, Gen. McMillan's brigade being posted on the right, Gen. Dwight's on the centre, and Col. Benedict's on the left. Taylor's battery, L, 1st regulars, had four guns in rear of the left wing, on the left of the Shreveport road, and two on the road in rear of Gen. Dwight's line. Hibberd's Vermont battery was on the right.

In the rear of Emory were Gen. Smith's tried troops, formed in two lines of battle, 50 yards apart. The 13th corps was in reserve in the rear, under Gen. Cameron, Gen. Ransom having been wounded the day before. Gen. Smith was Commander-in-Chief of the two lines back of the crest, while Gen. Mower was the immediate commander of the men. The commander of the right brigade in Gen. Smith's first line was Col. Lynch; the left brigade was Col. Shaw's. The second line also consisted of two brigades. Crawford's 3d Indiana battery was posted on the right of the 89th Indiana infantry, and the 9th Indiana battery on the right of the line of battle. The Missouri Iron Sun battery, and others whose names and numbers we could not ascertain, were also in this section of the battle.

The skirmishing was kept up with considerable vigor until about five o'clock in the afternoon, when the rebels had completed their arrangements for the attack. At about this hour Gen. Emory's skirmish line was driven in on the right by the rebels, who appeared in large force, coming through the timber above mentioned. They soon reached the open ground and moved on to the attack in three lines of battle. Our batteries and infantry opened with terrible effect, doing great slaughter with grape and canister, while the enemy's artillery, being in the woods and in bad position, did scarcely any damage.

Col. Benedict's brigade on the left was first engaged, soon followed by Dwight's and McMillan's. The fighting was terrific; old soldiers say it never was surpassed for desperation. Notwithstanding the terrible havoc in their ranks, the enemy pressed fiercely on, slowly pushing the men of the 19th corps back up the hill, but not breaking their line of battle. A sudden and bold dash of the rebels on the right gave them possession of Taylor's battery, and forced our line still further back.

Now came the grand *coup de main*. The 19th, on arriving at the top of the hill, suddenly filed off over the hill, and passed through the lines of Gen. Smith. We must here mention that the rebels were now in but two lines of battle, the first having been almost annihilated by Gen. Emory, what remained being forced back into the second line. But these two lines came on exultant and sure of victory.

The first passed over the knoll, and all heedless of the long line of cannons and crouching forms of as brave men as ever trod mother earth, pressed on. The second line appeared on the crest, and the death signal was sounded. Words cannot describe the awful effect of this discharge; 7,000 rifles and several batteries of artillery, each gun loaded to the muzzle with grape and canister, were fired simultaneously, and the whole centre of the rebel line was crushed down as a field of ripe wheat through which a tornado had passed. It is estimated that 1,000 men were hurried into eternity or frightfully mangled by this one discharge.

No time was given them to recover their good order, but Gen. Smith ordered a charge, and his men dashed rapidly forward, the boys of the 19th joining in. The rebels fought boldly and desperately back to the timber, on reaching which a large portion broke and fled, fully 2,000 throwing aside their arms. In this charge Taylor's battery was retaken, as were also two of the guns of Nims's battery, the Parrott gun taken from us at Carrion Crow last fall, and one or two others belonging to the rebels, one of which was considerably shattered, besides 700 prisoners. A pursuit and desultory fight was kept up for three miles, when our men returned to the field of battle.

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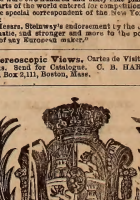
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No. 451—VOL. XVIII.] NEW YORK, MAY 21, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

The War—The Beginning of the End.

THE results which have attended the opening of the grand campaign in Virginia indicate that our anticipations of last week are in rapid course of fulfilment. East and West, in Virginia and in Georgia, the armies and the combinations of Gen. Grant are moving with irresistible force upon the last remaining armies and strongholds of the rebellion.

The defeat of Lee and the capture of Richmond, or the overthrow of Joe Johnson and the capture of Atlanta, will be fatal to Jeff Davis and his Confederacy. In striking at Richmond we strike at the head of the rebellion, and in striking into Atlanta we reach the heart of it. The moral effect of the loss of Richmond among the armies and the people of the rebellious States must inevitably, we think, precipitate the final demoralization of their Confederate Utopia and bring it to a speedy dissolution. Their inflated financial bubble collapses at once, and with the military barriers of the James river broken down, the whole intervening country to Georgia is laid open to our victorious army of the Potomac. There will be no place of refuge for Davis and his Cabinet and Congress, where they can feel secure to the end of the summer, and no protecting line of defences which cannot easily be turned. In a word, ejected from Richmond and Virginia, Davis, his governmental establishment, his armies and his exhausted people, are all thrown into confusion and are all adrift. Thus the overthrow of Lee's army and the fall of Richmond will, even though Gen. Sherman were standing still meantime, be speedily fatal to the rebel cause.

On the other hand, if Gen. Grant's armies in Virginia were to do nothing more than to hold at bay the rebel forces enclosed within his converging lines, while Gen. Sherman's columns in the West are moving upon Atlanta, the rebel capital itself, and the States of Virginia and North Carolina, would in a very short time become untenable to the enemy, in being cut off from his supplies of subsistence, which are now mainly furnished from the last year's Indian corn crops of Georgia and Alabama and from the cattle of Florida. What possible contingency, then, can prevent the general dissolution of the so-called Southern Confederacy, when the Union armies, moving upon both Richmond and Atlanta, are too powerful to be sucessfully resisted or evaded?

We are writing in advance of any reported positive Union victory in Virginia, beyond the occupation of last week's battlefield of the Wilderness and the capture of Petersburg. We accept these great initial advantages, however, as clearly determining the final issue of the campaign. We believe that Lee has so far exhausted his strength in his desperate efforts to break the lines of Gen. Meade, that his only alternative is a hasty retreat to Richmond; and that should he reach the city without further interruption, his next step must be to abandon it, in order to recover his vital communications with the South. The campaign



REBEL ATTACK ON GEN. LEE'S WAGON TRAIN AT MANSFIELD, LA., APRIL 8.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 185.

above and below Richmond opens auspiciously; all the advantages of the situation are with us, while the disadvantages entailed upon the enemy by three years of exhausted war are tenfold greater than in any previous campaign. The same contrast will apply with equal force to the campaign in Georgia. Richmond and Atlanta will surely be gained, and with the dispersion of the rebel armies defending these two vital points, the war will be substantially at an end. We believe that the dying struggles of the rebellion cannot be protracted beyond the month of July, and we are not without the hope that they will cease, or be reduced to a petty and short-lived guerilla warfare, before the close of this brightly opening month of May.

Barnum's American Museum.

IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS.—Colossal Giants, Diminutive Dwarfs, Albino Children, Japanese Wrestlers, Rare Curiosities, &c., &c., &c., Aquaria. DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES daily at 2 and 7½ o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 25 cents. Children under ten, 15 cents.

Every Soldier should supply himself with a remedy to counteract all the Ills, Diseases, Scratches and Bruises that he will be subjected to on his strenuous marches, and unhealthy localities. DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER is the remedy, sold by all dealers in medicines.

Ocsanyan's Oriental Album.

The gift of a copy of this Album to newspapers advertising it will continue for the present, in consequence of the great demand for this unique and popular collection of Photographs. Costs only $5. Sent anywhere by mail, on receipt of price.

N.B.—To prevent counterfeiting, each package is accompanied by the proprietor's own autograph, in four different languages, viz.: Turkish, Armenian, Greek and English.

C. OSCANYAN, New York.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 21, 1864.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

TERMS:

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One Dollar a line on the outside or last page.
Sixty Cents a line on the 14th and 15th page.

NOTICE.

THE Office of this Paper is removed to No. 537 Pearl Street, a few doors from Broadway.

To Correspondents.

Stories of a high character, poems, and sketches for comic illustration are needed. They will be read promptly, and returned if not accepted. Care should be taken to write legibly, and give the address especially with all distinctness.

Our New Type.

WE need scarcely call the attention of our readers to our new and trim dress. The paper this week is printed entirely from new type, and cannot fail to please by its general beauty and interest, independent of its surpassing pictorial illustrations.

It is but another proof that the proprietor will spare no expense to retain the position which his Illustrated Paper has so long and justly held.

Frank Leslie's Artists in the War.

THE Executive Committee of the New York Historical Society, in a recent Report, employ expressions which are, so far as FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER and "History of the War" are concerned, grossly unjust. "It is true," say the gentlemen of the Historical Society, "that the illustrated newspapers are full of sketches purporting to be pictures of important scenes, but the testimony of parties engaged about that those representations, when they are not based upon photographs, are not always reliable."

Whatever poverty or want of enterprise may have induced other papers to do, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has always had its numerous Artists in the field. A selection of 200 of these sketches, made often amid the rattling shot and shell of the battlefield, were sent to the recent Sanitary Fair, and if the New York Historical Society failed to secure them it committed an oversight. Private collectors readily purchased them, happy to be able to add to their albums such relics of the war. These sketches were made by Artists well known in the army, and though not sent to us or contributed by us to the Fair as finished works of art, are often of great merit even in this point of view. Their accuracy has been spontaneously attested by Generals in the highest command, as our readers are aware. Nor have our Artists performed their duties and won this approval without risk. Those who fought at Ravenna Island recollect the Artist sketching in the forefront of the battle; the soldiers who fought at Chicamauga and Chattanooga remember the Artist who, with a party, was captured, and escaped by sending their captors down the rocky heights; the papers of a week back tell how another, at Pleasant hill, lost all his sketches of the line of march and incidents of campaign.

The sketches contributed to the Fair are but a few amid a host. If the Executive Committee of the Historical Society did not know more upon this, to all, we shall be happy to show the reminder to them, to convince them of their injustice to us at least. We may also bring to their notice "Frank Leslie's History of the War," every sketch of which was not only real but accurate and well studied, and this Report closes with a blank form of bequest, but it inserts the word dollars. We shall bear it in mind, however, and if other counsels do not prevail, or some more delightful Historical Scene tempt us, make use of the clause one of these days and bequeath some of our remaining sketches to the venerable Society.

But be that as it may, and laying all joking aside, we assure our readers that our past career has been as honorable to ourselves as to the Artist. Other great army movements are at hand, and we have not been idle. Our Artists are with every important army; and not a movement of consequence in this, we trust, decisive campaign of the war shall take place without our receiving from our corps of Artists full, accurate and vigorous sketches, which, we shall, as far as our limits allow, present to our readers, engraved in the best style, with only difficulty will be to make the best selection; the sketches will be too numerous and valuable to give us even a moment's hesitation.

In the campaign of 1864, as in those of the three preceding years, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER will occupy the position of the pictorial, graphic illustrations of the war, from the valley of Virginia, from the Peninsula, from Tennessee, from Charleston, from North Carolina, the Mississippi, Louisiana or Texas.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

THE fourth annual advance of the Army of the Potomac has been made. Three days has it recoiled in disaster from the rebel army; three times have the hopes of the country been blasted.

The grand Army of the Potomac crossed the Rapidan on Wednesday, May 4th. The 2d corps moved on Tuesday to the Mills, opposite Ely's ford. On Wednesday morning, at 4 o'clock, the cavalry crossed and drove the Rebel pickets from opposite heights, meeting with no opposition. A position was gained, and the corps moved on at 7 o'clock, taking the road to Chancellorsville, at which place Gen. Hancock would establish his headquarters.

On the 5th and 6th corps crossed at Germania ford in the course of the day, taking the road to the Wilderness.

On Wednesday night Gen. Warren's headquarters were at the Wilderness. Gen. Sedgwick's at Germania ford.

On Thursday morning the rebels pressed our pickets, and appeared to be in strong force on our right. The 5th New York cavalry, skirmishing on the Orange Court House road, near Parthall's tavern, were driven in with a severe loss, leaving many wounded on the field. Gen. Griffin's division was marched down to the Wilderness tavern, 11 o'clock to feel the enemy's position, and were met by the rebel Gen. A. P. Hill, supported by Gen. Ewell.

A severe action took place, in which we captured about 300 prisoners, though it is reported that we lost two guns. Meantime, Gen. Meade ordered his corps to the right to connect with Warren, and had hardly got into position, his left resting on or near Chancellorsville, when a severe fight with Longstreet with his full corps, and a part of Ewell's.

Gen. Hancock, with the assistance of Getty's division of the 6th corps, held his position under musketed fire of two-and-a-half-hours duration, when his command suffered severely, inflicting much injury upon the rebels.

Other developments showed Lee to have his whole force in our front.

It not being the purpose of Gen. Meade to advance upon the enemy, he ordered the line of battle to be held till morning.

The position of our troops on Thursday night was parallel with and a little in advance of the road from Germania ford to Parker's store, their left flanks resting on those points, and general headquarters at the Wilderness.

Friday morning afternoon the advance of the 9th corps crossed Germania ford, taking position on our right flank.

Gen. Burnside drove the rebels through Thoroughfare gap, and came up in Meade's rear by forced marches from Warrenton Junction.

On Friday morning the battle opened with our line nearly parallel to the road between Germania ford and Chancellorsville. The battle continued all day, with but little advantage gained. The enemy failed in every attempt to break our ranks, and at night were driven behind their lines of intrenchments. Our loss during the two days engagements are estimated at not less than 6,000 killed and wounded, and may probably reach 8,000. The wounded were sent to the rear as promptly as possible, and dispatched to Rappahannock station. The enemy's loss was heavy. Saturday was spent in morning, and at noon were reported in full retreat, with our army pursuing. We have lost General Hays, of Louisiana; General A. J. Webb, of New York, and General Wadsworth, killed; General Hancock, Getty, Gregg, Owens, Bartlett and Carroll, wounded.

Contemporaneous with the advance of the Army of the Potomac the operations began on the Peninsula. Gen. Butler ran up to West Point and White House, and by landing troops and commencing operations drew the rebels to that point, merely to re-embark, steam back and up James river. Here the troops under Gen. Smith and Gen. Gilmore landed at City Point, and destroyed the southside railroad between Petersburg and Richmond.

A sharp battle came off here, in which the rebels lost Generals Jones and Jenkins killed, and General Pickett wounded.

The rebels succeeded, however, in blowing up by a torpedo the gunboat Commodore Jones near Turkey Bend.

On the 5th instant the 1st and 2d regiments of colored cavalry, under Col. West, made a dash across the Chickahominy river, and two companies dismounted and charged into the camp of the 46th Va. cavalry, killing 30 men and capturing 36 prisoners. The troops were immediately mustered by our troops, who pursued the rebels to within ten miles of Richmond.

WEST VIRGINIA.

A party of 70 mounted men, under McNeil, made a raid on the Grand Ohio railroad at Piedmont, 28 miles west of Charlestown, and captured three trains, doing great damage.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Little Washington, being no longer deemed tenable after the loss of Plymouth, was evacuated by our troops and set on fire by some of the evacuators. The loss, which is very severe, falls on the Union inhabitants, who can of course expect no sympathy or even mercy from the rebels.

General Palmer has succeeded General Peck in this State.

The rebel General Hoke has been made a Major-General, and Gen. Beauregard is preparing to attack Newberne.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Gillmore has been relieved of the command of the Department of the South, and succeeded by Brigadier-General John P. Hatch. The latter is relieved in Florida by Brigadier-General Wm. Birney of the colored troops. In the northern district General Schimmelpfenning succeeds General Terry. The disastrous system of change is consequently in full force.

GEORGIA.

General Sherman is pressing closer upon Dalton, and Tunnel Hill is already in the hands of Thomas. There are reports that Johnston has evacuated Dalton.

KENTUCKY.

Brigadier-General Prince has succeeded General Brayman in command of the district of Ohio.

The rebels again threaten Paducah, and the unfortunate inhabitants are chiefly encamped beyond the river.

MISSISSIPPI.

The gunboat Petrel was attacked by Wirt Adams's cavalry on April 23d, two miles above Yazoo city. Adams had about 200 men and two pieces of artillery. He sent a ball through the boiler after a brisk fight, and many of her brave crew were killed. The rest escaped, either by jumping into the hands of the enemy, who hung Col. Wooster, the commander of one of the negro regiments.

LOUISIANA.

General Banks had fallen back to Alexandria, after having a sharp engagement with the enemy at the crossing of Cane river.

Admiral Porter got all his gunboats down except the Eastport, which he endeavored to save by towing off after she was fishing. He got a line over her up. Two transports were also destroyed, to prevent their capture by the rebels. In all, 13 gunboats and transports are stated, were blown up, to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Gen. Kirby Smith, in his official report of the affair, claims to have sunk or taken from Gen. Banks 4,000 prisoners, 2,000 wounded, 8,000 stand of arms, 3,000 and odd mules, 250 wagons, 900 barrels of flour and 35 pieces of cannon.

ARKANSAS.

A skirmish took place recently between our cavalry and Marmaduke's and Dorvall's lines. The enemy were routed and a number of prisoners taken.

It is reported from Memphis that Gen. Steele's army has returned to Little Rock. He was followed by Price's army and continually harassed. At Sabine Cross Roads rebels were turned upon and repulsed after a severe battle, in which the loss was about equal on both sides.

NAVAL.

The Kearsage is still off the port of Ostend, having been run ashore by a pilot.

A blockade-runner, the schooner Indio, from Nassau, loaded with rosin, oil and cigars, and bound for Wilmington, was captured by the gunboat Vicksburg on the 30th April.

A crown widow lady living in Lake county, Ill., has a well, and for the last seventeen years, was lately enlisted in Farnsworth's new cavalry regiment. The lady says the first gush of grief was over, she concluded herself that in one branch of a soldier's duty her son was proficient, and would not leave home again, and that was, "he could swear like a trooper."

He who goes through a land and scatters blows, roses may be sure, will meet and by their withered petals that strew the ground; but he who goes through it and scatters pure-seed, a hundred years after leaves behind him a land full of fragrance and beauty for his remembrance and as a heritage for his daughters and sons.

THE celebrated David Crockett, on visiting a menagerie, was comparing the countenance of a monkey to that of one of his fellow-members of Congress. Turning, he saw the gentleman had overheard his remarks; so, to make matters pleasant, he said, "I do not know which to apologise to, you or the monkey."

LOVE is not love which alters when it alteration finds.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on the 2d May, after multifarious business, the joint resolution of the House, appropriating $35,000,000 for the payment of the 100 days' volunteers, recently called for by the Western Governors, was agreed to by 22 to 13.

In the House, the resolution calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information as to the amount of debts incurred by the several States to aid in suppressing the rebellion, and declaring that such indebtedness should be assumed by the National Government, was referred to the Military Committee. A resolution offered in December last by Mr. Harding, of Kentucky, declaring that, whenever any rebellious State shall be subdued by the combined efforts of the National forces, such State will be restored to all its original rights under the Constitution of the United States and its own constitution, including the right to regulate its domestic institutions, was taken up, discussed and laid on the table by 81 yeas to 56 nays. The Secretary of the Navy was called on, by resolution, for information relative to the building by the rebels in North Carolina of the ironclad ram Albemarle, and as to why it was not prevented. A Message from the President, giving the information called for relative to the assignment of Mr. Frank Blair, jun., to the command of the 17th Army Corps, was received, and referred to the Committee on Elections.

In the Senate, on the 3d, the proceedings were of little public interest.

In the House, a bill was introduced to increase the pay of officers of the Army and Navy, and of the Revenue, under the head "Military." The Senate's amendments to the Navy Appropriation bill were referred to the Ways and Means Committee. Those appropriating $1,500,000 for the completion of the Capitol dome, $4,000,000 for the purchase and repair of vessels for Western rivers, and $10,000 for the purchase and repair of such vessels for blockading purposes were concurred in. The Senate amendment striking out the clause appropriation for the purchase of land adjoining the Charlestown Navy Yard was also concurred in. So was the proposition to remove the Naval Academy from Annapolis to Newport, Maryland. The House then concurred in the Senate's amendment providing that the money appropriated for the Naval Academy shall be applied to the support of the Academy at Newport, and the bill was passed in strict conformity with the Senate amendments. It will now go to the House on the bill providing for the establishment of republican governments in the rebel States was considered, and continued till the adjournment.

In the Senate, on the 4th, the resolutions of Mr. Sherman came up as the special order, when a quorum of the Senate (consists of the majority of the Senators duly elected) being present, a roll-call was taken. Fourteen only appointed and qualified, vote for one person, he is President; that the election of President devolves upon the House of Representatives; and the votes of a majority of the States entitled to vote to be cast for one person, he is the President. Adopted, 28 to 11.

In the House, the consideration of the bill guaranteeing a republican government to rebellious States was resumed, and after some discussion, the bill was passed—Yeas, 73; nays, 59. The bill provides for the appointment of Provisional Governors, and as soon as the military resistance shall be suppressed that measures for the restoration of the State shall be taken by a Convention of a State Constitution. Certain classes of persons who voluntarily took up arms or held office under the Confederate usurpation are excluded from voting or being elected as delegates. The conditions on which each States shall be admitted include a provision that involuntary servitude shall be prohibited and forever forgiven guaranteed, and that no debts created under the rebellion will be acknowledged or paid by the country or paid by the newly created States. After some partisan debate, the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 9th, the Committee reported a bill to amend the National Bank Act. Among other things, the 1st of August next all baggage, and effects of passengers, and all other articles coming into the United States from any foreign country shall be inspected, and if any dutiable articles shall be found, the value thereof or other envelope shall be confiscated. The same provision shall apply to cargo or vessel, and also provides they may be released by the Secretary of the Navy upon payment of fine. The House bill establishing a line of mail steamers between the United States and Brazil was discussed. Several amendments of the Senate Committee on Post Offices adopted, and the subject was passed over. The Senate amendment to the Committee ed to investigate the facts regarding the horrible murder of Captain Fry by the rebels at Fort Pillow was presented, and 25,000 copies ordered to be printed. The Senate National Bank Act was then taken up. Mr. Sherman offered an amendment to the amendment of the House Committee on Ways and Commerce, New York city. It allows the Comptroller to close the affairs of the bank if at any time the capital shall be less than $1,000,000, with a surplus of 20 per cent. This was agreed to. Mr. Sumner moved a substitute for the Finance Committee's amendment. It provides that every association shall pay to the United States a duty of one per cent upon its circulation, one-half of one per cent on the deposits, and one-half of one per cent on its capital stock above the amount invested in United States bonds, and one half per cent annually. After some debate, without coming to a vote on the proposition, the Senate adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 6th, after some routine business, Mr. Sumner's proposition to amend the Bank Act so as to prohibit National Bank institutions be subjected to national taxation exclusively, was agreed to by 24 to 18. An amendment was also adopted that every association may charge the rate of interest where the bank is located, and not that where the bank is organized. The Bank Act is no more, except that where by the laws of any State a discrimination is made in favor of issue organized under State laws, the tax on the circulation is allowed to the same extent as is imposed in any such States under this Act. Another amendment limits the issue of the banks to New York, Philadelphia and Boston. The Senate amendment to increase the number of one per cent., was also adopted. Other amendments were offered, but without decision on them the Senate adjourned.

In the House, the session was mainly devoted to the consideration of the Senate amendments to various acts. The Committee on Elections reported two resolutions, which in view of the proposition to make Mr. Blair, of Mo., a Major-General, were laid on the table. Mr. Knox, the contestant, is entitled to the seat as the Representative of the First Congressional District of Missouri. The resolution declaring Mr. Blair not entitled to the seat. Mr. Loan, the sitting member, nor Mr. Bruce, the contestant, is entitled to a seat as the Representative of the Seventh Congressional District of Missouri, was called up, and led to an interesting discussion on the subject of military interference in elections. A report from Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, who had been paroled, and a few copies of the report on the Fort Pillow massacre was agreed to. The House then adjourned till Monday.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GARIBALDI left London on April 23d, for the purpose of receiving purchases of arms which was to embark for Caprera on April 26th. On April 21st he was entertained by 200 members of the Reform Club. On April 22d he breakfasted with a party of American citizens at the residence of the United States Consul, and in emphatic terms expressed his regard for the United States, and his readiness to offer his services to President Lincoln against the Slave Power. Much disinclination continued to be expressed at his sudden departure, and political motives were generally imputed to Garibaldi's advisers. In the House of Commons Mr. Gladstone had admitted that he had advised the

TOWN GOSSIP.

Broadway.

PARIS in France, and Napoleon, and Broadway in New York, and New York in the United States, say we. On this great thoroughfare can be seen, at certain hours of the day, representatives of all the world. Upon its pave more the most beautiful women, and the most distingue men, than upon any one boulevard that make the eyes of Parisians water with delight. Travelled men have pronounced Broadway the most liberal street in the world, and we doubt not with justice. All principal promenades in principal cities of this country are more or less in imitation of this one, and the humblest denizen of the fields and forests of our land, even though a thousand unhappinesses may be heard of its fame, can not visit it as a child would upon some marvellous fairy tale, having all the reality of truth.

With this in view, as it seems strange that our citizens and corporate authorities do not properly realize the value of the great street, and try to preserve and beautify it. In any city of Europe this would be a national care, in this it is left to chance, and to private carelessness. In proportion to its amount of travel, Broadway has less care and more obstructions than any street of the town. Business is allowed to encroachlessly obstruct its pavements, and fancy policemen, of the Broadway squad, stand blindly by, while a lagger, mad or not, is driving protruding from a box that has occupied perhaps 10 square feet of the sidewalk for half a day, before a gay cloth cloak, or commits some other damage that cannot be repaired, to say nothing of the discomfort it occasions.

We have seen a burst of ashes emptied in the Corporation cart at the fashionable promenade hour, covering the dust with dust, and doing more damage to clothes than would pay for the horse and cart, to say nothing of the Celtic driver, and no interference from the gaudily-clad law. We have seen an ancient Teuton, with hook and bag, allowed to scratch unmolested in the street until he had covered every passer-by with the filth; and a man with a dirty or dangerous burden turn off the whole line of the pedestrians. Fear of coming in contact with him, without even a word of remonstrance from the agents and Broadway squadron, seems to become a only thought of saving his immaculate self and handing some particularly good-looking female across the street.

When will we have something approaching to system in the care of our streets, or when will our people think it may be worth their while to copy after the European cities, which have studied the matter longer than we have?

Dirty Officers.

While upon the subject of Broadway, it occurs to how much the police and all others are disgraced by the presence of men wearing the uniform of the United States, and supposed to be officers in the service, who do not know enough to keep themselves clean. We have seen men who unblushingly wear their shoulder-straps, and the number of their regiment displayed upon their epaulet, who are guilty of mud and water anywhere within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, to the disgrace of a cheap suit of linen, but being an excusable matter when a soldier is not expected to appear in shirt. We can be in the office and be dirty and careless in his person; one of the first things he is called upon to teach the recruit is how to command being cleanliness, without which they cannot become healthy or soldierly soldiers.

Philanthropic Advertisements.

If there is anything the world has cause to congratulate itself on it is the universal philanthropy that crops out everywhere, especially through the columns of the daily press. Widows and trusting countrymen must be delighted when they read of the many good young men who are about to vacate matrimony for a hold for years, and bestow them on any moral and honest youth who will permit the sum of one dollar, merely to pay for the advertising—which dollar will be considered payment if the situation is not contracted to Mr. Jeremiah Dribbler, box 10, Herald office. Others have a wealthy relative, yielding $30,000 per annum, to which they will admit, as partner, "a young man of moral character from the country preferred," leaving the sum of $100 to deposit as security. Then there are ventures, worth millions, which only require for the ridiculously small amount of a hundred or less. They are willing to give to anybody who will, while again others will import for nothing or secure for the trifling consideration of 25 cents, a postage stamp, directed to J. G., New York Post Office.

Who would look for anything when it can be had through the medium of an advertisement?

The Situation of the Week.

The positive sensation of the week, in the show way, has been the Davenport Brothers, at Cooper Institute. Everybody is raving over the immense lectures-nightly with excited audiences, and we will venture to say that nothing has ever been performed publicly in New York within recollection has excited more curiosity, and vaunted more than their "manifestations." A description of an evening's performance can only be a repetition of the last.

On the stage, fronting the audience, is a large, black cabinet box, having all the appearance of an ordinary domestic wardrobe. The agent has previously addressed the audience, calling their attention to the front, and to the reason no crosses two feet from electricity being used, glass handles or any other part of the building, and entirely disconnected with the performance. He also requests a committee appointed from the audience to watch and report on what transpires in and about the box.

"Any one you please, ladies and gentlemen, will be acceptable to us."

The name of G. W. B. Tompkins is proposed by somebody, and received with shouts of disapprobation. Tompkins is voted out. Next came the name of George Francis Train, which was damned with faint praise, and left. T. was prevented from locking into the mysterious box.

Then the name of Mr. Fred Hudson, of the *Herald*, was proposed, and the house voted Mr. Hudson is unanimously, but Mr. H. silently and respectfully declined, quietly looking on it as an unpaid service. Then the name of Mr. Fred Hudson, of the *Herald*, was proposed, and the house voted Mr. Hudson is unanimously, but Mr. H. silently and respectfully declined, quietly looking on it as an unpaid service. **Ment.** The name next proposed was that of Mr. C. W. Fenno, an old and well-known actor, who, being voted in, took his place on the stage. Then came the name of the Count Zanone, who was also accepted by the audience, and stepping blithely on the stage, embraced Mr. Fenno, an embrace he explained to the audience by saying that Mr. Fenno had been his schoolmate in Boston, some thirty years before.

These gentlemen having examined the box carefully, pronounced it perfect, shut and locked it, climbing to its top and looking beneath it, pronounced to the audience that everything was all right, and then purported to have simple bed-cords.

Then came the two Davenports, pale, quiet-looking, slender young men about 25, and, without a word to the audience, entered the box. Cords were put into the hands of committee-men, and the brothers passed round in the box, fast to the seats, which were immovable, and with all the will and intelligence the committee were capable of making. Into this box were then put a violin, bundle of ropes, tambourine, and the doors turned down and the door closed. Instantly on its closing, there was a loud noise, as the bells and several violent knocks were heard, the instruments began to play, and a hand appeared at the little wicket of which the doors are thrown open, and a full glare of light let on, showing the Davenports to be still tightly tied as before. The door is closed again, and again the noises, plus the trumpet and bell, and violently ejected through a hole about 12 inches square in the front of the box, and a hand and arm is seen waving out of the same place. The door is again thrown open, and, as before, the brothers are found tightly bound, unable to move hand or foot. The doors are again closed, and in five minutes thrown open and the brothers step out unbound.

The more they tied up the box, the cords are thrown in, and in half the time it took them to be tied by Mr. Fox, they are untied. The knots are tied and sealed securely bound, with the ends of the cords entirely out of reach of the hands. Also, the committee-men locate singly into the box, the music and knocking is heard, together with the noises, while the occupant comes forth to report that he feels human hands over his body and face, and, before the occupant can get out of the box, and finally settle upon his lap, where they are tied hand-and-foot, and securely sealed, the knots of the tying are sealed, the door is closed and locked, and the key given to the hands of the agent. At a aperture, the knocks come with violence, the trumpet is put through the hole, and the brothers found by the Davenports sat bound and sealed as before. The performance is closed by a full exposure of the door, and in a few minutes they come forth free.

About Simmons.

Which reminds us of Simmons, the man who so advertised was Simmons, who with prodigious puffs and flaming advertisements, was about to astonish the world on Monday, Mr. Simmons is excessively demonstrative, and says so, we presume, in his advertisements. He has an eccentricity for which we cannot account, have described, but which is very amusing, and from the previous and thereby shut off our inquiring mind.

The Theatres.

The week has been singularly devoid of event among the professionals. There has been absolutely nothing new produced, so we have nothing to say. At the Winter Garden, has been crumming the house with Hamlet, Richelieu, Othello, Lear, Macbeth, Shylock, &c., with English comedy and a sprinkling of "Rosalie" and Shakespeare, Booth's Theatre has been quietly passing through an eruption of benefits, not overwhelming, but which has kept the house from the intolerable business. And Barnum, finishing up "Cado's Grave" with the last Saturday night, brings out a startling, strange, singular, spectacular spectacle, called "Belphegor, or the Mountain Bride," which, by the way, who created considerable sensation at the Academy a few years ago, in Paris.

On the east side, the town is having just one more turn, which is very interesting, as it is Signor Antonio Mazoppa in the person of Miss Kate Vance, a nice-looking, well-formed little woman, who does up the broad steed business with reckless prodigality of limb, and that the Bowery boys in search of a new sensation will hand to tell when the run of the fiery, untamed steed will end.

A NEW LUNATIC ASYLUM.

SHALL we call the salesroom of Messrs. Bangs, Merwin & Co., a New London asylum, or a lunatic asylum, or a museum of Americana? It is a marvel, or has been this week.

Commencing on Monday, and for years an old gentleman of the name of John Allan, a thorough Scot, a collector of the rare, curious and valuable, has been selling the accumulings, fond of illustrated books and of illustrating books. He lived simply, and by the frugality of his habits, and that half New York know nothing about, reliqet Vanderbilt, reached a very advanced age, and died a few days since, having nearly seen a century.

The old gentleman was a man who sold this week, and never in the annals of American bookselling was there anything to equal it. Fifty thousand catalogues were brought; the competition seemed to have no limit, and amounted to $6793; which was the price of Knickerbocker's New York, which Mr. Allan had purchased for a folio, and which he sold to Mr. Bangs for with 275, the other with over 100 engravings, the one brought the astonishing sum of $1,300, the other the more moderate price of $400.

S. P. CHASE.

Secretary of the Treasury.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The following circular relative to the late law increasing the duties has been addressed to all collecting officers:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, May 6, 1864.

In view of the numerous questions which have arisen on the recent enactment increasing the duties on imports and internal revenue, the following instructions are published for the government of collecting officers.

The joint resolution of April 29, extending the time for the payment of certain duties, and the act of March 31, 1864, both of which are incorporated in the act of June 30, 1864, are hereby repealed, and the duties imposed by the act of June 30, 1864, are to be collected on and after the 20th April, and that, consequently, all goods, wares and merchandise which shall arrive at that or any following day are liable to pay the additional duties imposed by said act. Collectors and all persons charged with the collection of Customs will be governed accordingly.

S. P. CHASE.

Secretary of the Treasury.

—Counterfeiters of postage currency and treasury notes have just been caught in Indianapolis, and their work stopped.

—The Supreme Court of Illinois has decided that a married woman can sue alone to recover her separate property.

—A Court-Martial has been ordered to try the publishers and correspondents of the Washington *Chronicle* for being guilty of promulgating news contraband of war.

—Gen. Rosecrans has caused considerable excitement in St. Louis by issuing an order requiring every loyal the men who are on "strikes" to resume work.

—The festival of the Ascension was observed by impressive ceremonies in Trinity Church on the 5th of May, and participated in by members of other Episcopal congregations in the city. In San Francisco it was celebrated by high mass.

—Leaders working on custom work are liable to pay the tax on manufactured articles, according to a decision rendered by the United States District Court at New Haven. This decision is highly important, as the principle covers a large number of occupations, which have hitherto been regarded as exempt from taxation.

—The tax paid by Gen. Burbank for the second term of last year induced a great many consumers to lay in large stocks of the article, and the result is that so much is now stored away that it is not believed that its can be sold in the market for the next twelve months. The production for the market has nearly reached 600,000 tons, but the consumption in this section cannot only amount to 250,000 tons. The large companies have all their capital invested in stock and cannot sell. Labor, but who bought of these companies last year, now have the privilege of selling it back profitably to the companies, the "Independent" dealers have controlled the price to the consumer from 50 cts. a ton. This, it is stated, does not more than pay expenses; but the ice-dealers have the fact of selling or letting it melt on their hands. The retail price is now from one-fourth to one-third of what it was last year, and the rates will not advance much during the summer beyond the latter figure.

Military.—Gen. Ruribut, in his farewell address to the 16th Army Corps, states that that body has been consolidated from time to time until there are not enough for offensive operations; that they have lost no honor; and that they have marched, fought, and conquered, and driven the enemy.

—In the House of Representatives the Military Committee has reported a bill increasing the pay of officers and soldiers as follows: Major-generals, $200; to $18; sergeants, to $20; orderly-sergeants to $24; second-lieutenants, to $1,500; first-lieutenants, to $1,500 per annum. Some discussion ensued, and the bill was finally recommitted.

—Brig.-Gen. Devens, who has been on a tour of inspection to the various regiments of New England, is ordered to report at Fortress Monroe, with the Army of the Potomac under Gen. Butler.

—Brig.-Gen. Sullivan, sixty-four Union soldiers have arrived at Fortress Monroe from Richmond almost in a state of nudity. Among the officers is Col. Rose, who was the chief engineer of the tunnel by which sixty men escaped from Libby on February last, he having been recaptured.

—Gen. Grant's pay of soldiers, passed by the House, May 2, will involve an additional expenditure of between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000 per annum. The excess is to take effect from the 1st of May.

Naval.—The correspondent of the *Shipping Journal* estimates the number of Confederates who have been the amnesty oath at 60,000, and predicts that by the 1st of September it will reach 100,000.

—On April 3, Cortinas, with his Staff, was present at a review of the troops at Matamoras, Texas, and, upon its conclusion, dined with Gen. McClernand.

—The Rhode Island Legislature has organized National Guard to garrison Fort Richmond for 30 days. has been authorized, and the Governor assigned that duty.

Naval.—The pirate Florida and the sloop-of-war St. Louis have been at Madeira together. The latter has been dispatched in search of the Florida.

—The sentence against Admiral Wilkes is that he be suspended for three years from command, and reprimanded.

Personal.—It is reported that the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, of London, a celebrated minister, expected to visit the United States in connection with the Evangelical Alliance, and to preside over the British Baptist Missionary Union to be held in Philadelphia, the third week in May.

—The Hon. Reverdy Johnson has resigned his position as President of the New York Central Railroad. He is succeeded by Hon. Erastus Corning.

—The son of Queen Pomare, heir presumptive of Tahiti, has married a young lady of royal blood, and in combination, namely cathedral music and military music, Tahiti, the home of civilization, according to habitians.

—Mr. Masseras, the editor of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, has been appointed, by the Emperor of France, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, in consideration of his zeal and talent with which he has defended French interests in America, and the care with which he has constantly enlightened public opinion in regard to the character and policy of the Imperial Government.

Obituary.—The Scotia brings the news of the death of Admiral Austin, on April 10, at Y. Bey, the American Consul-General to Egypt. Mr. Thayer was born in Boston, in 1800, and graduated from Harvard College in 1820. For a long time he was attached to the Legation of the Court of Sardinia, but temporarily left his post on that paper to go with Col. Stevens to Texas, where he was Secretary of the Convention he remained his connection with the paper was severed. He was appointed to the office which he held at the time of his death, the duties of which he discharged with much fidelity and ability.

—Finley Johnson, the well-known poet and sketch writer, died, on May 5, after an illness of but two days. Mr. Johnson was from Baltimore, but was employed in the Quartermaster's Department.

—Rev. Israel Washburn, a well-known Methodist minister, died in Middlebury, Mass., aged 67 years. He resided at one time in Massachusetts, graduating in 1822, and was oft-wards commissioned as a chaplain in the United States Navy.

Accidents and Offences.—A married woman in Jersey City, on the 5th inst., left her infant child upon a bed of live coals on the kitchen hearth, and then left the house and disappeared.

—The memory of the famous Walton murder case was revived in the Surrogate's Court on the 30 of May. William H. Moore, the executor, presented a petition setting forth that Walton was murdered, and that his estate should be administered upon by the Court, and not by the executor; that such conviction was after made to procure forgery, and to conceal the crime of murder. Forgery and murder were convicted. After a new awaiting execution, the Court of Appeals reversed the verdict and took jurisdiction of the case. Moore has sent assets, and praying for an order for payment. The Surrogate held that the executor was entitled to petition a debt of the testator nor an executor of the administrator of the estate, and denied the prayer of the petitioner.

—A verdict of $3,000 damages was rendered against a butcher named Hoffman, in the Circuit Court, Jersey Court lately, for running over a girl named Anabella Gabrella in the street, in December, 1862, while the latter was crossing Dey street, near Broadway. This case is a warning to butchers and others who are reckless to make a trotting course of our public thoroughfares.

Foreign.—Victor Emanuel had an apoplectic fit recently, and for a time was supposed to be dangerously ill. Court lately, for running over a girl named Anabella Gabrella in the street, in December, 1862, while the latter was crossing Dey street, near Broadway. This case is a warning to butchers and others who are reckless to make a trotting course of our public thoroughfares.

—The Government of Nicaragua has concluded a contract with Capt. Pim to build an inter-oceanic railroad.

—"Ashore and Afloat" is the title of a melodrama now being performed at one of the London theatres. To advertise the play, the managers adopted the following appropriate design: They chartered a good-sized full-rigged merchant ship, which was towed in the river, and bearing a manly crew of some half dozen bill distributors, makes sail through the streets and does attractive duty.

—The Irish papers continue to report an extensive emigration from Ireland to the United States. To fewer than 250 persons, for instance, have left Sligo, that number including 40 from Lord Palmerston's estate. His lordship, it is said, provided for the passage and outfit of these 40 persons.

—The beerhouses in London, if placed side by side, would form a row 70 miles in length.

—A curious kind of ovation was paid to Blondin at Valenciennes, namely, the burning of his caricature, together with other celebrities, in what is called a *feu de joie*. The effigies of Blondin, Joseph's dog; but what Blondin had done to make him obnoxious to St. Joseph is not stated. Perhaps it may be a compliment, as those Hidalgos have odd ways of showing their appreciation.

Chit-Chat.—Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm, a clerk in one of the Washington departments, has written to Mr. Lincoln refused to sign a pledge not to purchase articles of foreign manufacture, and begs to remind him that in the lavish and expensive style of dress, she believes, from sense cause, that she is thus maintaining the dignity of the nation in the eyes of the representatives of foreign governments.

—A Paris letter says that a gentleman called lately on a well-known Legitimist of the Faubourg, who is badly distinguished for his wealth and avarice, and asked for a subscription for the statue for the Duke de Chambord. "My friend," replied Cæsar, "I have no money, but I would give my blood for the Prince." "You mistake, Duke," was the reply, "the Prince does not want your blood, but your purse."

—At a London theatre lately, during a "ghost" scene, a gentleman who was unable to read his paper except made his appearance before the astonished audience, and taking a seat very near a lady, began to read in a loud record who ever did such a thing in public. The moment he left the house was the result until the laughter of the audience and the arrival of the proper substance of the shadow, when the play went on as before.

—A man was lately tried in France for murdering his wife and mother-in-law. Remember, MM. les Jurés," said the Public Prosecutor in addressing the jury, "I am 50 years old, was married very early, and my wife's mother has been living with us, and yet I have never done this before." MM. les Jurés were not convinced by this plausible argument, and found a guilty verdict.

—A man advertises in the *Petites Affiches*, France, that he has a secret, the value to mankind of which no man who has been reared in the school of adversity. He asks no money for it, but simply wishes to find a wife worthy and an imperturbable character. An entire ignorance of the Black Country need not be a drawback, as English parentage need apply."

—A Jewish company has instituted abroad, that at no remote period photography will be advanced so far as to be able to take the eye like impression which the eye objects it represents. The colors of the spectrum have been proved to be the same in the photograph as in nature, the effect of which is that transitory. Fixation is now the great object of which many eminent operators are in search.

—The New York *Journal of Commerce* says: "Some cities make a specialty of manufactures, others trade, others from pigmies, others from an excess of beggars, others from gamblers, others from rogues. But Paris is the local government."

—Mrs. Dr. Lincoln, during her recent visit to this city with her son "Tommy," is stated to have bought a number of articles of jewelry and plate at the of the Broadway jewelry stores, amounting to $3,000. Her visit is understood to have been entirely for the purpose of shopping, and consulting milliners, manua-makers and dressmakers in the departments of fashion and decoration. The object of the expedition, it is stated, on good authority, was successfully accomplished.

—A physician of Massachusetts asserts that an attack of scarlet fever may be prevented by wearing a tarred string about the neck.

THE POET TO THE WORLD.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

THE world's cold malice—Mammon's bitter smile,
And Sleep's undreaming brother, stone-eyed Death,
Wage ceaseless war upon the poet's breath,
And strive his holy mission to beguile
With sordid pleasures, mockeries of fame.
But with Thy Father's holiest music fraught,
Waste not one grain of God's Immortal Thought
Amid the wilderness of Eden stray.
Then to your radiant harps, for had death sealed
Milton's grand lips ere he had tuned his tongue,
And Shakespeare's heart lay cold in Avon's urn,
How had upon his dying moments prest
The solemn music chilled in his breast,
And all that weight of glory unrevealed!

CURIOSITIES OF COLORADO.

In an interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, Fitzhugh Ludlow gives a most entertaining account of the natural curiosities of Colorado among these are the fantastic creations of the wind, especially of a certain gigantic statue fashioned by the soluble action of rain.

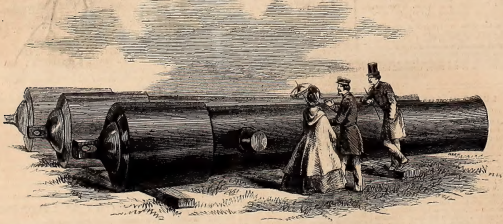
"Upon Canon—The road travelled, if the bold forbid not the name) was carved out of a coarse millstone-grit by the tireless fire, the wind, with material assistance from the unfrequent rainstorms of this region. In Colorado Canon, the Titan's chisel, aided by water, it is rather than any other country in the world. Its mountains are not simply huge, monotonous masses crowded with monuments, obelisks, castles, fortresses and natural colossi from the to the best high, but the angriliaceous sandstone, or a singular species of conglomerate, all of which are more or less modified entirely by the agency of the wind. The arid plains from which these mountains rise, and the rarefied atmosphere, assist her stratum to such a degree that the intensely chilled nights succeed to intensely scorching days, and sudden down to re-establish equilibrium, with a range of from 70 to 80 degrees of Fahrenheit, 50, 60 or even 75,000 feet in height. These floods of water, and the sudden and precipitate action in the characteristic canons which everywhere furrow the Rocky Mountain system to its very base. Now, these are exceedingly torrents, and the descending waste during their journey through the canons are as much as irresistible as the terrace incursions of an avalanche. Wherever, then, a projecting mass after they have issued from the mouth of the canon they have to turn it, or else it must turn as much as 1,000 feet, capable of altering its direction, so as to have curved holes, receiving with inextricable rapidity, and armed with a cutting edge of sleeve.

WOMAN must remember that she brought more sin and misery into the world by her curiosity than ever man has by her drinking.

SOME rich men keep cross dogs around their houses, as rich the hungry poor who stop to get a bite may get it outside the door.



THE PROVOST GUARD IN NEW ORLEANS TAKING UP VAGRANT NEGROES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.



TWO HUNDRED POUND RIFLED CANNON AT THE NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN

ARREST OF VAGRANT NEGROES IN NEW ORLEANS.

THE Federal occupation of New Orleans produced, as in other parts, a decided effect on the slave population. The bonds of the patriarchal institution were sensibly weakened. The slaves with the idea of freedom had not imbibed the idea of labor, and were in a state of perfect bewilderment. Many wandered around the streets, so many in fact, as to become a growing evil. To cut this floating population to work was soon a necessity, and the stragglers were regularly taken up by the authorities, and employed on Government works at a fair rate of remuneration, unless they preferred to enlist in the negro regiments. Our Artist graphically portrays the mode of arresting and its influence on the children of Africa, dazzled by the first gleams of the sun of freedom.

Some countenances betoken fear, others amazement, others that ludicrous expression of fun which so often bears up the negro in the trials of life.

TWO HUNDRED POUND RIFLED CANNON.

THE recent articles given in our columns on the Rodman guns dispense with any elaborate description of the 200 pound rifled cannon which we illustrate. These terrible engines of war were stocked at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and guns like them we unfortunately supplied recently to the rebels by the defeat at Plymouth. At the last accounts the ram Albemarle, already sufficiently formidable, was taking on board a large rifled cannon of this stamp captured from us.

BALTIMORE HARBOR.

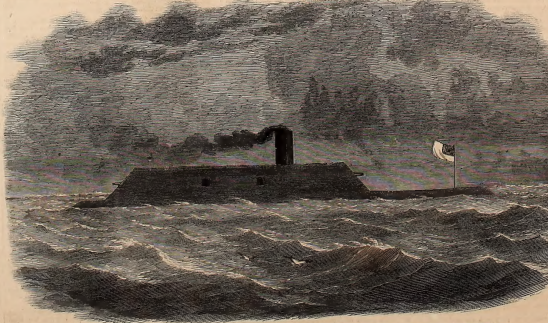
THE recent Sanitary Fair at Baltimore drew many to it, and few could fail to mark the difference between the city in 1861 and 1864. In our last we gave a view of the interior of the Fair which has just closed, after a most successful course. We also gave a view in the city, taken from Loudenslager's hill, still showing the works thrown up by Rogers's battery in 1814, and the fence-encircled magazine. The harbor, with Fort McHenry in the distance, could be seen as you looked over Canton. To-day we give a view of the harbor, showing Locust point, and the railroad wharf, as it was seen on an occasion of interest that drew numbers of boats to that usually more quiet and less stirring spot.

THE REBEL RAM TENNESSEE.

AN officer in the blockading fleet off Mobile sends us an accurate sketch of the rebel ram Tennessee, built to defend Mobile, and a most formidable affair. Our readers will remember their exultation a month ago on reading the following paragraph, which, unfortunately, proved to be merely a *poisson d' Avril*:

"The rebel ram Tennessee was struck by a squall on the 1st instant, while lying near Grant's pass, causing her to keel over and sink. But two feet of her smoke-stack now remain visible. Her armament will prove a heavy loss to the rebels. It consisted of six 100-pounder rifled Parrotts and nearly as many small pieces."

THE hungry mouth no more readily finds o d than the hungry mind finds truth.



THE STEAM RAM TENNESSEE, BUILT BY THE REBELS TO PROTECT MOBILE.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

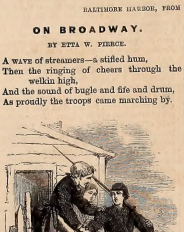


BALTIMORE HARBOR, FROM FELL'S POINT, SHOWING LOCUST POINT AND THE LAZARETTO.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.—SEE PAGE 137.

ON BROADWAY.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

A WAVE of streamers—a stifled hum,
Then the ringing of cheers through the wehkin high,
And the sound of bugle and fife and drum,
As proudly the troops came marching by.



Marching by with their measured tread,
All bronzed by the sun of the Southern land,
Bayonets gleaming and banners spread—
The dauntless of heart and the strong of hand.
Oh, the old blood warmed in my veins that day,
And the tears leaped up so thick and so proud
I scarcely could see the street or the crowd,
As home came the regiment up Broadway.

For you see it was two long years before—
Ah me! they had seemed so many more—
When the leaves were green on the tender thorn,
And the linnets were singing amid the corn,
When my boy Charlie went marching away
With the gallant hundred of Company A.
He was young of mien—he was slender and fair,
With his laughing eyes and his yellow hair;
But dauntless as any, as loyal and true,
The lad of my heart in his soldier blue!
'Twas a dark and dreadful day, you know,
And what could I do but to bid him go,
And pray that God would take care of the rest?
Though he was my all, and 'twas hard at best.
Ah, there was never a doubt or a pause
When he pledged his fresh young life to the cause—
'Twas a heart's free gift, but I knew, at last,
The pain was over—the waiting past,
And that was why I was glad that day,
When I heard the sound of bugle and drum,
When I saw them coming so gallantly home—
My brave boy's regiment up Broadway!

Steadily—steadily, ah, what a sight
For my old dim eyes, when the noonday light
Fell on them close in the crowded way—
I looked for the banner of Company A.
It was there—high-waving, I saw it again,
From the battle's baptism of purple rain,
Pierced with the bullet, and rent with the ball;
And the faces beneath it—I looked at them all—
I looked at them all, but the sunny hair
And the eyes of my darling, they were not there.
They were not there with their sparkle and shine,
Nor anywhere gleaming along the line,
And reeling backward to and fro
The street and the crowd they seemed to go.
I pressed through the ranks so brown and tall,
I asked where my gallant lad might be—
"Killed in the trenches!" they answered me.
"Killed in the trenches!"—and that was all.
Under the light of that noonday sky,
Where the cheers of the crowd rang long and high,
To the sound of the music, so gallant and gay,
On went the regiment up Broadway.

I never shall look on my darling again
When the linnets are singing amid the grain.
Oh gallant head, oh ringlets of gold,
Oh blue eyes hid in the trenches' mould,
All that the wide world had for me
I have laid at the shrine of Liberty!
And for her sweet sake to-day I stand
By the loneliest hearthstone in all the land,
Listening to hear his voice through the rain—
His voice that never will come again.
But I stand with my face to the golden west,
And I wait in patience for what is best.
And the white stars look on me as I pray
That unto my heart one boon be given—
Some happy morning to meet in heaven
My gallant soldier of Company A.

ENIGMAS.

BY MISS L. M. ALCOTT.

(Concluded from No. 450.)

JUNE 8TH.—Found the house silent as a tomb, and fancy the sound of carriage wheels which half woke me at dawn was the only farewell I shall receive from poor madame. A long, quiet day. Noel returned at dusk, and went straight to his room. I seized my hat, concealed myself in the lane and watched the leafy window. Presently it blazed with light, and but for the appearance of Pierre in the garden I should have been tempted to execute my resolve at once. Hearing the rattle of the chain that holds the gate, I sprang into the footpath which turns into the lane from the fields. Pierre showed small surprise at meeting me, as these meadows are my favorite walk, and my assumption of simplicity has quite blindfolded this old watchdog. Anxious to see how he would explain it, I asked, as if just discovering the window:

"What is that light among the leaves, does the roof burn?"

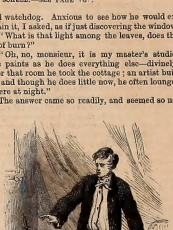
"Oh, no, monsieur, it is my master's studio. He paints as he does everything else—divinely. For that room he took the cottage; an artist built it, and though he does little now, he often lounges there at night."

The answer came so readily, and seemed so natural an explanation I could not but believe it, and saying I should go in and read, I left him. From my window I watched him far along the avenue, he and the maids chatting in the grove, knew that madame's nurse had gone with her from a word Pierre dropped at dinner, and felt that my time had come. It was a moonless evening, fast deepening into night; a light wind was blowing that filled the air with rustling sounds, and the house was quite deserted for the time. I had no fear—excitement is my element, daring my delight, and I desired to earn my liberal reward for this dishonorable but alluring service.

Leaving my hat behind me, I crept to the western wing, with every sense alert. Not by the vines did I ascend, but by a slender Norway pine, whose stem, being branchless for many feet above the ground, seemed to forbid approach by that means. Practice made me agile, and I was soon upon the first bough which touched the roof. With catlike steps I picked my way, crouching low and making no sound louder than the whispers of the wind. The window was closed, and all I heard was a murmur of voices, but parting the leaves at one shaded corner I lay flat and looked down.

A long, lofty room was below, full of light, soft colors, lovely shapes, but how furnished I cannot tell, for its occupants absorbed me instantly. Stretched his full length on a couch lay Noel, looking like a luxuriously indolent young sultan, in crimson dressing-gown and Turkish slippers. He was laughing, and till then I had never seen the real beauty of his face; some cloud of reserve, distrust or melancholy had veiled it from me, but at last I saw the boy's true self, and felt that nothing was impossible to such as he. His white throat was bare, his black curls tumbled, his hands clasped above his head, and as he laughed he hummed a sprightly air, in which a softer voice joined fitfully.

At first he alone was visible, but soon down the long room came a woman dancing like an elf. Great heavens! how beautiful she was! She wore some foreign dress, brilliant and piquante, a lovely neck and arms shone white against the gold and scarlet of her bodice, and bare rosy feet scarcely seemed to touch the carpet. Dark eyes glittered through a stream of rippling gold hair, a sweet, red mouth was smiling, and as she danced the bloom no art can give deepened beautifully on her cheek.



The Spy's Reward.



The Eavesdropper watching the Two Sisters.

With a deep obeisance and a ringing laugh she ended her pretty part of Bayadere, and dropping on a cushion beside the couch, talked vivaciously while gathering up her hair. Noel caressed the bright head which presently leaned against his pillow, sobering slowly as the thoughtful look stole back into his face. Clarice—for this was doubtless she—seemed to chide him, to try and win the gay mood back again, but vainly; for rising on his elbow he began to speak earnestly, so earnestly that his companion soon grew as intent as he. I would have given worlds to have caught a word, but not one reached me, and but for the emphatic gestures of the pair should have gathered nothing of their meaning. She evidently urged something from which she shrank, yet in the end acceded to with tears and eloquently sorrowful eyes. Noel seemed satisfied, and with the fondest gestures dried the tears, consoled the grief, and endeavored to make a light of it. A deep lounging-chair stood before us I easel, on which stood the image of this sweetvoiced girl. A dainty little supper was spread beside the chair, and drawing his model—for model now suspect Clarice to be—into the velvet nest beside him, Noel made merry over it like one content, and yet not heartily at ease.

I was a prettier picture than any he will ever paint; both so young, so blithe and beautiful, so loving and beloved, so free and rich in all that makes life pleasant. I felt like one shut out from some sweet Paradise as I lay looking from the dimness of the night upon that happy pair, but they needed there together, drinking from the same glass, eating from the same plate, serving one another with such charming zeal, and forgetting all but themselves.

Utterly oblivious of the outer world, Pierre's voice nearly caused me to betray myself, so suddenly did I break the hush.

"Catherine, has Monsieur Clyde come in?"

"Yes, long ago; his light is out."

The speaker were in the garden, and waiting till the door closed upon them I crept to the pine, half old, half full in my haste, and safely regained my room.

JUNE 9TH.—Mrs. St. Michael came, had a brief interview with Mr. Noel on the subject, which was prudent but unsatisfactory to me, for I learned nothing from it. Saw no more of him till dinner, when he told me he should pass the evening at the At eight he drove away, and curious to know when he returned, I amused myself with a book till nearly midnight, then weary of it, put out my light and sat musing in the dark. The night was cloudy, close and warm, and finding all still I presently went out into the lane, refreshed by sharing, too, watched and waited for his return. The window was dark, but just as I turned from it I was startled by the sound of wheels close by. I recognised the light roll of the pony carriage, though it was deadened by the turf, for to my dismay it was evidently coming up the avenue but not into the lane. Fearing to be seen if I attempted to get in, I sprang behind the hedge, and holding my breath, saw the carriage pass before me and stop in the garden wall. A man leaped out, seemed to listen, then admitted himself both to the garden and the house, as the sound of a cautiously lifted window suggested. Quite breathless with interest I waited, and sooner than I expected the man reappeared, not alone now, for a slender female figure clung to him. I could just see the outline of their figures, the white gleam of their faces, but I knew them at once by the few words rapidly exchanged in Italian.

"How still it is; have you no fear?"

"I have none with fear, Clarice."

"And I with captivity, thank God!"

"I shall miss you sadly, dear."

"Not for long, your wife will comfort you."

A little laugh accompanied the words, and like spectres of the shadowy hour, house, carriage, man and woman vanished in the gloom.

Here is a clue at last; Noel will marry, and for this purpose clears his house of all encumbrances in your madame and the lovely model must give place to some woman whom he unwillingly marries—if his face and manner are to be relied on. Why he does so is a mystery like himself, but I will yet fathom both.

JUNE 10TH.—It is well that I was prepared beforehand, else the announcement made to me this evening would have filled me with uncontrollable surprise. Mr. Noel wrote steadily all day, was unusually taciturn at dinner, and amused himself at the piano till twilight fell. I had been pacing up and down the hall enjoying his music, when it ceased abruptly, and coming out he joined me in my promenade. The hall was not lighted, except by the softened gleam of shaded lamps from the drawing-room. I instantly observed the anxious look I have learned to know, and by the slight embarrassment of his usually easy manner, also inferred that he both wished and feared to speak. Presently fixing his eyes full upon me, he said slowly, as if weighing every word, and marking its effect:

"Mr. Clyde, as an inmate of my house, I feel that it is but right for me to tell you of an approaching event, which, however, will not materially change my mode of life nor your own—I am about to marry."

He so evidently expected me to be surprised that I instantly feigned what I should yesterday have really felt. Stopping in my walk, I exclaimed:

"Married! you are very young for that experience;" there I checked myself and began the proper congratulations. He cut them short by saying:

"How old do you believe me to be?"

"You look eighteen, your book says forty," I answered, laughing.

"I am of age, however, and though young to marry, have neither parents nor guardians to forbid it if they would."

"It will be soon I infer, as you do me the honor of announcing it to me?"

"On Saturday."

"You mentioned that this event would make no change in my present mode of life—I am then to continue my copying as usual during your absence?"

"I shall be absent but a day. It will be a very private affair, and my—Mrs. Noel will return with me at once."

A little pause fell between us. I was contrasting his cool, quiet manner now with his feverish expression he had worn when with Clarice, and felt more than ever convinced that for some weighty reason he was drawing evidence to his own heart. He seemed conscious that, having said so much, he should say more, and presently added, still in the same measured tone:

"Madame's departure leaves me lonely. My attachment is no sudden one, for I have loved Hortense from her babyhood. She is an orphan, and both being solitary, we see no wisdom in delaying to secure our happiness. Mrs. St. Michael is a married friend, and at her house we shall be married in the quietest manner, for the few relatives we possess are far distant, and Hortense dislikes strangers."

Here Pierre came in, bringing a dainty little note, which he delivered with a smile. Noel took it eagerly, wished me good-night, and hurried away to the west wing. I wish that I, too, were a lover!

JUNE 12TH.—Since our conversation in the hall I have scarcely seen Mr. Noel, and therefore have little to record. For an hour or two he has sat in his sleeve, then dressed and driven away to the St. Michaels, where his happy part, he told me, has already arrived. To-day was the wedding-day, and I waited with intense impatience for the coming of the young pair. I had expected him to be invited to join them so soon, if ever, but because I was burning with curiosity to see the woman for whom he had deserted Clarice, I would not let such scruples about gratifying myself in any way that offered.

At half-past 8 o'clock a carriage rolled up the avenue, and from behind a group of larches on the lawn I watched the party. Pierre came silently to the door as Noel led a lady up the steps. A slender, dainty little lady she seemed, but her face was hidden by the veil of her bridal dress, her bridal bonnet, and all I could discover of her figure, under a flowing white burnous, was that it was slight and graceful. Noel said nothing with his old servant, and I caught a glimpse of his face, and very little like the countenance of a bridegroom did it look.

As both went in I returned to my room, and half an hour afterwards was summoned to dinner.

Twilight had come on and lamps were lit. The table shone with damask, glass and silver, flowers glowed everywhere, and the room filled with fragrance and a feasible wealth of light. But none of these things caught my eye on entering, for standing in the deep window were Noel and his bride. His arm was about her, and leaning there as if content, he looked down at her as she held out an almost childishly lovely hand, and seemed pleading with him. She wore a long drooping upon it. Both turned as I came in, and, with the color mounting to his very forehead, Noel said:

"Mr. Clyde, allow me to present you to—my wife."

Well for me that a bow was all sufficient, and that my command of countenance was great, or I should have betrayed myself beyond repair, for Mrs. Noel was Clarice! I seemed to see her still as I lifted the face was peculiar even in its beauty, and not easily forgotten. There was the rippling, golden hair, dark eyes, never to be forgotten, falling eyelashes—even the smile was the same, brilliant and brief, the voice unchanged, vivacious, yet musically soft. The dress was white, the veil above the flowers in the bosom shone the fair shoulders I had seen, and the round arm that lay on Noel's were the very bracelet I had flashed upon Clarice's but a little while ago. Noel eyed me narrowly, but I believe my face was impenetrable, as I uttered my congratulations after the surprise of that first glimpse had passed.

Half ably, half daringly, Mrs. Noel glanced at me, and as I guessed from her husband's words, was for a bride to make, but it is true. Besides, I want to play mistress, and begin to realise that I am free from all restraints but yours, once more.

We sat down, and a most charming mistress did she prove herself. So gay, so graceful, so frankly kind, so full of pleasant attentions to me, and now and then, as if the novelty of her position overcame her, so sweetly shy and blushing, that before the meal was over I found myself forgetting all the past and full of admiration for this most captivating little creature. Noel seemed to own the charm as well, for he watched her, and once I saw the beautiful blithe nature which he seems to hide and hold in check. He laughed as gaily as the young wife, drank her health more than once, and was more cordial to me than I believed it possible for him to be. Both seemed to forget who and what I was, to make me one of them, and freely to shed the light of their new happiness upon the lonely stranger.

My heart reproached me for my treachery, yet I did not repent, nor shall I till my mission ends. Strange as all has been here, I am fast learning to respect and love this gifted boy, to look leniently upon his peculiarities, and even commend this last act, whatever its causes and consequence may be.

It is evident that he loves his wife passionately, and she loves him with a confiding tenderness which will not be concealed. I felt like one in fairyland, and when they went into the drawingroom longed to follow, yet dared not, till Mrs. Noel, looking backward, beckoned me with an imperious little gesture that was irresistible.

"There is no need of your deserting your old haunts because I have come, Mr. Clyde," she said, looking up at me with eyes that seemed to read the depths of my heart. "Bernard and I have known each other for so many years, have been together so much, and loved each other from our childhood, that the putting on of this ring seems to make no change in us. We care nothing for the world's ways, and rule this little kingdom as we will. You are a musician, Pierre tells me?" she paused, laughed delightsomely, and added, "my husband's book, and help him as he would be helped; then we shall be happy indeed, as much you must live with us, and let two children profit by your age and wisdom."

This friendly speech, so warmly, gracefully delivered, quite touched and won my heart, and I at once accepted the offer, and took the hand outstretched to me. Hardly waiting till my thanks were spoken, little madame danced away to the piano and broke into a song. If anything were needed to convince me of her identity with Clarice this would have done it, for the marvellous voice brought to mind Noel's malicious favor to see how Noel would bear an allusion to the falsehood he once told me, I said, carelessly:

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"Monsieur Noel sings distinctly at the time, Mrs. Noel's voice reminds me strongly of Madame Estavan's when she sang 'Casta Diva.'"

Nothing the matter with him, for not a muscle betrayed, with a mirthful look at the goldenhaired, white-robed figure at the instrument:

"Well it may, for Clarice is a near relation of my little wife's, whose voice was trained by her, Hortense, come out upon the lawn, I want to show you your new domain by moonlight."

She came to him with the airy motion which seems habitual to her, and, hanging on his arm, went with him to the door, looking a fit mistress of this enchanting and enchanted place.

JUNE 13TH.—I take the liberty of noting only such events as seem of importance to myself, and therefore when my days are solitary leave them blank. Yesterday the young couple fully proved themselves "a pair of children," for they danced and sang all through the house, haunted garden, grove and lawn, drove, walked and rested, always together, and always happy. Mrs. Noel seems like a bird let loose, her husband enjoyed her joy and gave himself a holiday, for mind as well as heart, he is now given to the study. His wife, I noticed as the window, giving his directions while his wife stuck roses in his buttonhole. Perhaps she was not looked when they did, for suddenly she stepped in and came to me, saying, as she put a flower on my desk and then tripped away again:

"You, too, shall have one, because you are the wise and busy man. I give you this fully expectant that you will note your best. Bernard must have the little white ones, because they are like me."

As I sat at my desk in the dining-room, a few hours later, from the window I saw Mrs. St. Michael's servant come up the avenue and hand a letter to Noel, who, leaving there while madame dressed. The man went back. Noel read a brief note, hastily unfolded the newspaper which contained the paper, glanced to dart at once upon some particular passage. I saw him stand motionless and intent a moment, then drop the paper, turn as if to enter, and fall, face downwards, on the grass.

Darting out, I raised his head to my knee, loosened his collar, and while endeavoring at the same time fingering on his pale lips, I snatched a glance at the note, for the paper was still crushed in his hand. Only these words:

"I go at once to London. Be prepared at all times. Another week and your long task is over, my brave child."

It was Mrs. St. Michael's hand. I had seen it on sundry notes of invitation, but whatever clue I might have found by searching the paper was lost to me. Noel opened his eyes instant I loosened his clenched hand. To my utter amazement his face grew almost fierce as he staggered to his feet and waved me off.

"Have you read it? What have I done? How came you here?"

He spoke as if hardly conscious of what he said; yet, through all the agitation of his manner and the incoherency of his speech, some strange happiness was in his eyes.

"My dear sir, I have read nothing. See, the note lies under your feet and the paper is in your hand. I saw you fall as I ran to help you. Should I have left you here to startle Mrs. Noel?"

The composure of my manner reassured him, and, as if wondering he never cease, he clasped his hands before his face, and great tears fell between his slender fingers as he wept like a woman over his grief. I reluctantly put my arm about him, for he trembled, and, as if the act were comforting, he leaned upon me till the paroxysm passed. Presently he was himself again, and looking up half gratified, half ashamed. His eyes fell upon mine; he saw the note at his feet, and, as if self were forgotten in some returning thought, he caught it up, saying, slowly, and with still downcast eyes:

"Forgive my folly and my harshness; I am not strong, and sudden tidings overcome me. Let me explain, for I owe you mystery."

So, eager to learn, I did not refuse, and he added, after reading the note aloud, much to my surprise:

"This is from my kind neighbor; she goes to London about my book. I am to be prepared to deliver it at any moment, and that is the long task that will be ended in another week."

Nothing could be simpler, and yet I did not believe the explanation. Why? Because I have learned to know this young man's face so well that its expressions are familiar now, and not once did his eyes meet mine while speaking, nor did he once allude to the paper still crumpled in the hand behind him. I could not but accept it, however, and as Mrs. Noel was seen coming out to us, her husband started, thrust both note and newspaper into his pocket, hastily smoothed his disordered locks upon his forehead, and said, fixing on me a look that was almost stern:

"Oblige me by saying nothing of this to my wife at present. I will tell her later. Give me your arm, please, and be so kind as to attract her attention from me for a little."

I obeyed in all things, but Mrs. Noel was not deceived for her first glance at her husband caused her to turn as pale as he, but some look or gesture unperceived by me restrained her, and she endeavored by the unconscious of anything amiss. Pierre also looked expectant, was unusually awkward in his duties, and evidently eager to get me alone. The last solemn dinner was over all three vanished, yet not together, and with every appearance of anxiety to be unobserved.

JUNE 14TH.—Bad one thing has sheltered the household for the last three days, and that has been the book. Such genuine interest and haste have I never witnessed, and I must believe Noel spoke the truth. The study is no longer deserted, for not only has he written steadily himself, but Pierre and I have taken hours also, and every thirty fingers with ink, flushing her sweet face with energetic struggles to keep up with our swifter pens, and making the once quiet room a bright and busy place.

"It must be done before the week is out, if we give up all else as well as our days," he said, looking through this task, Clyde, and ask any recompense when it is done."

Mrs. Noel spoke to me with such energy, such familiarity; his eagerness seemed to put new strength into my hands, his confidence to warm my heart, and I felt almost brotherly affection for him. We did work, silently for the most part, but how rapidly you may understand when I say that the book was done by one. I have read all the study very weary, yet heartily sorry that my share of the work is over, for Mr. Noel tells me he may even need me a little longer. His unexpected note of Mrs. St. Michael's seems to have precipitated matters, and my task ends before the month is out.

JUNE 15TH.—The clue is found, and the mystery solved. Last night, being weary, I slept unusually sound, but was suddenly, sure that some one called me. The moon had set, a light shower pattered on the roof, and a fresh wind blew in. While drowsily thinking that I must rise and close my window, there came a light tap on the glass of the one nearest me, which was open a shut. I sat up and listened; cautious footsteps brushed across the turf, and as if my movements had aroused some one of my presence, a voice breathed softly:

"Pierre! Clarice! Bernard!"

"Who's there?" I cried, but nothing answered, and again the stealthy footsteps caught my ear. I sprang to the window, strained eye and ear, waited and watched for nearly an hour, but no sound reached me, and I reluctantly compelled myself to think it all a delusion, for these names had been sounding through my dreams.

This morning I stepped out upon the terrace early, as I often do, but took only a single step, for there in the hall mingling with the sunlight were two footprints not my own. Peculiar footprints were they; one large, but shapely, the other narrow and slender, and a foot decidedly small to some way. Long I looked at them, but could find no solution of the matter, so strolled on looking for more. I found none, and on my return hastened back to ring for breakfast, when Mrs. Noel came flying down the hall, her hair loose upon her shoulders, her bosom rapper half on, and terror in her face. Seeing me, she cried:

"Where is he? Bernard? Have you seen him? He is gone!"

"Gone! How? When? What has happened, Mrs. Noel?"

"Not you! Pierre," she cried, beating her hands distractedly together. "He too is gone, the maids tell me. What shall I do? Help me, Mr. Clyde! Look for them, look for them!"

"Where shall I look? Tell me more; I cannot help you till I understand."

She was so overcome that for a moment she could not speak, but when I left Bernard and went to madame's room. I heard nothing, knew nothing till I awoke and found him gone.

Bernard and I went for Pierre's room, but had deserted me, and now I have no hope but in you."

Her white face dropped upon my arm as the pale lips and eyes looked up imploringly, so sobbing like a frightened child.

"Let us go to his room, he may have left some paper, some trace that will serve us. Be of good heart, dear Mrs. Noel; I will help you with all my wit, strength and soul."

"You will, you will! Come, then—stay, I must go first—the room is in sad disorder."

Hurrying before me, she ran down the west wing; I followed when she called me, and looked vainly for some trace to explain Noel's absence.

"He never walks so early, never till now has gone even to the grove without telling me. Why did I leave him? Oh, my darling, what has happened to take you from me—"

There she paused abruptly, for I beckoned. The long window was open, and glancing out, I had seen on the newly gravelled walk footprints like those I had seen before. Others were beside them now, slender and small. Mrs. Noel looked, rushed out regardless of her disarray, dropped on her knees and scrutinised the prints, then rose, and carefully compared the smaller one with her own pretty foot thrust stockingless into an embroidered slipper. It seemed to satisfy her; a long sigh of relief followed, yet she began to tremble as her eye wandered far beyond the garden walls. I said nothing of my nocturnal visitor,

and waited for her to speak. In a moment she recovered her self-possession, brushed away the larger footprints with a rapid gesture, and gathering her wrapper closer about her, she turned to me with a gentle dignity I had never seen in her till now.

"I have no longer any fear for him," she said, "These tracks show that Pierre is with him. They plan some surprise for me. Thank you, Mr. Clyde, and let me apologize for my foolish flight."

More mystified than ever, I was turning away, when Noel sprang in at the window, rosy, radiant and wonderfully altered. Wherein the change lay I could not tell, but I felt it so strongly that I stood staring dumbly, while his wife explained my somewhat embarrassing situation, and chid him for his flight.

"My dearest, I only went to the St. Michels. The good gentleman had one of his sudden attacks near morning, and sent for me; Pierre would not let me go alone; I feared to distress you, so slipped away, hoping to be back before you awoke."

This statement, like several others, sounded probable, yet I doubted it, and observed that while he spoke he looked steadily at his wife, who looked as steadily at him. Of course I retired after this, and nothing more was said, even when we met as usual.

All day I wrote, copying several fine poems, which I suspect have been lately written, as they are of love. Mr. Noel has seemed more unlike his former self even than he did at dawn, and his wife has been in a state of joyful restlessness which infected us all. Something wonderfully exciting had evidently happened, and something more long desired was evidently to take place at night; for as I left the drawing-room this evening I heard Noel singing, as if to check some impatient glance or gesture of his wife's:

"Wait a few hours more, darling. It will not be safe for him to come till twelve."

That was enough for me; out went my light, and having carefully tumbled my bed that it might appear to have been occupied, I sat down by my window, waiting till the house was quiet. At half-past eleven I crept out, and looked to see what windows were still lighted. None but the study showed a ray. There, then, this joyful meeting was probably to take place. Up I crept, but before I could set foot upon the roof the rain brought me the sound of steps coming to the gate. Motionless I sat, hidden in the sombre verdure of the pine, as two tall figures entered, crept to the window of Noel's room, and disappeared. One was Pierre I knew, by a suppressed cough; the other was almost gigantic, seen through the pale mist that rolled up from the river. An unequal motion in the gait suggested a limp, and as he walked I caught the faint echo of a voice very like Noel's, but far deeper and manlier than his.

Fearing that Pierre might stand guard in the chair with Clarice upon his knee, both her arms were about his neck, and tears of joy were streaming, for she smiled as she fell, and seemed to have no words to express her happiness.

Another woman knelt beside the chair, her face uplifted, fearless, but how noble beautiful I did not look; my heart stood still, then leaped with an excitement almost uncontrollable, for with a shock of recognition I knew that the woman was Noel, and that Noel was a woman. The black locks were parted on the forehead now, the dark moustache was gone, the loose paletot was replaced by one of trailing dress, from whose deep purple sleeves came arms whose white grace would have convinced me had the face been hidden.

Dizzy with bewilderment and a strange satisfaction which I could not analyse, I stared down upon the three, seeing, hearing, yet scarcely comprehending for a time. This stately man was their father; it needed no words to tell me that, for Clarice's eyes were dark and lustrous as his Noel's—I can call her by no other name—Noel's grave, sweet mouth was a perfect miniature of his, and the features of both have a strength and softened resemblance to those finer ones whose repose and strength was beautifully touched by tenderness. An Italian evidently, for though his figure far exceeded the lithe slenderness which usually characterizes this race, there was the olive hue, the southern eye, the fire, the form over which color climates seldom produce. Gray-haired, worn and old he looked; yet suffering, thought and care seemed to have aged him more than years, for his voice had a youthful ring, his gestures the vigor of a man still in his prime. The right foot was smaller than the left, and when tears, for his voice had a youthful ring, his gestures the vigor of a man still in his prime. The right foot was smaller than the left, and when years, for his voice had a youthful ring, his gestures the vigor of a man still in his prime. The right foot was smaller than the left, and when and wears the shoe, the sight of which confirmed my suspicion that I saw the midnight visitor whose tracks I had found beneath my window.

The first words that reached me after a pause were Noel's, and I held my breath to hear, for the faultless tone I had learned to love was now clear with a womanly tone, and now I knew why the seeming boy had been so silent when I was by. As if continuing some subject dropped for a momentary overflow of emotion:

"*Padre mio*, I will tell you how it has fared with us since they drove me from your presence. Good old Annunciata took us home, but remembering my promise to you to fly at once to your old comrade Pierre in Paris, we went. He, who had believed he would be, father, friend, counsellor and guard. He feared to keep us there, begged us to come to England, and in some safe disguise wait here till you could join us, if your captivity did not end in death.

"As we planned what would be the easiest, safest disguise for each to assume, I bethought me that if we were searched, for when I was discovered that the proscribed book had disappeared with us we should be described as two Italian girls; if we separated each might be found, and apart, our apprehensions for each other would be unbearable. Now, if we could lose our identity altogether, and appear in a new land exactly opposite to what we had been in the old, we should be doubly safe, and could help you without fear. I recalled our wandering life before you knew Clarice's mother, when you and I roamed over Italy and France as a peasant and his little son. I made an excellent boy, and thus the part so well, you know, I cried when forced to give it up; but in my strait I remembered it, and resolved to be, not a little lad, but a half-grown youth, and train myself to dare all things for your sake. Clarice could not if she would, having neither courage, shape nor awkardness, but I won them all to it, and brought my wife home, as happy as a bird when the cage is open and the sky cloudless."

"Lean nearer, my daughter, and answer truly. Did this shadow of love arise from any longing in your own heart for the substance? Have not these quiet summer days, passed in the society of this young man, been hazardous to something more valuable than my safety? Will you not tell me some longing to lean upon, to confide in the new friend lingering under the woman's robe as your brother? Answer me when this gentle bosom hid itself behind a man's vest? Tell me, Monica, do you love this Clyde?"

There was answer, but her face was hidden, and before the mute confession could be accepted she sprang up, as if pride struggled with maiden fear, and shame, and some towards me. Then I saw her face, and knew that the strange sentiment of affection, reverence and admiration I had felt for her sex, when I believed her to be a slanderful gifted and noble boy was unsuspected love; that the blushes, the reserve, the anxiety which had puzzled me were other causes, in truth proceeded from a like suddenly upspringing, swiftly growing passion, whose chief charm lay in its unconsciousness. Bewildered, whirled through my brain as I listened, and when I saw that familiar yet sweetly altered countenance unconsciously betraying what she struggled to conceal from those nearer yet not dearer I could scarcely contain myself, and some half audible exclamation of the truth must have escaped, looked up, seemed to see my face as it vanished. No sound betrayed that she had recognised me, and so brief was the interval that I doubted whether she could scarcely think she saw a human visage through the thickset growing leaves. Like a guilty yet most happy ghost, I crept through the unguarded room, and dashed into bed. Not a moment too soon, for barely had I got my breath when a light step passed my window, and Noel's door. My heart beat as if it would betray me, when the door opened, and the invisible being evidently paused upon the threshold listening. Does the suspense still? I could bear it no longer, and stirred noisily in my bed. Then quietly as it had opened the door closed, and I was left unwatched.

Mr. North, I am your spy no longer, and the record which I now dispatch is the last you will ever receive from me. I break the compact and relinquish the reward your offer.

Those last words were written in the hush of dawn on that morning after the discovery, for I was eager to be done with my now insupportable task, and as Monica's secret and her father was past all danger, I feared no harm would follow the delivery of that final record. I had waited impatiently for the first ray of light that would make it, and when it was written paused for the page to dry. That pause was fatal, for worn out with a sleepless night and the excitement of the preceding hours, my eyes closed, my head fell on my arms, and lost I all consciousness in a deep slumber, which must have lasted for an hour, as when I awoke the sun shone in upon me. Intent on posting my letter unobserved as usual, I looked for it, and seeing it wished that I had never awakened.

There it lay with its infamous purpose clearly confessed in its few lines, and on it a business note, a slip of paper, all three stabbed through by the tiny dagger that pinned them to their place. Leaping to my feet, and seen it on Monica's study-table, and admired its dainty workmanship; I knew the sharp Italian writing on the paper. Now let me finish my day after day; I knew whose eyes had read my words, whose hand had stabbed the treacherous sheet, whose contempt had spared me in its supreme sharpness than any pang of death. The slip held these words:

"We are gone for ever, leaving despair for the lover, wages for the hireling. Retired to the Tuileries."

How long I sat there I cannot tell. The sun came up, the world woke, and life went on about me, but time seemed to have ended.

A dull hope woke at last within me, and I went wandering through the house, looking for that which I shall never find. Every room was deserted, but that of the grim maid, Catherine; and from her I got no help, but a curt request to breakfast and go. I chose the latter, and then the house, and return to her former mistress, Mrs. St. Michael. "Were they there?" I asked. No, they were miles away, and she would have no questions put to her. My one refuge was Mr. North, and to him I hurried. His office was closed. I knew his residence, and ran to it. Crape shrouded the knocker, and when I was admitted it was to find him dead. The day before a strange gentleman had called, had a long interview, and when he went Mr. North was found speechless in his chair. He never had revived, and died at dawn. His secret had died with him, and through all these weary years I have carried a grim knot of it; never seen Monica, never regained my peace of mind, nor found rest from pondering miserably over these unsolved Enigmas.

Ir men will but amuse the world, it will gladly forgive them for cheating it.

WHEN men are long indifferent towards us, we grow indifferent to their indifference.

THINKING.

THROUGH the clouds of gold and purple
Slow the sun is sinking;
Pethick drops within the river
Stand the cattle drinking;
On the bridge above the millstream
Rests the maiden—thinking.

Northward hath that mocks the sunset
With its golden glowing,
Hands above her pitcher folded,
With the graceful seeming
Of an antique-sculptured Hebrid,
By a fountain dreaming.

As a tender thought had swayed her,
O'er the stream she's leaning,
While her dripping curls and quiver
With a sudden moaning,
And a quick red shakes her ringlets,
All her features screening.

For there comes a sound of laughter,
And a merry cheering;
And the cattle turn their faces
To a step that's nearing—
And she waits for words low spoken
In a tone endearing.

Low behind the western tree-tops
Now the sun is sinking;
Towards the bridge the weary cattle
Turn themselves from drinking—
And they never guessed, as I did,
What the maid was thinking.

CAPTURE OF GEN. LEE'S WAGON TRAIN, AT MANSFIELD, LA.

IN the late reverses in Louisiana one of the most disgraceful points was the loss of the wagon train of Gen. Lee's cavalry, which had been sent so far forward that it became impossible for the defeated cavalry to retreat. The blame rests entirely upon those of the men but also the capture of the train.

"Our forces," says our Artist, "were driven in confusion down the road, through the clearing and into the woods. The overwhelming force of the enemy, attacking from the front, almost simultaneously prevented all further resistance. Gen. Lee lost 100 wagons, with 10 days rations, and 200 head of cattle. The officers' baggage was also lost.

The attacking force took a line systematically. In a moment all the rebs, running through a wood, it is merely necessary to say that the front horses or mules of the wagons at the head of the line, and the whole are taken.

CHASING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER.

"WHAT is our Navy doing? Why is not Wilmington blockaded?" These questions are asked everywhere, with friends ashore to guide and signal them. The successful blockader have a chance to pursue a blockade-runner, owing to her superior speed alone, than the fact is made known, and in the darkness the blockade-runner keeps in with lights extinguished, free low and silence absolute. So great is the caution that the blockade-runners have been known, when fairly in, to have deserted each other's dark hull, and each supposing the other to be a blockader, stole out to sea again. An officer doing blockade duty sends us the sketch of a pursuit of a blockade-runner at midnight, under these difficulties.

SECESSIONVILLE, JAMES ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA.

SECESSIONVILLE, as its name implies, is a place which has received its name since the war began, and if our present military operations do not miscarry, may soon adopt some other appellation, and its present name be entombed in a gazetteer.

It is on James Island, and was one of the points strongly entrenched by the rebels to prevent our advance, and not far from the scene of one of our disastrous attacks. The sketch was made from a signal station on Long Island, and beside the picturesque village, beyond the marsh and water, may be seen the frowning batteries of rebeldom.

In the foreground is a redoubt for infantry with a dry ditch.

WESTOVER WELL.

THE advance of Gen. Butler up the York and James rivers brings our troops back to the spot which will never be forgotten in the American armies—West Point, the White House, Fort Powhatan, City Point, Harrison's Landing, the Chickahominy. Few of these points had a greater celebrity in the past than the Westover Mansion, and Harrison's Landing, which was renowned in the chivalric days of Virginia as the scene of many interesting incidents. We shall, also famous, has been sketched, and deserves a place before all the relics of the bygone time have passed away.

BOOK NOTICES.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE AND GAZETTE OF FASHION for May, 1864.

This unique and attractive issue this month with something which drops out and proves to be full-sized patterns for a new Children's Costume, and the Bodice for Evening Dresses and a Little Girl's Dress, sufficient and varied enough to gratify any lady: while the plate of colored fashions for Evening Dress, Walking Dress, redingotes, chemisiers, collars, fichus, sleeves, jackets, caps, parasols, are enough to perplex many a head, and create inordinate desires.

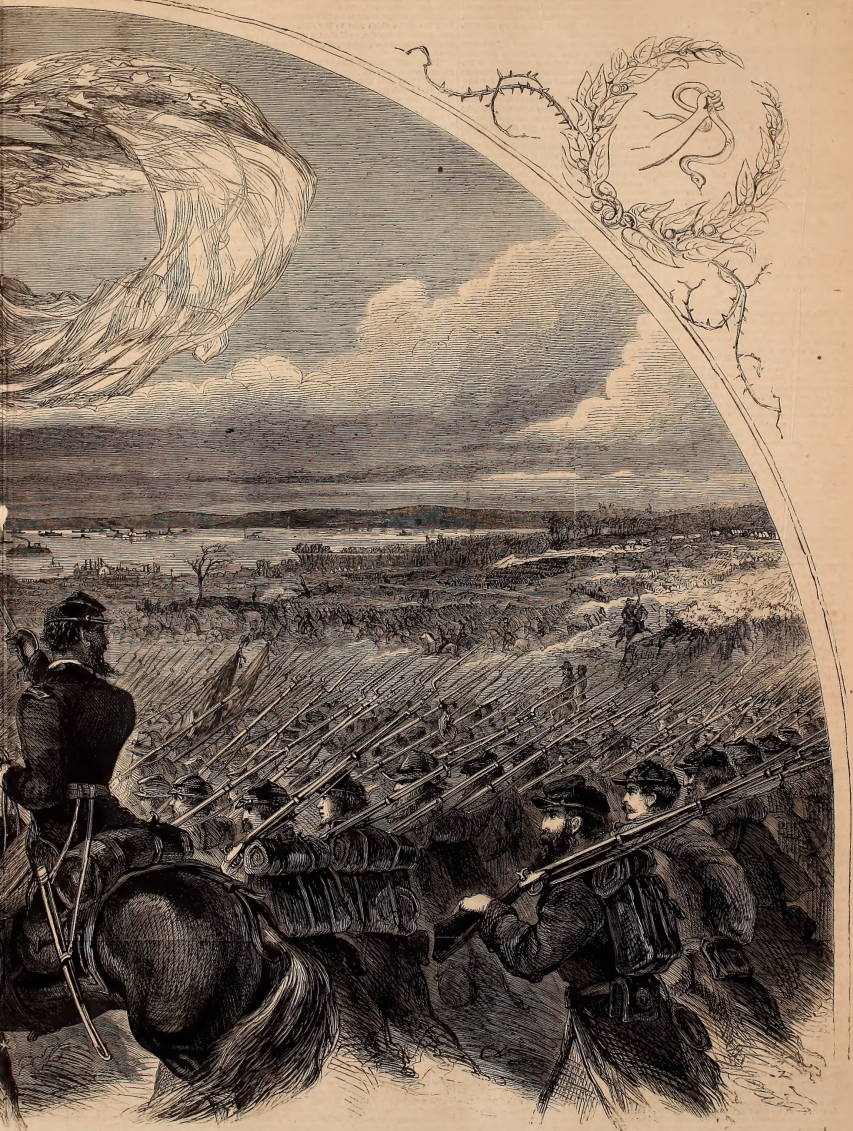
It is not only a mirror of anything more ample in this respect, and the descriptions are, we are assured, correct and full.

The literary and artistic departments are not neglected. The Doctor's Wife is continued, and bids fair to prove the most exciting of Miss Braddon's novels. Camilla's Stratagem, A Romance of Hallowe'en, Alice in Mart, An Authentic Narrative of a Haunted House, excellent tales, finely illustrated, with poems and charming sketches, give a rich feast.

Two deacons were once disputing about the proposed site for a new graveyard, when the first remarked, "I'll never be buried in that ground as long as I live." "What an obstinate man!" said the second; "if my life is spared, I will."



COLUMBIA LEADING ON



HER SONS TO VICTORY.

SLEEP AND DEATH.

SAY, when the infant sleeps its wakeless sleep,
His lifeblood cold—its heart can beat no more—
Its little eyes, erst bright, with hazy film
Are clouded o'er—

Say, is this death?

No, it is only sleep.

Say, when the warrior sinks upon the field,
The hard-fought battle o'er, his duty done,
The last wild cry that strikes upon his ear—
"The fight is won!"

Say, is this death?

No! it is only sleep.

Say, when the old man having run his race,
And seen his friendships fade and leaves decay,
Life's evening close, and in heaven awaits
A brighter day—

Say, is this death?

No! it is only sleep.

Say, when the heart is fresh, and love's young dream
Together binds two hearts, two souls, two lives,
The loved one perishes, one memory lives,
One heart survives—

Say, what is this?

Ah! this is truly death!

The Gulf Between Them.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHILE Mellen stood on the veranda at the front of the house Mr. Rhodes came up the avenue. There was no hope of escape for him; he had not perceived the visitor until it was too late to reverse his course, and a voice called out:

"Oh! there you are, old fellow; I'm in luck after all. You see I walked over to my farm on the back road," he explained, "intending to take the half-past three train to New York, but I missed it. So I said to myself, 'I'll cut across the fields, down the hill, and stop at Mellen's, beg a dinner, and get him to send me over in time for the seven o'clock train'—wasn't a bad idea, eh?"

"A very good idea, on the contrary," Mellen answered, struggling to seem hospitable and to put the visitor at his ease; and he laughed again and burst into the shrill, grating laugh of a man who has no perfect shouts of laughter, as if there was some wonderfully good joke in the affair. "And how is your good lady?" he asked. "And the pretty little sister—quite well, eh?"

"Tolerably so," Mellen answered; "complains of headache and that sort of thing."

He conducted his guest into the library, and meeting Dolph in the hall, directed him to inform his mistress of the arrival.

Mellen made an effort to be civil as possible at so short a notice; and though the man was by nature of an extreme, perhaps it was better to endure his society than to meet his wife without the restraint of a stranger's presence.

Indeed, without some of those social restraints to which all men are more or less slaves, it is doubtful if Mellen could have appeared so perfectly calm. As it was, the fire that consumed him raged unseen. Dolph carried his message upstairs, where it was received with a groan from Elsie, and loud clamor on the part of Elizabeth.

"I can't go down," she said; "Elsie, you must take my place at the table. Say that I am quite unwell, fainting, anything."

"Indeed I'll do nothing of the sort," returned Elsie; "if you don't go down I shall stay with you. I am nervous as I can be, and if you are not at the table I shall break down completely."

The girl was full of selfishness to the very last; not willing to yield her comfort in the slightest particular, but Elizabeth only sighed as she received it, and said, quietly:

"After all, it is just as well—change your dress, Elsie."

These two women commenced the duties of a dinner toilet with heavy hearts, scarcely heeding what they put on.

But when the dinner-hour approached the two ladies arrayed, Elsie looking pretty as ever in her dark blue silk, with those bright ringlets floating about her shoulders, and her volatile spirits already rising at the idea of an escape from that shadowy chamber where they had dragged through the day.

Elizabeth was calm and self-possessed as ever. To a casual observer she looked pale, but her heavy black dress might account for that, and moreover the delicate contrast it gave to her complexion made amends for any lack of bloom.

Mellen sat watching her while she greeted Mr. Rhodes, and listened patiently to his labored compliments.

"Is she stone—ice?" he thought. "Is there no touch of nature about her that she can be so calm?"

If he could have read her mind he might have pitied her even in the midst of his anger and fearful doubts. What she suffered in putting that restraint upon herself was almost beyond the power of human flesh; but woman-like, having formed her resolution, not all the tortures of the rack could have driven her.

Elsie had seated herself on a low stool at her brother's feet, and he sat absently playing with her curls, and looking moodily into the fire, though he had been so silent and sullen by times during the past week that there was not change enough in his manner to be at all perceptible.

Sometimes Elizabeth glanced over at the pair, and then some sharp pain contracted her brows, but there was no other appearance of emotion; she would control even that instantly, and bend her head once more, quietly listening to her persecutor's verbiage.

Dolph announced dinner, and the party passed into the dining-room, Mr. Rhodes honoring the hostess with his arm. Mellen and his sister followed, and Elizabeth heard Elsie whisper to him, in a low voice:

"Grant, dear, you are not cross with me?"

In the midst of Mr. Rhode's uproarious laugh at one of his own jokes, she caught Mellen's answer:

"Never, darling, never! You are my one comfort—my only blessing."

With her head more proudly erect, a faint crimson beginning to burn on her cheeks, Elizabeth Mellen swept on and took her seat at the table, appearing so completely engrossed in Mr. Rhodes's conversation that she did not once meet her husband's eye.

To all but one the dinner seemed interminable, but Mr. Rhodes was so busy with the delicacies Clorinda's skilful hands had prepared, and so full of himself, that he was in a perfect glow of content.

The lights danced before Elizabeth's eyes, every morsel she tried to take seemed choking, the wine was like a bitter fiery on her lips, yet there she sat in patient endurance.

Occasionally Mellen glanced towards her, and her composure sent such a thrill of rage through his soul that it was with difficulty he could help from springing up and overwhelming her with the discovery he had made, on the spot.

The dinner was over at last, but long as it had seemed to Elizabeth, she would gladly have prolonged it; anything to keep them in the house; to keep afar off the stillness of the night, when she must undertake that dreaded task.

But she would not think of that; she dared not; madness lay so near the dismal reflection that it must be swept from her mind.

They dragged through the evening; Elizabeth played cribbage with Mr. Rhodes, and Elsie gave snatches of desultory music at the piano; every time the fresh young voice rang out in joyous song Elizabeth started as if an unseen dagger had stabbed her very heart.

At last it was still, and pass a day with us before long, I hope," Mr. Rhodes said, when the time came at last to order the carriage for his departure.

Elizabeth only answered with a wan smile. She could hardly stand. Mellen responded that she would gladly do so, and she instant they disappeared Elizabeth started for the door.

"Where are you going?" asked Elsie.

"To my room; I can't bear this."

"I'll go—"

"No, no, not yet; stay awhile, for heaven's sake let me rest alone one moment. She staggered through the dining-room and was gone; when Mellen entered the library again Elsie sat alone by the fire, tearing the ball cat, and looking as pretty and childlike as ever.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE clock in Elizabeth's dressing-room had struck eleven, but there she sat desolately looking into the fire. Not a sob had sunk into her chair on first entering the chamber.

She had heard her husband and Elsie ascend the stairs a full hour before, but Mr. Mellen went straight on towards his own apartments; he had not entered hers since the day the bracelet was found; she knew well that he would not intrude upon her then.

For two long hours she had been alone with her dismal thoughts, no sound to break the stillness, save the monotonous ticking of the clock or an occasional moan from the half spent wind without.

There was too much wretchedness in her mind for any of the nervous terrors which had haunted her during the day. Then, as she thought what the events of the night would bring her to do, the heart in her bosom shuddered. Now it stood still and seemed hardening into iron. If some spirit had appeared with an articulate warning she could not have been more convinced that exposure and ruin were approaching her with rapid strides. She would not flee from it, but that she knew in her innermost soul would lead to destruction. She looked back on the past resolutely, and tried to remember if her plans had failed through her own weakness. Before Mellen's return it had seemed possible to carry them out, but since the joyful yet utterly sad hour in the palace of hope on its grave, but they had all failed. It was not her fault, she had borne up as bravely as she possibly could have done under the circumstances, had been as circumspect and guarded as it was possible to be, but from the moment of his unexpected return all her outward event had occurred to thwart every project she had endeavored to carry out.

"It is fate," she muttered, in a cold whisper; "it is fate! Oh, my God, help me, help me, for I have yet a night to pray!"

But even the consolation of prayer was denied her; the words seemed to freeze upon her lips; she could only moan in that hoarse whisper:

"My God, help me, help me!"

As she sat there, the door opened and Elsie softly entered the apartment, already half undressed for evening-dress, and put on a loose white wrapper; over that she had thrown a crimson shawl, which made the pallor that had come over her face still more apparent.

There was no light in the chamber except that given by the fire.

Elizabeth had extinguished the lamps; the gloom and the shadows befitted her mournful thoughts.

"Bessie, Bessie?" called Elsie, unable at first to distinguish any object in the half light. "Are you there?"

"Here I am," was the hoarse answer; "come in."

"I was so afraid to be alone with Grant," continued Elsie; "I felt as if I should scream every moment."

"What did he say to you; what did my husband talk about?"

"Oh, nothing in particular; he said very little; he did not even ask where you were. I told him you had gone to bed with a headache, but he did not seem to hear. He sat and looked in the fire, sad; he were reading something in the red hot coals. After a long time he asked me if I loved him, and kissed my forehead. That was all."

Elizabeth struck her hands hard together, choked back the groan which rose to her lips, and sat gazing still into the fire, as if she too read something terrible in the scarlet caverns into which it was breaking.

"I'm so cold," shivered Elsie; "there isn't half enough coal in the grate."

Cold! The chill had crept into Elizabeth's very soul which no power could ever warm, and close to her was that wicked creature crouched, moaning out her petty complaints!

Even hours, up to the last, while the glittering hands of the clock were seen in the firelight, creeping swiftly over the dial, and its solemn tick measured off the awful minute on which Elizabeth had agreed with her own soul to go forth on that terrible errand, the wretched woman was cold!pelled to pause in that dim chamber, worse than dead herself, to endure and soothe the creature who lay like a wounded fawn on the hearth.

"What time is it, Bessie?"

She raised herself and looked at the clock.

"Half-past eleven," answered Elizabeth, solemnly. "My hour has come."

"I thought it was later," groaned Elsie. "Will it never be morning?"

"Soon enough," whispered Elizabeth; "soon enough."

"I wonder if Grant has gone to bed; I asked him if he was sleepy, and he—"

"Well?"

"Oh, he only gave a queer sort of laugh, and said 'Sensible people always are sleepy when it comes bedtime.'"

Elizabeth had said truly her hour had come, but she could not go yet; she must wait until all danger of discovery was past and there breathless while her husband forgot his restless thoughts in temporary peace. They were both silent for a time, Elizabeth hoping to shiver again, like some young bird lost from its nest in a storm.

"Oh, if it would only be morning!"

"Soon enough, soon enough," repeated Elizabeth, as before.

"To talk to me; I shall die if you don't!"

"What can I say, child? I can only wait—wait."

"Wait! What do you mean? Oh, I know—I know!"

The girl broke off with a more violent shudder and buried her face in her hands.

"What made you remind me?" she cried. "I shall go crazy now. Bessie! Bessie!"

But this time, when she clung to her, Elizabeth removed her hands, not impatiently, but with quiet firmness.

"You must control yourself," she said. "I have upon me all I can bear now. Be still, Elsie!"

"I will, I will!" she sobbed. "Oh, wouldn't it be better to be dead?"

"Better! Yes, a thousand times; but it is not easy to die."

Elsie checked her sobs again, and caught at the hope with which she had buoyed herself up all day.

"This is the last of it," she said; "this night once safely over and there is an end."

"One way or the other," muttered Elizabeth.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing—nothing."

It was worse than useless to agitate the girl's weakness stood in the thoughts which were in her mind. Whichever way the end came Elsie was safe. Was the creature thinking that as she shot her eyes and leaned more closely against her sister?

"Yes, it will be all safe then," she went on. "The money is paid—we shall have the papers; there is nothing more to fear."

Elizabeth did not answer, she allowed her to think that the danger from that quarter was removed. It could do no good to fill her with added fears.

"There is the wind again" cried Elsie. "Oh, if it would only stop!"

The sound recalled the horror which lay in the lower regions, and she was answered again.

"You are not frightened, are you, Bessie?" she asked.

"I suppose not; there is nothing to fear."

"But to go that in the dark—alone! Oh, I ought to go with you; I'll try—I'll try."

At that late hour some remorse woke in her mind for her unsisterly selfishness, but Elizabeth said:

"You will stay here; you could do no good."

"But I shall go mad while you are gone."

"You must get into bed again."

"How long shall you be away?"

"I can't tell. Stop—don't talk about it. I shall go through with it all; let me alone till then."

Elsie writhed to and fro in hysterical weakness.

"You must stop," Elizabeth said. "Suppose he should hear you?"

"Grant? Oh, I'll be still—I'll be still."

"What time is it?" Elsie asked again.

"Almost twelve; the clock will strike in a moment."

"How much longer shall you wait?" asked the girl in a whisper.

"I don't know; I must discover if he is asleep."

"Grantley?

"Yes."

"What was that noise?" Elizabeth exclaimed suddenly.

"I heard nothing," Elsie answered, lifting her head and allowing it to fall again on her sister's knee.

"It sounded like a step in the hall," said Elizabeth.

"It was only your fancy," returned Elsie. "This house is as still as death."

Elizabeth rose from her chair and walked to the window.

"You are not going?" Elsie cried.

"No; I only want to look. Be still!"

Elsie cowered down on the rug and muffled herself more closely in her shawl, being quite still, with a sort of comfort in the feeling of warmth which began to creep over her.

Elizabeth pushed back the heavy curtains and looked out into the night. A stream of dim silvery radiance shot into the room and played like rippling water over the floor.

Elsie half started to her feet with a cry.

"What is that? What is that?"

"The moon is up," said Elizabeth, simply.

Elsie laid her head down again, Elizabeth stood leaning her hands on the window-sill, looking straight before her.

The moonlight was peculiarly clear, and millions of stars shone forth with the diamond radiance only in a frosty night. Every object was visible. Hoar frost shone up widely from the crisp grass of the lawn, and long, black shadows were cast downward by the trees, shaken up like drapery when the wind tossed the branches up and down.

From where Elizabeth stood she could look out over the withered flowerbeds and into the thicket beyond.

Suddenly her eye caught sight of the cypress tree, rising up gloomy and dark, its branches waving slowly to and fro, looking, to her excited fancy, like spectral hands that beckoned her forth to her task.

She uttered a faint sound and strained her eyes towards it with a chill feeling of horror. Elsie was roused again by the noise, and asked, quickly:

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing."

"What made you groan, then?"

"I am sometimes cold," returned Elizabeth, in a low voice, leaning more heavily against the window for support.

"Then away, come away!" cried Elsie, ruffling her face more closely in her shawl, as if to shut out some dreadful object. "Come back to the fire, Elizabeth, for—"

"Surely, if I can go out there," she said, "I have courage enough to look at the old tree."

Elsie only moaned now. She sat upright and rested herself against the chair her sister had left.

"How does it look, Bessie?" she asked, in a low, scared tone.

"The moonlight is so ghostly," returned Elizabeth; "it looks frightened. No wonder—no wonder it do!"

Elsie trembled more violently, but it seemed as if some power stronger than her own will forced her to put these questions.

"And the cypress, Bessie, how does it look?"

"Stern and dark," cried Elizabeth. "It beckons me with its long arms. How like giant arms beckoning me out. I must go—I must go!"

Her voice was little more than a whisper, but it was perfectly steady and distinct. Elsie buried her face in both hands, once more to shut out the images it conjured up.

"Come back!" she moaned; "Elizabeth, come back!"

"I must go. It is time."

"What—all—just a moment! Don't go yet—don't leave me—I shall die here alone."

Elsie dragged herself along the floor to where Elizabeth stood and caught her dress in a convulsive grasp.

"Wait a little—just a little?"

Her very weakness seemed to give Elizabeth a sort of insane composure.

"Let go my dress," she said; "I must be gone."

"I can't—I can't leave—can't!"

"Be still—you must!"

She wrenched the garments from Elsie's hands, and the girl fell helplessly on the floor.

"Let me creep into bed first," she moaned; "I shall run mad if you leave me here. Oh, I'll go—I will go, I will. What an unnatural creature I am! I'll go!"

"Hush! You must stay; you would only hinder me."

"But it's so wicked of me—"

"Don't talk, don't think—it is too late," whispered Elizabeth. "If you can pray, do it."

"I can't—I daren't! Help me up, Elizabeth—help me up."

But there was no response. Elizabeth was bending towards the window again, looking straight at the cypress tree, but the dread which had been in her face before was weak compared to the horror that convulsed it now.

"It is going there" she cried, in an awful voice.

Elsie caught hold of her and raised herself so as to look out of the window.

"Who—who? What do you mean?"

"See—see!" continued Elizabeth. "Some one is creeping to the cypress tree. He has a spade in his hand. Merciful God, it is too late!"

"Is it Grantley?" shrieked Elsie. "Is it Grantley?"

"There he goes! I told you I heard steps! My God! my God!"

She fell on her knees by the window, still staring out into the spectral light. Elsie gave one glance, saw her brother running swiftly towards the cypress and then sank back, unable to venture another look.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ALONE in his room, Grantley Mellen had sat for hours with only stern thoughts for his companions and with them so black and fierce that the most terrible crisis would have been less hard to endure than that horrible suspense.

He waited silent, immovable, till the last sound in the house died away; waited still for slumber to overtake every inmate of the dwelling, that he might carry out the plan he had formed.

He was going out to the cypress tree; he would discover if his wife's agitation, when he perceived digging about it, was in any way connected with the mystery which surrounded her. He believed that it was so, though in what manner it was in a

possible to divine. Perhaps there were letters hidden there—some condemning evidence against her which she had found no opportunity since his return to make away with. Whatever it was, he would discover it, drag it out, and with this fresh proof of her treachery in his hands, rush in to overwhelm her with his knowledge of her guilt.

He, too, sat watching the clock, counting the strokes as the hours sounded, but to him the time appointed did not arrive quickly. It seemed as if the hands scarcely moved, in his mad impatience he thought the appointed instant never would approach.

It was a terrible vigil that he kept; the strongest man could not for many hours have endured that wild suspense, while tortured by such fiendish whispers as moaned in his ear.

The time came at last; the moonlight streamed pale and uncertain through the casement; no sound broke the stillness, even the wind had ceased its moaning. He could go forth now without fear of discovery.

He could go forth, but to what?

His very inability to form the least idea of what discoveries he might make increased the fever of his impatience, he could not wait longer—not a moment—not a second.

He opened the door and crept cautiously through the gallery, down stairs into the lower hall, undid the fastenings of the outer door and passed on to the veranda.

The garden tools were some of them in a closet in the area; he went down the steps, opened the door, took out a spade and hurried towards the cypress tree.

There he was, standing under the moaning branches, his head bare, digging wildly and aimlessly about the roots, peering at every lump of earth with his insane gaze, ready to believe that he had at last come upon that for which he sought.

And while he dug furiously into the earth Elsie beth Mellen knelt by the window-seat watching him, and Elsie lay upon the floor, too utterly prostrated to do more than cry out to Elizabeth at intervals in her sharp, discordant voice:

"Is he there yet—is he there?"

"Still there," she answered.

"What is he doing?"

"Digging, digging! He is on the wrong side of the tree."

Elsie gave a cry of relief.

"No, no," continued Elizabeth; "he stops to throw the earth back—he is going farther round."

"Has he found the place—has he?"

"Not yet."

Elsie could not even groan; her breath came in quick gasps; her hands tore madly at the carpet, but Elizabeth leaned motionless against the window-sill, watching always with her insane gaze.

"Where is he now, Bessie?"

"He has not reached it—he is near! No! he is digging on the other side—he has not found the place."

"If we could only stop him," cried Elsie, roused to new courage. "If I opened my window and called out."

"Too late, too late!"

"But he will find it—he will find it!"

"Then God help me, I can do no more!"

Elsie sprang up with another shriek.

"You'll tell—you'll tell! I know you will give way—and Grant will murder you—murder us all."

Elizabeth caught her in her arms and forced her back on the sofa.

"Lie still," she said.

"Let me go, I say—let me go! I want to die—I won't live after he finds you out. I'll kill you, Elizabeth, if you don't let me go."

But Elizabeth held her firmly in spite of her insane struggles, crying out:

"It is nothing to you—you have no cause to fear. You are mad, mad! I tell you the trouble is mine; whatever comes falls on my head; be still, Elsie."

"You promise. Swear it—swear not to bring my name in."

"I have sworn and I will keep my oath," returned Elizabeth. "Disgrace, infamy, death—all will bear him and alone. What should I gain by dragging you down with me?"

She fell away from the girl as she spoke, but Elsie did not attempt to rise; she lay still now, exhausted by her recent violence, and reassured by Elizabeth's words.

Again the woman leaned against the window, still and looked out towards the tree. Mellen was at work still, more furiously than ever, throwing up great mouthfuls of earth and dashing them down with frantic haste.

"Is he there yet?" called Elsie.

"Yes, yes! How he works—dig—dig—dig!"

She stopped suddenly, the silence raised wilder terror in Elsie's mind.

"Has he found the place?"

"Not yet. He is standing still now, he is throwing the earth back."

"What next—what now?" called Elsie, when she paused.

"He is looking about—he is puzzled. There is only that place left—he will miss it. The shadows lie blackest there."

Another instant of intent watching, then a low cry.

"He is there—he is there!"

"Stop him!" shrieked Elsie. "Shout to him!"

And Elizabeth only moaned again:

"Too late! too late!"

"Is he digging?"

"Yes; wait—wait!"

She clutched the window-sill until her nails bent and broke in the woodwork.

"First on one side, then the other," she whispered. "He doesn't touch the right spot—I know it so well—night and day I have seen it——"

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

She never heeded the mad cry, clinging closer and closer to the window-frame, staring out as if every energy of her nature was centred in that gaze.

"He has not found it! He stops again—he throws down the spade! He is stamping on the ground. Oh! once more!"

Then another pause, and at last Elizabeth cried in the same sharp whisper:

"He is throwing the earth back—he turns away!"

"Saved! saved!" shrieked Elsie.

Elizabeth watched his every movement still. He stood for some moments in quiet, then walked about the tree; she could feel the baffled rage and shock him.

He turned away at last, disappeared round the corner of the house. Then Elizabeth sprang to her feet.

"Where are you going?" cried Elsie.

"Lie still—don't speak on your life!"

She ran to the door and locked it, then threw herself down by the fire.

"He might come in and find us," she whispered. Elsie crept across the floor again, seeking protection at her side. There they waited, hushing their breaths, listening for the echo of his step on the stairs. It came at last, muffled and cautious, but terribly distinct to their strained senses. He half paused at the room where they were, passed on, the door of his chamber opened and shut.

"He has gone in," said Elizabeth.

"Saved! saved!" broke again from Elsie's lips, but there was no answering echo from the woman by her side.

For a time they sat motionless, whether moments or hours neither of them ever could have told.

At last Elizabeth rose, moved noiselessly across the chamber, while Elsie raised her head to look.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"You know," Elizabeth answered.

"You won't—you won't! Oh, wait—wait!"

"And to-morrow have the whole house to look on while the work is done," the woman answered.

"It shows no other way."

"None. This is the last hope; I shall try it."

There was no elation in her voice at the danger she had escaped, no fear in the way now that she might go through her task in safety, no dread either of what she had to do, only stern determination, the chill of utter despair, ready to struggle but not to hope. She wrapped a shawl about her without the slightest appearance of haste, and stood still a little longer. Then, more like a marble statue endowed with the power of motion than a breathing, living creature.

"Are you going?" Elsie asks.

"Yes; I shall not be long—not long."

But Elsie rushed after her and caught her in her arms, and cried:

"I can't stay; I must go with you."

"Stay here, I tell you. Will you lose our last chance? Let me go—let me go!"

"I can't—I daren't! I should go mad!"

Every moment is worth a whole life," cried Elizabeth. "Let me go!"

She forced the girl to release her hold, and with the fields was Elsie left senseless to the floor.

"Better so," muttered the woman. "When she comes to herself the medicine will make her sleep."

The excitement she was labouring under gave her new strength. She raised the insensible girl, carried her through the vacant chamber, and laid her on the bed in the next room. For a few instants she stood regarding her, then drew the bedclothes over her inanimate form and turned away.

"I have kept my faith," was all she said. "I will keep it to the end—the bitter, bitter end."

She went back to her own room, closing the doors as she passed them, descended further delay, passed down the private staircase which led to the little entry off the library.

Once on the stairs she paused to listen, but there was no sound, and she hurried on noiseless as a spirit. One of the shutters was ajar, admitting a few gleams of light, by which she could see to unbar the door.

She was out in the air at last; the first step was taken safely. She found the spade where Mellen had flung down in his angry disappointment, and she also in turn flew towards the cypress tree. She was darker in the shadow, the branches writhed and moaned like living things, the moon shot in and out the gathering clouds, casting a flickering, uncertain light about that was more terrible than the deepest gloom.

She had no need to search, only too well she knew the place where she must dig. Night and day for weeks the dread spot had been with her, in every dream she had been digging, as she was now—digging—digging with frantic haste, and in her dreams, her strength seemed to fail, and some unseen power to hold her back, so now, in that frightful reality, her arms did fall helplessly and the crusted earth resisted her efforts.

To and fro the branches swayed above her head, casting blossoms about, moaning like evil voices. The wind swept up chill and warningly, but she toiled on.

Such a terrible face it was that bent over the work, such a pale, terrified face, lighted up with those agonised eyes! She worked with a strength that appeared superhuman, but it seemed to her that all her toil made no progress.

The cold nights had frozen the earth. She remembered, too, how carefully it had been packed down over the spot. For nights after the hollow sound of the spade had rung in her ears, and nothing could drown its echo.

Still she toiled on, she would not give up. A horrible fear was coming over her, a supernatural, ghostly dread, that made her flesh creep and her hair rise on her temples, but she never relinquished her efforts.

Spadeful after spadeful of earth was thrown out, but still the bottom was not reached. She had not thought it deep—so deep. If it should be empty—if there was nothing there!

That thought paralyzed her arm as if it had been struck by a hand of iron. If the place had been searched before, if the least possibility of removing that terrible evidence was gone beyond her power!

The idea was too maddening. She shook off the nightmarelike oppression which had been upon her, caught up the spade again, and resumed her task.

Suddenly the shovel struck some substance harder than the earth, and rang out with a dull, heavy sound. For one instant she started back. She was alone in the night, alone with that before her! She dared not even peer into the cavity. It was choked up with shadows, and their blackness seemed to warn her off.

The mighty strength that had carried this woman forward till now left her. The coil pierced her through and through; but she must not pause there, her horrible task was but just commenced. She took up the spade again, dropped it into the impalpable darkness of the hole, and pressed it down, leaning her whole weight upon it. A sharp pain shot through her chest, and she stood up struggling for breath. Shadows from the disturbed cypress boughs were falling all about her, breaking and forming again in a thousand fantastic movements. But one shadow, dark, solid and still, fell across a glimmer of moonlight at her feet, freezing her to the heart. She looked slowly up and saw her husband.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FOR seven seconds the husband and wife remained looking at each other in utter silence; the moaning of the cypress boughs sounded louder and more weird; through the whirl of her senses Elizabeth heard it still.

"Come forward," she heard her husband's voice say at length, in the hard, icy tones of concentrated passion. "Come forward, woman, that I may see your face."

The words seemed to come from a great distance; Elizabeth did not stir, it seemed as if that shallow trench between them was a bottomless gulf which no power could bridge over. The gulf between their souls—and ever.

"Come forward, I say."

She staggered slowly into the moonlight; the moment was fearfully real, disgrace had come; yet there she stood speechless, motionless, unable even to give utterance to a moan.

For a little while Grant was almost as still and helpless as herself. Suddenly, with a cry that sounded scarcely human, he snatched the spade, hurled it from the hole—and pressed all his force upon it. Slowly the edge of a box appeared. Mellen placed one foot on the handle of the spade to hold it down, and dragged the box entirely out into the moonlight. Pulling the spade up from the crumbling earth, he raised it on high, and was about to dash the box in. Elizabeth lifted her soiled hands in mute appeal.

She hoped nothing from his forbearance. The action was a mechanical one of her whirling senses, such as makes a drowning man clutch at straws, but with the box, obviously, could she fall upon but it knows by the box, still lifting her white face to his.

"Do you think to stop me even now?" he exclaimed. "I wonder I do not kill you; I wonder I don't dig this pit, which has concealed your infamy, deeper and bury you alive."

"If you only would kill me," she moaned; "only kill me."

"I should be," he cried again; stand up, I say."

But she stretched out her hands over the box; some insane idea of still preserving it from his touch rushed across her mind.

"I will open it; I will look on this dishonor with my own eyes."

"Don't open it; don't open it! Let us pass away from your sight for ever."

He caught her arm and pulled her roughly back.

"You shall not touch the dead."

She struggled on to her knees and wound her arms about his, as his fingers grasp; he shook her off with a loathing gesture, as if a poisonous reptile had brushed his garments.

He raised the spade again, and while a last despairing cry died on her lips dashed it heavily down upon the cover; again and again; till the wood board split, revealing a gleam of white underneath.

Elizabeth was lying on the ground; not insensible; no fainting fit had come to her; but incapable of a movement; watching him always with those insane eyes.

He paused at last, exhausted itself in this sacrilegious violence, and he stood over the shattered box, struck with remorseful awe. But the wind blew cold over it, lifting some fold of transparent muslin from a little face that Elizabeth had seen night and day in her thoughts and her dreams since the dreadful night when that grave was dug under the cypress tree.

She saw the face; saw her husband looking down upon it; saw all the shuddering horror in his eyes. Still she could not move.

"This has been a murder!" he hissed through his clenched teeth. "I swear that the guilty ones shall be brought to judgment."

"No, no," she moaned; "not murder; not that."

He caught her arm again and dragged her up.

"Tell the truth," he cried; "I will hear it!"

She could only stare at him with that affrighted gaze.

"I will bring the whole neighborhood to look," he went on; "I will call on his secret guilt out in the face of day if you do not speak! I will give you no time; no chance of escape; speak, or I will rouse the whole house, and let them see you here with this."

"Wait," she shivered; "wait!"

"Do you know what this is?" he cried. "The murder of a child! Do you know that to-morrow may find you a criminal in the hands of justice—you, my wife! You in whose care I entrusted not only my honor but the most innocent soul that ever lived. Speak then! Expect no mercy from me; not to save my own honor; not to keep my own soul would I lift one finger to help you! Think of it! Picture it to yourself! The eager crowd gathering about this spot; the hootings and execrations that will follow you forth to the prison! Think of the days and nights in your lonely cell; remember the trial; the sentence; the horrible death; you shall not escape; you shall not escape!"

"Grantley! Grantley!"

"Not content with one crime, you have added murder; tried to hide your guilt with a deeper sin!"

"This child was dead," she moaned; "it was dead."

"You will speak then, and tell the whole truth. Do it. But have no thought that even confession can save you; never hope for mercy from my weakness! You can have no agency that can prove so relentless as I will; if there was a hope of your escape I would hunt you down!"

"It is only to die," she muttered; "only to die."

"Will you speak; will you confess! Tell me how you murdered it?"

"There was no murder."

"But you will tell me; you and those who shared your guilt? Who were they; Speak that man's name; I will have it, and from your lips. But, oh, if you have let my sister share this secret; if you have blighted her innocence with a knowledge of your guilt——"

"Stop," she broke in; "stop! do not speak of her."

Even in that moment some recollections came back. She had no horns on to the end; her work must not fail at the last moment.

"Elsie knows nothing," she said; "for Her sake spare me."

"If you wish to escape having your shame dragged before the whole world, tell me the truth."

"For her sake, for Elsie's, have mercy! I don't expect it—but, remember, disgrace to me reflects not only on you but her! Think of that—don't blight her whole future in crushing me!"

And I left her in your hands—she has been living in daily intercourse with you—but have stained her lips with your kisses—degraded her by your affection."

"I love not hurt her," she cried; "I tell you she never received harm from me."

There was only one thought in her mind now, to preserve Elsie from his anger—nothing could come to her now. Her present agony was too great for dread—the shame of the world—the most loathsome punishment—nothing could touch pangs as this wrenching away of hope and happiness.

She sat upright on the ground, folding her hands in her lap. Weaker women would have fainted, perhaps gone mad, but now that the first dizzy whirl had left her senses she could see and think clearly.

"And you buried this child?" he said. "Will you own it, or shall I charge the servants as your accomplices—will you carry out your guilt to the last, and let others suffer that you may escape?"

"No, no! I will not struggle. I do not defend myself. Let it all fall on me! But no murder, no foul charge can rest with murder. Oh, I am not so bad as that—I could not bear any of God's creatures."

"Is not your sin worse than murder? Why, the blackest criminal has white hands compared to yours! You that I loved and trusted—you that have dragged a proud man's soul through the depths of your sin."

"I have not, I have not!" she broke in.

He pointed to the box—that could she say—how could she deny with that evidence at her feet.

"Oh, my God, have mercy!" she groaned.

"Will you take his name on you—don't curse yourself more deeply by a prayer!"

She crouched lower on the ground, her wild eyes never raised to heaven, but there was no help—no aid.

"That name," cried Mellen; "I will hear it from your own lips—speak."

She was silent.

"I know it—I have been on your track for days. The wretched man's life was destroyed my life, trampled on my honor, but you must choose for the partner of your guilt the man who had most cruelly wronged me—the one for I had no earth."

"No, no! I never saw that man—never!"

"Peace, woman! I tell you I intercepted yesterday the letter he sent you—I could not mistake William Ford's writing."

She did cry out then—this was a horror of which he had not dreamed.

"I never knew it," she moaned; "I never knew it."

"And you love this wretch? Through him you shall suffer!"

"I hate him, loathe him!" she cried. "Oh, in this one thing believe me—I am innocent of his vice. Ford. The name was changed to deceive me."

"I would not believe a word from your lips though you brought an angel as witness."

Then he looked down at the little coffin, and a fierce gust of insanity swept over him.

"I will take his name on you—officer of justice!"

She caught his cost and held him firmly.

"For Elsie's sake—don't overshadow her life with the same name that on me. Let me go away—you shall never hear of me again—I will never cross your path! I do not ask for mercy, but for your sister's sake, for your own honorable name, let me go away and die."

There was a wild struggle in his mind, but something like reflection came back at length.

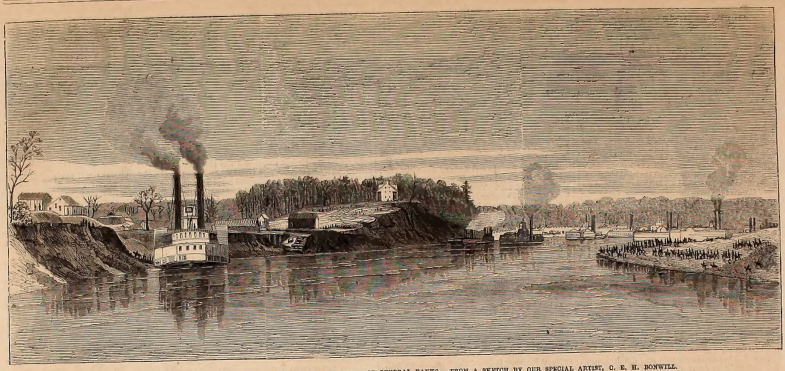
"Alack," of the Tremont Hotel, is perhaps the most "ridgety" man in the Territory. Being a thorough-bred Democrat, he is sometimes pretty hard on the upper ten—or aristocrats, as he calls them.

"And what kind of an animal may an aristocrat be?" asked a bystander.

"What species of the genus Aristocrat do you mean? There are a number of them," said mine host.

"The Codfish."

"Well, sir, a codfish aristocrat is one of those consumers who can pin a dried herring to his coat-tail, and imagine himself to be a whale!"



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—GRAND ECORE, THE BASE OF OPERATIONS OF GENERAL BANKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE FORTIFICATIONS AT GRAND ECORE—THE FIRST MISSOURI BATTERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

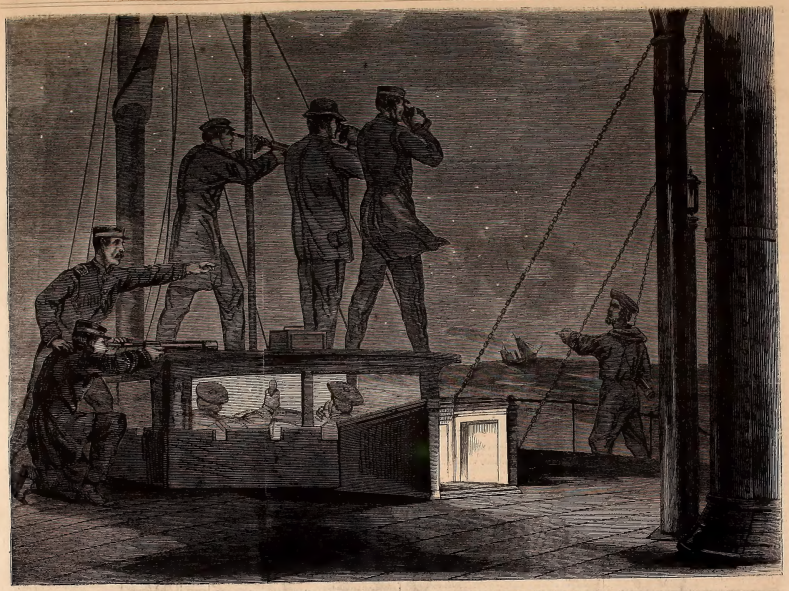
GRAND ECORE, LA.

THIS is the spot to which Gen. Banks fell back after the defeat of the Union forces and the battle of Pleasant hill. It is just above Natchitoches, on the Red river, and derives its name from the great bluff on which it stands. During his occupancy of the point Gen. Banks threw up extensive fortifications, a part of which the 1st Missouri battery, Lieut. Callahan commanding, protecting the road to Natchitoches, our Artist represents in his sketch. These temporary works were made of logs and sandbags.

The house on the bluff in the view of Grand Ecore itself is the residence of Col. De Russy, Chief Engineer of the Trans-Mississippi Department in the Confederate service.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—LANDING SUPPLIES AT GRAND ECORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.



THE BLOCKADE OF MOBILE—CHASING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER AT NIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. B. HOUGH.

MINNIE GREY.

BY J. H. WEBB.

A VERY strange little being was Minnie, Parson Grey's daughter. So beautiful, yet so habitually sad. I see her now, in imagination, with her large, lustrous black eyes, shining ringlets and delicate little form; and I see, too, that expression of settled melancholy that always appeared upon her face.

Minnie and I had been friends, companions, schoolmates, almost from infancy. Our families were close neighbors, and as Minnie had no brother to guard her from harm during the school terms, I was only too happy to supply a brother's place. And I remember, too, as I now look back through the many years that have passed, how envious my male schoolmates were at my guardianship, and how often I received a bruised head for defending myself and my little lady from the taunts, the sneers and the jibes of larger boys.

Was it strange, then, that our friendship should grow with our youth, and strengthen with our strength? And was it strange that when youth ripened into maturity the friendship of schooldays should transform itself into a warmer passion—a more than fraternal feeling?



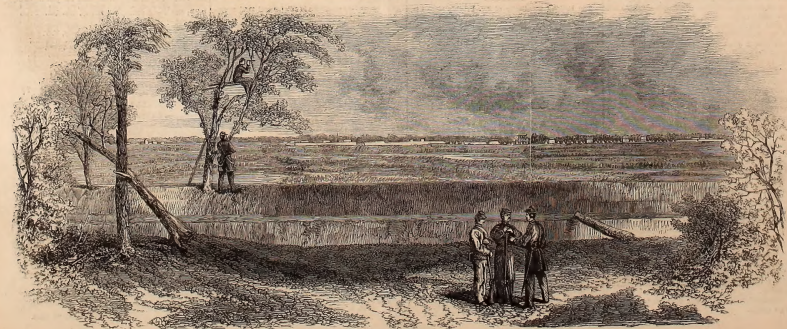
WELL OF THE WESTOVER MANSION, NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, ON JAMES RIVER, VIRGINIA.

When I left the little country town, the home of my youth, to accept a situation in the metropolis, the old story had passed between Minnie and me. She would patiently wait a few years for the realization of my dreams of worldly prosperity, and then——

But enough of that. Life in the city was anything but pleasant to me at first. My business seemed irksome and dull; everything was new and strange to me, and I heartily wished myself back in the little village with the friends of my youth—with Minnie. But I struggled hard to dispel these melancholy feelings, remembering the stake for which I was to play in the game of life—and conquered.

Those precious little missives which I weekly received from Minnie. What a comfort they were to me in my loneliness, and how they nerved me on to use every energy for advancement and ultimate success. And that tender, loving, yet half-melancholy sentiment which pervaded all her letters—how it reminded me of the little dark-eyed beauty's nature—a pen picture of her inner being.

But time passed on—one, two, three years, and with it my notions of city life underwent a gradual though material change. The strange scenes had become familiar; the bustle and confusion of city



THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA—SECESSIONVILLE, NEAR CHARLESTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.—SEE PAGE 135.

life had lost their terrors; I had formed new acquaintances and pleasant associations, and had become, indeed, a thorough metropolitan. But another change occurred in my feelings at the same time. While being habituated to city life, and learning to enjoy its pleasures, my yearning for the little country home of my youth gradually far the greatest, by many thousands, of any Paper in the United States, and is the only Paper that has ever attained a circulation of

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Hastily I entered the house. In her own room, and lying upon her own bed, was Minnie. Death had surely marked her for his victim. But she was more beautiful than ever before. Her nearness to the celestial home had given her a pure, holy and angelic beauty, which is not of this world. The fanning by an attendant caused the jetty curls to wave, and revealed the pallid brow upon which I had implanted so many tokens of affection. Her pure soul was perhaps even then entering the portals of heaven, while I, self-convicted of cruelty, witnessed the transition from life to death. Need I say that in that moment all the old love for Minnie returned, even with tenfold power. Need I tell of the agony which filled my heart at the thought of parting with my little dark-eyed schoolmate, my youthful companion, and once promised bride?

"Minnie! dear Minnie!" I exclaimed in frenzied accents, "you must not die. Live for me. Oh! my God! how cruelly I have wronged you," and the tears of repentance and grief fell upon the little white hand which I had grasped in my own. The sightless eyes opened, the thin lips moved, and in a voice sweet even in the portals of death she said:

"Dear Arthur, I am so glad you have come. I would like to see you once more, but God has decreed otherwise. I have entered the dark valley of the shadow of death, and shall soon be in that land where the blind shall see the——"

Her voice faltered, her hand clasped mine, a heavenly smile irradiated her countenance, and she was gone.

* * * * *

A quarter of a century has passed, and gray hairs now cover my head, but the memory of Minnie Grey remains fresh in my mind. Twice every year I visit the little village where we lived, and out in the churchyard I go to weep over the little green mound, and to view the plain marble slab bearing the simple inscription—"Sacred to the Memory of Minnie Grey."

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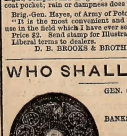
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NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 452—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, MAY 28, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

The Clouds Lifting—The Day Breaking.

The stupendous military operations of the last two weeks in Virginia and Georgia, and the great and significant Union successes attending them, will admit of but one interpretation. They disclose a system of combinations and co-operative forces on the part of Gen. Grant, which, under his skilful and energetic direction, must speedily put an end to the rebellion. The clouds are lifting, the day is breaking in the East, and the golden hour of the nation's deliverance is near.

The dislodgement of the main rebel army under Gen. Lee from that extensive district of almost impenetrable jungle, south of the Rapidan river, known as "the Wilderness," though not a positive victory to us, was to him a fatal disaster. That difficult field to an invader, of hills and hollows, thick woods and



AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT AND MAJOR-GEN. MEADE IN CONSULTATION.—AS SEEN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 148.

underbrush grown up over old exhausted and abandoned tobacco plantations. Gen. Lee had deliberately chosen for a crushing surprise to his enemy. For this purpose, vastly inferior as he was in cavalry and artillery to Gen. Meade, this "Wilderness," inaccessible to artillery or cavalry, was shrewdly selected. In thus restricting the late battle there to infantry, the rebel army, behind its lines of abatis and earthworks, and familiar with all the inequalities of the ground, possessed advantages for defence and attack which it can never command again. Strategically turned out of that strong position, the last chance of success to the rebel chieftain was lost, his army was adrift, and the fortunes of the campaign were in the hands of Gen. Grant.

For weeks and months the deeply designing enemy had ostentatiously paraded their plans, involving a resistless advance into the loyal States, East and West. The rail Longstreet mounting an immense force for a destructive foray into Ohio, and while a mere detachment would be employed to draw the army of Gen. Meade beyond the Rapidan, the main body of Lee's army, meantime, 100,000 strong, having swept around the Shenandoah valley and across the Potomac, would be thundering at the back door of Washington. To give color to these reports, squads of rebel guerillas hovered along the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, gauges of freebooters for a descent scoured the mountains of Eastern Kentucky, while the savage Gen. Forrest and his 5,000 savage roughriders, with fire and slaughter in his train, locked it over Western Kentucky and Tennessee. All these threatenings and demonstrations were simply intended to divert large bodies of Federal troops to the front of the loyal border States, while the rebel chiefs were concentrating all their accessible forces into the army of Gen. Lee.

These impotent devices, however, were only amusing scarecrows to Gen. Grant. They signally failed to divert him from his own plans and combinations. He saw that the strength of the rebellion was in Lee's army, and that its citadel was Richmond; and so, from the day of his first arrival in Washington as General-in-Chief, Grant's energies were directed to the overthrow of Lee and the capture of Richmond. Now what are the plans of Gen. Grant for compassing these great objects? Comprehending the real designs of the enemy, he first proceeds to strengthen and reorganize the Army of the Potomac—horse, foot and artillery. Next, to cut off Lee's reinforcements and supplies from the South, a formidable movement, army and navy, is organized for active work at the James river. Next, to detach Lee's army and Richmond from the supplies of Lynchburg and the neighboring country, a strong cavalry column under Sigel is detailed up the Shenandoah valley. Lastly, to give employment to Gen. Joe Johnston in Georgia, and all the rebel forces in that quarter, the terrible Sherman, in overwhelming strength, with his face towards Atlanta, sweeps down upon the plains from the mountains of Chattanooga.

This is, indeed, a formidable military cordon, but it may all be broken up if our Army of the Potomac can be inveigled into a scarce and out to pursue; for then, yes once more, the danger to Washington will be the safety of Richmond. The battle of the "Wilderness" has settled that difficulty; and thus while Grant's cavalry and infantry remain intact and are successful on every side, those of the enemy are thrown into confusion, East and West. Our momentous and inspiring successes widen and deepen in the unearthing of Gen. Lee are too deeply impressed upon the public mind to need a recapitulation here. Let it suffice that his shattered army is between two fires: that his communications and scanty supplies are cut off on every side; that while Richmond must speedily fall unless he flies to the rescue, inevitable capture or starvation awaits him in seeking a refuge within that city's defences. Flying westward, from sheer exhaustion and destitution, his disheartened and despairing army will melt and dissolved, and in pausing to fight again he covets immediate destruction.

The final catastrophe to that gigantic imposture, the "Southern Confederacy," approaches. Its huge enormities, its monstrous pretensions, its reckless, self-sacrificing, savage and sanguinary resistance, its perfidy, its puniment, only ending in its absolute extinction, will soon be among the records of past events. The historian, in defining it, will say that, among all the revolutionary conspiracies of history, that Southern rebellion stands in its revolting audacity without a parallel in the vicissitudes of any nation of modern or ancient times; that there never has been upon the face of the earth a more causeless, a more suicidal, a weaker and yet a more formidable rebellion than this; and that in its bloody overthrow, down to its very foundations of slavery, its appalling fate will stand as a warning, or as a beacon, to the ruling classes of every land under the sun till time shall be no more.

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DECLINED.—Bessie Gray—Fun and Lust Office—Blue Blouse—Minnie Wallace—Ivonne—A Recipe against Poor Relations.

Summary of the Week.

We are now witnesses of a decisive battle, perhaps of the culminating struggle of the war. After three years of unexampled preparation on either side, every State, both parties seemed to have gathered up all available resources, called in all minor armies, and resolved to make one tremendous effort on the Rapidan. Except the muttering of war in Louisiana, all operations seem suspended in expectation of the great drama. The stage is a wide one indeed, as the operations extend from Dalton in Georgia to the banks of James river; but the movements are all guided by one mind, aim at one object, and advance as one man.

VIRGINIA.

In our last week's summary we followed the operations down to Friday, the 6th, when Grant held substantially the same line as on Thursday.

On Saturday, the 7th, he took and strengthened his right, and began with shot and shell. By noon it was evident that Lee was retreating to Spotsylvania Court House, abandoning Mine run for North Anna. Grant pursued, and a cavalry battle ensued on the Cross roads near Todd's tavern, in which Custer and Gregg replaced the enemy. Lee, with his infantry, faced from time to time to fight.

On Saturday evening Fredricksburg was occupied.

On Sunday, the 8th, Hancock and Burnside led the pursuit. Warren took the Brock road, and coming up with the enemy at Alsop's farm, a severe action took place, in which the enemy were again driven back. We, however, lost 300 killed and wounded, Gen. Robinson, of Griffin's division, being severely wounded in the leg.

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On Monday, the 9th, there was cannonading and skirmishing, during which Gen. Sedgwick was killed by a sharpshooter. Towards dusk Grant again advanced, Wright on the right, Warren centre, Hancock's 2d on the right, and the 6th (now Wright's), on the left; a severe battle with artillery and infantry took place at Bloody Angle, Hancock crossed, but recrossed at night.

On Tuesday, the 10th, our line was in a crescent on the north bank of the Po, the 6th corps on the extreme left. The rebels lay north of Spotsylvania Court House, with his left on Gladys run, and his right on the Ny. Between the two was a dense forest with underbrush.

Grant attacked the rebel centre, driving the enemy to his rifle-pits, but suffering severely and failing to take them. Here Gen. Rice was killed.

In the evening a second attack was made and pounding, but no engagement.

On Thursday, the 12th, Gen. Barlow, of Major. Gen. Hancock's corps, carried the rebel riflepits, capturing a whole division of the enemy, with Gen. Edward Johnson, Brig.-Gen. George Stuart and Robert Johnson.

On Friday, the 13th, Grant advanced, and occupied the crests of the hills over the Ny river.

At 7 p. m. on Saturday, the 14th, the 6th corps had a brisk engagement with the enemy, but no general battle took place.

Meanwhile Gen. Sheridan turned the enemy's right, and getting to the rear destroyed Lee's depot at Beaver dam, with locomotives, trains, 200,000 pounds of bacon, cut eight to ten miles of the Orange railroad, besides recapturing 300 Union prisoners.

On the 11th he destroyed a locomotive and train at Ashland station, with several storehouses, and six miles of railroad, culverts, bridges and telegraph. He met Stuart at Yellow tavern, and after a stubborn fight routed him, losing his life. Sheridan then advanced on the Brock road, and took the first line of the enemy's works at Richmond. Stuart was then crossing the Chickahominy, fought the enemy at Gaines's mills, and joined Butler.

Gen. Sigel is advancing along the Shenandoah, to add to Lee's difficulties by tearing up the railroad between Charlottesville and Lynchburg.

Gen. Butler meanwhile holds Beauregard in Petersburg, having cut off his communication by the Weldon railroad. Admiral Lee has blockaded the rebel ironclads in James river by sinking vessels in the channel at Turkey bend.

On the 12th Gen. Smith, consisting of infantry, mounted infantry and cavalry, with artillery, left Charlestown under Gen. Crooks, to cut the Virginia and East Tennessee railroad. At Princeton they captured a rebel camp.

GEORGIA.

Sherman's move on Dalton was perfectly successful. McPherson struck the railroad at Resaca; Thomas advanced on Johnston's front, and Schofield on his flank. After three days fight the rebels fell back to Rocky Faced and Buzzard Roost. Here this Johnston evacuated those posts and Dalton. We have taken 5,000 prisoners and 10 or 12 cannon.

ARKANSAS.

Marmaduke, on May 1st, had got so near to Little Rock as to drive our whole into the city, but he was driven off by Carr's cavalry.

LOUISIANA.

At the latest accounts Gen. Banks had abandoned the Red river and was falling back to Franklin across the Teche country, and Porter is damming the Red river, so as to get his boats over the falls.

FLORIDA.

At the latest dates, May 2d, Gen. Birney had gone on an expedition into the interior.

NAVAL

The Navy Department has information of the capture, by the gunboat Owasco, of the English schooners Lily, Fannie and Laura, of Velasco, Texas, the property of that they did not know the character of their cargoes. On the Fannie, however, were found eight cases of rifles for the rebel Gen. Price.

Official information had been received by Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the rebel navy, from Fort Fisher, that the rebel iron clad attacked and sunk the United States gunboat Huntsville, one of the East Gulf squadron in the West Indies, together with ammunition. It is also reported that the Florida recently burned the Boston ship Avon, bound from China to the United States.

The blockade runner Stag, Carolina, captured by four wooden vessels, made an attack on the Nansemond on the 6th inst., in the New Inlet, N. C., but was repulsed.

The United States gunboat Grand Gulf captured the British steamer Young Republic, of Nassau, loaded with cotton and tobacco, from Wilmington, N. C., on the 8th inst., in latitude 32.58, longitude 77.26. She had a crew of 40 men on board, and was commanded by Capt. Harris, formerly of the United States navy.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 9th of May, an adverse report was made on the expediency of changing the location of the Treasury Department. The bill for the erection of a Branch Mint at Philadelphia was passed. The House passed a substitute for the Pacific Railroad bill. The Senate considered the Bank bill at length, but little or no progress was made. It was amended by Mr. Doolittle, to keep the circulation of the banks within certain bounds, was voted down. Mr. Wade, of Ohio, made some remarks on the Conduct of the War, made a report in reference to the returned prisoners at Baltimore and Annapolis, in the motion that 10,000 copies ordered to be printed for the use of the Senate. Mr. Collamer then read a dispatch from the Secretary of War announcing a victory by Gen. Grant, when the Senate adjourned.

In the House, on motion of Mr. Rogers, of New Jersey, a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Naval Affairs to examine into the expediency of locating the proposed Navy Yard on the west side of the Delaware, near nearly opposite Camden, which contested election case of Bruce against Loan came up, but after discussion, was postponed, without any conclusion on the subject.

In the Senate, on the 10th, the bill to adjust the Claims of Deceased Officers who have served in the Navy was taken back from the Foreign Affairs Committee. A bill amendatory of the Act establishing the Grades of Naval Officers was introduced and referred. A bill to facilitate the Payment of Pensions was passed by the Red river and of the North was reported. The House bill for the organization of the Veteran Volunteer Engineers of the Army of the Cumberland and the bill to prevent smuggling were passed. The bill relating Provost Courts and Criminal cases was under consideration for some time, and a proposition to amend the bill was taken up and amended in the section relative to treason, by giving the Government power to try accused five persons for challenges in all trials. The subject was then laid aside, and the National Bank bill was taken up. Many amendments were offered and rejected, among which was that proposing that the banks shall be compelled to retain one-fourth of the gold received as interest on Government bonds as a reserved fund, which was the assumption of specie payments. An amendment was adopted requiring each bank to make provision for the redemption of its notes in the city of New York. The bill was then passed, by 30 yeas to 9 nays. The Senate then held an executive session, and on the opening of the doors adjourned.

In the House, the debate on the contest between Messrs. Long and Bruce for the representation of the Seventh Missouri district occupied the greater portion of the session. Finally a vote on the matter was reached, and it was decided that Mr. Long is entitled to the seat. The Senate bill authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to provide for the care, in States and Territories where there are no penitentiaries, of criminals sentenced by the National authorities, was passed. Gen. Butler's dispatch to the Secretary of War, detailing his successes in Virginia, was read both in the Clerk's desk and was received with applause. The Senate's amendments to the Internal Revenue Bill were considered. The House under consideration for some time, but the House adjourned without disposing of the matter.

In the Senate, on the 11th, Mr. Lane, of Kansas, introduced a resolution directing the Committee on the Conduct of the War to inquire into the causes of the disastrous military reverse on Red river. After considerable discussion took place, and the resolution was amended so as to empower the committee to investigate the entire administration of Gen. Banks in the Southwest, and laid over from a day adopted. A resolution condemning the President's action in the cases of Messrs. Shields and Blair was proposed by Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, but not disposed of.

In the House, after some unimportant business, the joint resolution to drop from the rolls all unemployed Generals was carried by 72 to 45.

In the Senate, on the 12th, Mr. Wilson offered a bill authorizing every railroad in the United States to carry the Mails, Troops and Government Supplies, at such rates as may be prescribed. It was resolved that the Secretary of War be directed to inform the Senate with a list of all general officers in commission, and in case the beginning of the year 1861. The bill altering the charter of the city of Washington so as to allow every male citizen to vote without regard to color was brought up for argument, after which the Senate adjourned to Monday.

In the House, the resolutions of the New York Chamber of Commerce recommending the extension of telegraphic communication with the Old World was presented. The House renewed the consideration of the bill to give homesteads from forfeited or confiscated lands to actual settlers, which was without action.

The bill declaring the Raritan and Delaware Bay railroad and Camden and Atlantic railroad post roads and public highways of the United States was also considered.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

THE Opposition in both Houses of Parliament made their long threatened attack on Lord Palmerston's Administration on the 26th of April, and the Government, on the 27th, announced that they in the Peers they did not venture upon a division. The chief grounds of attack were subservience to the United States in the matter of the seizure of arms on the Danish question. In the former, Earl Russell very clearly laid down the principle that the conduct of Lee was scandalous, for they had, merely for the sake of pursuing their own profit, very nearly involved England in a war with the United States. Lord Grey and Lord Derby had very little answer to make to this, but barged about the Queen's message in regard to Mr. Adams, who had the good sense not to deliver it.

Garibaldi had sailed for Caprera in the Duke of Sutherland's yacht; he was accompanied by the Duke and Duchess. It was generally conceded that the meeting would be a failure, and the reception would have only interfered with had his receptions continued. The story that he was driven out by foreign influence is absurd, and the cause lies in the gullible nature of Garibaldi's character.

The Danes had abandoned Fredericia, and had retired into the island of Alsen, and it was stated that an armistice would soon be concluded between the belligerents. In the mean time popular feeling ran very strongly in favor of the Danes, both in France and England.

The Shakespeare Tercentenary festival had been celebrated in England, Germany and Russia, with great *eclat*. At the Frankfort celebration there had been considerable ill-feeling displayed between the English and Germans, on account of the Schleswig-Holstein war.

The Emperor Maximilian had accepted the throne, and was expected to sail for Mexico in the course of the ensuing week. He agrees to pay France an indemnity of 270,000,000 francs for her expenses under a small amount, considering the enormous cost of their expedition. France would evacuate the country as soon as possible.

BOOK NOTICES.

POEMS. By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

This neat elegant edition of a popular poet comes very opportunely. Allingham's coming fame was recognized by several critics in advance of the public mind. Fifteen years ago Gilfillan, the word-painter of literary portraits, has a picture of the author of *Fosters* sketched in the background the literary features of those whom he himself destined to illuminate the poetical world. Here he foreshadowed the effect of Allingham's verse. Mr. Allingham is a painter, and spoke, among others, of William Allingham as a young man of promise and originality. Gilfillan's views are not always reliable, and we only allude to his notice of Allingham as showing that, as far back as fifteen years, his verses of the latter had so commended their author as to win from a critical bookmaker a recognition as a rising poet. We have heard little of Mr. Allingham since, but the publication of this volume of Fairie Poetry must little volume will be valued by those who appreciate the poetry of simple affections. It is genuine in quality and musical, and exercises a sympathetic vein of poesy by the felicity with which it guides its utterance.

TOWN COSSIP.

SOMEWHERE—in some quaint old volume, studded full with ancient lore, have we met a pleasant legend, and have culled it for our table. Then, as eagerly we read it, pondering on its hidden store, this thought struck us, struck us forcibly, and with lightning like still more. Therefore will we tell the application after we have told the legend.

There was an old king, says the story, who was excessively fond of having stories told him. To cater for his taste all the wits of his kingdom was put to work, and many of the most marvellous stories, even surpassing those of Cobb, were poured into his royal ear every day. The king wearied of the monotony and wished for a tale that should last for ever, promising the fortunate relator of such an article to share his kingdom with him, which, even supposing it to be no bigger than some German kingdoms, is better than nothing. Many a fruitful writing idea has come to newspapers.

We peruse the long in this matter there came gibbering-cool penny-a-liners from every corner of his dominions, who were cunning in spinning out nothing to an indefinite length, but their stories, no matter how many columns long they were, always came to an end, even though they lasted for years.

Finally, there came a wretched person—no doubt an Irishman, for since the year one they have been the very dence at storytelling—who proposed to gratify the king's wish.

"Do you know the forfeit?" quoth his majesty.

"Yis, an plase yer worship," returned the Celt.

Then," thundered the king, "it is that he who faileth shall be hurried to the deepest dungeon beneath our castle's moat, there to rot in chains, fed only upon Dublin whiskey and codfish balls."

"I accept the sintince, yer riverence!" ejaculated the native of the gem of the sea, as prink as possible.

"Begin then," muttered the king, doggedly, settling himself on his throne for a few years listen. The Celtic relator began:

"Once upon a time there was a king who had a dream which troubled him exceedingly. He called together all his wise men, and the result of their deliberation was that a famine would beset the land in 10 years, and that until that time all the grain of the kingdom must be stored as a provision. Then the king built an enormous granary into which went all the grain of those years, the people in the meantime subsisting entirely on peanuts, round-hearts and taffy-candy.

"At the end of 10 years, one day the king was viewing his wonderful granary, which now was full to the top, when he observed a sparrow enter a hole in the top and carry off a grain of corn. And still as he looked there came another sparrow and carried off another grain of corn, and then there came another sparrow and carried off another grain of corn, and then there came another sparrow and carried off another grain of corn, and then there came another sparrow and carried off another—"

"What meaneth this blather?" shouted the listening king, after he had patiently heard the nine hundred and forty-sixth and a halfth repetition of the carrying process. "When will this portion of thy recital end, slave?"

"Your holiness must have patience!" responded the Milesian, "there are yet 10 years grain for the sparrows to carry away, and they have not removed the ten thousandth million of a million part. And there came another sparrow and carried away—"

"Enough! enough!" cried the king. "Take thy half kingdom and cut thy stick, and hereafter let it be proclaimed that no emigrant from Ireland shall enter my dominions, under pain of enlistment and being swindled out of his bounties. The court's adjourned!"

The story is not bad, but the application we shall make is not, perhaps, so good: which is, that the emptying of that granary and the telling of the tale is like the routine of a great city. A sparrow comes and carries off a grain of corn, and then another sparrow comes and carries off another grain of corn, and so on for ever. What happens this year happens the next, and there is nothing new under the sun.

There is one reservation to this fact, which is the all-absorbing interest in

The Week of Battles,

which has been one in which the very fate of the country hung trembling in the scale. Let us imagine, if we can, the possibility that our summer campaign should be unsuccessful, and the rebels should succeed in carrying out their programme for an invasion of the North; let us think of New York as occupied by the rebel army and under martial law; let us think of the tax that would be levied on our wealth, of the despoiling of our everyday commerce. Think what a figure Tiffany's, Ball & Black's, Stewart's and Lord & Taylor's would make under rebel rule. New Yorkers have never yet realised this war at their very doors. They have been disposed, all through, to treat it as a summer's day pastime, something of which they read and have an interest in, the same as they would a novel published in numbers, and for which they pay their money. Should the publisher of their weekly amusement find it necessary to raise the price they will grumble, but still go on paying and being interested. It is not until some incident comes into their very homes, some telegram announcing the fall of a son, a brother, or one almost as dear, some deprivation of their comfort or peace of mind, that they realise its real force, and are ready to feel its terrors. We could put our finger on thousands who, since the first breaking-out of the rebellion, have not done one act, uttered one word, or spent one cent to aid the land in its fearful throes—men, and women too (if we can call them so), who would not contribute ten cents from their abundance to aid a disabled soldier to reach his home, or send a nurse to the field in the most fearful emergency.

A Ladies' Meeting.

While speaking of this we are reminded of a meeting that comes off during the week at Cooper Institute, inaugurated by ladies, to take into consideration and adopt measures to stay the extravagance of the day in silks, laces, gloves and all articles of foreign make. However unpractical such a meeting may be in results, and we fear it will not achieve anything, we honor the motive, and trust it may succeed in making luxury of dress and living as unfashionable as it is now fashionable. With such names attached to the call as Mrs. Gen. Dix, Mrs. Ogden Hoffman, Mrs. Alex. Hamilton, Mrs. Daniel Le Roy, and hundreds of others of like strength, the appeal cannot be altogether a failure. They say in their announcement of the meeting: "It is not proposed to recommend the abandonment of any articles necessary even for comfort, but simply that the above-named luxuries, whose import creates the necessity of sending enormous amounts of gold out of the country, should for the present cease to be matters of daily use and purchase, and that the gold should be retained at home to strengthen our own Government. Elsewhere this movement has been already suggested. Women who have devoted themselves to the service of their country's defenders have paused in the midst of their labor and suffering to ask—Is there nothing now to be done? and they have been taught that a mightier help than any they have yet given may be rendered by simple self-denial in outward adorning. Can a right-thinking, patriotic woman hesitate to make so paltry a sacrifice?"

As *apropos* to this subject, we have heard, from good authority, and that in which we have faith, that

Mrs. Lincoln Refused

to curtail her adornments, when waited on last week by a committee of the Ladies' League, now existing in Washington, and working to the same end as the New York ladies propose. She gave a point blank negative to the idea, and rather took the matter in high dudgeon, and was not at all pleased with the ladies who made the unwholesome proposition. As the young and beautiful Presidentess has just been spending a few days in this city, earnestly and intently devoting her mind to shopping, and has, without doubt, secured many novelties of alarming beauty and cost, it stands to reason that it was rather a rough suggestion that she should not sport them at the coming *fêtes* and levees at the White House. It was beyond womanly nature to accede, and we cannot for an instant believe that the proposition was made by any other than some horrid old maid, who had nothing new to wear herself, and took this mode of being revenged on one that had. Another item in this connection comes to us from a Philadelphia friend, who is in the jewellery line. He says:

The Greatest Sales this Season

made by Philadelphia jewellers and drygoods houses have been made to the wife of one who, at the breaking out of the war, was a chiffonier. One who, if he did not actually carry the hook and basket himself, bought up the contents of other baskets. He got a contract, or permission, or something else, to follow the Army of the Potomac and gather up the debris of bones, fat, rags and offal, and the result is brown stone fronts, Steinway pianos, diamonds, velvet, lace and general fixings, to an astonishing degree. And now

A Word to Shopkeepers:

Gentlemen—and ladies, too—you have had a clear benefit for the last six months. Taking advantage of the unsettled state of the country, you have forced up prices to a degree not warranted by circumstances, in some instances almost 100 per cent. You have, in fact, acted much like some hotel and restaurant keepers, who have kept no account against a guest, but when asked "What's to pay?" answer with any amount that flashes through their brain, provided they have any, and then are dissatisfied when the swindled guest pays because they did not take advantage of his goodnature and charge more. We say to you that you have had your harvest, and that this week is fraught with mischief to your coffers. With the success of Grant—and that is a foregone conclusion—comes such a tumble in the prices of every commodity of daily food and wear, that you will rue the day when you laid in large stocks or invested in that which is as unstable as water. Those who have kept down their stocks have done wisely, and will have less cause to regret, but the heavy dealers will be the sufferers, with no escape.

How the City is Amusing Itself.

And while all this is going on the city is still as gay and reckless as ever. Every theatre is full nightly, to say nothing of the numberless balls, concerts, readings, minstrels and other entertainments, that draw their hundreds and thousands. Wallack's, steady and conservative, does little to record, because it produces no novelties, but appeals to the quiet, good taste of New York with its fine old comedy, occasionally interspersed with Rosedale-ism. On Friday, the 13th inst., that play was performed for the 118th time, which, to say nothing of its dramatic merit, is a merit in itself, the merit of success.

Niblo's this week produces John Brougham's "Bel Demonio," with Vestvali as Angelo, Fechter's great character. The play should be a success if we can judge by its effect in London, and the fact that Mr. Wheatley has been several months agitating the subject among the company—scene-painters, carpenters, property-men and all. There will be a ballet in it, and the whole affair will be under the superintendence of Mr. Vincent, one of the cleverest stage-managers in the country, and a warrantee for something good.

At the Winter Garden Mr. Booth has closed his engagement, and the Florences come once more with that inevitable "Ticket-of-Leave Man." When that will end, judging by the past, is a mythical matter, but we may safely put it down for sixty nights.

This week Barnum has made a decided hit in the engagement of Mdlle. Ernestine, and the production of "Belphegor." In the second act of this play the dances are introduced, and Mdlle. Ernestine has stepped at once into the favor of the Barnumnian audiences by modesty of execution and force. She is pretty, and New Yorkers rarely have a chance to see more skill or grace than they can see now upon the Museum boards. "Belphegor" is a cleverly constructed play, cleverly done, and is well worthy a few hours' attention, even from the critical. The Olympic has given us "The Chimney Corner," through the past week, with Davidge's charming personation of Old Probity, and promises soon "Aladdin," which, though not a novelty, is decidedly better than producing bad new things. This week Mr. George Wood inaugurates the drama in the Broadway Theatre—once Wallack's—with something new, entitled "An English Tragedy," of which more anon; sufficient to say now that it was written by Fanny Kemble, and is at this house first baptised on the boards.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—There was a meeting of the American Christian Union, at the Cooper Institute, on Thursday, the 12th. The Rev. Dr. Kirk, of Boston, presided. The Rev. Mr. Duryea, the Rev. Mr. Lockwood, the Hon. Eli Thayer and others addressed the meeting.

—— The sale of Goupil & Co.'s collection of paintings realized $22,147. "The Bullfight," by Verboeckhoven, brought $3,000; "Going to School," by Frère, $870; and the "Standard Bearer," by Meissonier," $3,100.

—— The anniversary of the American Bible Society was held at Irving Hall, on Thursday, the 12th. The meeting was opened with prayer by Bishop Gates, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, the Rev. Mr. Petit, the Rev. Mr. Thornton, the Rev. Dr. Sunderland, the Rev. Dr. Cox and others. The report shows that the Bible has been translated into 250 languages; the receipts amount to $500,578 60; number of books printed, 1,592,196; copies of Scripture granted to the army and navy, 2,000,000.

—— A special meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was held on the 12th May, for the purpose of considering a memorial, to be presented to Congress, concerning the additional 50 per cent. duty on imported goods, levied from the 29th of April until the new tariff goes into effect, a period of 60 days. A draft of the proposed memorial was presented, and called forth considerable discussion from Messrs. Sturgis, Opdyke, Bloodgood, Conkling, Ludlam, Low and others, the majority of the speakers opposing the document for the reason that it it imputed unworthy motives to the Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Low favored the memorial, but the discussion culminated in a motion, which was adopted, to refer the memorial back to the Committee.

—— The Alexandria (Va.) *State Journal* complains bitterly that Lieut.-Col. Fillebrown, formerly of the 10th Maine, and who was confined in the Old Capitol Prison for obtaining grain in Virginia, under the pretext of being a U. S. Deputy-Marshal, is now acting under a permit to carry $300 worth of goods into Loudon county. The *Journal* says that the loyal inhabitants of the county are much embittered against him, as on the former occasion he sold the grain, which they sold him for half its value, not venturing to dispute his authority, to the Government at double what he obtained it for.

—— Butter leagues are forming in Philadelphia on a very extensive scale. The farmers complain of small sales in consequence.

—— Ballooning in the army has been voted a failure, and all the aerial apparatus belonging to the Government has been sold at auction.

—— The Report of the Eastern Penitentiary of Philadelphia says: Out of 4,271 prisoners who have been discharged, 405 have been reconvicted, some of them several times, making the total 490. In the course of 33 years only four prisoners have been convicted four times.

Southern.—The Richmond papers, despite the braggadocia of Lee's bulletins, which are finished specimens of lying, evince considerable trepidation. The *Examiner* announces that even now it is not too late for General Lee to carry out his original plan of crossing the Potomac at the head of a large army, and carry the war into the enemy's country. Lee's dispatches, one after another, contain a victory every day. The *Whig* says that Butler will be forced to remain pent up in City point under the protection of the Lincoln gunboats, contenting himself with an occasional raid into the country. From what deserters say it would seem that Beauregard has about 30,000 men with him.

—— The Richmond *Enquirer* gives this account of the death of the second son, Joseph E. Davis, aged four years, of the Rebel President. He fell from the east portico on the 7th of May, between three and four o'clock, a distance fully 15 feet, fracturing his hip and injuring his head. Mr. Davis and his wife were absent from the mansion at the time of the accident and the discovery of the condition of the child was made by the servant. The sufferer was taken into the nursery, and a messenger dispatched in haste for the President and his lady. Drs. Peticolas, Conway and Garnett, the family physicians, successively came in and applied their skill without avail. The child was insensible when picked up, and never recovered consciousness, dying in about three quarters of an hour after being taken up by the servant and carried into the house.

Personal.—Mrs. Lippincott, better known as Grace Greenwood, lectured lately in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, to a brilliant audience. The subject was The War. She is a very strong abolitionist, and considers that Abraham Lincoln and George Washington are two of the greatest men ever born. She urged a vigorous prosecution of the war, and denounced Copperheads in good set terms.

—— Miss Teresa Esmonde gave her farewell reading from the poets at Irving Hall on the 3d inst. The selections embraced The Famine, from Longfellow's Hiawatha; John Savage's Shane's Head; The Two Flags, by Anna S. Stephens, and others from O. W. Holmes, T. Davis, &c.

—— Miss Anna Dickinson, the well-known lecturer, has declared war against Abraham Lincoln and some of his Cabinet, on account of their not being sufficiently sound on the colored question. In her lecture at Boston she unsparingly castigated "the half men of the times."

—— The Charleston *Mercury* gives an account of the killing of Miss Pickens, daughter of ex-Gov. Pickens. She was about to be married, and the wedding party had assembled at the house of Gen. Bonham, when a shell from the Union forces penetrated the house and wounded the bride so that she died soon afterwards. The marriage ceremony was completed as she lay dying on the floor. Lieut. De Rochelle was the bridegroom.

Accidents and Offences.—Henry Barneum, of Olean, N. Y., deliberately killed his wife and infant son as they laid in bed a few days since. He stunned the woman with an axe and then chopped her to pieces—the little boy awaking, screamed terribly and shared the same fate. Barneum, who has been arrested, says he killed them for fear they would suffer from hard times.

—— Capt. Morris, 11th Kentucky cavalry, of near Louisville, Ky., who last fall, while drunk, sent out a file of men to capture a neighboring farmer, named Johnson, with whom he had quarrelled, and not bring him alive, the men obeying him by killing Johnson, has been arrested in Chicago. The Government had offered $1,000 for his capture, dead or alive.

—— The First National Bank of Fentonville, Mich., has been robbed of $10,000 in United States money, beside a number of deeds and mortgages. The safe, a small one, containing the property was blown open. The main safe was untouched. There have been no arrests, though $1,000 reward has been offered.

—— A terrible railway accident occurred on the 5th, near Gallatin, Tenn. A construction train collided with one carrying 300 of the 10th Indiana cavalry, and three men were killed and 60 wounded, among the latter being Capt. Jones, badly; Lieut. Littlepage, arm and leg broken; Lieut. Kemp, badly; and Lieut. Couch, mortally injured.

—— The Palace Garden at Cincinnati has been destroyed by fire. There was a collection of rare animals, birds, etc., at the place, much of which, including a sea-lion, happy family, eagle, performing monkey, etc., was destroyed. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

—— A serious conflict ensued one day this week between two waiters of the St. Nicholas Hotel, in the kitchen of that establishment. O'Keefe becoming incensed, drew a knife and stabbed his fellow-waiter so severely that his life is despaired of. O'Keefe was arrested.

—— Another case of the knife occurred at a drinking saloon in Henry street, where a man named Hammel stabbed John O'Shay, a conductor on the 4th Avenue railroad. His recovery is very doubtful.

—— Holden, late postmaster of Malden, who was convicted of murdering Frank Converse, has been sentenced to be hung in June.

Foreign.—The number of political journals in Paris and the departments at present is 318, of unpolitical, 6,700.

—— Large numbers of English tourists have flocked to the seat of war in the Duchies, and their unnecessary exposure of themselves to shot and shell has excited the greatest surprise among the combatants. A youth of 17 perched himself on the top of a windmill at Duppel, "to see the fun," and could not be prevailed upon to descend till he saw all he wished in the way of bloodshed.

Items.—Some time since a man in Maine wanted to exhibit an Egyptian mummy, and went to the Courthouse for a licence. "What is it?" asked the Judge. "An Egyptian mummy, may it please the Court, more than three thousand years old," said the showman. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the Judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the critter alive?"

—— A soldier of the 1st Pa. cavalry, in the Potomac Army, was a short time since found asleep near Warrenton, Va., having slept 24 hours. He stepped up to his captain and said, "Captain, I die to-morrow at four o'clock, and the war will end in June. You have no more for me to do." As the clock struck four on the following day he died without a groan.

CHIT-CHAT FOR THE LADIES.

WHEN we sit down together to talk or write to each other, is it not sad to think that, instead of the old, silly lightsome topics—gossip about flirtations, guesses at probable betrothals, what was worn at Mrs. A's. last night, or will be worn at Mrs. B's. to-morrow; that handsome singer at the opera, or that lovely debutante in society, fresh from boarding-school, and said to be a fortune; or the weather, or the Central Park, or any of the subjects of which we used to converse; of that talk which skimmed from one thing to the other, like a humming-bird over a flower-garden; is it not sad that, instead of these, the first words upon our lips are of the war? "Have you heard that Willie Blair was mortally wounded in the last battle?" or that Lieutenant B.'s wife is a widow, or that that handsome fellow with whom all the girls fell in love last year at Saratoga has been so frightfully maimed and disfigured that his dearest friend would not recognise him? And then we wonder when this will end, and how, and speak of dear ones far away, and of friends from whom we may be called to part, and grow sad and sick at heart. I did not mean to write a word of war or of war's horrors when I opened my portfolio, and I think I should not but for the thoughts that would fill my mind of the sad fate of Anna Pickens, and which would be written down.

Have you wept as I have over the sad fate of that beautiful girl? Have you forgotten in your womanly sympathy that she was "a Rebel?" I think so; I am sure you have. I know that any one of you would have done much to stay that Union shell had such a thing been possible. The tenderest emotions of the soul are involved in this sad occurrence—human love blighted—human hopes crushed—a bride in the full flush of hope and beauty done to death. We were less than women if we did not grieve. Oh, cruel War, scourge of our once happy country, God banish thee, and send us, instead of thee, Peace, with her green olive branch.

Time was when we read such tales in old romances, or heard them from the lips of the aged, who, in their turn, had heard them from those old when they were young, and scarcely credited them, or, if we believed such things could happen, thought of them as we might of the cruelties of Nero, or the tortures of the Inquisition, horrors belonging to an age gone by, which we could never see repeated in our own.

We know a great deal about war now; but, dear readers, the Southern women know more; blood has not dripped on our doorsills yet, shells have not burst above our homesteads—let us pray they never may.

A Request.

We don't like to ask too many favors, but we wonder whether the members of the Academy of Design might not be induced by their gallantry to ladies, especially short ones, to keep step-ladders in the vestibule for their convenience; that, in case (odd things happen now and then, you know) any one wanted to see a picture not painted by one of the Hanging Committee, she might hire one, and with a lantern investigate the high places and dark corners. It would be a great favor, and would be appreciated.

Absent but not Forgotten.

Is cloth getting dear, or has a particular tax been laid upon coat-tails? or for what reason have the gentlemen discarded them for their little brothers' jackets? While the *toiles* of our basques have been growing longer and longer, theirs have been shortening until nothing is left of them.

Wicked slanderers declare that the fashion originated in the fear of an invasion by the Southerners, in which case the "Stay-at-Home Guard" determined to leave nothing for the enemy to catch them by as they ran away, but we don't believe a word of it. Do you?

Slander.

And talking of slander, I wonder why we should have the blame laid upon our shoulders. We do not indulge in half the scandal men circulate through the medium of the press. Our false witness of our neighbors is generally whispered in corners, not printed in black and white; but theirs, how it flies and how it grows? Don't they love to catch a woman in naughty tricks? Are they not delighted to write neat little pararaphs about her? And are they not always scissored out by other editors, and circulated from Maine to Georgia? And if the fair culprit is the wife or sister of some political enemy, or of some one on the opposite side of any question, is not the deed doubly delightful? And then after dilating and improving on the story, and rounding the sentences, and putting in the full names of unhappy relations, and doing all they can to make the miserable affair more miserable still, these good souls sit down and write a homily on scandal-loving women, and censure tea-table gossip and sewing-circle calumny, until to hear them one would say, "Listen to those who couldn't say a word against any one if they were paid for it (in gold)."

Women slander-mongers—nonsense! the name should be handed over to the men.

The Last New Chambermaid.

"Biddy," said a lady friend of ours to an Hibernian damsel recently engaged, "where have you been so long?"

"In your bedroom, mum," replied Biddy, "afther takin' a patthern uv a basque; I'm goin' to have one the loike uv it, only a bit more bugles an' lace; I allers takes pattherns from the missus if she's tasty, an' I tried the basque above on me yestherday, an' it fit like me skin; wouldn't you be tellin' me where ye buyed the silk?"

The end of the anecdote we forgot to ask, but probably the lady fainted, and Bridget received a month's wages in lieu of a warning that very day. "The girl," is just now an irrepressible individual. We heard of one lately who gave as her reason for leaving a place that the missus had only two bonnets, and she had worn them both three times already, and was not used to doing with so small a number. Poor thing! she suffered probably as much as the lady who went to Saratoga with only 50 dresses last summer, and was obliged to fly thence in two weeks on account of her slender wardrobe.

Ladies' Headaches.

Headache is as common to most of our sex as sleep, and when we think of the life most women lead we cannot wonder at it—from morning until night every possible effort seems to be put forth to produce the unhappy result.

The first performance is to squeeze the waist and the feet; the next to braid and twist and hairpin the hair to the last point of human endurance; the next to breakfast on nothing but very strong tea; the next to shut one's self up in a room with five or six children (one beating a drum, the other shaking a rattle, a third "tooting" through a trumpet, and the rest crying alternately), and work scallops on cambric muslin for several hours. Then, for lack of appetite at breakfast induces noontide starvation, a lunch of the most indigestible nature. After that a shopping excursion.

A woman's bonnet always hurts her somewhere. It is always—piquante though it may look—stiff and bristly with its buds and flowers, and lace, and crown lining; and the ears suffer, and the neck, and the poor, poor head. Air might prove of some avail, but the idea that women receive any of that blessing is preposterous. Very few ever attempt to walk, but are shut up in one disagreeable omnibus after another until they reach their place of destination.

If they make calls they are received in semi-darkened parlors, from which dust and flies are shut out by heavy curtains, and when they return home every room is in the same state of headache-producing gloom, save the kitchen and the nursery. Yet home is the only place where a woman can lay aside that torturing bonnet. At church, at all places of amusement—save the opera—at all times and seasons when men can remove their hats, we must keep our headgear on and suffer. Neither does night bring relief; what with hairwaves and curl papers, and hairoil, and a nightcap, torture only commences with that hour to very many. And the fashionable belle in these days of waved bandeaux could tell a direful tale of her midnight agonies. What bonnets and nightcaps and curl papers and tight lacing fail to complete, the piano and the latest novel finish; and the wonder is, not that the fashionable woman has such sieges of headache, but that she is ever without one.

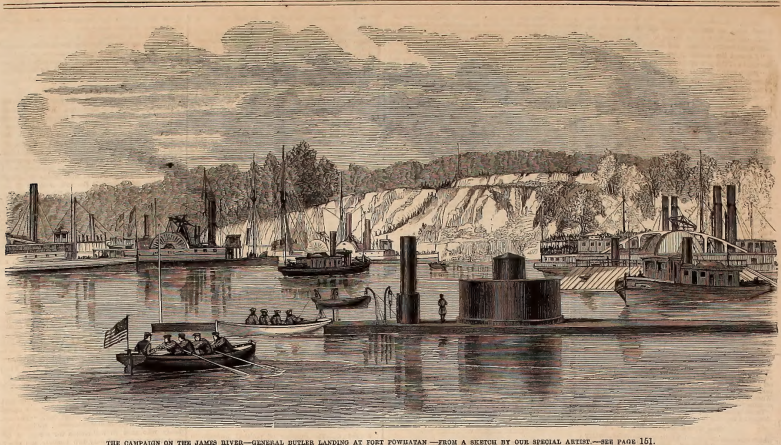
Shall Have a Sword.

It appears that McClellan's lady friends are determined that he shall have a sword, if he could not have the one fought for by his partisans at the Sanitary Fair. All over the country they are making contributions of small sums for the purchase of a McClellan sword. We hope the General is properly thankful; he should be, for the ladies are all on his side. Even Mrs. Grant, they say, voted for him, and if it had not been for masculine politicians the sword would have been his. So cheer up, little Mac, you shall have a sword, so you shall, if we are obliged to buy you one out of our own shopping money.

Spiritualism.

We live in the days of "manifestations," that is certain. Witch-burning being no longer practised, a good many maids and matrons have professed themselves to be what the old Puritans would have called "daughters of Beelzebub." Every fourth lady of one's acquaintance is "spiritually inclined." Some can "tip tables," some have the power of producing raps; others can give you advice from your departed ancestor as to the cultivation of radishes, and a host read sealed letters with those specimens of the hairdresser's art styled "Grecians" and waterfalls. As for the gentlemen, always practical, they turn their endowments into money, charge investigators four shillings a head, and use each other for repeating patented manifestations.

THE hat was passed round in a certain congregation for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church it was handed to the minister, who by the way had "exchanged pulpits" with the regular preacher, and he found not a penny in it. He inverted the hat over the pulpit cushion and shook it, that its emptiness might be known, then looking towards the ceiling, he exclaimed with great fervor, "I thank God that I got back my hat from this congregation!"



THE CAMPAIGN ON THE JAMES RIVER—GENERAL BUTLER LANDING AT FORT POWHATAN—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 161.

GRANT AND MEADE IN THE WILDERNESS.

A CORRESPONDENT of one of the dailies, Mr. James C. Fitzpatrick, whose sketches our readers will remember, gives this interesting account of Grant during the battle of the Wilderness, which is a better description than we can give of the illustrations forwarded by our Artists:

Gen. Grant's headquarters were located in a field between the plank road and a small road leading to a little hamlet known as *Parker's* store. During the fight, however, he was principally with Gen. Meade, whose headquarters were on a piney knoll in the rear of Warren's corps. I had seen Grant at Vicksburg and in Tennessee, and his appearance was familiar; but as I strolled through the group of officers reclining under the trees at headquarters I looked for him some time in vain, such was his insignificant, unpretending aspect and conduct while the battle was raging in all its fury. A stranger to the insignia of military rank would have little dreamed that the plain, quiet man who sat with his back against a tree, apparently heedless and unmoved, was the one upon whom the fortunes of the day, if not of the age and country, were hinging. It was only when some aide or orderly rode up in hot haste with a communication from some portion of the battle-field that his eyes upturned to seek in those of the messenger the purport of the message. The consultation with Gen. Meade or the direct suggestion or command—all took place with that same imperturbability of countenance for which he has always been remarkable. No movement of the enemy seemed to puzzle or disconcert him. Fertile in resources, the petition for reinforcement was speedily answered. And while all this transpired he stood calmly in the group, at times smoking his favorite cigar—a more vigorous or a more frequent puffing only indicating the inward working of the mind. If something transpired which he deemed needed his personal attention, away he darted on horseback to the immediate scene, the one or two of his aides and orderly exerting their utmost to keep up with him. Arrived on the spot, he calmly considered the matter requiring his attention, with ready judgment communicated the necessary orders, and then galloped away to another part of the field, or to his seat beneath the pine tree, there to enter on the order-book some record of the battle's progress. It was amusing again at times to see him—the Commander-in-Chief—whittling away with his knife upon the bark of a tree, pausing now and then to throw in a word or sentence in the conversation of those grouped about, and then going to work again with renewed vigor upon the incision of the pine. The contemplation of this by those who were with him at Vicksburg will recall an incident of a similar character in that memorable siege. When the columbiads were mounted in front of Logan's line Gen. Grant was desirous of superintending the operations. During the preliminary work of cutting the embrasures he mounted the epaulment, and while the rebel bullets struck all around him, deliberately whittled a rail until the guns were placed in position.

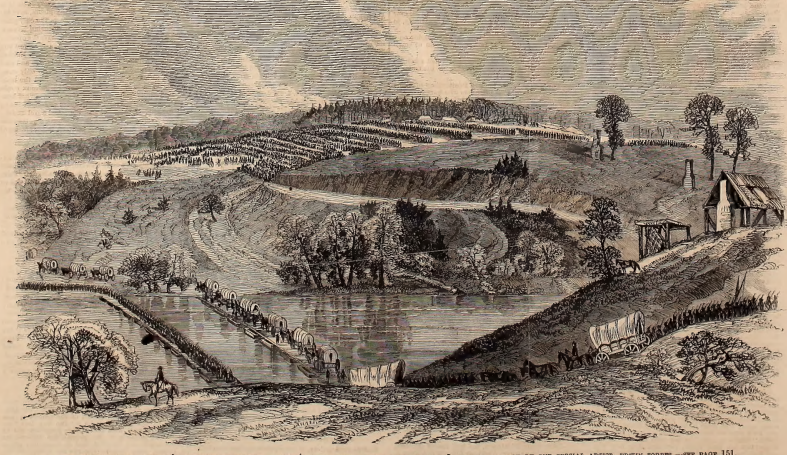
BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, MAY 5-6.

OUR sketch of the first of the great battles of Gen. Grant in Virginia will give a striking idea of the battleground, to be henceforth for ever famous like Manassas, Gettysburg, Pittsburg landing or Fair Oaks. The eye can take in the five mile line-of-battle, which for two days advanced and met hostile advances, gaining ground to be lost in a moment, but holding steadily to their line till the furious rebel charge on the 6th corps swept away Seymour's and Shaler's brigades of the 3d division, and had well nigh won the day.

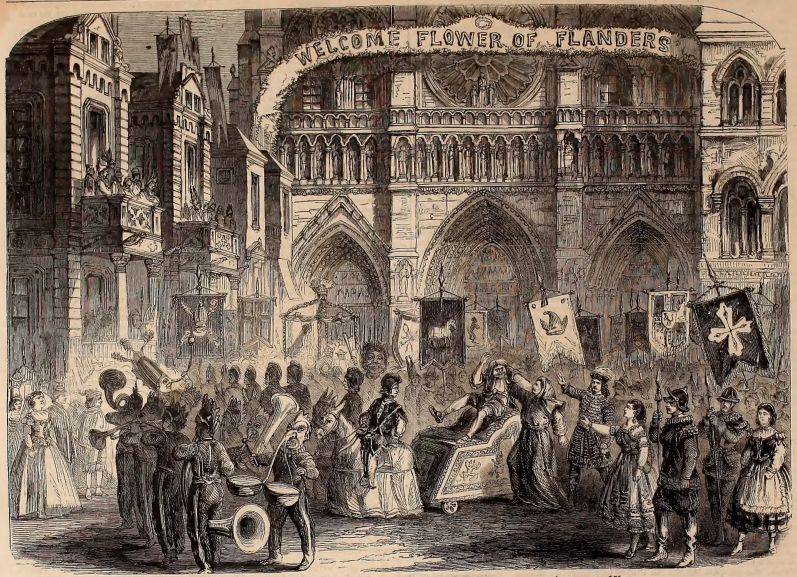
Sedgwick, soon to fall, saved the right, but our loss in the two days was not far from 15,000, and we mourned General Hays and Wadsworth.

On the left is the Wilderness house, one of the few human habitations in this wild district. The house in the centre is Warren's headquarters.

MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—At a meeting of the board of directors of this company, held recently, the following important resolution was adopted after mature consideration: "There shall be added to each policy issued, or hereafter to be issued, the following words: 'This policy is incontestible after five years from its date, for or on account of errors, omissions and misstatements in the application, except as to age.'" No other American company, we believe, offers this important advantage to insurers. All policies in force five years at once become incontestible, under the operations of this rule, greatly enhancing their value to families and creditors. The liberal and just measure should secure to this company increased favor and patronage, as it exhibits the strong desire of the directors to throw every proper and safe advantage around the policies.



THE COMMENCEMENT OF GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—MEADE'S ARMY CROSSING THE RAPIDAN, MAY 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 151.



FEY'S GRAND OPERA OF NOTRE DAME DE PARIS, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, PHILADELPHIA, MAY 4.—SEE PAGE 151.



MY RING.

BY MAUD L. CRIMSON.

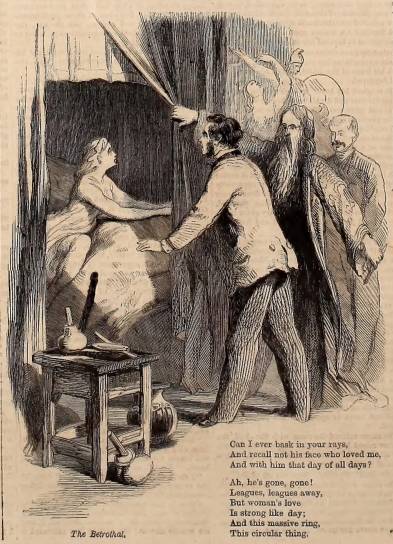
Massive, golden,
Worn and olden;
But I love it
For the giver.
He so gladsome,
Eyes so madsome—
Madsome for their thrilling quiver,
Madsome for their melancholy—
He the giver!

On his brow white
Shone the starlight;
Fell the dew down
On his hair brown;
Soft as lip dents
Dropped his accents;
Longer, linger—
So he placed it on my finger.

Hot, hot kisses,
One long drinking—
Heart to heart seems
Melting, sinking.
One long sweetness,
Then the starlight
Chased his shadow
With its fleetness;
Onward, onward,
Through steep gladeland,
Westward, starward,
Into shadeland.

Oh, that last long sweetness!
Clinging lips
Rich with love's completeness—
And now as then the dizzy moon
Swings and dips.

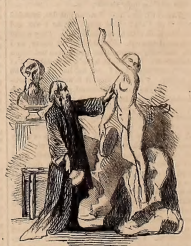
Oh, boundless Heaven!
Oh, trailing stars!
Drawing dark Even
In spangled cars—
Can I ever note you above me,



The Betrothal.

Can I ever bask in your rays,
And recall not his face who loved me,
And with him that day of all days?

Ah, he's gone, gone!
Leagues, leagues away,
But woman's love
Is strong like day;
And this massive ring,
This circular thing,



The Mad Sculptor,

Is a link between us,
Is a bond between us,
And I'll never cease loving him, never,
Not e'en on the strand
Of the angel land—
On the strand of the land called For Ever.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER I.

He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-faced, worn-bodied, shapeless everywhere.
Comedy of Errors, Act IV., Sc. 2.

Thou hast entertained
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lamb.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV., Sc. 4.

On a sunny afternoon in May, about twenty-three years ago, a man was walking up Broadway, in the city of New York, whose peculiar appearance fascinated the gaze of almost every person he met. He was simply and neatly clad; painfully sensible of the curiosity, mingled with repulsion which he provoked, and encountered the impudent stare with which the handsome fops regarded him with a glare of defiance. But he did not only suffer from the eyes of the promenaders as he passed; their tongues, busy with him ere they were out of his hearing, wounded him with wanton ruthlessness.

"Did you ever see such a fright?"

"I couldn't believe my own eyes!"

"Why wasn't he smothered in his infancy?"

"What havoc he would make in a looking-glass store!"

And so on. The subject of this exclamatory and running commentary, supposed by those who kept it up to be given beyond his earshot, had the sense of hearing almost preternaturally acute, and was pierced with many a shaft never intended to reach him. These insulting references to his exterior were, however, made inexcusably loud, and the mocking laughs that followed them were as inexcusable as heartless. He entered a cigar store located behind a large wooden figure of a Scotch Highlander, then standing between Reed and Duane streets, but now in the front of St. Nicholas Hotel, and was served with snuff by a fossil cynic, indiscreet, who had the politeness to gaze at him neither more nor less than he would have looked at any other ordinary customer. Two dashing young fellows, dressed in the extreme of the mode, having just bought and lighted their cigars, were, however, prescient, and did their best to compensate for his want of rudeness by the excess of their own. They were hardly out of the shop ere they began the following coarse and heartless dialogue. Its subject was close behind them, and heard every word of it:

"Charlie, that old fellow's mother must have been a devil once upon a time."

"And she never forgot him—how could she with such a vivid remembrancer in the shape of a son?"

"What would you wear, through life, such a mug as his for?"

"Why, Ned, I wouldn't change my phiz for his for all John Jacob Astor is worth. The Man with the Iron Mask and the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan must have had countenances like his, I'm certain. Why is such a human blight allowed at all? If we subject the infected with pestilence to a quarantine, why should those afflicted with frightfulness be permitted the free range of civilized society?"

"His parents neglected their duty, and he ought to fulfil it."

"How?"

"By hanging himself."

Genuine sympathy is costly, for it shares and relieves the pains of others; but, without that, no one can be a true gentleman. To feel and act towards others as we would have them feel and act towards ourselves is the essence of real politeness and the etiquette of heaven. Have you never suffered with the mis-shapen and hideous man, as you saw how continually he was reminded of his deformity by the wounding stare of adults and children? Have you ever, in imagination, changed conditions with him, and endeavored to feel as keenly to have he jokes among the barbarians of civilization? If you have considered his case fairly, your mind is prepared to make allowance for the bitterness of spirit which impelled Mr. Gregory Grimgrip to mutter, as he crossed Broadway and turned into Anthony street:

"Why am I, who have done no murder, branded worse than Cain? God made me as I am, and fools find fault with his workmanship. They would have me destroy it. Would I had the power, as I have the will, to annihilate every man not uglier than myself! We would have a new standard of masculine beauty, and I—ha, ha, ha!—I would be the model. A sublime idea, if it were only practicable! Not the headsmen and grandest boy-in-Broadway haunts half so much attention as I do, let me I not vain, not even flattered. I am stared at and stared after by every fool I meet. Here's little brat runs them!—runs after me, with eyes and mouth wide open, and then scampers away screaming and howling its astonishment. Is that man viable to stigmatize another he detests, what does he do? Growing hyperbolical, he declares his enemy to be 'As ugly as old Grimgrip.' Then says the object, 'I am looked upon as a monster, and it is thought monstrous that I should lay claim to the common joys and consolations of humanity which make life endurable. It is regarded as a decree of fate that there is no amenity, no justice, no redress for me. I must be despised, shunned and contemned. I must bear contumely and the torture of the mind, peacefully and patiently, to the end. Where the delights of friendship and the pleasures of beauty are concerned I am always omitted and forgotten, and only remembered as the ugliest one. Shall I submit to these prescriptions, and, like a worm, crawl that I may be trampled on? Not I. I will revel in all that the best, the bravest and the handsomest enjoy. I have wealth—plenty of it. I once bought beauty—surpassing beauty—it cost me dear, almost my life—but it was mine awhile, and for awhile I enjoyed it, triumphantly. I'll have it again, with love, too, as sure as I have more wealth than youth, more brains than beauty, more cunning than honesty, and more love for myself than for all mankind."

Gregory Grimgrip's green eyes gleamed with passion and excitement. Even in the vile neighborhood through which he was walking the rudest people moved out of his way, as soon as they caught of the intense expression of his face and heard the tone of his wild mutterings. Those who did not know him, observing that his carriage was too firm and equal for a drunken man, thought him mad, and others who recognized him knew how dangerous he was in his sane mood, and gave him "ample room and verge enough" as he passed them.

Mr. Grimgrip was collecting his own rents that day, and he proved a harder landlord than usual, which was needless. Bitter, sharp and menacing were his responses to the excuses of delinquent tenants, and his harshness made many a heart ache, for the year of 1837 was disastrous to the poor. He was tramping his way upwards in a dingy house in Mulberry street and had reached the second floor when he met a handsome, whitehaired, old doctor.

"How is your patient, doctor?" he inquired.

"Worse; she will die before morning, I fear."

"Have you procured a nurse for her?"

"Yes; she will be with the invalid in a few minutes."

"Have you, as I requested, examined the child?"

"I have, and she is as healthy as she is beautiful."

Mr. Grimgrip bade the doctor good evening, ascended the narrow stairs, and after knocking at a half-open door and receiving a double invitation to "come in" from one feeble voice and another clear and childlike, entered a miserable garret, containing a rickety bed, two broken chairs and a few other valueless articles of furniture. Upon the bed lay a dying woman, ghastly pale and emaciated, but still retaining the stamp of original beauty, as the storm-beat, war-rent, tattered flag its ingrain of nationality. She was beauty in its last living stage, as her little daughter, sitting by her side, was loveliness in all its tender freshness and incipiency.

"Ma, Dimdip's tum!" exclaimed the little one, about two years of age, slipping off the bed and running up to the old fellow, who caught her up in his arms, kissed her, sat down near the bedside, with the child on his knee, and gave her the cakes and candy he had brought for a special treat him. After making a few abortive efforts to cheer the sick woman, Grimgrip observed:

"Let us hope all will end well; but it is ever best to be prepared for the worst. Now, you owe me some months' rent and for money advanced. I conducted myself honorably with the dead man's affairs, paid him the last dollar of his doctor's bill and other expenses, and see no prospect of a return for this past and prospective outlay, unless you are willing to bequeath me something. What will you do for me?"

"Anything I can. I have nothing. What can I do?" replied the dying woman, faintly.

"Listen," said Grimgrip, with emotion; "I have no one to love me—no one to love. Shameful as has been your relatives' neglect of you, the conduct of mine towards me has been incomparably worse. They heaped contempt and contumely upon me, and gave me poison for food. I am rich, and would bequeath my property to you. Give me your little daughter, and she shall be my heiress."

The deadly pallor of the mother's countenance flushed and her eyes brightened for a moment with joy. She murmured her thankfulness to Heaven and then to her benefactor.

"I am content to die now," she said. "It was only for my child that I wished to live. Heaven reward you," she added, pressing the hand of the poor orphan, and may you live long to enjoy the blessings of her affection and duty."

It is a lovely child, observed Grimgrip, stroking the little one's golden ringlets. "She will soon monopolize my affections; but as soon as she has learned to speak and walk well, I shall lay claim to my treasure. I wish to have a legal right to the child, that I may, without stint or apprehension, love and consider her my own daughter."

The mother intimated her willingness to sign any document calculated to strengthen his hold upon the child, and Mr. Grimgrip had his legal papers in readiness, the nurse had no sooner arrived and another witness been procured than the subject was signed, and he was called, because the sole guardian of about the loveliest little mortal ever ushered into this world of sorrow and sin, to had fortified his claims upon her by having her apprenticed to him till her majority.

Grimgrip gave the nurse money, and told her to procure everything the dead man required. He then took his leave of the latter, kissed his little ward, and departed.

He reached his home in high spirits, and surprised his deaf and dumb housekeeper with a smile of genial grimness. She was seriously alarmed at the phenomenon, and was still more so when he had condescended to indulge her with a long digital explanation, which he afterwards elucidated by means of a slate and pencil, that she became at all reassured. Grimgrip rose very early the next morning and visited his dying tenant before he took his breakfast. She was dead, and he secured by all save the mother, and she lay apparently lifeless. He thought she was dead, for death never looked more pure and peaceful than she did, awakening in the mind of the solitary gazer recollections and feelings that thrilled and harrowed him to its very core.

"How like and yet how unlike her corpse to Matilde's!" he muttered. "Both so beautiful; but this is pure and holy, and that was foul with her crime. Shall I ever look in the face of beauty again without suspicion of deadly treachery? Never. Yet she has departed with a smile on her dear infant daughter's, for which I am not a trap. Little did this guileless creature dream that the little lamb she innocently left with me was what had been heart torn from its seat or her babe slain before her eyes than have signed it away to me. But treachery for treachery! Was she so? I never had a kind but hatred and revenge? I will gratify both without stint or mercy. I will pity none—spare none!"

As he uttered these last ruthless syllables he looked down upon the face of the corpse, and was horrified to perceive wide open and staring at him with an expression that froze his soul. He could not move or speak, he was petrified with horror.

The nurse entered the room with the child, the mother raised herself in the bed, stretched forth her arms towards her, screaming wildly, with a voice of terrible agony:

"My child! my child! Give me my child!"

The nurse rushed forward and placed the little one in the arms of the mother, who fell back the next instant, turning to the hue of ashes, a gurgling sound rose from her throat, her eyeballs rose, fixed to the last on her child, glazed, a faint convulsion shook her frame, and she was dead.

CHAPTER II.

Life as lovely mocked as ever
Still sharp mocked death. Yet no man mock me,
For I will kiss her. *Winter's Tale, Act V., Sc. 3.*

Out of my sight, thou serpent! That name best
Befits thee. *Paradise Lost, Book X.*

A MAN named Mordaunt Elfstone, who had a remarkable "method in his madness," was confined in a *maison de santé* near Paris for many years. He had long enjoyed an ample fortune, when he met with an accident which deprived him of one arm. Having previously, from long study and love of the sublime art, become a proficient in sculpture, he continued to exercise his plastic skill, and, with undeterred, and being supplied with materials by his rich English relatives, wrought many beautiful works in marble. Most of them were, however, destroyed ere he left, through the perversity of their mad author, who had no sooner brought them from the mystic than, in some wild hour, he would imagine them to be possessed with the spirit of his deadliest enemy, and, in a paroxysm of fury, shatter them to atoms. Some few fine productions of his chisel were, in spite of him, snatched from destruction ere they were quite finished, but this interference with the iconoclast of his own creations plunged him into the deepest melancholy and despair. It was most difficult on such occasions to prevent him from committing suicide. Twice he resolutely attempted, whenever thus cheated of his idol victims, Mordaunt Elfstone, despite his demented condition, never failed to select a peculiar spot. Although not very old, his hair and beard had turned white as snow, and the latter flowed down to his waist. He was tall and graceful, and all his features were inexpressibly noble and striking, impressing the beholder with awe and admiration. It was only in the occasional wild and gleaming of his eyes, unnaturally brilliant, that his madness ordinarily betrayed itself. There was a dangerous if winning tenderness in his voice that melted the hearer's heart with love and pity for him, and elicited more melancholy wonder in the mind that beheld the most magnificent wreck of art the world ever saw.

When his friend Julien St. Croix introduced a very handsome young Englishman, named Bertram Hapswell to him, the haughty lalander was for the first time awed by mental presence, and thought that the madman would have looked more at home among the gods of the ancient Grecian Olympus than even among the images of human sublimity about his studio. The old sculptor in turn gazed at him with manifest pleasure, and seemed to be revived at the sight of his manly beauty.

"I heard you were melancholy, Mr. Elfstone," said Julien St. Croix, as he brought this blooming countryman of yours, in the hope that so pleasant a face would cheer you."

"I thank you, he does me good," replied the sculptor. "He does me good, and yet he makes me sad. Young man, I was as blooming and fresh as yourself not very long ago, yet that reflection does not make me sigh, for my good looks were my curse, and brought me to what and where you see me. No; it is the thought that sometimes my art fails me. I revel in all color, but it is not given me to represent it. I can give the graceful waves of your chestnut hair, and catch the hue, nor the happy blending of white and red in your transparent complexion. But even of these prettinesses the need I could not imagine, for the eye, the glorious, life-illumined, soul-speaking eye, is lost to my art as to a blind man."

Bertram Hapswell answered not a word, but his frank, blue eye expressed sympathy with the sculptor.

"Which is your art?" demanded the latter.

"I have no art," said the young Englishman, simply, "but sculpture is my adoration; for, as far as it is presented, nothing is so perfect; but painting, assuming so vast a province, is rarely but a very partial and modified success."

The sculptor's eye glowed like burning stars upon the speaker. He examined him again from head to foot. He was, although appearing in his first manhood, a splendid, finely proportioned very delicate organization, and his countenance sometimes evinced a degree of nervous sensitiveness it was unjust to nature. He was one of those beings who can stand unmoved amidst a crashing world, and yet tremble before the fall of a withered leaf which many would consider a trifle.

"You shall see my lost love," said Elfstone.

He drew aside a curtain, revealing a magnificent piece of unfinished sculpture, representing a female of ineffable beauty, upon whose exquisitely chiseled face the expression of longing for some one lost and dear was portrayed with touching tenderness and fidelity. The sweetness of melancholy and regret which this sight awakened seemed to encompass the figure, and the perfection of the proportions were unheeded and forgotten in the overwhelming power of the masterpiece.

"Who is this?" asked Bertram Hapswell. "The marble is the seeming, for she lives and I love her. What is her name? tell me, for I will wed no other."

St. Croix looked at the ardent Englishman with surprise and wonder, and regretted that he had brought such a mental incendiary near the madman.

"Mute is her name, for she cannot yet speak," said the sculptor, gravely. "She is my daughter, and when she is as sentient and perfect as Pygmalion's statue, she shall be yours, young man."

"She is lovelier now; I cannot wait," said Bertram with impatient imperiousness, ranging himself beside the statue and clasping its beautiful hand. "Betroth us now!"

"I do!" exclaimed the artist, carried away by the earnestness of the youth. "Call me father henceforth, for I will have no other son."

Julien St. Croix thought he beheld two madmen instead of one. But this scene of untempered enthusiasm passed like a dream. Bertram kissed his marble fiancée; the curtain that shrouded it from the gaze of the profane was drawn together, and rational conversation resumed with the most facile transition.

Elfstone talked with unusual brilliancy, and St. Croix congratulated him on his excellent spirits.

"You brought them with you, Julien, in the shape of your friend. I was fast sinking into the depths of despair, for my Serpent has deserted me. I have not seen her for seven weeks, and I fear she is gone for ever."

He was now Bertram Hapswell's turn to look puzzled and dubious. St. Croix replied calmly:

"She has been to Rome, I believe, but I think I saw her in the cathedral this morning. She will doubtless visit you to-day."

"She cares for me no longer, the ingrate," resumed the sculptor, in sudden wrath. "I look at this beautiful Virgin and Child I carved for her! Since she does not think it worth a visit, thus I dash—"

"Hold!" I am here!" shouted a voice behind them.

Turning round they all beheld the "Serpent" standing near them, tall, slender, graceful as the undulating sea, and smiling with a sweetness that seemed neither of earth nor heaven. Remarkable as was her appearance in every respect, it was impossible to see her for the first time and think of anything but her eyes. They resembled the scripture's, but though not more penetrating, were softer, darker, and more alluring and fascinating in their gaze. They had not the hard, gloss brightness of the serpent's little orbs, but a tenderness and softness that they seemed intended merely to look love into the heart and dissolve it with their tender ardency. Bertram Hapswell, whose sensibilities were so acute as to embarrass him continually, felt the power of their glance and of the strange, wild, yet graceful bending in his being emotions unfelt before, and he no longer marvelled at her influence over Mordaunt Elfstone.

Her love was the broad, fair and indissolvable of great perception; her eyebrows strongly penciled by Nature's graceful hand; her nose small and beautifully chiseled; her mouth; though not diminutive, very beautiful; and her hair black as night and profusely ringletted. But it was her swanlike neck, her slender form, lithe as a snake's, and her exquisitely rounded arms, tapering to handsome-sized infantile size; and still more, the musicality of her address, so subdolous and ingratiating, that had suggested to the mad sculptor the idea of calling her a serpent.

She burst into a low musical laugh at the start of surprise her effective entrance had caused, displaying two rows of small pearly teeth between her luscious lips, while her eyes danced with wild electricity.

"Come, thou truant Serpent of my bosom!" exclaimed the old artist, stretching forth his long arms to her. "Coil thyself about me, for my heart has grown cold from long want of its stung life."

She undulated into his arms, twined herself about him with fawning tenderness, murmuring words of love and penitence, that shall fondness. Their mutual gaze was like a stream of light, and for awhile they were so absorbed with each other as to be entirely unconscious of other presences.

The young man had withdrawn to the further side of the studio, and pretended to be examining and discussing the merits of an antique bust, of which a cast lay in the corner; but Elfstone soon recalled them to him and introduced Bertram to the "Serpent" as the so called his favorite protégée. She greeted St. Croix, with whom she was already acquainted, with winning grace, and bowed to Bertram as if he also she was a stranger, with the elegance of the most refined lady. The Englishman, who at first hardly knew whether the passionate Madonna she exactly was in turn worshiper or attraction to her, now began to believe with a sort of vague terror that she would compel him to love her in spite of his own will and conviction.

He walked resolutely away from her several times, but soon found himself again by her side, listening to her half-surmised conversation, and gradually kindling under the magic effect of her sidelong glances.

"Have I permitted to know your real name?" he inquired of her.

"Are you not satisfied with the Serpent?" she replied. "I think I can think I am like one?"

"I should certainly prefer another name for you," replied Hapswell, evasively.

"But you will find it only too appropriate," said she, withdrawing herself, while a shadow crossed her brow and a gleam shot from her eyes.

Bertram Hapswell cursed Bertram Hapswell, "she could not have looked more like the creature she is named after if she had coiled herself up for a spring."

"I forgive you for not telling me the falsehood I asked of you. My name is Marina Nisouche, daughter of—Stop, if you please."

As Hapswell raised her hand to his lips he felt a strange life thrill through him, and said:

"I am afraid of you."

"Why?"

"Because you are able to awaken feelings in me that I had deemed slumber for ever."

"You are too young for such cold caution. Why should you deny yourself any great sensation? I never do."

At these remarks Hapswell opened his eyes rather wide, and the Serpent, thinking she had betrayed too much of herself, would fain have withdrawn into the thicket.

"You are rash, Marina. I suppose I ought to run the gauntlet of this world's heart-buffetings with the rest, but I begin to suspect that I am in this regard an errant coward."

"You are, if you are afraid of me."

"I do not see that. We are, however, all cowards in one sense or another. I have too much perception not to be apprehensive of you; but if you will do me a favor—I dare you to do it—I will fear you no more."

"If it be honest, I will."

"Be yourself the judge. Look me truly and fairly in the eyes, and tell me you are not dangerous?"

In a moment the Serpent lifted her black orbs to comply, met the clear, frank, fearless blue eyes of the Englishman, and dropped her glance as quickly. Thus directly had she never stared at any one, except in hate or triumph. It was to her like outgazing the sun. What she had intended to utter was, too, she knew, a lie, which she could have spoken while planning issuance, but which she found very hard to tell while encountering the steadfastness of his pure, manly gaze.

"Try again," said he, tauntingly.

"I do not like to look into any man's face so boldly. If I were the Serpent I am called, I would gaze you into helplessness."

"Which is the reward ever?"

"Not I. I will do it, would my modesty as it may."

She lifted her eyes, flashing through their tears, to his, and said, steadily:

"I—am—not—dangerous."

"I will take you at your word, Marina; at least, if I cannot help doubting, I will act as if I trusted you implicitly."

"You break your bargain withme at once, but your countrymen are proverbial with us for perfidy; why should I look for an exception in you?"

St. Croix had been showing a book on gothic and emblematic architecture to Elfstone, and expressing his views of its merits, while the proceeding dialogue, which now attracted the sculptor's attention, was in progress, and the old man called out:

"What! my son, are you flirting with my Serpent? Beware! she will coil about your heart, entwine with your affections, and make you her slave for life."

"I have just been telling her that I foresaw the danger, and entreating her to spare me."

"And I had just convinced him how harmless I am when you broke in, and with a word undid the good work."

"Not so the better. "He is betrothed to Muta. An act of infidelity on his part would not only break her heart but shatter her to atoms, and the next time he came hither he would find her remains swept from my studio."

"Well," retorted Marina, as she turned with a mischievous smile to Hayward, "I consent at your father's intercession to spare you, for fear of breaking the stony heart of your fiancée.

"Allow me," she continued in a tone of mock solemnity, taking one of his hands in both of hers, which sent her electricity quivering to his heart, "allow me to congratulate you on your narrow escape; for I now ingeniously confess that, like a siren, I did intend to lull you into the slumber of false security, in order that I might devour you at my leisure. I am not a serpent only—the serpent is only the lowest base of my nature: I am a Royal Bengal tigress also; in fact, a compound of a man's credulity in deceit, a fox in cunning, a monkey in mischief and a panther in stealth. I am ravenous as a wolf, obstinate as a mule, revengeful as an elephant, insatiable as a shark, and fatal as a cobra de capello."

A truce to irony," said the demented but cunning sculptor. "You would have done all you say if I had not forbidden it. Why don't you try your arts on this young saint here? He captures of the soul of St. Croix would be a victory upon which Satan might plume himself, but such prone sinner as we are fall, like over-ripe fruit, on the slightest provocation."

CHAPTER III.

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 1.

Snatch'd one-half out of the jaws of death.
Twelfth Night, Act IV., Sc. 3.

THE two young men took their leave of the sculptor and Marina Nitouche, and returned to Paris together.

"Bertrum," observed Julien, as soon as they were fairly on their way, "I promised to introduce you to a remarkable man, and I think you will admit that I have kept my word."

"You have, Julien. Elfstone is a marvel. I never saw a being who looked so capable of receiving the highest degree of inspiration."

"He was very quiet and rational to-day. I cannot say as much for one of his guests, who passes for a sane person."

"Your humble servant? I assure you that I can no more claim your account for the time than upon which I acted so wildly. I have, however, as little of the phlegm and stolidity of my countrymen as Elfstone; and my intense nature like his, in its moments of exalted enthusiasm and frenzy, sweeps mine away with it like the flood of a cataract."

"You informed me, prior to our visit, that you are partially acquainted with Elfstone's history. In this respect you have the advantage of me."

"I once received from a relative of his a brief outline of the incidents supposed to have caused his insanity. He was an unfortunate as he fell in love with the fiancée of his elder brother Alfred, while the latter was absent with his regiment in India, and upon the report of Alfred's death, married the not inconsolable fair, who is said by some to have been the most beautiful woman of her period. The elder brother was, however, alive, and returned suddenly to hear Mordaunt's conduct maliciously misrepresented to him, rushed to the house of his successful rival, gained access, and encountered our friend on the stairs, who gazed upon his brother like a man paralysed with horror. Alfred mistook his amazement for guilt, and in his rage hurled him to the bottom of the stairs. He seems to have made no effort to save himself, and fell upon his head, sustaining the injury which has so lamentably affected his reason. The young wife, hearing the noise of a fall, ran out of her room, beheld her former betrothed lover, as she fancied at the moment, risen from the grave, and swooned away. Imagining that he had killed his brother and perhaps frightened his sister-in-law out of her mind, Alfred Elfstone rushed out of the house as abruptly and madly as he had entered it, and was, I believe, never heard of afterwards. Some say he committed suicide, but I believe his fate has never been ascertained with certainty. Mordaunt attempted to trace him, but was himself found wandering among the Alps, as crazy and nonsensical as Hayward's kindred, and was finally placed in the *maison de santé* in which we have just visited him. His wife was dispatched by some interested and unnecessary relative after him in a wrong direction, and died abroad, it is supposed, before you knew how or where. Such is the sum of my knowledge concerning my father-in-law elect."

"My knowledge of his antecedents amounteth next to nothing; but I have recently visited him almost daily, on account of a medical prediction of which I am told he was the subject in 1858, now ten years ago, according to which he will be restored to his nominal condition and regain the perfection of his mental faculties within a few weeks of the present time. I need not tell you how eagerly I hope that this scientific prophecy will be verified, or that I would not envy winnowing so great and glorious a phenomenon for the world."

"I never heard of this before, but I will watch the event with you, and sincerely second your hope and hopes as fervent as your own. But I have this day been introduced to a person who has excited my curiosity and interest much more than Elfstone."

"You mean Marina Nitouche."

"I do. I have read much in poetry and romance of the Snake-Woman, but she is the first genuine specimen of the species I ever beheld."

"You do not overrate this singular creature. Her mobility is amazing, and I think it would be hard to tell what form she has not assumed. Of late she has been haunting old cathedrals, ancient ruins, sacred places, and has just returned from Rome and an interview with the Holy Father of the Church, and passes for a saint with some of the most devout. Only the other day I met her on Elfstone, however, she keeps her piety in the background, for any undue exhibition of it is certain to drive him into fits, and caustic mood from which she well may shrink."

"Her intimacy with Elfstone is a strange one."

"Not a bit. She is a woman, and a child in all the way, but with her it is the most natural thing in the world. She has many friends by whom she is equally loved, but the sculptor seems to make an idol of her. That she has good cause I can bear witness. I had just paid a visit to Caroline Marina, who was governess to my children, with whom I had long corresponded, and was returning by way of New Haven and Dieppe, when I first saw Marina. She was playing with my children, and Hayward was on board, and her lovely infant daughter was in the arms of her nurse, a lively girl, who, by way of amusing the child, had engaged in a little game with a handsome large dog that happened to be on board. The dog was a goodnatured but rough animal, and pursued his playmate in the fondness, where it raised itself on its hind legs, and with its forepaws and opened mouth threw itself upon the breast of the new favorite playfully. The child was but a child, and her struggle to extricate herself from her rudely sportive assailant, and her hold of her little charge, had dropped the innocent into the English Channel. The nurse's screams the next moment roused the sea-dog to action, and who rushed to the spot, fearing that the dog was tearing her child. When she became aware of the truth, she sprang into the sea without a moment's elapsed after her infant into the sea, and have been drowned. The count, who was no better swimmer than his wife, rushed to the gangway and implored him to reverse the engines and save his daughter. The captain promptly adopted every measure calculated to effect any good, without entertaining the slightest hope that they would be of any avail. But Marina, who was standing near the nurse when she let the child fall, sprang into the sea without a moment's hesitation, and with action quick as lightning flung off her bonnet and shawl, snapped the arm of the nurse in passing, and leaped into the sea. I rushed to the side of the vessel, and saw the beautiful woman rise to the surface with the babe in her arms. Her long hair was streaming down her shoulders, her black eyes burning with excitement, as she swam with the ease of a mermaid, and clasped the child. Then an arm she held the child and with the other made the waves sustain her, striking through them as if they were but mere playthings to her muscular arm, and, after a delay that, encumbered as she was, would have exhausted almost any other swimmer, she was picked up and taken on board. The countess caught the babe from her arms and covered it with kisses and tears. Poor Marina stood before the captain and count, almost reasoning to her heels, streaming with salt water, her tight velvet bodice saturated and dripping, and her drenched clinging to her limbs in a manner more suggestive of their perfect symmetry than conducive to her comfort; and the count, taking the infant from its mother, bade the latter show some regard for its preserver. In a moment the countess sprang towards Marina, pressed her, not the babe, to her heart, and kissed her cheek, face and lips with a great and sudden affection, that, strange to say, seems never to have abated. Marina was led blushing into the cabin, and soon reappeared in dry attire, apparently, and, I really think, actually more unhurt of what she had done than any of the spectators. The countess would not, during the remainder of the voyage allow her out of her sight for a minute, and is now as enthusiastic about her as ever, maintaining strenuously that she has the loftiest soul and the coolest head of any of her sex."

"Are you of the same opinion?"

"No; I hold Marina to be one of the most dangerous women alive. She is a sad coquette, if not worse. She is in league with secret and subversive societies, and is as treacherous as the element after which she is christened."

"She is, then, in your opinion, a sort of seaserpent?"

"She is a woman capable of all good and all evil, but sadly prone to the latter."

"She is indeed a terrific beauty, and I trust I shall not have to mourn that her sweet society."

"You apprehend that you might fall in love with her, and that she would but mock you for it?"

"I did have a fear nothing, for I have a talisman that will protect me against the fascination of the basilisk."

"I wish I was as well provided. I believe, however, that her fickleness and indifference are our best and only security. Desperate as I am, I know I could resist Magius, if she once devoted her charms to his subjugation?"

BREASTWORKS OF THE FIFTH CORPS.

14th New York awaiting Attack.

THE battles have not been in open field, as our readers will see, but scenes fought in dense woods, and used them for defence. At night trees were felled, and formed with earth into temporary breastworks. If time permitted a trench was made, as shown in the case illustrated in our engraving. Here our men would make a stand against the enemy, whose approach was heralded only by their presence.

The sketch above is from a photograph of the 5th corps (Warren's) on the left, where the 14th New York, the well-known Brooklyn regiment, were posted.

BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, MAY 10.

On Tuesday the incessant storm of battle culminated in the most terrific battle of the campaign a little after noon. The attack was at 12 m. On the 9th our Artists have sent us extended views. The accompanying sketch will give a full idea about the centre of the view behind the woods. Hancock's 2d corps is on the right, Wright's 6th corps in the centre, Wright's 6th corps on the left.—Dense woods, thick set with underbrush, covered the enemy's position; masses of troops could be seen but in glimpses, except when they would break into the woods, making no force an opposition, resolved.

Our sketch shows Hartzuff's 1st brigade 3d division (Wilcox's) 9th corps going into action on the left, and on the right Gen. Burnside's 9th corps. Burnside's corps coming up in season to decide the day.

The rebel line is in the distance.

GEN. BUTLER'S FORCES LANDING AT FORT POWHATAN.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with Grant's advance Gen. Butler, the man of all others most hated by the rebels, advanced up the James River, debarking the enemy by a false show. He seized Wilson's wharf landing and debarked a brigade of Wild's colored troops there. Our Artist shows the debarkation of the troops of the same brigade at Fort Powhatan, an important position which the rebels only surrendered after a desperate struggle with field artillery, never having thoroughly forthem manned it. This fort commands the landing by our troops, as part of the grand operations on the river.

FRY'S GRAND OPERA OF NOTRE DAME DE PARIS,

Represented at Philadelphia, May 4, to open the Musical Festival for the Sanitary Commission.

PHILADELPHIA, to give her Sanitary Fair a new zest, initiates the entertainments by a representation of Fry's grand opera of Notre Dame de Paris, which has been written expressly for the occasion. The opera itself is a proof of the immense stride made as a composer by the author since his opera of Leonora some years since was produced in this city, and without the projector which prevails too generally, would soon be a universal favorite.

The gorgeousness of wardrobe, scenery and other accessories left little to be desired in these objections. There are actually few places where it could be properly produced. The representation in Philadelphia was eminently successful, and with all the difficulties of a first night, and a company by no means accustomed to be produced so by practice, the music was given remarkably well.

To convey the impression of the drama to our readers is not our province, but we give a fine and truthful sketch of the scene on the Sunday morning "Jack" again appeared at divine service, to the elegant of rank of the Metropolitan Cathedral. Admission was given to Moses, the village bellman, and Bina, the rural policeman on duty at the church door, had their instructions to remove the bird. "Jack" was too sharp for them. Having secured a good position possession of the pulpit, and aroused himself by taking an inventory of the cushions, he commenced operations in a manner highlied on the reading desk, and appeared to be busily engaged in the service. Once something resembling the sermon was nearly over, when his quick eye observed an elderly lady in a side pew, who had taken off her spectacles on her prayerbook. In a moment "Jack" was down on the pew, and flew with his booty to the altar table, where he stayed during the remainder of the service. Service and communion, Moses and the solitary Bobby again attempted to eject the table intruder, but he refused to be done, for he took refuge on the top of the organ, and waited there until the sacrament was over. The churchwardens have since given strict orders that "Jack" is to be caged during church hours, or else that his life is to be sacrificed to cut the villagers, on the other hand, declare that they could better spare old Moses or the policeman.

THOSE real gems of thought that shine like stars in the night, were not struck out at a heat, as sparks from a blacksmith's anvil are, but deliberated and polished with a patient, and a weary, and an aching head and heart.

LOVE'S FIRST KISS.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

WALKING apart she thinks none listen,
And now she speeds, and now she stops;
While the evening star begins to glisten
Between the tines of blossoming hops.

Sweetest Mercy! your mother taught you
All uses and cares that to maids belong.
Apt scholar to read and to sew, she thought you,
But she did not teach you that tender song!

A crash of boughs—one through them breaking!
Mercy is startled, and fain would fly
But e'en as she turns, her steps forsaking,
He pleads with her—"Mercy, it is but I!"

"Mercy!" he touches her hand unbidden—
"The air is balmy, I pray you stay—
"Mercy!" Her downcast eyes are hidden,
And never a word she has to say.

Till closer drawn, her prisoned fingers
He takes to his lips with a yearning strong.
And she murmurs low that late she lingers,
Her mother will wait her, and think her long.

"Good mother is she, then honor duly
The lightest wish in her heart that stirs;
But there is a bond yet dearer truly,
And there is a love which passeth hers."

"Mercy, Mercy!" Her heart attendeth,
And the blush on her maiden brow it sweet;
She lifts her face then with low en bendeth,
And the lips of the youth and the maiden meet.

An Amorous Aeronaut.

A LATE French journal relates the following story, which, it will be seen, is French all over:

While Monsieur Gadard was filling an immense balloon in the Champ de Mars he amused the spectators by sending up the small figure of a man, the perfect semblance of M. Thiers without the moustache. The balloon being filled with gas rose majestically into the air and was soon lost to view among the clouds. His adventures, which lasted more than the next day, were curious. Thanks to a strong and favorable gale, which impelled him on his course, the little balloon man reached the Loire some afternoon in sight of a fine country houses in the neighborhood of Blevre. It was near the hour of dinner, and the lady of the mansion, as was naturally thought herself perfectly safe, was occupied in the mysteries of the toilet. It was a warm day, and the open casement of the window which looked out upon the park, and the balcony, was safe from any prying eyes. While tranquilly engaged, by the assistance of several maids, in rendering her waist to a size and shape that would reflect credit on her husband's taste, she was suddenly startled by a flash of lightning, followed by a terrific noise, and immediately the casement was thrown open and our little friend, the human aeronaut, was announced. The lady utters a cry of terror and throws her self into the shoulders. The little man, driven by the wind, throws himself upon the window sill, and, who, screaming with fear as ever, pushes him off, and he conceals himself under the bed.

Just as he wife, in a supplicating voice, says to this novel Don Juan, "Ah, monsieur, go away or you will ruin me!" the husband furiously rushes in, crying, "Ah, the wretch, I have now!" and even in search of his enemy he runs through the body. The wife, more dead than alive, entreats, in the midst of sobs:

"Fly, fly, monsieur, and save me the sight of a dreadful tragedy!"

The husband arrives, armed to the teeth, followed by the whole household, who seek to modify his anger. While two of his friends hold the husband, a third, stooping down, perceives the intruder. The husband is disarmed, utters not a word, and catching him by the leg, draws him forth from his concealment, when, lo! Monsieur Balloon, no longer held down by the bedstead, raises himself erect, swells out and rises majestically to the ceiling, to the immense amazement of the spectators, while the poor jealous husband is left lonely, sad and all, heartily ashamed of his causeless wrath.

A WITTY ARCHBISHOP. — "Young Archy" contributes to the *Dublin Mail* some sons of the witty exchange for which Archbishop Whately was famous in London:

"What is the difference," he asked of a young clergyman he was examining, "between" between" and between?" The meaning seems nearly the same; yet there is a very nice distinction. Your answer was unsatisfactory."

"Well," he said, "it lies in this: you sit upon a form, but you sit between two."

Morrow's Library is the Muse of Dublin, and the Muse's favorite entertainer. Among the anecdotes told the Archbishop, "is the piety of certain ladies who, before they sit down to dinner, always say grace for a novel."

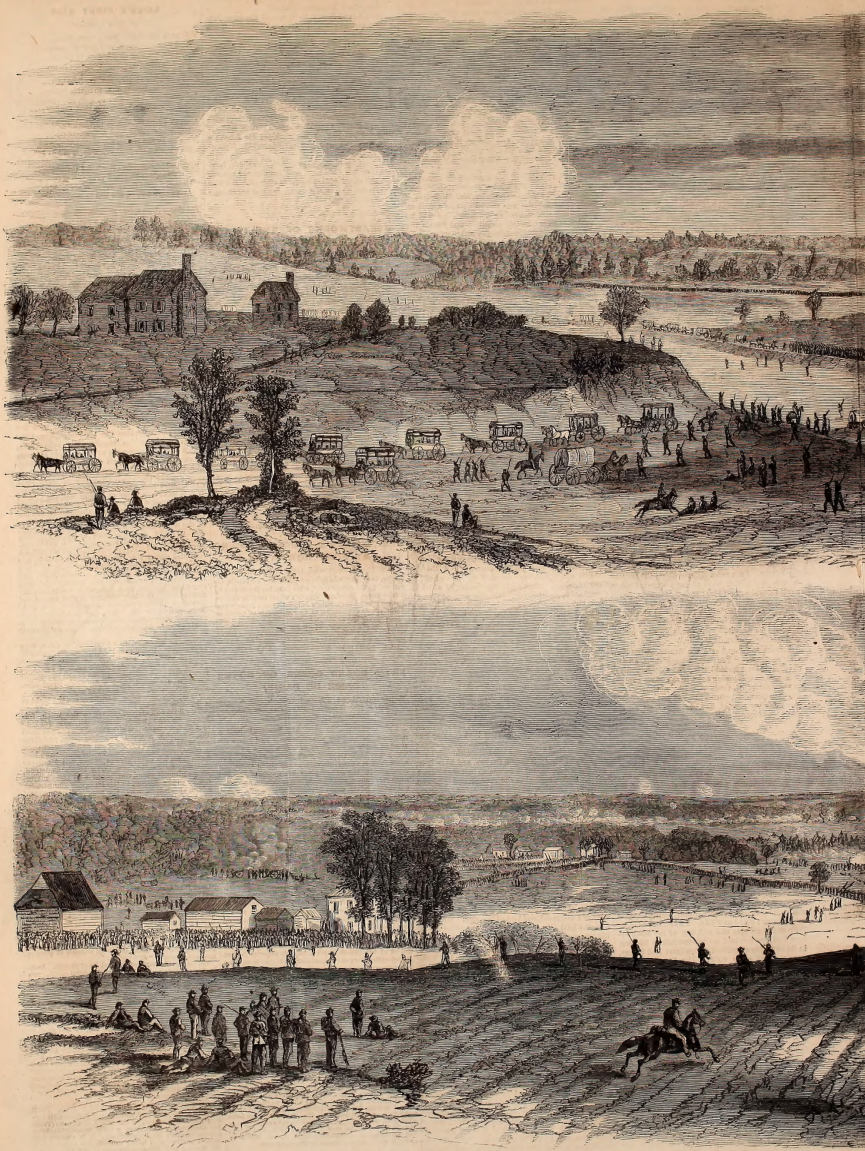
At a dinner-party he called out suddenly to the host, "Mr. ——, what is the proper female companion of Milton Dyer?" After the usual guesses he presses the answer came, "Ann Chovy!"

"Ah, Mr. ——," he said, shaking his head at dinner, "I see you could not have hoped to have a bishop: "come, though you are John Jones, you must be content to be Bishop." The answer was not taught: "I see your lordship is determined to draw me out."

ON DR. E——'s promotion to the Bishopric of Down, Archbishop Whately remarked to a friend that "The Irish Government will not be able to stand many more such appointments as this."

At a Lord Lieutenant's banquet a grace was given at which Archbishop Whately left the room. Subsequently, "did you ever hear the story," Lord Normanby's chaplain had preached a sermon of great length. "Sir, I have preached a sermon of great length. "Sir, I have preached a sermon of great length." Sir, I have preached a sermon of great length." Sir, I have heard some things in my time, but I never to day I never heard before." Such was the flattered chaplain's fate. A sermon next, and I could not have hoped to have said anything more on the subject." "I heard the clock strike twice, said Lord Normanby.

WOMAN WITH HORNS.—The New York *Observer* of the 19th inst. contains a letter from its correspondent at Larnaca, in the island of Cyprus (Turkish dominions), describing a most remarkable *bona mulier* recently discovered there. It is nothing less than a woman with horns growing out of her head, she has one large horn on the side of her head of the size and consistency of an ordinary ram's horn, besides three or four cornicles on other parts of the head. The writer says that he has seen her, and that she has been reached by nearly all the Consuls and Europeans in that place, some of whom are making an effort to secure her for exhibition.



I. THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS BETWEEN GENERAL GRANT AND GENERAL LEE, MAY 5 AND 6.—FROM A SKETCH BURNSIDE AND HANCOCK'S CORPS ENGAGING THE



E OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—2. THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE, MAY 10—THE FIGHT ON THE LEFT. ENEMY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 151.

A WEDDING SONG.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

OH, Love, though life's secluded ways
Allure us on with many a smile,
With many a sweet and tender wile,
We may not waste our precious days.

As sealights on a rocky shore
Illumine all the gloom around,
And guide the sailor homeward bound,
When dark and angry tempests lower,

So we, from our sweet height of bliss,
May be the blessed light which saves
Some toilworn battler with the waves,
Who never knew a love like this.

Sweet faith and trust shall be the crown
That brightens both our happy brows,
And faith in love and wedded vows
Shall cheat the world of worldly scorn.

And Love when envious storms assail,
Our hearts made by each other strong,
Shall do brave battle with the wrong,
And turn to love the bitter gale.

Our two souls, blended into one,
Shall walk in humble trust in God,
The way our blessed Saviour trod,
Until our earthly work is done.

The Gulf Between Them.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—CONTINUED.

LOST and guilty as this woman was, there existed still one human feeling in her soul—even in his rage he could feel that she spoke the truth—she was not asking mercy for herself—she was pleading for the innocent girl whose future would be destroyed were it known how vile the creature was with whom she had been the associate.

"Where will you go—what will you do?"

"Anything—anything! You shall never hear from me again."

"You are going to that man! I will shoot him before your eyes—you shall see him die at your feet."

"There is no life so horrible that I would not prefer it to his presence," she said; "no death so shameful that it would not be heaven compared to seeing his face."

There was a brief pause then; Mellen caught up the spade again.

She thought he was about to kill her. She sank on her knees, and a broken prayer rose to her lips. She would not have struggled; she would have knelt there and received death patiently from his hands.

"Do you think me lost and vile as yourself?" he cried, reading her thoughts in this gesture. "I do not want your life—do with it what you will! For my innocent sister's sake I will spare you—but go—go where I never can hear your name—let me have no reason to know that you exist! If you cross my path again nothing shall keep me from exposing you to the whole world."

She made an effort to rise, but he put out his hand.

"Sit still," he said; "I have work to do—you shall stand by and watch."

He began throwing the earth back into the trench, and Elizabeth sat still and watched him.

It seemed to her that she did not suffer—there was nothing in her mind save the blank feeling which one might experience sitting over the ruin an earthquake had made, after it had buried up home, love, everything the soul clings to. He filled up the chasm and smoothed the earth down over it carefully. Then, without a pause, he straightened the lid of the coffin—there was no haste, no recoiling—he drove back the nails that he had loosened into their place—then he raised the box in his arms, saying, only:

"Come!"

She rose from the ground—she did not ask a single question, but followed him slowly down the avenue towards the outer gates. They passed through, out into the high road, up the little hill, Mellen walking sternly on, and the woman following.

They reached the graveyard; the fence was broken in one place; Mellen wrenched off the picket and forced a passage. He passed through, and Elizabeth mechanically kept in his footsteps. At the lower end of the graveyard was a single grave, with the earth still fresh around it; not a tuft of grass had sprung on the torn soil, but dead leaves had drifted over it, and the frost crusted it drearily, turning its moisture to ice. Elizabeth might have recognised this grave as one that had been given to a fair woman who had perished in the late shipwreck, had she found any room for thought instead of her great misery. But she only say a dreary-looking grave, at which Mellen paused. He set down the coffin and again raised his spade. Elizabeth stood by, silently turning to stone, as it were. She watched him dig a deep cavity, saw him lower the box down into it, then he began filling up the gap.

"It is done," he said; "we part, and for ever."

"We part here!" echoed Elizabeth.

"I have no more to say," he went on; "no words that I could speak would be able to change anything. If you can live, do so; but, remember, death comes at last—death and the judgment. I think, had your sin been other than it is, I could have promised you forgiveness in your last hour. But the horror of your crime in choosing that man——"

"I never knew it," she broke in. "Oh, believe that—do believe that! I ask nothing more—I have no right even to ask so much—but if you should one day hear that I am dead, believe that I have now told you the truth."

"You have the means of subsistence," he went on; "the stocks I settled upon you will be sufficient for your support."

"Only say that when I am dead you will pardon me—only say that, Grantley Mellen, for I have great need of one kind word."

"You will be careful that your name never reaches my ear," he went on, regardless of her appeal. "Hide yourself in some strange land, where no tidings of you may ever come near my home. I warn you, for your own sake."

"Give me your forgiveness in my dying hour," was all she moaned; "only that, Grantley, for I have loved you so!"

"I will not. This mockery is worse than your sin!" he exclaimed. "If it was to keep your soul from eternal torture I could not speak a pardoning word."

She fell forward upon the ground, moaning still:

"Only for my deathbed—your pardon for my deathbed?"

"Never! Never!"

The voice rang out clear and sharp, as steel striking steel. It was like the sound of prison doors shutting out the last gleam of hope and light from a condemned criminal.

"Don't be found here," he said; "don't ever be heard of again. We are parting now for ever. Go, look to the shelter of my roof, I will not send you forth in darkness—go, but we meet no more!"

He turned and walked away, she lay there and watched him threading his path among the graves.

He had reached the palings, he was passing through. She raised herself, her last expiring energy went out in one agonized cry:

"Your pardon—for my deathbed—Grantley—husband!"

He never turned, never paused—perhaps he did not hear—but walking steadily and firmly on, disappeared down the hill.

Elizabeth looked up at the cold sky; the moon was partially hidden, the dawn was struggling up gray and chilled in the east, the wind moaned faintly among the graves, and rustled her garments with a sound like the stirring of a shroud; there she sat among the graves of her world, as utterly helpless and lost as if eternity swept between her and the past, and there she remained during some minutes that lengthened out like years, with the wind moaning around her and dead leaves crackling under her feet. She could see her old home through the naked trees, with the dull smoke curling in clouds above the chimneys, and the great trees sweeping their naked branches over it. Oh, how her heart yearned towards it, how wistfully her eyes watched all those signs of her forfeited life through the leafless grove and the drifting leaves!

Grantley Mellen turned back to the miserable grandeur of his home. The proud heart ached in his bosom. But what if, from fear or weakness, she did not return to the house? What if she remained there among the cold graves or wandered off in terror of his wrath?

The graveyard was full half a mile from the spot where this thought struck him. He turned at once and went back, feeling how unmanly it was to leave the miserable creature alone, stricken with such anguish. He remembered how her uncovered head had drooped under his denunciations in the moonlight, that the cold wind had lifted the waves of her hair and revealed the dead marble of a face in which all hope was quenched. Notwithstanding his wrongs, notwithstanding the ache at his heart, he would go back and take her home for that one night—only for that one night.

He walked rapidly towards the graveyard, more eager now to find Elizabeth than he had been to separate from her only a brief time before. He looked to the right and left in search of her, but the moon was obscured now by thin gray clouds, and a fog drifting up from the ocean was fast obliterating the crowd of golden stars that had been so brilliant when he went forth.

Mellen walked on, growing more and more anxious, till he came in sight of the graveyard, then he paused under a clump of cedars; for he saw his unhappy wife forcing her way, in desperate haste, through the broken pickets of the fence, with her face turned homewards. The gray woollen shawl was floating loosely around her, giving a weird ghostliness to her appearance.

Mellen turned and went back, sheltering himself under the cedar trees. When he saw that she was safe a revulsion came upon his feelings, a sense of the wrong she had done him returned with bitter force, and when she passed along the outskirts of the cedars, making her way down the hill, he retreated deeper into the shadows, recoiling from contact with her.

"She will go home," he said, gloomily, "no one is more familiar with the paths through the woods. Thank heaven she does not know that I am weak enough to care for her safety! Let her reach the house first, we shall be less likely to meet."

With these thoughts in his mind he lingered in the cedors till Elizabeth was out of sight. The wind was dying away in low sobs now, smothered down by the fog, through which he could hear the moaning of the ocean afar off.

Mellen left the shelter of the woods and made the best of his way home, believing that his wife had already found a shelter there.

The house was dark and still as the grave when he entered it again. Instinctively he trod with caution along the halls and crept stealthily upstairs, for in the depths of his heart he was anxious to conceal Elizabeth's movements that night from the servants, and, above all, from Elsie. He paused and listened a moment in the square passage that led to her rooms, hoping to hear some movement by which he could be certain that she had come in safely. But there was no sound, and he turned away sighing, for compassion and the tender pity which every generous man feels for a fallen woman whom he had once loved was turning the bitterness of his rage into intense pain.

Hearing nothing, and with vague uncertainty at his heart, the unhappy man entered his own dark chamber, threw off his clothes and flung himself into bed, wretched beyond any power of my pen to describe.

But he could not sleep, could not even rest, the very effort at repose drove him wild. He got up again, dressed himself and sat down by the open window, looking out into the darkness. All at once he started and leaned far out of the window. Was it fancy, or had some wailing voice pronounced his name? Something gray and weird seemed floating from his sight through the gathering fog. At first it had the form of a human being, then it seemed as if a pair of wings unfurled and swallowed it up. Was it his wife? Could that winglike envelopment be her gray woollen shawl, tossed by the wind? Had her voice been engulphed in the far-off moan of the ocean? In this dreary state the unhappy and most wronged man sat all the rest of that gloomy night.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE day began; the sun was up; once more the old house awoke to life and activity.

Sitting in his chamber, Grantley Mellen heard the familiar sounds below; he knew that life must sweep in again, that he must rise once more and go forth among his fellow-men, hiding his misery as best he might, taking his place in the world and bearing the secret burden of his dishonored life. He went to the window, swept back the curtains which he had drawn over it, and looked at himself in the glass. If he had wished to know how his corpse would look after the ravages of time and disease, he could have learned in that prolonged gaze.

It was absolutely the face of a dead man; even the eyes looked lifeless—there was only a heavy, stony expression, which had neither life or humanity in it.

It was late in the morning when Elsie awoke from the heavy slumber which had succeeded her swoon. For a few moments she lay still, believing that the events of the past night had been only a dream. Suddenly she raised herself with a cry—she had caught sight of the shawl which Elizabeth had wrapped about her—she knew that it was all real.

She sprang out of bed, opened the door, ran through the empty chamber and entered her sister's room, crying:

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

There was no answer—she looked about—the fire had died down in the grate, the room was empty and desolate as a grave.

She hurried through into the sleeping apartment, calling still in a voice which frightened herself:

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

The bedchamber was empty too—the bed untouched.

"Gone!" cried the wretched girl. "Gone! Where is she? What has become of her? Elizabeth, Elizabeth!"

She shrieked frightfully in her anguish—cried out in such terrible anxiety that the sound reached the chamber where Grantley Mellen sat.

He went out into the hall and approached the door of the dressing-room. Elsie heard him—her first impulse was to flee, but her limbs refused to aid her.

She heard him try the door—heard him call:

"Elsie! Elsie!"

She must meet him—there was no escape.

Again the summons was repeated, and more imperatively.

"Elsie, open the door—quick, I say?"

She got to the door, she turned the key; her brother entered quickly, and there they stood, in Elizabeth's desolate room.

"Where is Elizabeth?" she cried. "I can't find her—I want Elizabeth."

Mellen felt a shiver of dread pass through his frame. He pushed the chamber-door open and looked in, pale with anxiety. She was not there—the bed was untouched, and gleamed upon him through the crimson light that filled the room like a crusted snowbank. There was none of that luxurious confusion which usually marks the apartment of a sleeping lady. The rich toilet service was in complete order. There was no jewellery flung down with half sleepy indifference, no garments laying ready for use on the chairs, or across the sofa. The silken window curtains were drawn close. The carpet looked like moss in the deep shadows of an autumnal forest.

"Gone, gone! Oh, my God, what has become of her?" he exclaimed.

"Where—what has happened? Is she dead? Oh, I shall go mad—I shall go mad now," cried Elsie.

She fell into spasms, but still preserved her senses sufficiently not to speak again—she dared not utter a word more, lest she should betray her knowledge of Elizabeth's sorrow.

Mellen carried her to the sofa and laid her down upon it, wrapped shawls and eider down quilts over her, holding her hands, which trembled like frightened birds, striving in every way to soothe her, as Elizabeth had so often done in the time gone by for ever.

She lay back at length, quiet but utterly exhausted.

"Where is Elizabeth?" she moaned. "What has happened?"

"Never take that name on your lips again," he said; "let even her memory be dead between us. That woman is no longer my wife—you will never see her again. She shall not suffer; I will deal gently with her; but to you, my dearest sister, she is dead."

"You have killed her!" shrieked Elsie. "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

"She leaves this house of her free will, Elsie—the only condition I have made is that she takes her name far out of our lives. Have you known—have you suspected this woman, Elsie?"

"No, no! I don't know anything but what is good of her—I don't believe anything! She is good and kind—send for her! You shan't drive her away—she shall come to me now! My dear Elizabeth—I love her! You shall not do this—you are mad, mad! She is the best woman that ever lived! Let me go to her—I will go!"

She was writhing again in hysterical spasms, but Mellen forced her back when she tried to rise.

"Be still, Elsie—try to understand me! I can't tell you the whole story—but we are parted. Do not plead for her. Do not mention her name."

"But, Grantley, Grantley!"

"No more, I say—not a word."

"She is innocent," moaned the girl; "she is innocent."

"I know what you suffer—think of all that I endure—let that give you strength."

"I tell you she is an angel—she has done no wrong!"

"I had the confession which separates us from her own lips—I tell you I would not have believed any other testimony. Don't struggle so, Elsie—lie still."

But she fought with him like an insane creature—she had no control or reason—it was only her inability to speak which kept her from shrieking out in Elizabeth's defence. She could only gasp for breath, and when words did come it was only that broken cry:

"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"

"You must try to understand me, Elsie! You are all I have left in the world—oh, Elsie, Elsie! She has gone for ever, and I loved her so—I loved her so. You and I must live on as best we can—it is only for you, child, that I live at all."

"Only bring her back—clear it all up—the truth—the truth at last! Oh, Grantley, I—"

Her words were so indistinct that he could not gather their meaning; she was struggling more fiercely than ever, and it required all his strength to hold her.

"If you love me, Elsie, strive to be calm! Oh, think of my trouble, my anguish—my sister, my sister!"

"Only send for her—call her here!"

"Be quiet and I will search, but she went off last night, I do not know where!"

Elsie gave one frightful cry and sank back in his arms insensible again, a swoon so deathlike that it seemed as if life had gone out for ever.

Just as Elizabeth had raised her and carried her into her own room, so did Grantley Mellen carry her now, stricken by a fear so horrible that his past agony paled under it—if she was dead—if she should wake a raving maniac, and all from the evil influence of that woman.

He called no assistance; he watched over her in that lonely chamber, trying every remedy he could find, but for a long time his efforts were unavailing; she lay there, white and cold, as if the snowy counterpane had been her winding sheet.

Just as he was calling her name in a last frenzied burst of grief she opened her eyes. She was too full for speech, but she remembered everything clearly—she made a vain effort to rise.

"You must not talk, Elsie; don't stir—you will hurt yourself!"

He searched on the toilet table, found a bottle of laudanum, and administered as large a dose as he dared; he knew that the effects could not be so dangerous as her present suffering.

He sat down by the bed, folding his arms about her, calling her by every endearing name that his tenderness and fear could suggest, striving to soothe her into slumber.

Elsie would lie quiet for a few moments, then she would begin to struggle and cry out in that dreadful way, till it seemed to Mellen that she would die before the opiate could take effect.

The potion worked at length; she lay back on the pillows white and still—her eyes stared drearily about the chamber once more and then closed—she had fallen into a heavy sleep.

For a long hour Grantley Mellen remained on his knees by her bedside, where he had fallen.

He rose at length. Victoria was knocking at the door, and warning her young mistress that breakfast was on the table.

Mellen went to the door and opened it, checked the girl's cry of astonishment with a gesture, and said:

"Miss Elsie is very ill—go downstairs at once, and let there be no noise in the house."

She crept away in frightened silence; he followed her down into the hall, gave orders to one of the men servants to get a horse ready, went into the library and wrote a dispatch to his physician in the city, and came out again.

By the time the man was starting off to the station, Clorinda and several of the servants, to whom Victoria had communicated her tidings, were assembled in the hall.

In their consultation they forgot their awe of their master, and asked a thousand eager questions, which he answered with brief sternness.

"Go back to your places, all of you," he said; "Miss Elsie is asleep, and must not be disturbed till the doctor arrives."

"Is missus wid her?" demanded Clo.

He turned upon her with a frown which made her spring back as if she had received an electric shock, and entirely checked any further desire to question him where his wife was concerned.

He turned towards the stairs again, but 'Dolph interposed with one of his profound bows.

"'Scuse me, sar, but de brekfus is on de table."

The self-restraint must be kept up; whatever suspicions might arise when the fact of Elizabeth's disappearance became known in the house, he must not expose himself to the curious eyes of those menials.

He went into the breakfast-room, drank the coffee 'Dolph poured out with a skilful hand, pretended to eat a few morsels, then shoved his chair back and hurried up to Elsie's chamber—he could not trust himself yet in the presence of his servants.

Below stairs all sorts of stories were rife. Victoria peeped into Elsie's room and came down with the information that

"She lay dar like a beautiful corpus!"

Everybody groaned in consent, but she added new astonishment to their feelings by saying:

"And missus ain't nowhars about. She ain't in Miss Elsie's room, and she ain't in her own, and her bed ain't been touched all night."

Clorinda began to nod her turban with a sapient air.

"What did I tell yer!" cried she. "Now what did I jis' tell yer."

"But whar can she be?" wondered 'Dolph. "What do yer 'spose has happened, Miss Clorinda?"

"'Nuff 'a happened," returned Clo', "and more'n enuff. I told yer de tunderbust would break, it has."

They urged and entreated her to speak; but it as difficult to speak when she literally knew nothing, so she contented herself with going about her work with unusual energy, while the rest stood round and watched her, deeming this an occasion when idleness was to be taken quite as a matter of course.

Clo nodded her head, shook her woolly knots, muttered to herself, and made dreadful confusion among her pots and pans, exciting her fellow-servants to a fearful pitch by her air of mystery, but not a word would she speak beyond vague and appalling hints.

While the servants below stairs wore away the morning in such conversation and surmises, growing every instant wilder and more improbable, Grantley Mellen sat in that darkened chamber watching his sleeping sister.

The physician arrived late in the evening; by that time Elsie was awake, and he looked a little grave while giving his medicines and examining into the case.

"Keep her very quiet," he said to Mellen, who followed him into the hall; "it is a severe nervous attack, but she can endure nothing more. Don't let her get up—I'll come back to-morrow. Where is Mrs. Mellen? she is so good a nurse I should like to give her my directions."

"She—she is not here," Mellen answered.

"In town, I suppose? You had better send for her, or give me her address and I will call and tell her how much she is wanted the moment I reach town. To-night I stay in the village."

"Thank you, I won't trouble you," replied Mellen. "You will be here to-morrow morning?"

"Oh, certainly! Don't be at all alarmed—Miss Elsie is subject to these nervous attacks. So I shan't call on your wife?"

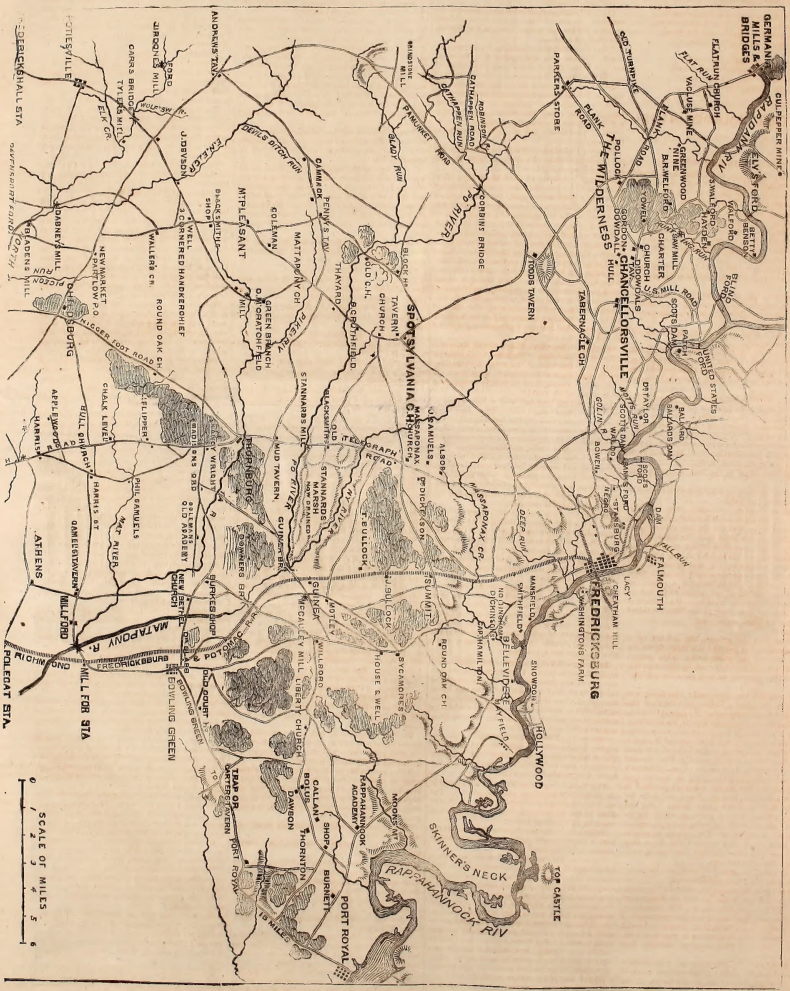
"No, sir, no;" he answered, impatiently. "I must return to my sister."

He bowed the doctor downstairs and disappeared, leaving the son of Esculapius to go on with all sorts of strange ideas in his head.

He had another patient in the village, and so drove over there in the carriage which had brought him from the station. As he was standing on the hotel porch old Jarvis Benson came up, caught him by the buttonhole and began a long story, to which the physician listened with such patience as he could find.

COMMENCEMENT OF GRANT'S GREAT VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

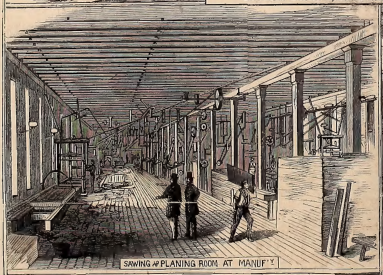
OUR series of war pictures would scarcely be complete without giving the initiatory movements of this great campaign, as well as its battles in general views and in detail. Hence we give the crossing of the Rapidan, a crossing that leads to victory. With what satisfaction may not we look on this passage of our well disciplined army, fully equipped, full of courage, trust in themselves, their commander, their cause and God.



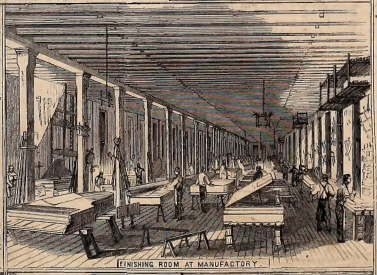
MAP OF GEN. GRANT'S SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES.



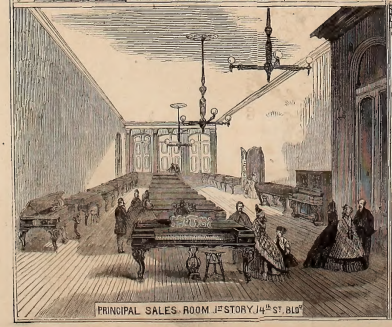
STEINWAY & SON'S NEW PIANO FORTE SALEROOMS Nº 71 & 73 EAST 14TH ST
BETWEEN UNION SQUARE AND THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC



SAWING & PLANING ROOM AT MANUF'Y



FINISHING ROOM AT MANUFACTORY

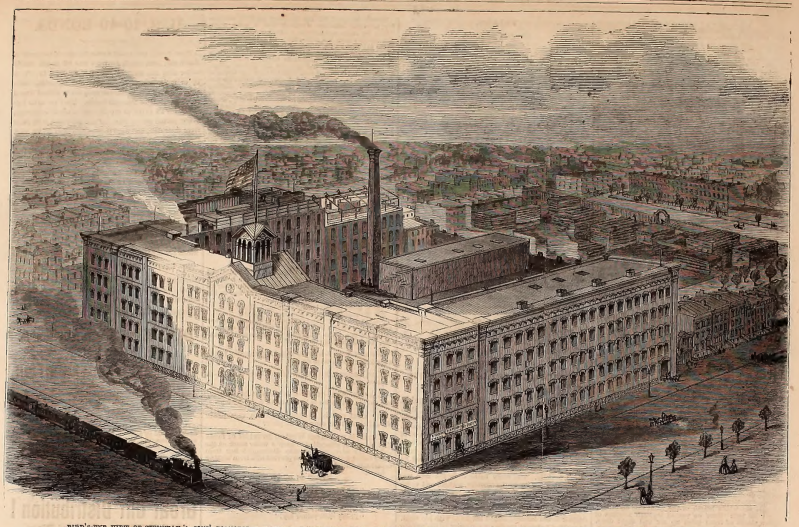


PRINCIPAL SALES ROOM 1ST STORY, 14TH ST. SIDE



PRINCIPAL SALES ROOM 2ND STORY, AVENUE SIDE

STEINWAY & SONS' GREAT PIANOFORTE ESTABLISHMENT, 71 AND 73 EAST 14TH STREET, AND 52ND STREET, AND FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF STEINWAY & SONS' PIANOFORTE FACTORY AND LUMBER YARD, OCCUPYING THE ENTIRE BLOCK ON FOURTH AVENUE BETWEEN 52ND AND 53RD STREETS, N. Y.

MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS' NEW BUILDING.

IT is only a year or two since we illustrated the magnificent new pianoforte manufactory erected by Steinway & Sons, on a block on Fourth avenue extending from Fifty-second street to Fifty-third street, and now we are called upon to record the extension of that great building and the erection of another splendid structure on East Fourteenth street, near Fourth avenue, designed by Steinway & Sons, for their own use as a warehouse for their pianofortes. This building is in a commanding situation, and is of such ample dimensions, and is so beautiful architecturally, that it is an ornament to our city, which can now boast of having the finest pianoforte store, probably, in the world.

The front on Fourteenth street is of white marble, and is 50 feet wide, with a depth of 85 feet. It has four stories above the basement. The first story is in the Corinthian style, with a portico in the centre 17 feet wide, and projecting five feet from the face of the building. The portico is constructed with fluted columns and pilasters, with full Corinthian caps, resting on moulded and paneled pedestals. These columns support rich Corinthian entablatures with carved modillions. The part of the cornice over the portico is in the form of a segment. From the top of the cornice to the under side of the main cornice the front is in the Renaissance style, and is divided into three compartments by two rows of rustic blocks, extending from the top o the first storey to the main cornice. The width of the centre compartment compares with the width of the portico, and contains one large window in each floor, which are rather more ornamented than the side windows. All the windows are ornamented with attached columns supporting rich segment-formed cornices. The main top cornice is supported by handsome carved modillion blocks and carved trusses, with a handsome pediment over the centre part of the building. Over the cornice there is a handsome balustrade, with a vase on each end.

The four windows in the front storey have in each one single pane of plate glass. The interior finish is of the most solid and best kind; all the principal woodwork, such as doors, stairs and partitions dividing the office from the store, are solid black walnut, oiled and waxed. The main stairway is six-and-a-half feet wide; the entrance to the building is through a handsome vestibule, wainscoted and trimmed with black walnut. The floor is of Italian marble tile of mosaic pattern. To the left is the large wareroom, exclusively for the sale of square pianos; to the right is located a smaller one for upright pianos; and on the second floor is located the large room containing the grand pianos. The height of the ceiling from the floor is 15½ feet in the lower storyys. The two upper storeys are used for music-rooms and artists' studios. The whole height of the building is 72 feet from sidewalk to roof. In the rear of this building a plot of ground is also owned by the Messrs. Steinway, 100 feet wide by 125 feet deep, with a frontage of 100 feet on Fifteenth street, which is reserved for the erection of a large concert hall.

The building was designed and built under the superintendence of John Reilun, architect. It is certainly the finest building in the United States of its class and for the purpose for which it is designed, and we doubt if there is a pianoforte store in any of the large capitals of Europe or England that can in any way compare with it.

The Steinways' new store was officially and socially opened on Tuesday, the 10th inst., when a large party of distinguished literary and eminent musical gentlemen assembled at noon to inspect the building and visit the factory. Carriages drove up to the door at one o'clock, and conveyed the whole party up to 53d street, Fourth



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—DOUBLE LINE OF BREASTWORKS THROWN UP ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 6, IN THE WILDERNESS, BY THE 5TH ARMY CORPS—THE 14TH NEW YORK AWAITING THE ENEMY. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 161.

avenue. The factory is a noble pile and is an ornament to the avenue. It comprises an entire block, fronting on the Fourth Avenue, and extending from 52d to 53d streets. The front on Fourth avenue has a length of 201 feet, with a depth of 40 feet. The wings on 52d and 53d streets are each 165 feet in length and 40 feet in depth. The whole building is six storeys high, including the basement. The architecture is of the modern Italian style, with brick lintel arches, brown stone trimmings, and brick dental cornices. It is very substantially built, the basement wall being grouted brick two feet thick; the first storey walls 20 inches, and the upper walls 16 inches in thickness. The main building covers 14 city lots, 11 other lots being used for the purpose of seasoning lumber, of which there is a stock of 2,000,000 feet always piled upon the grounds. In the yard there are four drying-houses, each of which is heated by 2,000 feet of steampipe, and contains about 60,000 feet of lumber, so that there are about 240,000 feet of lumber constantly under the process of kiln-drying. L. Burger is the architect.

After admiring the handsome exterior, the party entered through the office in 53d street, and came at once upon the store-room, which contains the actions, felts, hardware, ivory, cloth, pins, wire, etc., etc., used in the interior works of pianos. Of these materials there is a vast supply always on hand, amounting in value to over $30,000.

They next visited the engine-room. Here a splendid engine of 50 horse power, burnished as beautiful as the works of a watch, was moving, with easy regularity, the entire machinery of the factory. This room is situated in the spacious yard, where also are located three steam boilers of 50 horse-power each, supplying steam for power, heating and drying purposes. A supplementary engine of 20 horse-power is located in the basement of the 52d street wing, the better to guard against any interruption which might occur through accident or stoppage of the main engine for necessary repairs.

From thence to the front basement, which contains all the iron work, plates and frames, drilling machines, japanning works, and the rosewood veneers. Of the latter the stock on hand is rarely of less value than $12,000. No fire of any kind is used within the building. Every part of the factory is heated by means of steampipes, 40,000 feet of which line the interior. The wood-heating apparatus is also warmed by steam, which also heats the kilns for japanning, etc.

In the basement of the 53d street wing all the heavier machinery is located. Here are three large planers, one of which is certainly the largest instrument of its class existing, planing the largest piano tops or bottoms at once. There are also four up-and-down saws, several circular saws, besides turning lathes, etc. These wonderful and powerful instruments are constantly at work, shaping the rough plank ready for use in the first floor above, where the bottoms, blockings, wrest planks and other parts of the case are got up with the aid of moulding, jointing and other machinery.

From this department we ascended to the fourth floor, where the casemakers hold undisputed sway, and who take all the single parts made below, put them together, and veneer and finish the cases ready to go up to the top floor or varnishing-room, where every case remains about three months to be thoroughly varnished. On each casemaking floor there are three large warming boxes, constructed of sheet iron, and covered with wood, with sufficient steampipes in them to raise the heat to 200 degrees.

Higher up we reach the varnishing department, which extends the whole length of the front side buildings, in all 530 feet. Here we passed through avenues of cases, stacks of them piled up six and eight deep. There must have been many hundreds of squares, uprights and grands ready to receive the inner works. The vastness of the number conveyed to all the most convincing proof of the immense business done by the Steinways.

The sounding board, the stringing and the finishng rooms are located below, and were alive with busy men and the hum of work.

The department which excited the most intense interest was the room on the third floor, where all the finer machinery for scroll sawing, rounding corners and shaping the various parts of the mechanism is located. Groups crowded round each machine, and it was curious to watch the expression of interest and astonishment on the faces of the observers as squares became round in a moment, and unbroken surfaces were metamorphosed into the most *recherché* patterns of scroll work in a very few minutes. The operations are indeed simple and beautiful. Telltale clocks in the extremes of the buildings insure that the watchmen attend to their duty with unerring certainty.

There are over *four hundred men* employed in this factory, which, considering the immense aid given to them by the labor-saving machines, are fully equal to 600 fifteen years ago. This force enables them to turn out about 40 square and five grand pianos every week.

The statistics of the factory show that there are about 800 pianos constantly in course of construction. These represent, in connection with the stock of hardware, lumber, veneers, machinery, engines, &c., &c., the sum of at least $450,000, exclusive of the building, which cost, together with the ground, $150,000—making in all a represented capital of *six hundred thousand dollars*. This estimate is for the factory alone, while the superb building in Fourteenth street and the valuable lots both in that street and Fifteenth street are entirely unaccounted for. For these at least $200,000 more may be added—making, at a low estimate, a capital invested in the business of at least *eight hundred thousand dollars!*

Enormous as this result is, it seems to increase in importance when we remember that it is the growth of but nine or ten years, and that it all sprang from making one pianoforte a week. We doubt if the history of the piano business in any country can parallel such an extraordinary success as this.

The success of the Steinways has never wavered for a day since the tide of good fortune set in. The improvements which, from time to time, they have added to their instruments keep their reputation fresh and vigorous, and continue to increase their circle of purchasers. They fear no rivalry, for they have always gained the first prize over all others where their pianos have been exhibited, having received within the last nine years *thirty-two first premiums*, gold and silver medals. The fact, however, upon which they pride themselves the most is, that at the Great International Exhibition in London, in 1862, where 269 pianos from all parts of the world were exhibited, "they were awarded a First Prize Medal, for *powerful, clear, brilliant and sympathetic tone*, with excellence of workmanship, as shown in Grand and Square Pianos." Notwithstanding this immense competition, the special correspondent of the *Times* says, *Messrs. Steinway's endorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any other maker.* Such testimony as this is conclusive as to the superior excellence of the Steinway pianos.

The private telegraph line which connects the factory with the store announced, we presume, that the party was on its way to Fourteenth street, for on its arrival a splendid collation, which was in fact a dinner, was found prepared, and was keenly enjoyed by all present, for the lengthened tour of inspection by no means served to blunt the appetites of the guests. Of course the success of the Steinways formed a marked feature of the speeches. To these just and flattering compliments Mr. William Steinway responded in an earnest and practical speech, which was very warmly applauded. The musical part of the entertainment was specially enjoyable, for the distinguished artists present played with infinite spirit and brilliancy.

The visit to Steinway & Sons' piano manufactory and new salesrooms was both instructive and pleasant. It gave to many an insight to a business which has assumed gigantic proportions in the past few years, and which is, even now, increasing daily; and the impression left upon the minds of all was, that the two magnificent buildings erected by the Father Steinway and his four Sons, were proud monuments of their industry, energy, probity and enterprise, and that they richly deserved the magnificent success which has crowned with prosperity their intelligent labors.

MEN cannot take a satisfaction for sin, though they seem to find satisfaction in it.

TRIADS.

BY JOEL BENTON.

Fate.

FOR God's event in patience wait,
Though bald and poor our best estate,
Until we choose there is no Fate.

Zephyr.

Sweet spirit of the halcyon West,
To cheek and heart a welcome guest—
Thine are the isles of balm and rest.

Bird.

Blithe voice of sweetest interludes,
Outlet of desert solitudes,
Beethoven of the fields and woods.

Silence.

When we the deepest truths would teach,
Which words no plummet have to reach,
Thou, Silence, art the lips of speech.

Truth

How vain are Falsehood's vagaries—
If there be one thing sure, 'tis this:
Vict'ry attends the thing that is.

Avarice.

If Love is cheated, bartered, sold—
Though piles of wealth I heap untold,
To basest dross turns all my gold.

The Rose.

Because no fairer blossom grows,
Whereon the day his radiance throws,
I am the flower they call the Rose.

DREADFUL ENCOUNTERS WITH BEARS.

THE following is from "British Columbia and Vancouver's Island," by D. G. F. Macdonald, C. E.

Three men were out hunting, and unexpectedly roused a grizzly. The bear charged upon the party. Two of the men were large and powerful. Instead of using their guns, however, on the enemy, they sought safety in flight. Their companion, though a small man, stood his ground; and as the bear advanced he fired at him, wounding him just enough to add tenfold to his ferocity. The snow being deep, the man was soon buried in it with the monster, furious and open-mouthed, above him. With great presence of mind he thrust his left hand into the animal's mouth and grasped his tongue, holding it with the determination of despair while he unsheathed his knife with his right. In making a stab at the heart the point of the weapon struck the animal's paw, broke off, and in consequence became useless. The tusks of the infuriated monster had by this time met through the poor man's left arm which fell helplessly from the brute's jaws all mangled and bleeding. He then thought that the only hope lay in counterfeiting death, which he did, and fortunately succeeded in inducing the bear to believe that he had won the victory. After licking the blood off his victim the grizzly moved away some distance, and was attacked by a dog belonging to the party; but paying no attention to his canine enemy, he again approached the man, who still lay motionless in counterfeited death, and having licked his face slowly retired. The two men who had run away, having viewed the whole fight from a safe distance now, when the danger was past, came up to their half dead companion, whom they found severely injured in many parts of the body, with a part of his scalp torn away. They carried him to a hut at a distance, where, by careful attendance, he in a few weeks had all but recovered from the horrible wounds he had received. A strong party armed to the teeth went early next morning in search of the grizzly, which being easily tracked by the spots of blood on the snow, was soon discovered and completely riddled with bullets.

Shortly before I left the territory another encounter occurred between a miner and a bear, upon which he came suddenly in a small canon. He had dismounted from his mule, his only chance of escape being to climb a tree, which he lost no time in doing. However, the grizzly soon followed him and seized him by the leg. With the desperate strength only known in danger, the miner had grasped the limb of a tree, and held on with one hand, whilst he fired at the bear with the other. This caused the animal to let go the man's leg, but not to give up the pursuit. Having paused for a few moments to examine how matters stood, it made another effort and seized the rifle, dashing it with great violence. The miner kicked the bear in the snout with his uninjured leg so violently that she fell, turning a complete somersault. Feeling somewhat disgusted with the state of affairs, she gave vent to her fury on the man's hat, which lay at the foot of the tree, tore it to shreds, and then coolly retired, but, alas! only to return when she could make more sure of her victim. The miner descended, thinking all danger over, when up came the bear behind him, and seizing him round the middle pressed him to death. This sorrowful scene was witnessed only by an unarmed pioneer, who unfortunately was so panic-stricken that he did not venture in aid of the poor miner. The day following the occurrence, this homeless and childless man was committed to the earth in a spot selected for its quiet beauty and the security from desecration which it promised. Thus departed the stranger miner, who had come to these lands so recently in the fulness of hope and joy.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A GENTLEMAN in Chicago had occasion to call at the house of a friend. He rang the bell, but before he could speak the buxom Dutch girl threw her fat arms about his neck, and fastened her red lips to his in a "long, long kiss," ejaculating:

"Ach, mein bruder! mein bruder!"

But the cool Chicagoian merely ejaculated:

"What the d—l!" and Katrine on discovering her error retired much redder in the face to her quarters in the kitchen. She "dink he vas mine soldier bruder, come home from de wars."

WOMEN keep a secret, but it generally takes a good many of them to do it.

THE paper containing many fine points—a paper of pins.

A MEAN man grudges a canary his sugar, and counts out grains of barley to his horse by tens.

OF what use is it that a woman can prate about Bacon, if she cannot cook pork?

THERE is a man out West so forgetful of faces that his wife is compelled to keep a wafer stuck on the end of her nose, that he may distinguish her from other ladies, but this does not prevent him from making occasional mistakes.

WHAT IS GOLD.

"What is Gold?" I asked a child;
In its ignorance it smiled.

"What is Gold?" I asked a boy;
"Pretty little yellow toy!"

"What is Gold?" I asked of man;
"I will hoard it while I can!"

"What is Gold?" I asked old age;
"An illusion on Life's page!"

"What is Gold?" I asked of Heaven;
"As a test to man 'twas given!"

"What is Gold, United States?"
"Seventy-three at latest dates!"

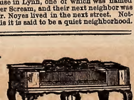
RHYMES that satisfy the eye but not the ear:

Wife, make me some dumplings of dough,
They're better than meat for my cough;
Pray let them be boiled till hot through,
But not till they're heavy or tough.
Now I must be off to the plough,
And the boys (when they've had enough)
Must keep the flies off with a bough
While the old mare drinks at the trough.

THERE are, or were recently, two families living in one house in Lynn, one of which was named Yell and the other Scream, and their next neighbor was named Ball. Mr. Noyes lived in the next street. Notwithstanding this it is said to be a quiet neighborhood.



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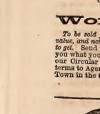
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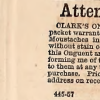
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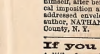
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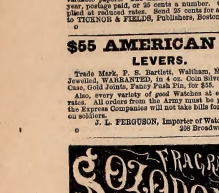
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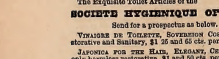
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 453—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

"If he Wins in Virginia he Wins Everything."

It has heretofore been the boast of the leading orators and oracles of the rebellion, that the independence of their Southern Confederacy is but a question of time. They have preached this doctrine of ultimate Southern success against all possible disasters and all the teachings of history. What, they have asked, does it signify, though King Cotton be dethroned, though England and France have betrayed us, though our Northern friends have been cowed into submission, though our cities and towns, from Richmond to Mobile, may be seized and occupied by the enemy, and



AN INCIDENT IN THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS—THE REBEL GENERALS BRADLEY JOHNSON AND E. STUART TAKEN TO THE REAR BY NEGRO CAVALRY, MAY 12.

though our armies in the field be broken up into guerilla bands?—we shall be strong enough to wear out the armed legions of our Northern enemies, and reduce them to the recognition of our nationality. This absurd Southern delusion, however, is at length dispelled. The Richmond *Examiner*, in a late commentary upon the present grand campaign of Gen. Grant, is constrained to the confession that "if he wins in Virginia he wins everything."

The impressive lessons of this destructive war to Secession theories and anticipations, and to the Southern people concerned, have satisfied them that, with a decisive defeat to Lee and the loss of Richmond, their Southern Confederacy is at an end. As one by one the false lights by which they have been led astray have been extinguished, their eyes have been gradually opening to their real situation, until they have discovered that there is a point, even in Southern endurance, beyond which further resistance is certain destruction. Hence this frank, though reluctant confession of the most prominent, the most unscrupulous and the most implacable of all the organs of the rebellion, that if Grant "wins in Virginia he wins everything." The veil is lifted; further disguises are useless; the army of Gen. Lee is the last hope of Jeff Davis. The prestige of invincibility which has hitherto been accorded to Gen. Lee, notwithstanding his past defeats and narrow escapes, is at length destroyed. His situation is admitted to be critical, and yet, as success on his part would repair all other misfortunes, we see that all the available forces and resources of the so-called Confederacy are being concentrated in his army.

What is the prospect? We have heard much of the triple lines of fortifications which encircle the rebel citadel; much of the chains of formidable defensive positions which will enable Gen. Lee to overmatch a vastly superior opposing army, in leisurely falling back to Richmond; but the developments of the campaign have already shown that, against the combinations of Gen. Grant, no line of retreat, however advantageous to Lee, and no system of fortifications at Richmond will avail to avert the impending catastrophe to the rebel cause. Gen. Grant has shown in his recent flanking operations that, when the way immediately in his front is blockaded by lines of destructive military defences, they may not only be avoided, but that the enemy may be dislodged by simply turning to the right hand or the left. Thus the elaborately strengthened position of Gen. Lee at Spottsylvania Court-House is rendered untenable, and so it must be with any other position commanded by an open country on either side. In fact, as was aptly said by the late rebel Gen. Sidney Johnston, when turned out of Bowling Green, Kentucky, by the capture of Fort Kearney, many leagues to the westward, "there is not a defensive position in the Confederate States between their northern border and the Gulf of Mexico that may not be turned."

In the next place, Richmond is but a *cul de sac* to the defensive army in occupation, unless secured from a siege by an abundant supply of provisions. Is Richmond thus provided for a siege? The testimony to the contrary from all sides, and in every shape, is overwhelming. It is doubtful whether the city's supplies would be sufficient, under a close investment, to subsist a garrison of 50,000 men for a single month; and yet through the channels which feed the city, and to a great extent by way of the city, Gen. Lee's army is itself subsisted. If defeated, then, in the open field, Gen. Lee will be utterly incompetent to defend Richmond within its encircling fortifications. The city, should he seek it as a place of refuge, will be to him what Vicksburg was to Pemberton—a trap, from which there will be no escape.

Profiting from the experience of Pemberton, Lee is evidently pursuing a different programme. We conjecture, therefore, that, if driven into the Peninsula, he will abandon the city to its fate, and fall back with his army into North Carolina, rather than run the double hazard of sacrificing his army and the city together. But the Federal occupation of Richmond, in connection with Gen. Sherman's descent into the heart of Georgia, will be none the less appropriately interpreted by the rebel confession we have made the text of this article—that if "Gen. Grant wins in Virginia he wins everything." That he will win in Virginia is as evident as it was that he would win at Vicksburg, when his lines were drawn around the city, and its otherwise impregnable defences were rendered untenable in being cut off from all hopes of reinforcements and subsistence.

Indian Seas and Birds.—The absence of seabirds forms a singular trait in the character of the Indian seas; scarcely a living thing appears in the sky above or the sea below, betwixt Bombay and the Indus.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1864.

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The Office of this Paper is removed to No. 537 Pearl Street, a few doors from Broadway.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA—GRANT'S ARMY.

The movements which we epitomized in our last were all, in fact, notwithstanding their bloody character and heavy loss of life, mere flank movements, which have not brought our army nearer to Richmond. As Grant moved, so Lee moved confronting him. Grant now lies with one wing resting on Fredericksburg, while Lee lies before Spottsylvania Court-house, the pivot of his various positions.

On the 19th considerable skirmishing took place between the 5th corps and the enemy's entrenchments. The 2d corps drove the enemy from his first line of works. Our loss in these operations was 800, chiefly in Burnside's corps. Guiness station, on the Virginia railroad, was occupied by our scouts on the 19th.

On the 20th Grant began a successful movement to compel Lee to abandon his position. Longstreet's corps moved at one A.M. on the 21st, followed by Ewell, but Gen. Hancock had moved before him. Our troops occupied Guiness station, Milford station and the line south of the Mattapony.

BUTLER'S ARMY.

Gen. Butler has been compelled virtually to raise the siege of Fort Darling, and fall back to his entrenchments.

On the 14th Gen. Burnham's brigade carried the enemy's outerworks at Proctor's creek by storm and the rebels fell back to a heavy line of earth, works behind Kingman's creek, near the fort, scarcely answering the heavy cannonade which followed.

On Monday, the 16th, the enemy, in force, under cover of a thick fog, made an attack on the line of Gen. Smith, and forced it back in confusion, with heavy loss. When the fog cleared Smith succeeded in driving back the enemy. An attack was made on the right of Gen. Smith's line between two squadrons of colored cavalry, on the bank of the James, and Heckman's brigade, seizing the pickets and securing a splendid position, which had been left for their use. Heckman fought well, but was steadily driven back; he himself was killed or taken. Our loss was heavy, and two 22-pound Parrotts fell into the enemy's hand. Wistar, who received the attack after Heckman fall back, held his own for a time, but a grand rebel charge compelled the whole line to give way.

At eleven o'clock Gen. Smith advanced and recovered his former position, driving the enemy into his entrenchments. A force of 5,000, under Gen. Ransom, from Petersburg, at the same time attacked Butler's rear, but it was repulsed. Gen. Butler, however, deemed it prudent to retire to his former lines, as we have stated, and was all day on the 18th resisting the attacks of the enemy.

We hold, however, the railroad between Petersburg and Richmond, and Gen. Kantz has succeeded in cutting the Dauville road, destroying the iron bridge across the Appomattox.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

On Sunday, the 15th, Gen. Sigel was defeated at Newmarket, by the forces of Echols and Imboden, under the command of Maj.-Gen. Breckenridge, ex-V.P. of the United States. Sigel lost five guns, 600 killed and wounded, and 50 prisoners. He succeeded in crossing the Shenandoah and reaching Strasburg with the remnant of his six regiments.

He has been removed from the command, and Maj.-Gen. Hunter assigned to the department.

Gen. Crook was more successful in his operations near Newberne, having fought three battles with the forces under Gens. Morgan, Jones and A. G. Jenkins, completely defeating them, killing, wounding and taking nearly 1,000. His loss was 400 killed and wounded.

Gen. Jenkins fell into our hands mortally wounded. Averill reached to within 15 miles of the Salt Works in Tazewell county on the 7th, where he encountered a force of the enemy under Morgan and Jones, driving them on to the main body near the Salt Works. On the 10th Gen. Averill reached a point within four miles of Wytheville, where he encountered the enemy, 4,000 strong, under Gen. Sam Jones. He fought them for four hours, driving them, and killing and wounding many, and capturing some prisoners. Under cover of darkness the enemy retreated. Our loss was 120 killed and wounded, none missing. Near Blacksburg, Gen. Averill commenced destroying the railroad, which was most effectually done to a point four miles east of Christiansburg. At the latter place a small force of the enemy hastily left, leaving two 3-inch guns, which fell into our hands. Gen. Averill has fully accomplished the work assigned him by Gen. Crook.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Almost all the rebel forces have been withdrawn from Eastern North Carolina. The army investing Newberne received orders on Saturday, the 14th, to march North, and withdrew the next day.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

An extensive salt establishment belonging to the rebels at Cane Pitch, near Murrell's inlet, has been destroyed.

FLORIDA.

An expedition up the St. John's under Gen. Birney brought in 1,000 head of cattle, besides horses and other property.

GEORGIA.

Sherman, after two days hard fighting, compelled Johnston to evacuate Resaca at midnight on Sunday, the 15th of May. He had lost 1,000 prisoners and 10 guns.

Our cavalry, under Stoneman, defeated Roddy, destroyed a train and took two guns. Our loss at Resaca was about 3,000.

On the 19th Sherman reached Kingston, between Rome and Atlanta, occupying the former with Davis's division of the 14th corps. On the same day Sherman advanced, the enemy retiring. He found supplies and valuable machinery works at Rome.

ARKANSAS.

Advices from Little Rock to the 10th report Gen. Price retreating to Camden. He lost—by the admission of the rebels—2,000 in his engagement with Steele on the Sabine river.

Gen. Kirby Smith is said to be threatening Little Rock in strong force.

LOUISIANA.

Banks was at Alexandria on the 4th, and efforts have been made to clear the river of guerillas, so as to get the gunboats down.

Gen. Canby is making his way to the army, to assume command.

NAVAL.

Another American ship, the Avon, from Boston, was destroyed on the 29th of March by the rebel privateer Florida. Her captain has arrived at Plymouth, England.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 16th May, the resolution of Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, condemning the President's proceedings in connection with the commissions bestowed on Gens. Blair and Schenck, was referred to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Wilson has proposed, as a substitute for this resolution of Mr. Davis, a preamble and resolution which, after reciting all the circumstances of appointment and resignation, claim that Gen. Blair is not entitled to his present rank and position. Bills were passed for the relief of the widows of Gens. Edward D. Baker, E. P. Whipple and Hiram G. Berry. The bill for the establishment of a line of steamers between this country and Brazil was considered for some time, and then laid over. The bill to equalise the pay of soldiers was taken up, and some amendments to it were adopted, but the Senate adjourned without final action on it.

In the House, resolutions, introduced by an opposition member, declaring that offers of peace should be tendered to the rebels, and that the President be required to make a proclamation of amnesty to any State which should lay down its arms and withdraw from the rebellion, with a guarantee that such State should be left to reorganise and determine its own institutions without interference from the Government of the United States, were laid on the table—76 to 53. Resolutions calling for the proceedings on the trials of Robert Taylor, of Tennessee, and Com. Wilkes were agreed to. Also a resolution requesting the Secretary of War to inform the House by what authority Brig.-Gen. J. M. Hubbel, Military Commandant of the city of Natchez, issued an order which forbid contrabands remaining in the city of Natchez, unless employed by some responsible white person, and forbidding any contraband from hiring or occupying any house in that city, under which regulation hundreds of the wives and children of soldiers in the field had been turned out of their homes. A bill granting 50,000,000 acres of land, in aid of the construction of a railroad and telegraph by the northern route to the Pacific, was passed.

In the Senate, on the 17th, the report of the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California was submitted, showing the cost of construction and equipment to have been $1,600,118. A resolution was adopted, making an appropriation to the State of California for the preservation of Mariposa Grove, as one of the wonders of the world, it being composed of trees of from 30 to 40 feet in diameter, and estimated to be 3,000 years old.

In the House, the memorial of the New York Chamber of Commerce was presented and referred to the Ways and Means Commitee. The House then took up the Conference Committee report on the disagreeing amendments to the Naval Appropriation bill, and agreed to those appropriating $75,000 for the completion of the hospital at Mare island, Cal.; $15,000 for the purchase of a cemetery for the Navy and Marine corps near Philadelphia; and providing that out of the appropriation of $750,000 dollars for a floating dry dock and navy yard, approved March 3, 1863, the Secretary of the Navy may construct two dry docks at New York and Philadelphia, $200,000 for each. A resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of the Navy for copies of the proceedings of the Admiral Wilkes court-martial. The resolutions declaring that Messrs. Joseph Segar and Lucas H. Chandler were not entitled to seats as Representatives from Virginia were discussed for some time and adopted. The House then adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 18th, Mr. Wilson reported the House bill defining the pay of officers on the staff of the Lieutenant-General; passed. The bill to expedite the public printing was taken up. An amendment was adopted suspending the printing of the offers received and contracts made for carrying the mails; the bill passed.

In the House, on the consideration of the joint resolution heretofore reported from the Committee on Commerce, proposing such action as will insure more perfect reciprocity of trade between the United States and British North American Provinces, Mr. Elijah Ward addressed the House at length on the subject. Various amendments were made, but of no special importance, when the Committee rose, and the bill was reported to the House, but not finally acted upon.

In the Senate, on the 19th, a report recommending that the Senate insist on the amendments to the Army Appropriation bill, and ask for another committee of conference, was agreed to. The report of the Committee of Conference on the Territory of Montana was agreed to by the following vote: yeas, 26; nays, 13. The Pacific Railroad bill was debated at length on its minor amendments.

The House passed the Senate bill amendatory of the Act authorizing Nevada to form a State Government. The Indian Appropriation bill was passed as amended. Mr. Dawes rose to a personal explanation, and spoke very bitterly of remarks made with reference to him by Mr. Loan. Mr. Loan, in reply, said he believed his speech to have been a just and legitimate defence, from an attack made upon him in a most unprovoked manner. Mr. Mallory rose to make a personal explanation, and caused to be read a reported colloquy between Mr. Julian and himself from the *Daily Globe*. Some very strong remarks passed between Mr. Mallory, Mr. Julian and Mr. Wadsworth.

In the Senate, on the 20th, Mr. Collamer called up the bill to authorise the establishment of an Ocean Mail Steamship Service between the United States and Brazil, the question pending being on an amendment of Mr. Wilkinson to carry on the contract between the Government of Venezuela and certain citizens of New York for a semi-monthly line from that city to Laguayra and other Venezuelan ports, touching at St. Thomas, the United States to pay $40,000 per annum for mails, &c. The amendment was rejected, and, after some discussion on the general merits of the bill, it was laid over.

In the House, Mr. Washburne introduced Mr. E. C. Ingersoll as the successor of the late Owen Lovejoy. Mr. Ingersoll was qualified and took his seat. Mr. Webster, from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments to the bill establishing a Territorial Government in Montana, made a report thereon, which, he said, struck out the Senate's amendment giving the right of suffrage to colored persons, and consigned it to every free white male citizen of the United States, and those who have declared their intention to become such. The report was concurred in by a vote of 102 against 26. The Senate had already agreed to the report. Mr. Cox asked leave to denounce the suppression of the *World* and the *Journal of Commerce*, but objections were made. The House then adjourned until Monday.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Mr. Cyrus W. Field, who returned to this country from England by the Persia, reports most favorably of the Atlantic telegraph cable. The Great Eastern has been chartered to lay it. We may mention, as an instance of scientific progress, that Mr. Field received at Queenstown a telegraphic dispatch, dated at Irkutsk, Siberia, on Sunday, May 8, at 8.10 A.M., at 10.10 the same morning, although the distance from Irkutsk to Queenstown is over 6,500 miles.

The war feeling against Germany was rising rapidly in France and England, especially the latter, where the Queen's German proclivities were freely and severely condemned.

There was no new movement at the seat of war in Denmark. The Danish Government refused to raise the blockade of the German ports. Very little hope was entertained of any important result from the London Conference. The British Cabinet refused to give Parliament any information as to the progress made by the Plenipotentiaries.

Sir Leopold McClintock, R.N., had taken the British Channel fleet to the north, with the avowed object of preserving the Danes from being overpowered in the Baltic by the Austrian fleet.

There had been a naval engagement between the Danish and German fleets, which, although a drawn battle, had resulted in considerable loss of life to the Germans, their killed and wounded being 170, while the Danes only lost 56.

It was said that Russia had concentrated an army of 60,000 men at the mouth of the Danube, that Austria had sent 25,000 men to the frontier of Servia, and that the Turkish army in the Roumelia was to be increased to 150,000.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Last week we made mention of a ladies' meeting, to be held at the Cooper Institute, to create a league sworn against silks, satins, laces and articles of foreign luxury. The meeting did come off, and that rather democratic stronghold, the lecture-room of the Institute, was crowded to repletion with a host of ladies who rolled thither in gorgeous carriages, with livoried footmen, but themselves rather subdued in dress. We are sorry that, in telling the truth—though the reports in the daily press do not admit the fact—the meeting, from the very beginning, showed incongruous elements; and before it had really advanced to business showed a division that was fatal to its success, ending, finally, in what would have been termed, had it been a gathering of men, a breaking-up in a row, and a clearance of the room by the police! A terrible st ory to te ladies—but the truth—positively the truth.

A pledge was offered and a few hundreds signed it, bu the great majority stood aloof, and though the said pledge has remained at the rooms of the Sanitary Commission for signers ever since, it has been severely le alone by the mass of the lady population. As we said last week, the movement cannot be made practical. The desire for dress is so radical and deepseated, that nothing less than a convulsion of nature can affect it. Dress is with woman what drink is with men, and is equally productive of intemperance, shame, degradation and death. Heaven speed the time when a reform will come!

This has been somewhat a week of sensations in the dramatic line, instanced by the opening of a new theatre, made out of an old one, the production of a new play by Brougham, and various minor efforts and effects.

We will speak of the first, the inauguration of Mr. George Wood's Broadway Theatre, and the production of Fanny Kemble's play, "An English Tragedy." Of the theatre little need be said; it is already familiar to the world as Wallack's of ye olden time, and has, by th

new manager, had its chronic dirt and seediness scrubbed away, and with a new dress of blue and gold breaks forth with all the splendor of the past. Of the play produced as a baptism, we must say little. It is simply the crudity of one who mistook her vocation, when she believed that, because she could act, she could also make plays for others to act. The story lacks all moral and is simply repulsive, while the actual construction could not have been more faulty or lacked originality more strikingly had it been written, not, as the authoress informs us, "twenty or thirty years ago, and the only production of the kind since my schooldays," but during that bread and butter period of her existence.

With "Bel Demonio" the first fault we have to find is its obscurity. The story is not clearly made out, a fault that seems the stranger in anything emanating from the pen of John Brougham, who is certainly one of the best dramatic constructionists in the world. The character of Angelo lacks force; whether this lacking exists in the original, or whether Mdlle. Vestvali fails to give what the author intended, it is impossible to say. One thing is certain, that Mr. Hazan, as the Cardinal Montalto, comes out more strongly than Angelo, and in many points acts him down. In the first two acts Vestvali has much strength, but seems to fail in her impression after the delivery of her beautiful song, "You are the Star," which certainly she gives with such execution and feeling as really to deserve the encore she always gets. She sings it to Lena, not to the audience, a mode of delivery that the dramatic profession would do well to study more, whether it be in musical or elocutionary effort. Mdlle. Vestvali certainly has stage act on, perhaps a little too much of it, and we would suggest would be improved by that study in which Miss Cushman so much excelled, the step and carriage of a man. We submit that no man ever walked as did Angelo, or stood on one leg, the other foot almost clear from the floor, as that youthful lover is made to appear.

Of the general getting-up of the piece, and the painting of scenery, too much cannot be said in praise. The opening scene, the ruins of the abbey, and the mountain torrent in the third act, where Mdlle. Vestvali makes the fearful leap down the rocks, were beautifully done, and show what may be achieved some day when a manager arises in our midst with the cash and ambition to rival London and Paris.

Last week Mrs. Wood made an attempt to transplant the Bowery to Broadway by producing "Satan in Paris," with Miss Henrietta Irving as her Satan. The piece is vapid and without sensational points, but to the idea of giving Broadway a taste of the Bowery we are a decided convert. What just now would create a greater *furore* than Mazeppa transplanted to the Olympic, with some one of the dashing, handsomely formed women who elicit the "Hi! hi's!" of the east side? Why not give us a touch of "Jack Sheppard," or "The Dog of Mortargis," that kid gloves and opera glasses may for once see upon what dramatic food the bone and sinew is fed and grows so strong?

Mrs. Wood also brought out a new play, "Paul's Return," now acted in London with decided success, and with it gives us Mr. Charles Barron, who made a favorable impression in "Judith."

The Florences have failed to revive the popularity of "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." One week of rather poor houses convinced them of their folly, and the last week was devoted to Byron's—not the poet—burlesque on "Fra Diavolo," and like pleasant things.

Mrs. Henry C. Watson, whose name has become familiar to people of taste, gave another of her charming vocal and recitative entertainments at Dodworth's Rooms, on Tuesday last, to a larger audience than is usually seen at an intellectual soirée. We will venture to say that "The Bells" were never chimed with more musical emphasis than by this lady, or "When Daisies Pied" more sweetly and unaffectedly sung.

Maretzek has started for Europe, to bring a new company as soon as possible, including chorus and orchestra —everything new but Bellini.

Barnum drops "Belphegor," though still retaining Mdlle. Ernestine, and produces "Janet Pride," Bourcicault's drama, which old theatregoers will remember as played at Burton's many years ago.

We shall drop the doings of the week with a short account of a Salamanderish individual, who made an appearance of a special kind at Jones's Wood during the week, and introduced certain novel and fiery effects worthy of chronicle.

Signor Christoforo Buono Core—so he calls himself, which, translated, looks like Christopher Goodheart, Esq.—made rather a successful attempt to show a crowd of savans, etc., that he could, unharmed, walk through blazes. Mr. C. G. had constructed for himself a species of iron cage, well piled about with inflammables, which were fired, and the signor, while the blaze was hot enough to make a long distance desirable, came forward, clothed in a somewhat diabolical suit of red, and deliberately walked into the midst of the flames, where he remained until the burning material was consumed!

The exhibition was interesting, not only in the light of an exhibition but as a scientific fact, something which we believe is to be demonstrated to the Fire Department, and used by them, the discoverer having offered, under certain restrictions, to impart the secret that will enable a fireman to walk unburned through a blazing building.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A band of English operatives from Lancashire—some 40 adults, male and female, with a fair proportion of little folks—arrived at Waterville, Maine, the other day, on their way to the mills at North Vassalboro. They are shorter by a head than the Maine Yankees.

—— A large and spirited meeting of influential ladies was lately held at a private house in Boston, at which it was resolved to retrench expenditures in dress, in the household, and all superfluous luxuries; to give the preference to the products of our own country, and thus be enabled to contribute more largely than ever to the strength of our armies and the relief of the suffering throughout our land.

—— A meeting of sewing women was recently held at Philadelphia, at which the low prices paid for the labor of that class was under consideration. It was stated that army drawers, that were formerly made for ten, were now made for four and five cents each. They formerly received 25 cents for making shelter tents, now only 16 cents were received and only three could be made in a day.

Military.—Spottsylvania Court House, mentioned in the dispatches from the seat of war in Virginia, is the county seat of Spottsylvania county. It is a village of less than 200 inhabitants, situated on the Po (or Ta) river, a branch of the Mattapony. It is 20 or 22 miles east of Orange Court House, about 14 miles south-east of Fredericksburg, and by the course of the roads 65 miles north-northwest of Richmond.

—— On the 2d day of May, Gen. Kilpatrick, who had penetrated to Tunnel Hill, Ga., with his command, left there a note for the rebel Gen. Wheeler, saying: "I came out to meet you on Friday with 450 men, which you declined; to-day I come with 1,000; next time I will come with my whole command and annihilate you and your minions. Your classmate, W. H. Kilpatrick, Brigadier-General U. S. A."

—— Gen. Sedgwick was killed while occupied in making out a plan of the fighting ground for his command. His staff were around him at the time, when a sharpshooter fired three shots at him. One of his aides remarked that they were making a target of him, when he replied that there was no danger of his being hit at that distance. A moment after the fatal bullet struck him in the face, killing him instantly.

—— Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, whose recent brilliant exploits have formed so important a part of Gen. Grant's movement on Richmond, is a native of the Old Bay State, as appears by the official Army Register. He was appointed a cadet at West Point from Ohio. All the sketches of Gen. Sheridan which have thus far appeared in Western papers claim Ohio as his birthplace.

Personal.—Mr. Charles Hale, one of the editors and proprietors of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, has been appointed to succeed the late Mr. Thayer as Consul at Alexandria, Egypt. The post was first offered to Mr. George William Curtis, who declined it.

—— The venerable Charles King, LL. D., for so many years President of Columbia College, has resigned, and the Rev. Dr. Barnard, formerly of the Mississippi University, has been chosen to fill the vacancy. Dr. Barnard is an Episcopal clergyman, and was born in Sheffield, Mass.

Obituary.—Adjutant Henry W. Bond, of the 20th Mass. regiment, who was wounded in the Wilderness, and afterwards shot by guerillas while on his way to Washington, died in that city on the 14th. He was a son of George William Bond, Esq., of this city, and was formerly one of the firm of Walker, Wise & Co. Adjutant Bond was a young man of estimable character, and a large circle of friends will mourn his early death. He was a graduate of Harvard College in the class of 1859, and his name adds another to the list of the alumni of this institution who have freely given their lives to their country.

—— The gallant Col. Griswold, of the 56th Mass. Vol., fell in the fight on the 5th of May. His servant states that the color-bearer of the regiment was shot down, and the front recoiling, the Colonel seized the colors, and waving it, calling to the men to advance, received a fatal wound in his neck by a sharpshooter. He died almost instantly. His officers buried him near where he fell, in the midst of the Wilderness, and many miles from any house.

—— Mr. J. S. Edgar, who died recently in England, was a favorite writer of books for boys, not unlike Mayne Reid in style, and but little behind him in popularity. His best known works were "Crusades and Crusaders," "Wars of the Roses," and "Footsteps of Famous Men." Mr. Edgar was 37 years old at the time of his death.

—— Capt. Wm. White Dorr, son of Rev. Dr. Dorr, the rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia, was instantly killed in one of the recent battles near Spottsylvania. The Philadelphia *Press* says: "As an officer he was cool, energetic, and universally beloved by his command. Though junior in rank to some of his fellow officers, he was recently recommended by them for promotion to the vacant majority in his regiment (the 121st Penn.), and was in command when he was shot.

—— Lieut.-Col. Waldo P. Merriam, commander of the 16th Mass., is among the killed in one of the recent sanguinary battles in Virginia. Lieut.-Col. Merriam was the son of Charles Merriam, Esq., and was 25 years of age. Educated to the mercantile profession, and travelling in Europe for the purpose of completing his education, he resolved to return home at the breaking out of the war and enter the military service. He commenced his career as Adjutant of the 16th. This was in 1861. On the death of Col. Wyman he was made Major, and was soon after promoted to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy. He led the 16th as its commander at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, in every engagement gaining fresh laurels, and in one of which he was severely wounded, and finally met his fate at the battle of the Wilderness, in a charge of Hancock's 2d corps, to which his regiment was attached.

Accidents and Offences.—The condition of the Malden (Mass.) murderer, Green, appears to be most pitiable. He is much depressed, and says little to any one.

—— A woman was killed in Newport, R. I., last week, while walking on the sidewalk, by a heavy carpet, which was thrown from a third story window. The coroner's jury rendered an extraordinary verdict, to the effect that they "are deserving of the severest censure who threw so heavy a carpet from so high a window!"

—— Several newspapers, our own among the number, lately fell into a mistake, which would be amusing did it not reflect upon a most estimable citizen, Mr. H. T. Machin, of Portland, who was reported as having "done" the Hon. A. T. Galt out of $2,000. The facts are that it was a clerk of Mr. Machin who defrauded his employer out of that sum. Mr. Galt has written to the editor of the New York *Times* to that effect, and speaking of Mr. Machin in the highest terms.

Foreign.—A London surgeon, it is said, lately put a dog to sleep with chloroform, and, taking out a piece of his skull, inserted a watch crystal, through which he can see the change in the brain produced by sleep.

—— The opinion appears to be gaining ground in England that submarine cables should be made of the lightest material. A copper wire, with a Manilla hemp insulator, is now recommended as the lightest and strongest, yet is heavy enough to sink. The Red Sea and Algiers cables are said to have been destroyed by their own weight.

—— M. Edmond About makes this odd calculation of the manner in which the taxes of a Frenchman who pays 1,750 francs a year (which he says are the taxes paid by the master of an income of 200,000f., $4,000, annually) go: The Emperor comes in for 25f.; the Imperial family, 1f. 50c.; every deputy, 3f. 4c.; the Legion of Honor, 8f. 55c.; the Imperial Library, 40c.; the Institute, 61c.; the 15th August, 20c.; scientific and literary subscriptions, 14c.; the improvement of the breed of horses, 3f. 87c.; the Conservatory and Imperial Theatres, 1f. 71c.; scientific missions, 5c.; the guillotine, 20c.; war (army, navy and Algeria), 528f. 29c.; public works, agriculture, industry and commerce, 72f. 8c.; cost of collecting taxes, 267f. 64c.; ministry of justice, 32f.; interior, 51f. 27c.; public instruction, 53f.; religious, 46f.; diplomacy, 12f. 62c.

—— The editor of the Berlin *Volks Zeitung* has received the honor of a public dinner, on the occasion of the last of a series of 5,000 leaders, which he has written for that journal on 5,000 successive days, a feat which appears considered at least equal to walking 1,000 miles in 1,000 hours.

—— At last accounts the cholera was prevailing in many places in India. In the city of Poona, near Bombay, 800 died in a week, and in a village, four miles from Melur, 100 died in about 15 days.

—— Abdul Azi, the present Sultan of Turkey, has but one wife, whom he loves, and the common people of Constantinople believe that he set fire to the palace in order to get rid of his harem—but the extra crinoline is adhesive.

—— A medal, commemorative of the French expedition into Mexico, has lately been struck in Lyons.

—— A new theatre, for comedy and opera, is to be built in Paris, with the appropriate name of Rue Scribe.

—— The Mayor of Liverpool, Eng., had all the theatres in his city free to the public on the evening of the Shakespeare tercentenary.

—— The London *Court Journal* says the published reports furnished by the commanders of Admiral Kuper's squadron of the behavior of the Armstrong guns during the bombardment of Kagosima must satisfy every one that, whatever excellence these guns may possess in other respects, they are not suitable for naval conflicts.

—— The heir of the Czar of Russia is about to propose for the hand of the Princess Marie Dagmar, sister of the Princess of Wales, and daughter of the present King of Denmark.

—— The Duke of Sutherland, one of the heaviest "swells" in England, belongs to the London fire brigade, never misses a fire, and is passionately fond of "contending with the devouring element."

—— Mr. Caleb Hodgson, Mayor of Carlisle, Eng., being asked for some aid to the tercentenary celebration, refused, saying: "Shakespeare was a clever man, but he might have turned his talents to better advantage!"

Odds and Ends.—A boy of eight years and remarkably retentive memory is making a sensation at Albany. He remembers everything he reads or hears, and is certainly deserving of pity and sympathy.

—— John Clancey, the editor of the *Leader*, was arrested on a warrant issued by District-Attorney Hall, at the suit of George Jones, and held to bail by Justice Dowling in the sum of $1,000, to answer the charge of libel. The *Leader*, of the 7th inst., contained an editorial article referring to the late testimonial given by Jones at the Academy of Music, calling him a "self-styled Count," and ridiculing the performance.

—— A Kentucky rebel cavalry soldier says he was much surprised when a woman in North Georgia put to him the following interrogatory: "Did you 'uns cum all the way from old Kaintuck on critter back to fight for we 'uns?"

—— English critics say that Miss Braddon is vastly improving in the style of her writing, and that her new story, "The Doctor's Wife," running in *Temple Bar*, is much superior to "Lady Audley's Secret."

—— On a tombstone in a churchyard in Ulster, Ireland, is the following epitaph: "Erected to the memory of John Phillips, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."

—— A Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) business man, it is said, posted the following notice in his house recently:

"Headquarters, House of——.

"General Order, No. 1.—Julia: Until the price falls no more butter will be used in our family.

"James."

He had hardly reached his counting-house when a special messenger handed him this:

"James: Until butter is reinstated no more tobacco will be used in this house. Julia, Chief of Staff."

It is said that butter won.

—— A pretty rebel spy, Emma Jones, who was sent North some time ago, has been banished, by Governor Andrew, to Barnstable, Massachusetts, to stay during the summer. She is a native of Massachusetts, but confesses her attachment to Southern institutions, although declaring she never was a spy.

—— An Ohio paper tells of one Capt. Stanton Sholes, who had been bald 50 years, but who at the age of 92, after a severe headache, had a new crop of hair, of rapid growth, which is now thick, silken, white and long—so long that it is combed back from the forehead, and tied with a ribbon at the neck.

—— T. Buchanan Read, the poet, painter and sculptor, has been drafted in the 22d Ward, in Cincinnati, and in the same regiment were drafted F. B. Plymton and E. Henderson, editors of the *Commercial*.

—— At a fancy dress ball in Paris, France, recently, a lady was seen in a very low-necked dress, while floating and waving an abundance of green gauze. She was politely asked by a gentleman what she personated. "The sea, monsieur." "At low tide, then, madame." The lady blushed and the gentleman smiled.

—— The London critics do not seem to relish Mdlle. Lagrua. They say she does not improve upon acquaintance. "Her Lenora in 'La Favorita' has scarcely a point in it which may be stamped as excellent—not any that is exquisite. Her acting in the first act is overstrained and unnatural. She flings herself about the stage and bends and contorts her body in a very exaggerated way, and it will certainly not make up for want of pathos of voice and finish of vocalization."

—— A gentleman, in speaking of somebody's wife, regretted she had no children. "Ah," said a medical man present on the occasion, "to have no children is a great misfortune, but I have remarked that it is hereditary in some families!"

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

Matters are coming to a climax. Soon all that will be left for us poor wearers of crinoline will be to return to the long-forgotten custom of sedan chairs, and, shut up in one of these, surrounded by a body-guard, proceed in state to Stewart's, Ball & Black's, or elsewhere, to do our shopping.

Time was when a lady might ride in a public conveyance without further inconvenience than the probability of being crushed between two stout neighbors, or pushed off the car by a surly conductor, or embraced by a gallant one under the pretence of polite assistance. But now the dangers thicken daily; armed policemen in every car; rowdies, half-intoxicated, who seem desirous of provoking their wrath; several soldiers with loaded muskets and glittering bayonets; an incipient riot at every other street corner, during which brickbats and cobble stones enter the car windows; and, to crown all, a collision with a Harlem or Hudson river freight car; or the discovery that some miscreant has placed an obstruction on the rails, throwing the cars off the track, laming the horses and forcing the passengers to descend in the mud and complete the journey on foot.

A New Amusement.

We see, from an extract from the Palmetto *Herald*, that some ladies, Mrs. Gibbens, Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. Dudley and Mrs. Hanford by name, have been working the guns, before which certain rebel scouts and pickets retreated, in the neighborhood of May river.

As there appears to have been no necessity for their so doing, and there were plenty of men and soldiers in the neighborhood, we presume the performance was merely a matter of amusement, submitted to as a lady's wish to "drive just a little way," or to "row a little," or to see if she "couldn't catch a fish," is gratified by a polite gentleman. It seems an odd sort of recreation, considering that, after all, rebels are men, and not birds or wild fowl. To fire, for fun, at pickets, and practise hitting scouts, is a novel method of passing time for a lady. But, we presume, it will become quite fashionable after this, and Gen. Bangemoff will take his lady, Mrs. Gen. Bangemoff, down to camp, and let her manage a gun a little, just to please her; and she will keep a little list of the rebels who have been shot by her, as she might of her New Year's Day callers or her partners at a ball. And when you inquire about Col. A——'s sister, you will hear for answer, "Oh, she's gone on a little pleasure trip with her brother to shoot at the rebels!" and will be asked, "Can you manage a gun?" as people now inquire, "Do you skate?"

A Dangerous Voyage.

Going to Brooklyn is, it appears, attended with nearly as much danger as an Arctic voyage or the rounding of the Cape. To cross from our city to Hamilton avenue is to dare the fire of all gunboats or vessels, full of armed men, lying at Governor's island, and run the risk of losing life or limb by a friendly Union musket ball. On Tuesday persons who had undertaken the perilous expedition were warned of their folly by the rattle of musketry and the fall of one of their number, shot through the leg, and will probably be deterred from again attempting the expedition until the possibility of being picked off like so many robins is at an end. We understand that this time the volley came from the steamtug Stevens.

The Children.

The children in the public schools in the 22d Ward gave their exhibition, in aid of the soldiers, at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening. It was a pretty sight to see, and strange enough it was to hear those piping baby voices where the clear tones of so many prima donnas have fallen upon the ear. On the stage, at least, the little creatures looked like dolls; and there was a tableau from Louis Lang's picture of "Mary Queen of Scots distributing her Jewels," which looked curiously like Minnie Warren dispensing toys and trinkets to the fairies. The larger boys, of course, were touched with the war mania, and gave us a Battle and "After the Battle," in two tableaux, which brought down the house, and drove the youth amongst the audience distracted with admiration.

Out of Town.

"When are you going out of town?" We begin to ask this question of each other as soon as the opposite shores begin to show a fringe of tender green, and Weehawken (through an opera-glass) looks like a glimpse of Paradise. As soon as Union Square grows verdant, and in our dusty city gardens the purple pansey and yellow crocus begin to blossom—Where are you going this summer, dear readers? Half of you will answer with a list of fashionable summer resorts, of course, and only one or two will say, "Ah, we shall find some cosy, quiet farmhouse, and enjoy freedom for a little while." To these we say, good—you are wise. But for the others, what a fate awaits them! Not only the customary smothering in small, close bedrooms, and all the miseries of continually dressing for inspection during sultry summer weather; those inconveniences our belles and their mamas are used to; but, oh, horror! this year, whoso goeth down unto the sea shore or elsewhere will be perpetually and irretrievably afflicted with Shoddy. Shoddy *père*, Shoddy *mère* and Mesdemoiselles Shoddy, the daughters, to say nothing of the worst of the lot, the youthful masculine scions of the House of Shoddy.

At Newport you will find them walking on the beach in hats like warmingpans of the olden time, and trailing robes and glittering bracelets, and all sorts of fluttering odds and ends, as though each had been dipped in some adhesive substance, and passed rapidly through a show window. At Saratoga you will see them opposite you at breakfast, and Mr. Shoddy will jingle his massive chain and seals, and roar to black John the waiter:

"Here, you smoky rascal, fetch me them there eggs, will you, and be quick about it? Who d'yer think I am, I wonder?"

And Mrs. Shoddy, in blue cap ribbons and diamond ear-rings, will exclaim:

"This here coffee ain't fit for nothin'; if my cook was to send it up I'd give her warning."

And Miss Shoddy, gorgeous to behold, will make a dead set at your young brother just from college, who will declare her "a fine girl for all," in his youthful susceptibility; and young Shoddy will stare you out of countenance by way of expressing his admiration; and having formed the acquaintance of young Tiptop—never very bright—over sherry cobblers in the mysterious places whither gentlemen retire to "smoke a cigar," that verdant youth will introduce him, and drive you to the verge of desperation.

You need not say you will not mix with such people; that the *élite* can frown them down and banish them from their old accustomed haunts. Nonsense! vulgar ostentation cannot be frowned down. Its quality is too hard and brazen, and having plenty of money, do you fancy Shoddy has not the key to the best rooms in the best hotels, the best places everywhere? Landlords and waiters are money-making people, and Shoddy will pay anything just now for admission into the haunts of Uppertendom.

If you desire to escape Shoddy (and who would not?) you must make up your mind to farmhouses and rustic hotels, and abjure, for this season at least, Saratoga, Newport, Trenton Falls, Lake George, &c.; and making a merit of necessity, enjoy the "real country" for once in your life. You will not lose by it.

A Bee in the Bonnet.

They say, who know, that the insignia of the Ladies' Loyal League is to be a black bee worn in the bonnet or hair. Why, we wonder has it anything to do with the "little busy bee," spoken of by Dr. Watts? Does it signify industry or honeylike sweetness? Why is the emblem of the Loyal League economy to be a bee? Of one thing we are certain; namely, that the insect, which is to be made of India-rubber, comes off of its legs, or separates its wings from its back, or its head from its body, as easily as all the black pins and ornaments hitherto manufactured of the same material. The adoption of the emblem will not greatly aid economy, though it may home manufacture. We know of two or three ladies who intend joining the League shortly, who are purchasing silks, velvets, grenadines, &c., sufficient to last for several years, in order to have them on hand, as ladies of the League are not expected to throw away goods previously purchased. It is a "cute" idea, enabling the fair originators to be at once elegantly dressed and extremely patriotic; and, besides, they can enter heart and soul into a plan for checking the purchase of imported goods after their own wardrobe is amply supplied, for think of the joy which must be experienced by Miss Augusta when she knows that her dear friend, Seraphina, cannot purchase a *facsimile* of her pet dress, and that another cloak of Lyons velvet is not to be procured. The bee—let us see—you know bees lay in a store of honey for winter, and, as the Loyal League ladies accumulate garments for future need, this may be the meaning of the emblem.

OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

The Fairfield House, Fairfield, Conn.

Fairfield, with its fine sea air and its beautiful scenery, has long been celebrated, and is one of the few spots in America which poetry has embalmed in lengthened description, Greenfield Hill, sung by Dwight, being in its neighborhood. The village has a charming freshness, being all recently built, its destruction in 1779, by order of the English Governor Tryon, of New York, having swept away all relics of the past.

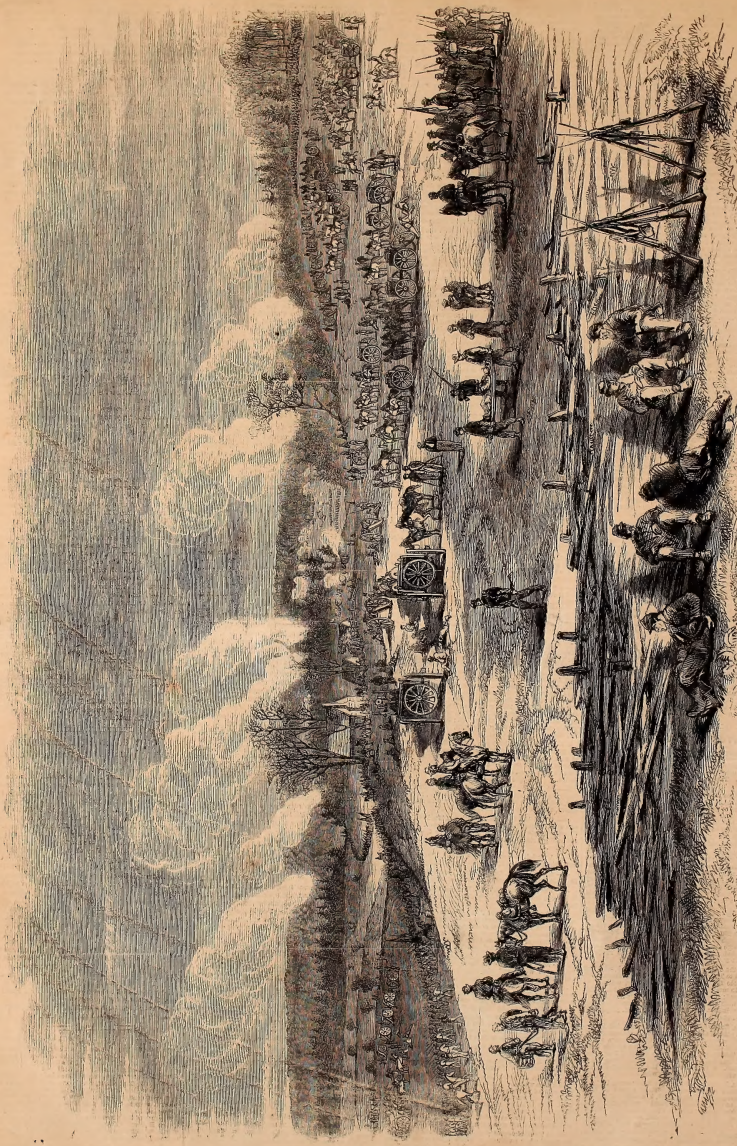
To this charming spot many of our citizens have already been in the habit of resorting during the sultry heats of summer, and they all attest the great advantages which it enjoys. We give among our illustrations to-day a view of the Fairfield House, a fine hotel, now under the direction of Mr. P. D. Carrique, a gentleman of great experience in catering to the public. The house is beautifully situated about a quarter of a mile from the beach, in the centre of one of the most agreeable villages in Connecticut, and will accommodate comfortably about 150 persons. That the house will be well kept, the table well supplied, and good wines and all attainable luxuries provided, we may, from the character of the proprietor, safely affirm. It is, too, within easy distance of New York, as it can be reached in two hours by the New Haven cars, and is but three quarters of an hour's ride from New Haven.

Amusements are not wanting; the sea gives its enjoyment of bathing and boating; while the drives in all directions, after passing through the wide street of the village, are of surpassing beauty.

Any undecided as to a locality for the warm weather should by all means give Fairfield a visit.

Singular Discovery.—A curious and interesting discovery of ancient church ornaments has been recently made at Douai, in France. According to the French papers, the students of the formerly celebrated college at that town secretly buried two coffers full of valuable church plate at the time of the great French Revolution. The secret, which was carefully kept for many years, has been divulged. A corps of engineers, who now occupy the buildings formerly used by the college, searched for the hidden treasures, and have succeeded in disinterring various silver vases bearing the names of the presidents of the college, and that of Philip Howard, of Norfolk, with the date 1744. The search is being prosecuted for other articles supposed to have been also buried.

"I love you," is all the secret most women have to tell. When that is said, they are like crackers on the 4th of July.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, MAY 8.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FROM GEN. WARREN'S HEADQUARTERS.—SEE PAGE 167.



OUR SUMMER RESORTS—THE FAIRFIELD HOUSE, AT FAIRFIELD, CONNECTICUT.



THE CHRISTENING

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

THE moonlight silvered all the balmy air,
The wind sang in the woodbine by the door,
And the young mother, swaying in her chair,
Her tender lullaby crooned o'er and o'er:

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
Evening shadows are deep;
Close in my arms I fold you,
Softly praying, with tears,
That the Father of souls may hold you
Through all life's dangerous years,
Lovingly fold and keep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
None but a mother would weep
O'er a babe as yet unchristened,
O'er a bud as yet unblown;
Ere baptism rains have glistened,
Like pearl-showers over it thrown;
For the worm in the heart I weep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"

The moonlight darkened in the draperied night,
And through the woodbine wailed the wind's low cry;
While by a marble face, serene and white,
The mother sang her tremulous lullaby:

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
The shadows of Death are deep.
Out of my arms they take you,
Gird you in linens clean,
And never disturb or awake you;
What can this slumber mean?
Terrors over me creep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!

"Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!
Angels your christening keep,
And the worm can never harm you,
That lies in the budding heart.
But what to my arms can charm you,
When Death has drawn us apart?
They have opened the grave so steep—
Sleep, my beautiful, sleep!"



The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER IV.

Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Troilus and Cressida, Act II., Sc. 2.

BERTRAM HAPSWELL had a half-brother named Victor Kingsland, Lady Hapswell's son by her former husband. Victor was a handsome, daring fellow, restless, adventurous, mischievous and troublesome. He was always getting into or out of a difficulty, and at the time selected for his introduction to the reader was only in France because he had recently been engaged in an affair which hazarded his personal liberty in England. He was gifted, versatile, and could do almost anything—from the delivery of a sermon to robbery on the high seas—but keep quiet and out of trouble, or pursue a constant and consistent course in any undertaking. He had been almost everywhere; had attempted almost everything, but remained as cleverly foolish and as abortively capable as he had been when comparatively devoid of knowledge and experience.

The Wounded Lion.



Parisian Revolutionists.

He accompanied his brother on his second visit to the mad sculptor's studio, and quite won the artist's heart by his display of connoisseurship. He had seen almost every great work of art in the world, and flattered the old man with discriminating praise. While viewing the statue Elfstone called "Lost Love," Victor whispered to Bertram:

"'Tis the image of his deceased wife. I saw her often when a boy, and have ever since formed my ideas of an angel from her."

As the trio turned from the statue, the presence of Marina Nitouche was perceived. Accustomed as he was to her sudden and singular appearances, she now startled even Elfstone with the oddity of her costume. She was dressed in a short blue tunic or blouse, worn over a red petticoat, and confined at her waist with a black leather belt. She had a scarlet Phrygian or Liberty cap on her head, and carried a gilt staff, bearing a tricolor flag, in her hand.

"What does this mean?" demanded the sculptor.

"You will know to-morrow," she answered, significantly. "Do I not look dangerous now, Mr. Hapswell?"

"The sanguinary spirit of revolution could not be more beautifully personified. What do you represent?"

"A daughter of the people. Father I never knew, and mother I have none; who has more need or right to claim the relationship?"

At this moment her gaze fastened on Victor Kingsland.

"Ha! a son of the people! a brother!" she cried, almost throwing herself into his arms and half embracing him.

Bertram Hapswell's brow clouded as he gazed on the pair, and he said:

"I infer from this there's mischief brewing in Paris, and you, Vic., are, of course, in the thick o it."

"He's jealous—never mind him," said Marina, snarling her beautiful lip with disdain. "He has a terrible mistress, and his heart and hers beat together, like two millstones."

Elfstone was now gazing at Marina with a transcribe wildness. He needed to have forgotten, for the time, she was not what she represented. As his excitement increased, his tall form dilated, his eyes rolled and flashed with a strange fire, and his fingers twitched nervously. Suddenly, and with a motion quick as light, he snatched the cup of Marina's head, and the little flagstaff out of her hand. The profuse black hair which had clad the ugly fell in a sable torrent to her feet, her graceful arms dropped and hung listlessly, and her large black eyes were fastened upon the wonderful metamorphosis in mute amazement and awe. She had subsided in a moment into the mere luxuriant beauty, who had, from motives of vanity, been lending her voluptuous charms to grace a dangerous and subversive cause.

Elfstone held the cap in one hand and the flag in the other, at the full length of his long arms, gazing earnestly at them, and speaking with great rapidity and vehemence:

"Have they risen from the deep again, these emblems of liberty and blood? Imagina of rebellion and anarchy! regalia of the ideal sovereignty of the people! Ha, ha, ha! These baubles are more delusive than the crown and the sceptre—away with them!"

He threw the cap and banner across the room, and continued with enhanced energy:

"Vain was the struggle! vain the victory! France attempts to leap at once to heaven, only to fall as low as hell. She must have perfect liberty or none. She rushes forward to grasp the fruition of the infinite future, tumbles blindly into the chasm of anarchy, and stunned by the fall, is bound by her tyrants ere she recovers her senses. To-morrow another earthquake of liberty will begin to rage, to shake the thrones and convulse the nations of Europe. The people will roar like the stormy sea, exhaust their strength in tumult, and after awhile let their despots, old and new, plant, to their fancies, and rule the groaning millions with a rod of iron, sharp and heavy as ever."

Here the old man began to weep, and his tone, to soften and melt with emotion.

"After all," he said, "all the agonizing, battling, bleeding and dying for liberty, is such the miserable conclusion? Are tens of millions and hecatombs of lives squandered for a few days' saturnalia? Poor, beguiled, besotted humanity! Only strike encouraging thyself, only scale in suffering, only constant in complaining, and in worshipping fresh demagogues, thy worst and direst enemies! Thou wisely counsel that thou art! I should despise, did I not pity the—despair of thee, did I not hope for thee with all the strength of love. Yet, necessity for sacrificing is infinite, and thy liberty cannot be bought of thyself without more blood and agony than would ransom another universe."

The rage of sorrow sank back upon a seat, and gave way to an excess of morbid sentimentality. Marina threw herself down by his side, embraced him and kissed him tenderly. Suddenly she started up, exclaiming:

"Sit. Croix is coming! He must not find me thus. Weep not, father; France will be herself to-morrow. We shall meet in the streets of Paris again, brother. You will find me where the strife is fiercest. *Au revoir!* Adieu, Monsieur Timid. Take counsel of cold prudence, and hide in some cellar. Who would have so fair a face with a white heart? Bah!"

Marina caught up her red cap and flag and darted out of the room.

Julien St. Croix arrived soon after. He was much struck with Elfstone's appearance, and whispered to Bertram:

"The crisis has come. If he be carefully watched and tended now he may recover, but if not his reason is lost for ever. I devote myself to his cure."

Bertram promised his assistance, but his brother, under the plea of urgent business, left the apartment at once, followed out of the room by his relative.

"What are you about, Victor? Having just escaped one lion's mouth, are you about to thrust your head into another's? There was some excuse for your intermeddling with English politics, but there is none whatever for your entanglement in French conspiracies."

"I am your elder, Bertram, though not your father's heir, and object to your dictatorial tone. I can save you the trouble of interfering in my affairs by managing them myself."

Bertram Hapswell shrugged his shoulders.

"You might, I think, leave yourself one asylum in Europe. Your answer, Victor, is not what I deserve; but, I suppose, all I have any reason to expect."

He was returning to the studio, when Victor caught him by the hand, saying, in an altered and affectionate tone:

"I know I am an ungrateful dog, Bertram, and you are the best fellow in the world; but when I tell you there is no danger threatening me, and that I am in honor and coin bound to go, I trust you will be satisfied."

"Silenced, if not satisfied, Victor. All I ask of you is the exercise of caution and forbearance, for our mother's sake. She has sacrificed much for you, and owes a grateful and considerate return, which you can best make by keeping out of trouble."

As that the brothers parted, Bertram returning to Elfstone's studio, and Victor hastening after Marina.

CHAPTER V.

So sweet was she so fatal.—*Othello, Act V., Sc. 2.*

Who cares for nothing alone is free.—*Wieter.*

VICTOR HAPSELAND overtook Marina on the way to the railway station. She had altered her appearance so much that but for her glorious lightning eyes he would have failed to recognize her.

"Sister," he said, "may I not accompany you?"

"Have we not the same destination?" she replied; "and are you not a true Bohemian?"

"I have not seen you at the Court, and yet were our numbers complete."

"With an important exception."

"The Queen?"

"Yes."

"And you—"

I am the Queen of the true Bohemians."

"Accept my homage, beauteous sovereign."

"You are a new accession to our numbers, brother. A true Bohemian is a strange product for aristocratic England."

"My mother is French, and my father was as great a vagabond as Cain."

"And Mr. Bertram Hapsell—is he not your brother?"

"My mother's son, but not my father's. My father was Victor Hapsland, who died during my childhood, leaving a widow, who married Sir Edmund Hapswell, Bertram's father."

"Your brother is a Bohemian?"

"If you have any designs upon him forego them. You but waste your labor."

"Is he not a suicide of virtue?"

"Of indifference, rather. He worships only the ideal. He may adore this prima donna's voice, the poetic grace of that dancer, or some other woman's beauty; but he is pretty sure to despise her when she becomes real, and convert her into a statue."

"Yes; such a one as it would be to soften steel, and have a spoiled and stubborn material for your labors."

When Victor and Marina arrived in Paris they took a carriage, and instructed the coachman to drive to a certain house in the Latin Quarter, then the headquarters of the true Bohemians. As they were passing near the Morgue the driver stopped his horses at his own accord, and pointed to the "faces," asked them whether they would not like to see the corpse of the man who had thrown himself from the top of Notre Dame only the day previous. The expression on the driver's face was that of a man expecting a great treat, which he thought no mind not dead to curiosity could resist.

"Have you a taste for horrors?" inquired Victor of his companion.

"A most horrible one, I must confess," she replied, frankly.

"You have a famous opportunity to indulge it now, and I don't know but that it may be as well to harden one's heart against the probable casualties of to-morrow. Why could not the ride wait a day or two longer, and die in our glorious campaign for liberty?"

Victor and Marina entered the Morgue a few minutes after the widow of the deceased had registered his name, and the various, in spite of the brutal attempts made to silence her, lamenting wildly over the mutilated corpse, of which Marina no sooner caught a glimpse than she turned almost as pale as the dead, staggered, and would have fallen had not Victor caught her in his arms.

"Marina! be calmed, with some exertion, you will make a pretty soldier, if the sight of one dead man can thus overcome you."

Marina, after making a desperate effort to rally her spirits, replied faintly:

"You misjudge me altogether. I am no such baby. But I remember in the same room before me the corpse of a friend I parted with on Sunday last, after passing through a scene with him of the most painful nature. From the hour I first met him he continued to profess an absorbing love for me, and although I deprecated his manifestations, he met with the coolest gibe that could procure. Discovering accidentally that he was not only comparatively poor but had a wife and children dependent on him, I returned his presents, and insisted upon the discontinuance of his idle suit. Instead of being glad to rid of him, my determination excited him to frenzy. He trampled on his own gifts, and raged till I was compelled to leave him from the very assuming a violence greater than his own. He left me vowing self-destruction. I regarded his threat merely as the ebullition of disappointed vanity, and was glad to be rid of him in any way. Little did I dream of so awful a fulfilment of his words."

"I do not see that you are at all to blame in the matter."

"Would I could think with you. But as it was, I, who idly entangled his affections in the first place, am, I fear, accountable for the consequences."

"Do you enjoy this sort of thing?"

"God forbid! I wish I could banish it from my memory for ever, but I fear I never shall."

"Your remorse is vain, for it is too late. It is idle to indulge it now. What is one man's life to the many that may be lost to-morrow? Let us go."

As they were quitting the dead-house they crossed the bereaved woman.

"Are you left poor, madame?" asked Marina, with a half-choked utterance.

"Without means to bury the dead."

How comes that?"

"My husband spent all he had upon a wicked, artful, heartless woman, who no sooner found that he had no more than she drove him from her, and he committed suicide in despair."

"Do you know this woman?"

"No; and hope I never shall. If I saw her I feel that I should kill her. She shows no pity, deserves none, and ought to die. They say she has

caused the death of some of the best men in France, and that she has deceived many more. Young Monsieur Déravure drowned himself in the Seine for her sake; Eugene Bâche was driven mad by her cruelty, and is now in the *maison de santé*; old Pierre Ragot poisoned himself because she discarded him, and yet left all his property to her; miles Cahron hung—"

"Enough, good woman! Spare your enumeration, for I am satisfied you are speaking of no human creature, but a demon. You must not believe such monstrous stories. The devil is not so black as he is painted, and the unfortunate you accuse so bitterly may be no worse than I am. Here is a purse for you. It contains enough to pay your funeral expenses and something over. Good-day. You are welcome to it all, only don't thank me."

Marina rushed out of the Morgue to avoid the woman's blessings, which, fervently have hurt her like stabs, leaped into the carriage, followed by Victor, and was driven off rapidly to her destination.

"For all your fine talk, sister Victor, as soon as he was seated, "I little dreamed you were such a beauteous monster."

"Nor I. Nor did I had my share in the death of this woman's husband, I admit; but young Déravure was drowned simply because he could not swim, and would have seen me tortured to death ere he would have committed suicide on my account; old Ragot dabbled in chemistry and poisoned himself accidentally, and moreover never left me a sou; Bâche was always insane, and never would have been cured by the medhouse; and the other party she mentions I never saw or even heard of before. I shall soon be held responsible for every suicide committed in Paris, and they are not a few."

"You have a dreadful character, Marina; but I interrupted you when you said you that it would not become me to take you to bed."

"I have different characters with different clothes on, and you must be aware of none that estimate me truly—if indeed I can do as much myself. I sometimes wonder whether I am worse or better than others, but am, of course, apt to decide in my own favor."

"I suppose you have many such adventures as that we have just encountered."

"Too many, but few of so painful a character. I must see this widow again, and do what I can for her."

"Are you not afraid she will find you out and kill you?"

"Not I. I am afraid of no man or woman, and I can easily control a spirit like hers. No, we shall be the best of friends in time."

Upon the arrival of Marina and Victor among the Bohemians, they were hailed with a shout of delight from all, and immediately surrounded, and gazed round upon her subjects with pride. They were not gipsies or natives of geographical Bohemia, but the representatives of every nature and clime, who had either acquired or assumed the appellation of Bohemians from their love of an easy, vagrant, and irresponsible life. Some of them were rich, some poor, but they were, almost without exception, intelligent, intellectual, and subversive of all kinds of art and nature. They were in the habit of making themselves at home in all places and with all kinds of people, and of setting conventionality to every condition with the pleasure of air and water. In Paris they associated for the purposes of mutual enjoyment and self-concealment, and were formed into order and action, but without any binding organization; and as every true Bohemian is witty, most of them possessed of talent, and not a few of them were gifted with a spark of true Promethean fire, the society was one of the most brilliant and agreeable that ever enjoyed either a durable or a transitory existence.

Queen Marina and Victor threw themselves at once into the war of wit and sparkling exchange of thought, and the vivacity and merriment of their assembly was one of the highest pitch. Signor Scoda, Prime Minister to Marina, was in his glory. His remarkable visage, so ugly in repose, grew into handsomeness as he indulged in the wildest and brightest sallies that ever sprang from the human fancy. His example proved contagious, and the Bohemian repartee was sustained, as replete with *bonmots* as the best even with stars on a clear and moonless midnight. Little Count Rodolphel looke-on have divined that beneath this buoyant and glittering surface lurked imminent danger and fierce menace to the queen. Many present, indeed, were members of a terrible conspiracy against the Government, and the appearance at the door of the last of ten Commissaries turned a score of faces pale and quenched the gaiety of the evening as suddenly as if a pall to himself had stalked into the midst of the company.

One of the officers guarded the door, while the other advanced with papers and deeds, and invited them to a consultation with the Prefect of Police. The prisoners seemed to take their arrest in good part, and Marina smiled on Victor with dreadful meaning, as she left the scene of recent hilarity under the escort of her stern captors.

"Their eyes are not worth a sou," muttered Pierre Masure to Jacques Renvi, as both rose to follow the municipal guards.

"Whose?" inquired Renvi. "Not our Queen's and Scoda's?"

"*Sacrebleu!* no—the bloodhounds!" said Masure, as he and his fellow started out of the room.

CHAPTER VI.

Who was the thief, and what his name?
And suffer such dishonor? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood?—*Mitford's Rienzi.*

By the voice of him and his compeers,
Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown fears.—*Byron's Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells.—*Poe.*

BERTRAM HAPSWELL watched all night with Julien St. Croix at the bedside of the old sculptor, who had grown so much worse that his death seemed imminent. He improved towards the morning, but seemed to be excessively weak. On the ensuing day startling news came from Paris. The projected reform banquet, which the Government had forbidden, was relinquished, but the disappointed populace had begun to play at revolution, and needed but some fatal signal to commence the business in earnest. The people were erecting barricades for amusement, and to get their hands in, but the troops were allowed to remain inactive. The rattle of musketry was, however, heard from time to time, and even the roar of cannon. St. Antoine and the Marais, towards midnight, began to bite as well as bark, and at the Barriers several of the bureaux of the Octroi were illuminated by the incendiary's torch. On the morrow, Wednesday, the sun rose in the sky, and the heavens seemed to be taking part with the Government; but between nine and ten o'clock the clouds were rolled out of sight beyond the horizon, and the sun flooded Paris with gold, as if smiling on the misfortunes of its citizens.

Elfstone was so much better during the day that Bertram, impelled by the anxiety of his brother-in-law, the metropolis late in the afternoon, and found the public comparatively quiet and pacific. He supposed the *emeute* had blown over, and was now only anxious to ascertain how far Victor had committed himself against the government. He had not shown himself in his apartments since Bertram and he left them on Monday, and his brother could ascertain nothing of his whereabouts from any other quarter. Bertram's anxiety and nervousness grew almost quite unbearable, and he wandered about Paris with a vague and ardent hope of fortunately encountering the object of his search. He saw no people running in every direction in a state of the wildest excitement, crying:

"The troops are assassinating the citizens! to arms! to arms!"

He heard a turning out of Rue Lepelletier into the Boulevard des Capucines when he had left a dismal procession approaching him, consisting of a hearse of three horses, followers, dragging a cart, and singing *Mourir pour la Patrie!* In fact were ravaged, so that the full glare of the torches fell upon them, and Bertram beheld the mutilated corpses, victims of the rash and dastardly provocative which had just been perpetrated opposite Frascati's hotel. Bertram thought he recognized in one of them the body of his brother Victor, and he rushed with him with the frenzy to which, in spite of his habitual calmness, he was occasionally subject. He clove his way through the dense crowd to the hearse and cart, threw himself upon one of the corpses, embraced and kissed it wildly, and then standing erect in the vehicle, with a voice of terrible grief and passion, in his mother's native tongue, cried out:

"*Is ont tué mon frère! Vengeance, vengeance!*"

The effect was never surpassed by the most magnificent oratory ever uttered. It went to every heart in the crowd, and with the thrill which nature's sinlessest tone alone can produce, raised their most dangerous passions to sudden, full and flaming fire. The cry of "Vengeance!" was taken up on every side, and roared from a thousand throats. Nothing else was thought of now, all ideas of reconciliation with the government had suddenly become "too late;" vengeance alone was taken, and a hated and murderous rule be broken and abolished for ever. That night the streets of Paris were plunged in darkness, and the sun rose upon a city of barricades.

Bertram Hapswell witnessed the fatal mistake he had made (the resemblance of the corpse to his brother was surprising, and deceived him for several minutes) with a blank and dumb-like prostration, ashamed of the mischief he had done. It was too late to attempt to mend it, and he felt that on he had, without intending it, done more in one moment for the revolutionary cause than his radical brother would probably be able to effect in his lifetime. The recollection was a painful one to him, for the consequences of a French revolution were to his mind so terrible and incalculable calamity. He relinquished his ill-conceived zeal for his brother, got back, after encountering many difficulties and dangers, to his own house, and remained there all night, unable to sleep or find any source of comfort or composure to his distracted mind.

The long night and dreadful morning came at last. Bertram's temperament was such that it was impossible for him to remain within doors, and he brought the news of the conflict, in the streets of hope of meeting his brother there, and of dragging him away from the death-perils that were flying so thick about the Palais Royal and the Chateau d'Eau. He found Paris in the wildest commotion, its excitable populace borne along by the torrent of revolution, and the hunting down and butchering of government with the vindictiveness of long-harbored hate and revenge. Among the fiercest of the armed rabble was Pierre Masure, the left regiment of the line he saw Marina, her diluted black eyes flashing madness from under her red cap, her long, bold figure, bosom and shoulders almost their boldest to renewed exertion and redoubled audacity.

Bertram remained a few minutes a fascinated spectator of the scene. Suddenly a troop of cuirassiers appeared charging upon the people, who gave way and fled in every direction. Bertram was surrounded for a moment by the retreating throng, and was so suddenly left almost alone, facing the military. The cuirassiers, whose complepiment it afterwards was to escort the King to Neuilly, galloped on, heedless of the people, and were speedily out of sight. No sooner had they dashed by than Bertram beheld Marina lying in the street where they had just passed, and ran to her assistance. She was in the act of raising herself from the pavement when a Municipal Guard, who upon the flight of the populace suddenly became visible, rushed forward, and would have bayoneted her to the heart, had not Bertram sprung upon him, wrested his musket from his grasp, and

felled him to the earth with the butt end of his weapon. The close, cracking report of musketry, the white of bullets past Bertram's head, the rally, return and fierce charge of the mob quickly followed and Bertram and Marina were carried along with the torrent. The handsome Amazon and her preserver were placed in front of the fight, both weaponless, for he had dropped his musket, and were precipitated upon a platoon of weather-beaten soldiers of the line. They could only grapple with them for the possession of their firearms, which were resigned by the veterans with little affectation of resistance, and the people, who were but half-armed, delighted with their complaisance, at once supplied themselves with weapons by disarming their sham enemies. Elated with this achievement and eager for more decisive business, the mob hurried away in the direction of the Tuileries, in the sacking of which the coarsest *carnivora* soon revelled with like madness at a carnival.

Marina, who was as mad as the worst, was borne away by the distracted multitude, but Bertram extricated himself from such ungenial company, threw down his musket and returned to his rooms. Here he waited till midnight in a state of agitation. Wearied at last with long watching and mental perturbation, he had just thrown himself upon a couch and composed himself to slumber, when he was aroused by a knocking at his door.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Marina," answered a low, sweet voice, outside.

Bertram started, a shudder swept through his frame, and he turned the key and opened the door with a trembling hand, and a heart chilled with prophetic horror.

There stood Marina, pale and wearied, her large eyes dim and red, but not alone. With his arm thrown round her shoulder, and held up by her clasp, stood, or rather drooped, Victor Kingland, ghastly and bloody.

Bertram sprang towards him, caught him tenderly in his arms, bore him to his bed, laid him gently down, and proceeded at once to examine his wounds.

"Where is he hurt?"

"In the left side, dangerously. He has also a flesh wound in the right arm, and his temple, you see, has been grazed by a ball."

"Dreadful for one day's work. I see his wounds have been already cared for; what says the surgeon?"

"He has had no surgeon but myself. I found him lying on a barricade, carried him to my lodging, dressed his wounds, and have been specially careful for him in my own room, but he insisted upon being brought hither, and hither have I brought him."

"You are a noble girl, Marina, after all, and I thank you with all my heart."

Tears started to the eyes of the fair Scrpent, but her heart was too full for speech. She kissed Bertram's hand and walked to the further extremity of the room, stood by the open window, and seemed to be gazing into the dark street; but she was only looking into her own agitated soul, the tumult of which prevented her from seeing anything distinctly even there.

Bertram carefully divested his brother of his bloody garments, disposed him as comfortably as possible in the bed, and sat down by his side. Victor pressed his hand, and murmured, feebly:

"Thanks, brother, thanks. If I live I shall be better worthy of it. If die tell mother I loved her and you to the last, and had her name and yours last on my lips."

Victor remained tranquil, his hand clasped in his brother's, and after awhile sank into the sleep his exhausted nature needed so much. Bertram stole quietly to Marina, who was now sitting in a languid attitude, her eyes downcast, and her hand lost in thought.

"Are you sad, or wounded, Marina?"

"I?" said Marina, starting from her reverie. "No, I am not hurt. I did not know enough to run when the troopers shewed themselves, knowing that the people would stand their charge, and fell at the instant they were upon us. I was as much taunting to get out of their way. My ear was struck from my head by a horse's hoof, and the only one I had. I was not brought to death, as I should, however, have been butchered ruthlessly enough but for your bravaud unexpected rescue, which even now appears supernatural to me. At the moment the glittering bayonet was almost at my heart, thinking for my life, that you, of all men, would so suddenly stand between me and death, seems to me a miracle almost as great as the raising of the dead. What magnanimous paymonts was that for the words I had scorned a thing as to Monday! Even my thanks, my gratitude, burning in my heart of hearts, seems worse than idle, for what can I do in return for you?"

"You have done enough already in your service to my brother."

He is a brother Bohemian, and I did no more for him than I was bound to do for any of the fraternity."

"You think too much of an act any man worthy of the name would have performed for one of your sex. If, however, you persist in considering yourself so much in debt to me, after upon it I shall exact payment in full."

"Ask what you will, even to my life, it shall be paid."

"There are some things more hard to give than life."

"Whatever they be I will give them—whatever you bid me do I will do it—so live my hopes of heaven."

"I shall put you to the proof some day, but now will only entreat you to wrap this cloak about you, and seek sleep on this lounge awhile, for you look pale and exhausted."

"May I not shave your watch?"

"Not now, for I presume you have had little sleep of late."

"Hardly any since Monday."

"Sleep, then, and when my wakefulness begins to fall I will arouse you, and you shall watch in my stead."

Marina was compelled to assent to this arrangement, and slept till long past midnight, when she awoke from dreaming that the soldier had his bayonet again at her heart. She sprang to her feet with a cry, roused Bertram from Victor, whose place she now insisted upon supplying. He had held out as long as he was able, and now, in his turn, resigned himself to the overpowering oblivion of slumber. The Serpent looked from one to the other of the unconscious brothers, with feelings strange as her predicament.

"I have known these brothers but a few days," said she to herself, "yet within that brief space they have become—one of them at least—more than all the world besides to me. This Victor is wild and heedless as myself, and I love him as though he were indeed my brother; but Bertram—there is music in his name, his voice, his looks, and I think that his soul, if it were visible, would outshine the sun. I love him with all the passion of my heart, but he will never love me; for he is not like other men, whose love is rawness, and he knows that my soul is dark and foul with crime. How came it so? I always loved the child's beauty more than the boy's. This I can say I have, and that have lost; but not for ever—no, not for ever. God surely can purify it and make it even as Bertram's is pure."

At this moment the slightest of audible sounds was heard, but low as it was it turned Marina very pale. She rose in an instant and crossed the door, facing two tall, gigantic men, whose countenances were expressive of the most sinister and dangerous purposes.

"Are they asleep?" whispered one.

"If soundest rest," she replied, in a tone of strong repulsion. "I guess your purpose, but the deed cannot be done. These men fought rester for their brother, and I am here to watch over the foremost of her sons; one lies here helpless, and perhaps dying from wounds received in her cause, and you shall not, through me, be guilty of the sleep brought on by the fatigue of their heroic struggles."

"What's this? have you gone mad with the rest of the fools?"

"Fools! 'tis promoting you to fall you such you are more heroic than fools."

"Stand aside, then, and let us do our brutal work."

"Stand back! or I'll wake Bertram Hapswell, whose pistols will send you into a sleep from which you shall only awake in eternity!"

"What's that? awake my ay for this."

"I will pay for it, and will pay you, and if you don't get the instant hence I will wake him now!"

"Marina, it is of no use. These Englishmen have twenty thousand francs in their trunks, and we could have the money."

"I tell you once for all, Jacques and Pierre, that Bertram Hapswell saved my life more than once between the barricades, and that I will not have the troopers, and if you advance one step, my body or yours shall lie dead across the threshold."

"Oh, he's dead, then, and you've found the gendarme for you. There's some sense in that, and I like you the better for it. I would do the same by myself. Life for life is fair play. Where and when will you meet me to-morrow?"

"At the Bois de Ville, at sunrise."

The ruffians disappeared, grumbling:

"Life for life is fair play, either way you put it."

FEARFUL PERFORMANCE BY A FEMALE.

THE most curious exhibition at the great Exhibition is the performance of a female in a state of dislocation." The journalists try to imitate it by twisting the French language into all sorts of complicated fancy shapes in describing it.

"Imagine," says one of them, "a slender female, a brunette, with flashing eyes, hollow cheeks, black tresses streaked with bluish tints, of that exotic sallowness which is found everywhere, for example, in the tent or in the pagoda. She comes standing or floating in a loose robe with red stripes. She throws herself backwards, and her head touches the floor of the circus, and lo! she begins her chimerical exercises. Her arms are twisted, her shoulders dislocated, she passes her legs, like a shoulder-belt, over her neck—she undoes, like hooks, the collar bone of her shoulders, and her head appears to be fixed upon her back reversed. The strangest of all is the beggar-look inspired—almost supernatural, with which she accompanies her fearful pantomime. It is not a mountebank at work; it is the convulsive devotee of some extravagant religion celebrating the rites of some mad worship. Above all seeing his worshippers suffer. Her eyes supplicate, her arms implore. Her face, now in front, now behind the left and in the centre was seen enveloped by their long black hair. The audience held their breath until the 9th drove the Prussians back, but both were at last overpowered by the 10th and 11th corps, killed.

The works on the right were defended as long as they could be by the Danish cavalry, who were then driven under cover of the Rolfkenke, falling back into Alsen by Sonderburg. The annexed is the foreground of the picture are the Danish troops marching into Sonderburg. Above them is the Danish battery which commands over the water. The castle and church are on the left, and the battery on the right. On the face of the hill the Prussians and Dunes are seen engaged.

MAY MOONLIGHT.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

HASTE, sister, haste!
The moon is shining bright,
And by its mystic light
We'll take our pleasant way;
The night is warm and calm,
The air is breathing balm,
Fresh perfumes of the May.

Haste, sister, haste!
Companions young and fair,
With Maybuds in their hair,
Are dancing on the green;
Let's join the happy group,
The merry, laughing troop,
And swell the festive scene.

Dance, dance, dance!
Let's trod a merry round,
On green ensamelled ground,
To music's gleesome tune;
We'll have no more such nights,
Such moonlight deep delights,
Till the leafy month of June.

Hark, sister, hark!
Along the quiet dell,
The solemn, tolling bell
Proclaims 'tis deep midnight;
To rest let's hasten all
Good-night to every one,
Good-night! good-night! good-night!

GRANT'S BATTLES IN VIRGINIA.

WE continue in our present issue our series of views of the long continued battles beyond the Rapidan, which, in their sanguinary character, are almost unprecedented. The engagements are severe and long, and, to all appearance, unavailing effusion of human blood. For months past the mighty armies have buried at each other almost without intermission the deadliest missiles which modern ingenuity and science supply, and the end and importance is guess-work—neither army defeated.

Our sketches show a fine view of the battle of the Wilderness on Friday, May 6th, sketched from the headquarters of Gen. Grant. On the left the action may be seen Gen. Grant and his staff, the signal corps near at hand, preparing to send a message to the rear. To the right in Parker's store, around which some of the fiercest fighting took place. To the left are ruined farm buildings of the Widowers farm, torn by shot and shell during the previous days. Another view (page 164), shows the battle on the 8th as viewed by another correspondent from General's headquarters, and that on page 172 is a sketch on the line of the 2d corps on the 10th, when the Confederates had at that time begun swelling the enemy's attack.

Our engravings show the striking incident on our first page of negro cavalry carrying two rebel Generals to the rear, are made on the ground from the most faithful data and provisions. One of our artists lost everything on the rapid advance of the army in which he was attached, including a portfolio full of sketches—the second serious loss of the kind he has met with during the past twelve months. Still, enough reach us to give our readers at all times prompt authentic sketches of the war.

THE WAR IN DENMARK.

Battle around Duppel, April 18, 1864.

THE war waged on the petty kingdom of Denmark by Prussia and Austria has excited the utmost sympathy for the brave Danes, who, under the lead of gallant King, has steadily battled against the investing host with its petty army, contesting almost madly each line of defence.

The Dannewerk was lost, and the allies then laid siege to Duppel, at Fridrich. Strong as the place was, it could not hold out against overwhelming numbers. Duppel was carried after a desperate struggle on the 18th of April, after a fierce conflict. The Danes evacuated the position and removed to the island of Alsen. The Danish report shows that their army lost 420 officers, 10,000 men killed, wounded and missing. The enemy's loss amounted to two Generals, 69 officers and 600 privates killed and wounded. The German troops were ordered to occupy the whole province of Jutland and to lay siege to Fredericia and Kolding.

A conference called previously may save the Danish Monarchy, and the heroic Frederick King, to an address to his people, assures them that their sacrifices have not been in vain.

The view of the decisive action which we give was from the heights on the left of Alsen, just behind the flush battery, looking over the narrow belt of water to Sonderburg and the charter of the Prussian siege batteries. The Prussians made their grand assault after a heavy cannonade from the siege guns. The works to the left and in the centre were soon enveloped by their columns. The Danish battery flank was left exposed, and the 9th drove the Prussians back, but both were at last overpowered by the 10th and 11th corps, killed.

The works on the right were defended as long as they could be by the Danish cavalry, who were then driven under cover of the Rolfkenke, falling back into Alsen by Sonderburg. The annexed is the foreground of the picture are the Danish troops marching into Sonderburg. Above them is the Danish battery which commands over the water. The castle and church are on the left, and the battery on the right. On the face of the hill the Prussians and Dunes are seen engaged.

AN HOUR WITH A SNAKE CHARMER

"SEEING is believing," so says the proverb, and if any one is anxious to have doubts removed on any subject, no process will be found so effectual as that of actual ocular demonstration, more especially when that evidence is sceptically examined before its reception. Such was my intention when I set out for the first time in my life, I was lately introduced to an Indian snake charmer.

During a professional ride through the station in which I am quartered I felt somewhat fatigued with the heat of the day, and therefore determined upon my return to call on a friend for a short shelter, despite the full conviction that I should find him indulging in that mid-day siesta, a custom common to the Europeans living in the climate, and yet so fearfully productive of liver complaints, pleurisy and other diseases.

I was not mistaken. "Never mind me! come in, old boy, you must be dead-beat," which I answered in person by entering his bedroom, darkened and cooled by artificial means. Making my way to his bedside, I was surprised at seeing two very bright objects glistening in the corner of the room. Inclined towards them, but more quickly retired on being assailed by a loud and unmistakable hiss. Involuntarily a scream in dust was performed by my friend and myself, and the native servants were somewhat startled by alarm at—

"A snake! a snake! Get a gun!"

A consultation was held, of course outside the room, and, I need not say, some distance from the door. Various results were arrived at. Some suggested shooting, others smoking, one, apparently more courageous than the rest, proposed that the snake should be caught and then destroyed.

However, as the originator of this bright idea did not seem in haste to carry his suggestion into practice, and as none of us wished to deprive him of the honor, it was agreed to send to the native bazaar for an Indian snake-charmer. In the meantime we kept a respectful look could do no harm. Carefully and slowly was that door opened. Nervously and tremblingly we peered in, gradually advanced, looking everywhere, jumped at the least rustle or sound, and were soon the laughing-stock of her Majesty's British soldiers. But soldiers don't like snakes. Why should they?

"Why, he's gone!"

"Take care!"

"Look in the bed, cupboard, drawers, nooks and corners!"

No snake! Then for the first time we laughed.

"Halloa! What's this piece of stick near the wall?"

"By Jove, it's his tail!"

"Fire!"

"Don't speak, we shall lose him!"

"Here's the charmer!"

He came, a tall muscular native, a slip of cloth round his waist, his hair long and matted, hanging on the centre of his head, which was shaved close in a circle, and a turban covering all beneath. He carried a couple of baskets and his musical instrument, made out of a gourd with a single bamboo pipe coming from the upper end, and two smaller from the lower, which, being pierced with holes, gave the sounds of a flute, while the gourd, blown through the upper pipe, played on the drone.

Before he entered the room he was searched, and his baskets and instrument taken from him. Nothing could have been concealed, for his clothing was so scanty as to be minimum, and he only carried a short iron rod.

He went down the hole in which we supposed the snake to be, for now the reptile's tail had disappeared. He sat quietly on the floor, and, placing his face close to the hole, exclaimed: "*Burra sap: sahul bahur hawa.*"

Then he played a few very low tunes, and my worst preparations he commenced digging round the hole, and presently put in his hand, and, in a few seconds, he showed us the tail of the reptile, and with gentle force he drew out the whole of the cobra, about three feet of his body, seized hold of the tail, and gradually drew him out of the hole. It appeared to be specially fond of cobras—a black, shining, wriggling, hissing deadly cobra, about three feet long. The thickest part of the body he then raised, with a head measuring, when extended, five inches round. The reptile he handled with perfect ease, it was hissing and darting its tongue out every second. Taking a bit like a skewer, he compressed the head. The brute wriggled towards him, and when within a foot of his face he put up, apparently to kiss the snake's hood, and prepared itself to strike at its captor. But the snake was fated to be wounded. He seized his primitive musical instrument, and commenced very slowly to perform a tune, which was very pleasing—but unconnected. The snake seemed astonished; his head gradually lowered, his hood and about a foot of his body that was raised from the ground commenced to sway about in time to the music. Gradually the music, slower and quicker as the time was decreased or increased, the native man played himself into a state of excitement, and his rapid and unusual movements had their effect upon the snake also.

Again the charmer seized it, and quick as lightning put his hand to its head, holding it firmly by the throat. By pressing on its neck, the cobra's mouth opened, and the fangs appeared. Then he put up and apparatus complete; thus proving beyond a doubt it was not a trained or tamed reptile he had been playing like a plaything.

Another visit arose in my mind, however, about the genuineness of the performance, for I could not bring myself to believe that a man would willingly place himself in such close proximity to cobra's fangs.

A few days after I visited the native, and got from the reptile, which was again not to be found, the information I required—that a man would willingly place himself in such close proximity to cobra's fangs.

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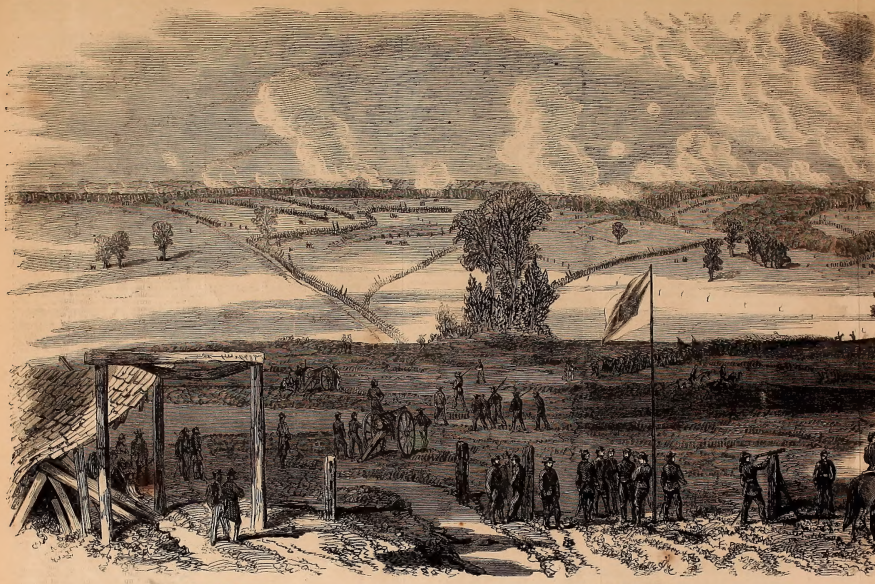
The fact of deception could have been practised in this instance, I was most anxious to see the reptile killed; but the native declined to kill a man who lived on him. But if it were injured the power he had over snakes would be destroyed, and he would not be able to find no snakes to kill him. He accounted for his easy capture by saying that the snake was tired, and that he had found they had been emptying themselves. "This one," said he, "has been out all night, and is now tired and cannot run, hence visiting, and has lost his way. On this account I can put my hand into his hole, and I am enabled to pull him out. Nasty neighbors and abominable visitors, they are always in the way, and should be put to death and make him tame."

The native, satisfied upon seeing him made harmless, or comparatively so, and directed the man to remove the reptile's fangs, which he did, and performed it in this manner—a piece of wood was cut an inch and a half long, and placed in the charmer's hand of the snake. The reptile seized it as he had done the fowl, and with the same level of a man who had undergone privative performance of dentistry was accomplished. The snake was then taken away, and was released to say by roots and given to me. I have them now, and look upon them as curiosities, and sometimes as a source of hysteric acid or a cask of white arsenic.

Before the snake was brought and attacked by the snake as before, but without any effect; it shook itself, and then, as if ashamed of its cowardice, disappeared. It is alive still, unless some enterprising culinary agent has converted it into a curry or devil.

So it was proved beyond any doubt that an Indian snake-charmer is not the fool of the first order, as many suppose, but a strong-minded, quicke-eyed, active, and courageous man. The cold deliberation and keenness of the charmer in the present instance was rewarded by a present of a few rupees, for he was not satisfied even with an extra smile in his basket, thankful to the preserver of his life, as he styled me, and he also, and he asked, he said, he owed his life and his existence.

BANQUET TO THE 79TH HIGHLANDERS.—THE New York Caledonian Club gave a banquet at the City Assembly Rooms, May 20th, to the 79th Highlanders, Lieut.-Col. Stuart of the Caledonian Club, presided, with Col. Lord Lindsay and Lieut.-Col. Cameron, late 5th Reg.-Gren. Evans, Col. Morrison was unable to be present, owing to severe indisposition. The toasts received in the battle of Spottsylvania Court House. Mrs. Lieut.-Col. Mason Cameron, was not down in the programme, and was expected to reply to the toast to the 79th Regiment of the United States Volunteers Court House. In the absence of Col. Morrison, Lieut.-Col. Mason made a short speech, in which he stated the interesting facts that the 79th was the first regiment to plant the Union flag on the soil of South Carolina, and that in all the battles the regiment has never took flag. All the speeches were characterized by the warmest patriotism; and the hearty welcome extended to the 79th showed that New York public at last inclined to be ungrateful to its brave sons who have gone forth to do battle for its existence.



Ruined Barn of the Wilderness Farm.

Signal Corps, 6th Army Corps.

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, FRIDAY, MAY

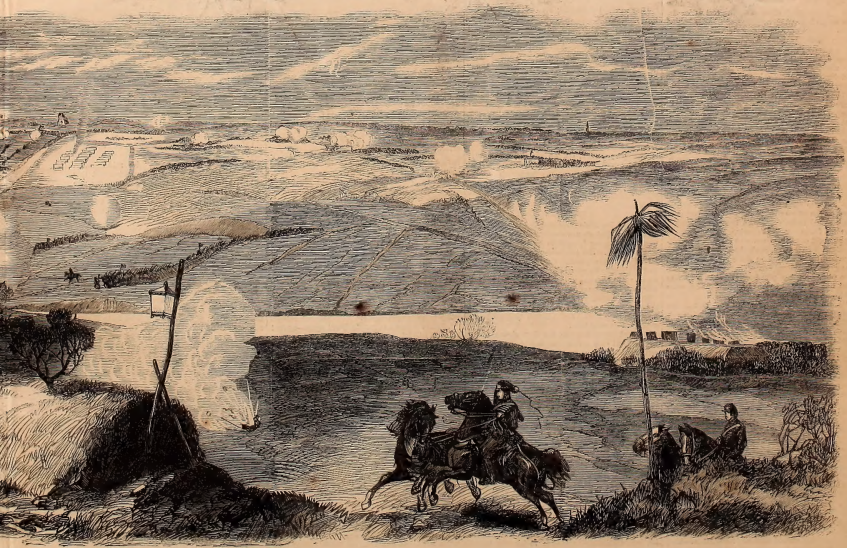


THE WAR IN DENMARK—BATTLE AROUND DUPPEL ON THE 18TH OF APRIL,



Gen. Grant and Staff. Parker's Store.

AY 6.—SKETCHED FROM HEADQUARTERS 5TH ARMY CORPS, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 167.



PRIL, VIEWED FROM THE ISLE OF ALSEN, NEAR SONDERBURG.—SEE PAGE 167.

WISHING.

Or all amusements for the mind,
From logic down to fishing,
There isn't one that you can find
So very cheap as "wishing!"
A very choice diversion, too,
If we but rightly use it,
And not, as we are apt to do,
Pervert it and abuse it.

I wish—a common wish, indeed—
My purse was something fatter,
That I might cheer the child of need,
And not my pride to flatter;
That I might make oppression reel,
As only gold can make it,
And break the tyrant's rod of steel,
As only gold can break it!

I wish—that Sympathy and Love,
And every human passion
That has its origin above,
Would come and keep in fashion;
That Scorn, and Jealousy, and Hate,
And every base emotion,
Were buried fifty fathoms deep
Beneath the waves of Ocean!

I wish—that friends were always true,
And motives always pure;
I wish the good were not so few,
I wish the bad were fewer;
I wish that persons ne'er forgot
To lend their pious teaching;
I wish that practising was not
So different from preaching!

I wish—that modest worth might be
Appreciate with truth and candor;
I wish that innocence were free
From treachery and slander;
I wish that each their vows would mind,
That women ne'er were rovers;
I wish that wives were always kind,
And husbands always lovers!

I wish—in fine—that joy and mirth,
And every good ideal,
May come, erewhile, throughout the earth
To be the glorious real;
Till God shall every creature bless
With His supremest blessing,
And hope be lost in happiness,
And wishing be possessing!

The Gulf Between Them.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XXXII.

When Elizabeth Mellen quitted the graveyard she was for the moment insane. He had left her alone with the dead that had wrenged him most bitterly. He had forsaken her there in that cold, desolate night, regardless that she had ever been his wife, unless to remember her even as a woman. This thought stung her proud soul through all its anguish. She would not return home; not a single hour would she rest under the roof which loomed up so gray and ghostly behind those weird trees. But where could she go? In all the headlands that spread away from the coast there was no shelter for her. Degraded, broken-hearted, abandoned to her fate, like a wild animal, she stood alone among the graves of those who had been happy enough to die. This terrible blow, heavy as it had been dreaded, came upon her suddenly at last. At the bottom of her heart there had been all the while a desperate hope of escape. But it was over now. The worst had come, and that was almost annihilation. She looked up to the sky. The stars were all out. The soft gray clouds which had floated over them only a little while before were turning leaden and heavy, so heavy that the ocean was one mass of blackness, as if the mighty deep had welled itself with mourning, while the throes of a coming tempest heaved its under depths.

Never in this world had a human being been cast forth to such utter desolation. She looked down at the cold earth at her feet, and her poor heart ached to lie down with that other woman, who had found her rest so early, and be at peace. She thought of that woman with strange envy, remembering that the ocean had cast her forth when it moaned and heaved as she could hear it now. The grand, the tempestuous ocean, that could give death to a poor soul that pined for it as she did. She bent her head and listened to that far-off voice that held her in such a sort of fascination.

"I will go," she said, "I will go. It calls me with ten thousand voices, it calls me."

She started away from the tombstone against which she had leaned, and swiftly threading a passage through the graves, forced her way out by the broken gate. The moment Mellen stood in the cedar grove and saw her pass. Had he come forth all might have been well, but force pride rushed in and checked the noble impulse that had brought him back so far. She weeps swiftly by him and was lost in the fog. Some strange impulse of love broke up through the insane fascination which drove her towards the ocean, and in spite of herself she drifted backwards. Once or a break in the clouds sent down wild gleams of light, throwing up black vistas of gloom through every break in the woods, and revealing dense gray masses of vapor frowning over the waters. Then came darkness again, and she wandered on. Without knowing how, Elizabeth found herself on the lawn before her old home. The odor of dead leaves and late autumn blossoms rose up from the soil, and enveloped her with sickening remembrances. All at once the woman recognised the place. That huge pile with its cabins and towers had been her home only a few short hours before. Why had she turned that way? What mocking fiend had driven her back against her will? Th thought maddened her, but she could not move. The passionate love in her heart anchored those weary feet. She flung up her arms towards a window through which a light shone dimly, the window of his room, and an agonizing cry of farewell broke from her. It was his name that fled from her lips like a living arrow, and reached her husband in the gloomy stillness of his chamber. The window opened. She tore her feet from the earth and fled. Her husband, of all others, should not know that she had been drawing about the home from which he had driven her. That cry of agony coming from her lips frightened back her pride. She darted away across the flowerbeds, through thickets and over the lawn, which lay moist and heavy under the fog. Her wet feet got entangled in the coarse grass of dead heliotrope and cryanthemums, still blooming in defiance of storm and frost. The shawl which loose from her hands, which unconsciously huddled it close to her bosom, and was torn by the thorny rosebushes. Fragments of her dress were left behind. She plunged into a swampy hollow where clusters of tall catteail, sweet flag and sedgy rushes grew above the cattle pond, swarming with trout and gold fish. Her feet sank into the marsh till the water gurgled over her gaiters. She stood a moment, looking out upon the black pool, tempted to throw herself in; but some water-rat or frog, frightened by her approach, made a great leap, and plunged into the dark depths, giving it once a horrible idea of reptile life.

Not there, not there; no one should find her after she had rested in the water. The great bawling ocean had called her; why was she lingering by that miserable pool of black water, full of living things? Again she pressed forward, broke through the tangled sedges, and trampled down the spicy peppermint, till she reached the open land again. Right on—on—all she stood under the bustling cliff which frowned over the shore tavern.

It was the last house which seems just before daylight. The gleam of a candle shone through one of the tavern windows, and this faint idea of comfort drew her forward. She crept up close to the building, and through the little panes of glass saw Benson with his daughter and her children at breakfast together. When the days grew short it had always been the old man's habit to eat his breakfast by candlelight. It was a pleasant, homely scene that the wretched woman looked upon. Her haggard eyes grew wild at the sight of so much warmth, while her teeth chattered with cold, and terrible chills shook her from head to foot. A noble wood fire blazed on the hearth, filling the small white-washed room with its glow and cheer. The soft steam from the teakettle curled up the chimney, broiled fish and hot Indian cakes sent a savory odor through the ill-fitted sash.

Elizabeth had eaten nothing for the past two days, and with the sight of this comfortable breakfast a aching desire for food seemed on her. Food and warmth; let her have them and she was ready to die. That animal instinct of life came to the surface. A child at the table saw that white face with its wild burning eyes, and pointed the finger, uttering frightened shrieks.

Elizabeth darted away, crying out to the storm. "They will not have me; even his menials drive me from them."

The beach was not far off, and from it rose a sound of lashing waves, hoarse with the thunder of mustering storms. She turned her face to the deep bad sounded like an entreaty, but now it came full and strong, commanding her to approach. She obeyed it. These voices have life in little child; all her powers of reasoning were gone; all consciousness of pain or danger benumbed everything but her rejected love, but the great ocean was strong, boundless. With one heave of its mighty bosom it would sweep her away for ever.

She walked steadily on to the beach, forcing her way to the sands; through drifts of seaweed and slippery stones, on, on, still on, with love, but with horrible firmness, through great feathery of foam that curled upon the sands; on and on through whirlpools of spray, till a great wave seized her in its black undertow and she was gone.

CHAPTER XL.

All that day Elsie remained in bed, sleeping a good deal, but so nervous and shaken that she would not permit Bessie to leave her alone for a single instant. Her brother's presence seemed to fill her with dread, and she shrank with a strange sort of terror from the recital he continually made of the love he had believed rooted suddenly from his heart, as a strong tree is torn up by a tempest.

Yes, he regretted her! It was the only bitter in his life must be a desolate blank, he so pined for her presence that he imagined though he could have rushed out in search of her, and taken her back to his heart, sweeping aside all memory of her sin.

He roused himself from what appeared to him such degrading weakness by one thought; that night the partner in her guilt would visit the house secretly, as he had vowed in the note. Once more he and his old enemy would stand face to face, one of them only to quit the scene of meeting alive. She could not reach the villain in time to warn him, even if she had left in the night for that purpose.

That thought brought all the hardness back to his face, all the insane passion to his soul, but it centered now upon the man.

Alone in his library, Grantley Mellen wrote several letters; it was impossible to tell how that meeting would end, and he must make preparations for the worst. When all was done he rose to go upstairs again; a sudden resolution made him pause. He sat down at his desk once more, and wrote these lines:

"Elizabeth—I said that even in your dying hour I would never forgive you; I retract. If my pardon can console your last moments, remember that it is yours. I have made no alteration in my will; if you can accept the benefits which may accrue to you by my death, take them; but so surely as you ever attempt to approach the innocent girl my fate has been embittered by your companionship my curse shall follow you, even from the grave to which you will have consigned me."

He put the note in an envelope, sealed it carefully, and addressed it—"For Elizabeth."

He laid it aside for others he had written Elsie, put the papers all away in the desk, and left the room.

Elsie were only necessary precautions to make; Grantley Mellen's mind was so fiercely wrought upon that only his death or that of the man who had twice wronged him could end the fever.

He found Elsie sitting up in bed. She shrank away among the pillows when he entered; he saw the movement, and it added to her heart with a new pang. This artful woman had drawn the spell of her fascination around the child that your girl as she had around him. Elsie shrank from the brother who had deprived her of the love on which her soul existed. Elizabeth had left him nothing but bitterness.

"Are you feeling better?" he asked, sitting down by the bed-side.

"Oh, I never shall be any better," she murmured; "I shall die, and then, perhaps, you will be happy."

He could not be angry with her; it only wounded and stung him to hear her speak thus, but he answered gently:

"When you are able to reflect, Elsie, you will see that I could not have acted differently. Few men would have shown such leniency as I have done; regardless of the consequences to themselves, they would have made that woman's conduct public, and wrenched from her the last hope."

"She wasn't bad," cried Elsie; "you are crazy to think so. She was the best woman in the world."

"Have you forgotten what I told you this morning—what I was forced to tell you or submit to your hatred? From you window you could look out on the spot where they had parted—"

"Be still!" interrupted Elsie, with a shriek. "I won't stay in the house if you go on so—be still, I say!"

It required all his efforts to soothe the excited girl. He forgot to question her, to know if she had left Elizabeth much alone during his absence.

Elsie lay back among her pillows, refusing to be comforted, and crying:

"If you want to cure me send for Bessie—no dear, dear Bessie! Search for her—send the people out!"

Elsie, she has gone to him; I cannot follow her there."

"No, no; she is wandering about in the cold. Go, search for her!"

"Anything but that, Elsie—ask anything else in the world."

"I don't want anything else."

"As soon as you are better we will go away from here," he continued. "Anywhere, if you like."

"But how will she live?" persisted Elsie. "What will become of her? No money—no friends. Oh, Bessie, Bessie!"

"She has enough to live on," he replied. "There are stocks enough deposited in her name to give her a comfortable income."

"But they are gone," cried Elsie. Then, remembering the danger to herself in that avowal, she stopped suddenly.

"Gone!" he repeated. "How do you know? Elsie, do you know more than you owned?"

"Stop, stop!" she screamed. "You have driven Bessie away, and now you want to kill me! I don't know about anything, only I know I do. Just the other day Bessie spoke something about the stocks; I thought from what she said that you had taken them back from Elizabeth."

He was perfectly satisfied with her explanation, but the distress and fright into which she had fallen nearly brought on a convulsive crisis. Great drops of perspiration stood on her forehead, and the slender fingers he held worked nervously in his grasp.

"Don't talk any more, dear child," he said. "Try to go to sleep again."

"I can't sleep. I never shall rest again—never! I feel so wicked—I hate myself!"

"Child, what do you mean?"

"Nothing, nothing; only no danger must come near her. Even her sorrow for Elizabeth, her stinging remorse could not make her unselfish enough to run the slightest risk of his displeasure.

"I don't know what I mean—nothing at all! But it drives me wild to think of Bessie. Where can she be—where could she go? Suppose she has killed herself. Oh, she may be drowned in the bay—drowned—drowned!"

She went nearly mad with the ideas which her fancy conjured up, and was perfectly in keeping with her character that in the very extremity of her suffering no word for Elizabeth should be spoken that would implicate herself. Mellen must not guess at her knowledge of his wife's faults.

"You will have her searched for," she cried; "promise me that, if you don't want to kill me outright, promise me that."

"It could do no good, Elsie, none whatever. She has chosen her own destiny."

"It might, it would! If she has no money what will become of her?"

"I will inquire to-morrow," he replied. "I will write to Hudson. If she has disposed of the stocks I will see that she has means to live upon; I promise you that. After this night she will need it."

"Really, truly?"

"Did I ever break my word, Elsie?"

"No, no; but you are so hard and stern."

"Never with you, darling—never with you."

She groaned aloud, but hastened to speak:

"I am not going to change my mind."

"My poor little Elsie, my sister, my treasure!"

"Do you love me so much, Grant?"

"Better than ever; you are all I have now! Oh, Elsie, don't shut your heart against me, I can't bear that. Do you believe that I have acted unjustly as a man could. To the world what I can be stern and silent, but let me tell you the truth. I loved that woman so, my heart is breaking under this grief. Bear patiently with me, child."

"Oh, if you suffer so send for her back," cried Elsie. "Let her explain; you gave her no time—"

"Hush, hush! Have I not said all those things to myself?"

This man's pride was so utterly crushed that he was revealing the inmost secrets of his soul to this frail girl, scarcely caring to conceal from her how keenly he suffered.

"But try," pleaded Elsie; "only try."

"It is useless, Elsie; you must see that plainly as I do. Don't you see what a sin I should commit in taking a false, dishonored woman back to my heart; what a wrong to society at large in forcing her to the society of a creature so lost and fallen?"

"She is good!" cried Elsie. "Bessie was an angel! Oh, I wish I was dead—dead! I can't bear this; it is too much—too much!"

Elsie rubbed her hands and sobbed piteously; she had wept so much she had no tears left, and that choked anguish was more painful to witness than the most violent outburst of tears.

"She never will die," muttered Mellen; "she was twined round that girl's heart as she entwined mine, and has broken both."

"What are you saying, Grant?"

"Nothing, dear; I only pitied you and myself for loving her so."

"I will always love her," cried Elsie; "you never shall change me; nothing shall do that. She is innocent; I believe it; I would say so before the whole world."

Mellen was seized with a sudden fear.

"Elsie," he said, "if anything should happen to me; if I should die—"

She caught his hands and began to tremble.

"What do you mean? Die—die—"

"Nothing, dear; don't be frightened. But life is uncertain; what I mean is this—if you should receive any message from the sea that woman; never to let her come near you."

"I can't promise that; I can't be so wicked."

"You must, Elsie."

"I can't; I won't! No, no; I'll never be bad enough for that!"

"If you make me this, Elsie, you will sink a gulf between us which can never be filled up."

"Don't talk so; remember how sick I am."

"I do; I won't speak to you, you must have an end of this subject. If I should die—"

"I won't hear you talk about dying," she broke in. "You frighten me; you'll kill me."

But he went on resolutely:

"Promise never to see or hear from her."

"Not this; it is too wicked—too horrible."

"Elsie," he cried in stern passion, "promise, or I will go out of this room, and though we live under the same roof we shall meet no more."

He rose as if to fulfil his threat; she sprung up in bed; her cowardice, her selfishness mastered her completely.

"I promise. Come back, Grant, come back; oh, do!"

He seated himself again, soothed and caressed her.

We won't talk any more," he said, kindly, though beneath let every passage with this subject be dead between us; that woman's name must never be mentioned here; her very memory must be buried in the grave she filled; she has dishonored. You and I will bury the past, Elsie, and place a new inscription over the tomb; will you remember that, child?"

"Yes, yes; anything! Do what you please; I shall not be angry any longer; I is to be sick."

"Indeed no, darling! You are tender and forgiving as an angel! Oh, Elsie, in all the world there is no one like you to me but Bessie."

She lay there and allowed him to speak those words; she suffered terribly, but she could not force her soul to the monstrous crime even then. Let her volatile nature would turn determinedly from that dark tragedy; she would convince herself that she was utterly powerless; that, since it could do no good to grieve over Elizabeth and her mournful fate, it was better that she should dismiss all remembrance of her from her mind, and, drown her regrets, enjoy such pleasures as presented themselves, and build up a new world between her and the past.

But as yet she could not do that; she was completely unnerved and incapable of such resolution. So she writhed there in her pitiable pain and caught at every straw for comfort.

"You won't forget your promise, Grant?"

"What, dear?"

"To send money—that she may live, you know."

"I will not forget your kindness. I will attend to it this very day; don't think about that any more."

"How can I help thinking? You might as well tell me not to breathe; I must think!"

"The end has come; it can do no good to look back!"

Almost the very words Elizabeth had so many times repeated during those bad terrible days; the recollection was like a dagger to Elsie's very soul.

It was a long time before she could be restored

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NIGHT AND DEATH.

BY JOS. BLANCO WHITE.

MYSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet seeth a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of Heaven came,
And, lo! Creation widens in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst flower, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

Circumstantial Evidence.

AN INCIDENT FROM REAL LIFE.

BY F. E. BROCK.

How often I've been led to reflect on the probable number of innocent persons who are hung or otherwise punished. Connected as I have been with one of the criminal courts of England, I have had many opportunities of witnessing on how slight an evidence a man has been condemned.

At that court (cited in my country's history when death by hanging was the penalty for forgery sheepstealing and other minor offences, many cases must have been decided by chance through a curious chain of circumstances, through their own imprudence, or, sometimes, I am sorry to say, through the malice, or the folly, of their friends.

When I was a young man—for now I am fast hurrying to an old man's grave—a case came under my own observation, where I could not help but can vouch, and which will show how easy it is for mankind to be misled, prone as they are to jump at conclusions.

In the western part of England lived a family of large fortune and landed property, which was entailed, that is, it was not to be sold, except to heirs. The present heir to the property at the time of which I write was a young man of about twenty-two years of age. I shall not give his correct name, but will call him Edward Langdon. He had a cousin, Arthur Langdon, who, in the event of the decease of Edward, without issue, would succeed to the property. These two young men were extremely fond of each other, and had been constant companions since their childhood. They had always been as brothers to each other, and were never contented when apart.

Arthur had of late contracted debts of which he was ashamed to tell his father, and which Edward paid, with his usual generosity, liquidated. The latter was extremely fond of rambling over the country, with his cousin as his only companion, and at the time of the occurrence of which I am about to relate had started on one of these excursions, and were intending to stop awhile on the banks of the river Severn in Somersetshire.

While wandering through the woods on horseback Edward was attacked by a sudden dizziness and violent headache, for which a thorough blood-letting would be the only remedy. He, therefore, called upon Arthur to perform that service for him, who demurred, fearing that, in his ignorance, he might do more harm than good. But his cousin was resolute, and as last he consented, and after opening the vein in the arm, stood allowing the blood to run for a few seconds, bound up the wound with an extra handkerchief of his own. Edward then feeling better, they rode on till they came to an inn on the bank of the river. Here they stopped, avowing their intention of remaining for a week or two.

When night came they retired to the same chamber, and Arthur, tired and sleepy, was soon in bed, and quickly dropped off into a sound slumber. He did not awake until after daylight, and then perceived by his self during one of the bed covered with blood. Almost at the same moment that he made this discovery, and while he was trying to collect his scattered ideas, the door opened and a servant thrust in his head. He gave one glance at the bloodstained couch with its military counterpane and then rushed down and returned with the landlord and a gaping crowd, who immediately made Arthur their prisoner. Search was made, and a large quantities of paper was found in his portmanteau to the requirements of the present day. Cleanliness is a virtue which he would then have perceived, and the time now occupied in passing and distributing the rollers obviated.

THE ITANDALA.—This fish, which contends for the dominion of the Brazilian waters and South America, is one of terrible voracity. Its enormously sensual lips project into the water like pipes from its stomach. The victim of the piranha is generally surrounded by a whole shoal or swarm of them; but it may be justly compared to a nest of water hornets. Horses and cattle do not venture to drink of the water below the surface, lest their snouts should be bitten off—an accident which sometimes befalls them. The negro boy himself is forced to fly before this terrible enemy, and turns his unprotected back towards the top of the water; the other alone, whose hairy skin deadens the force of the bite, is proof against this attack.

CURIOUS SUPERSTITION.—A recent traveller says: "If a house abuts upon or stands before the end of a lane or street, the side looking towards that passage almost invariably has a small tile or slab of stone let into it, with an inscription which varies with the fancy of the owner, the opinion of the fortune-telling sage, or the locality from whence the tablet may have been procured. An inscription of this kind, on a large slab of blue slate, neatly cut and painted, as if it demanded care and attention, I saw in the wing of a brick building, at the foot of a by-lane, not far from the banks of the Peiho; and, curious to know its meaning, I obtained a translation of it. It was simply to the effect that 'this stone was brought from the province of Shansitung, and placed here to prevent the evil influences of the lane coming near this house.'"

FUN OR THE FAMILY.

WITTY MR. GRUMPER.—The Duke of Grammont was the most finished and witty courtier of his day. He entered one day the closet of the Cardinal Mazarin, without being announced. His Eminence was amusing himself by joining square to the wall. To surprise Prime Minister in so boyish an occupation was dangerous. A close saloon-courtier might have thumped his cane and retired. But the Duke entered briskly and cried:

"I'll bet you ten crowns that I jump higher than your Excellence."

And the Duke and Cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the Cardinal, and six months afterwards was Marshal of France.

WHY is a lovely young lady like a hinge? Because she is ready to listen to advice.

MARRYING a disagreeable woman for the sake of money is swallowing a silver-coated pill.

A WOMAN is quite fit to have a baby who doesn't know how to hold it; and this is as true of a tongue as of a child.

IF this world is a free show, what's the price of admittance? Sin, sorrow, a small trifle of sunshine, and a good deal of shadow.

THE experience of many a life. "What a fool I have been!" The experience of many a wife. "What a fool I've got!"

A YOUNG lady says that "if a cartwheel has nine fellows attached to it, it's a pity that a girl like her can't have one."

SOMEBODY says that the oldest husbandry he knows of is the marrying of a widower in clover with a widow in weeds.

AN accidentous old bachelor of our acquaintance says that he would like to live in a "Rose Cottage" without thinking of the lots of thorns there must be about.

DOBBS, on being asked if he had ever seen the Bridge of Sighs, replied: "Yes, I have been travelling on it ever since I was married."

A FEDERAL newspaper says that a man walked 40 miles to obtain exemption from the draft, on the ground of inability to endure long marches and the hardships of army life!

A CERTAIN editor gives his opinion in a recent number of his journal in the following terms:

"A bachelor's home is one of the most graceful compliances in the world—the very soul of society. We like to pass a night at a bachelor's room as the last and most comfy that you cannot get in a word edgeways. It frees you from the restraint, prepares you sociability, and gives you heart to sip in a soft saying or two, whatever such a thing is worth, whereas single is a term by which to be endured, breeding awkward embarrassments and unspeakables. Our advice to young men is—Go to bed."

All mankind are not of this gentleman's taste. We know a few who would rather be married to death even by a pretty woman.

TO get all the fat and brawn in men's eyes, gold dust is the most blinding.

OF all the Percy family, the noblest is Percy Vere (persevere); and the most cruel, Percy Cute (persecute).

"ANYTHING to please the child," as the nurse said when she fed the baby out of the nursery window.

BOY fair, soil fair, and love fair. By so doing, you will steal a fair chance of leading a fair life.

TOMPKINS considers that a briefless barrister ought never to be married; "for it is decidedly wrong to abuse a man without a cause."

THE profession of a clergyman is sooner learned than practised. A doctor: is the reverse of most people to preach than to practise.

MANY men who espouse a party as an Indian espouses a wife—not to serve it, but to make it serve them.

A COOK should have an eye to her pots; a writer to his potshots.

YOUNG lovers should remember that the most embarrassing rebuke they can have kindled at the altar.

TO defend a political editor against abuse is like holding an umbrella over a duck in a shower.

NEW YORK milkmen have the reputation of selling water at eight cents a quart, and whisker as is dry.

A MISSOURI paper says that the Digger Indians are never known to smile. They must be grave Diggers.

A FELLOW without credit finds it harder to get into debt than others do to get out.

AN old ranger says that no one by merely counting on a fat job ever succeeded in chewing it out.

LADIES are seldom troubled with the dumb ague, but are very subject to the kind that makes the jaws chatter.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.—Are the minutes relating to an affair of honor always drawn up by the seconds?

MRS. PARTINGTON considers that washerwomen are particularly silly people to attempt to catch the public with a tub.

"I AM surprised, wife, at your ignorance," said a husband to his wife. "Have you never seen any books at all?"

"Yes," she replied, "in a number of cases."

FAG FOR THE FACULTY.—A billious bachgatherer stayed at home last quarter-day, as he said that his head was "full of business."

A YOUNG lady being asked by a boring politician which party she was in favor of, replied that she preferred a "surprise party."

THE following certificate of marriage was found among an old lady's writings: "This is to certify that I, Sarah Jones, take Arthur Wilson and Mr. Yardley were lawfully married by me, John Higgins, on the 1st day of April, since 1815.

I, Arthur, on Monday,
To Sarah Jones will Tuesday,
To have and to hold till Wednesday,
For better for worse on Thursday,
I'll kiss thee on Friday,
And love thee on Saturday,
We'll part again on Sunday."

A DANDY, meditating a cigar, having entered a tobacconist's shop, requested him to take the weed from his mouth, "lest he should teach other members bad habits."

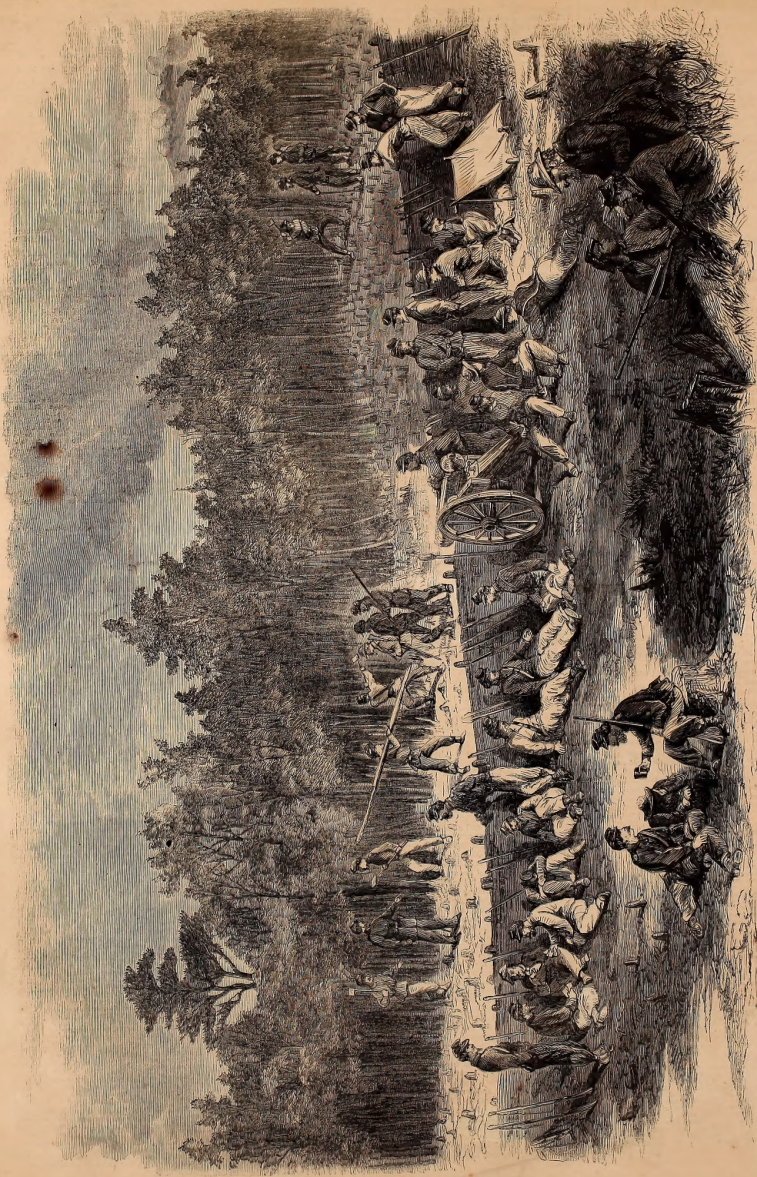
"NOW, then, Thomas, what are you burning off my writing-table?" said an author to his servant.

"Only one paper that's written all over; I haven't touched the clean," was the reply.

AN Irish lad complained the other day of the harsh treatment he received from his father. "He treats me," said he, mournfully, "as if I was his son by another father and mother!"

"JACK," said Robins, "which Variety would you rather go to, Hoxford or Modbery?"

"Hexford, Robins, to be sure, you muff," answered Jack. "Coo Vy, I prefers hindustry to hubtleness."



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—SKETCH ON THE LINE OF 2ND CORPS AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS, MAY 10—WAITING FOR THE ENEMY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 167.



EUROPEAN AGGRESSIONS IN AMERICA—SEIZURE OF THE CHINCHA OR GUANO ISLANDS BY A SPANISH FLEET, UNDER ADMIRAL PINZON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

SPANISH OUTRAGE IN PERU.

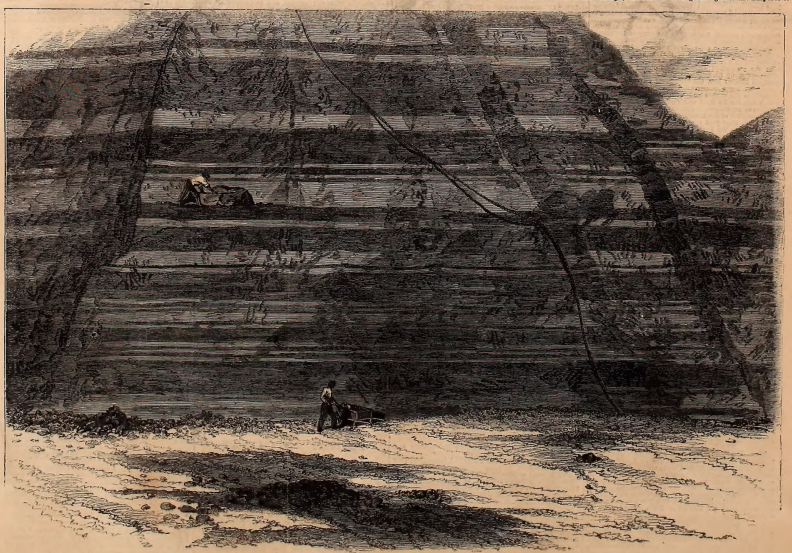
The Chincha Islands.

THE United States alone, by its power and its access as a republic, held in check the monarchies of the Old World, who have ever looked with an evil eye on the republics of the Western world, and a longing one on their vast regions, rich in vegetable and mineral wealth. The temporary paralyzation of American power *ad extra* by a great civil war seemed the moment when their bandit propensities could not be suppressed.

The spirit of monarchy, sprung from tyranny and rapine,

Forgetting that God wields the storm,
Would make all earth assume its form,
As Alexander did Mount Athos.

None can fail to have remarked, since the outbreak of the rebellion, a series of aggressive acts committed by European Governments against the States of the American Continent. Among these the Mexican Expedition and the subsequent proclamation of the Mexican Empire; the subjugation by Spain of the Republic of San Domingo; the conduct of England against the Emperor of



THE CHINCHA ISLANDS—FORMATION OF THE GUANO, SHOWING THE VARIOUS STRATA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

Brazil. We have now to add to these acts another, hardly inferior to any of those already named—the conduct of the Spaniards towards Peru.

A special Ambassador of Spain to Peru not having been able to settle a difficulty between the two Governments to his own satisfaction, the Admiral of the Spanish fleet off Peru at once, without any previous declaration of war, seized the Chincha islands, made prisoners of the Governor and the officers of the islands, and captured a Peruvian transport with its officers. He then made an attempt to surprise and capture the Peruvian squadron in the port of Callao, but this was fortunately frustrated.

Still more strange than these seizures is the declaration by which the Admiral tries to justify his course. Among the considerations which he says have led him to occupy the islands, he mentions that the independence of Peru had never been recognised by Spain, and that the Government of Peru has recently borrowed $70,000,000, a sum greatly in excess of the requirements of the treasury!

Mr. Robinson, our present Minister in Peru, may be an accomplished gentleman, but in our ignorance of his qualities, we may be permitted to express our regret that Mr. Squier, who so thoroughly understands the character, genius, language of the Hispano-Americans, and the diplomatic arts of their enemies, is not at this moment our Minister to Peru. In his hands we would feel certain that all that could be done would be done, and well done, for the interests of American liberty.

The pretext of the war thus summarily begun by Spain to revive in the Western Continent her iniquitous power was an affair at Talambo, in which a Spaniard lost his life.

It would be a parallel case were the United States to seize Nassau for the murder, by English subjects, of the engineer on the Chesapeake.

The Spanish Commissioner, Signor Mazarredo, took his departure from the harbor of Callao on the 13th April, in the Spanish steam gunboat Cavadonga, to seek and join the Admiral. On the 16th the Spanish squadron, consisting of the screw steam frigates Resolucion and Triunfo, together with the steamer Cavadonga, made their appearance off the harbor of Callao, and entered it at full speed, evidently with no friendly intentions. Only the day before they had forcibly taken possession of the Chincha islands, made prisoners of the Governor and all the other Peruvian authorities there, and captured the transport Iquique, which vessel happened to be there at the time.

After this exploit the steamed at all speed to Callao, in the hope of being able to surprise and capture with but small resistance the Peruvian squadron there assembled; but their manner of entering the harbor being manifestly so hostile, the Peruvian officers had time to get up steam and move their vessels close under the guns of the castle, where Pinzon and his three vessels did not care to venture.

The course of the Spanish Commissioner and Admiral drew out not only a firm and manly protest from Don Juan Antonio Peget, the President of Peru, but strong expressions of censure from the foreign residents.

The Hon. E. George Squier, who had already in diplomatic service been so able in thwarting European aggression in America, was then in Lima, and was called upon to preside at a meeting of American citizens, Mr. E. W. Sartori being Secretary.

On motion, a committee of five was appointed to draw up resolutions, as follows: Messrs. Moore, Cashier, Thorn, Wendell and Colville.

The committee then withdrew.

During their absence remarks relative to the questions before the meeting were made by Messrs. Ross, Reeden and others.

The Committee on Resolutions reported the following, which were unanimously adopted *seriatim*:

Whereas the naval forces of Spain, in time of peace, without notice or previous declaration of hostilities, in a clandestine manner, and under false and fraudulent pretexts, have seized on an important portion of the territory of Peru, thereby, and without warrant, disturbing the commerce of the world, and seriously impairing the interests of citizens of all nations resident in this country; therefore,

Resolved, That the seizure of the islands, vessels and citizens of Peru by the naval forces of Spain is a flagrant act of perfidy, a grievous outrage on the rights and sovereignty of Peru, and a gross violation of the rules of international law observed by civilized nations.

Resolved, That we regard the guano islands as a trust held by Peru, to be administered in the general interest of mankind, and that their possession by any strong maritime Power involves the danger of an oppressive and uncontrollable monopoly, injurious to the agricultural world, against which it is the duty of industrial nations to protest, and, if necessary, interfere.

Resolved, That we see in this new act of aggression only another development of that unholy conspiracy against popular freedom which, not content with repressing the peoples of Europe, has fostered civil war at home, given up St. Domingo to the cruelties of Spain, plunged Mexico into the horrors of war, and seeks to impose on her a monarchical form of government, in hostility to the wishes and welfare of her people, and which has, for its final and cherished object, the destruction of republican institutions and the subversion and absorption of the American republics.

Resolved, That past agressions and impending dangers impose on the American republics the duty of immediately combining in an effective union for mutual defence and protection, and for the preservation of the institutions bequeathed to them by a Washington and a Bolivar.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathise with the people of Peru in this the hour of their trial, and that, while we commend to them the glorious example of the patriots of St. Domingo, we cordially extend to them all the aid and assistance in our power compatible with our international obligations.

Resolved, That in the recognition of the Monroe doctrine consists the safeguard and only defence of the sister republics of this continent; and that, whilst the true policy of each of them is to throw open its ports to foreign emigration, he who casts his future in a foreign land should be content to be governed by the same laws, and should, in times of public danger, hold himself liable to the same sacrifices as those who by birth or their own free election have become citizens.

Resolved, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the officers thereof, and a copy sent to the Presidents of Peru and the United States, and that they be published in the newspapers of Lima and Washington.

E. GEO. SQUIER, Chairman.

EDM. W. SARTORI, Secretary.

Lima, April 27, 1864.

We give in this paper a fine view of the seizure of the islands from a photograph, and also a view of one of the great guano deposits which make these islands an object of importance.

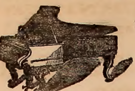
Guano (from the Peruvian *huano*, dung), is the manure of seafowl, deposited here for thousands of years, and in this rainless climate accumulating day by day unwasted and undeprived of the chemical substances it contains. While similar deposits in other climates are washed away or rendered useless, this has become of immense value, and the view gives some idea of the immense trade already carried on there.

The other sketch shows a side of one of these deposits with its various strata, the lower hardened almost to rock, the upper easily pierced by the guano and other birds, which burrow into it, filling it with chambers.

We shall give further illustrations, showing the manner of working and transporting the guano.

THE Paris *Monde* says: "The Duke of Luynes is exploring the Dead Sea on board a small steamer, the Cigar, 35 feet long, which was built for him at Toulon, sent to Jaffa in pieces, and thence carried to the Dead Sea on camels. The Arabs in the neighborhood, struck with amazement at the sight of this tiny vessel moving over the water in a way inexplicable to them, firmly believe that it is a demon which has risen from the bottom of the accursed Lake of Sodom."

THE commerce of the world requires 3,600,000 of able-bodied men to be constantly traversing the sea; of this number, probably 7,500 die every year. The amount of property annually moved on the water is from £300,000,000 to £400,000,000; and the amount lost by the casualties of the sea averages £5,000,000.




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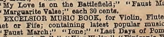
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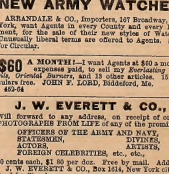
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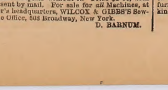
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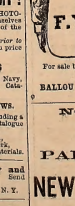
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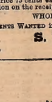
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THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.—WOUNDED SOLDIERS CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK AT FREDERICKSBURG, AFTER THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY R. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 183.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

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"On to Richmond"—Gen. Grant and his Flanking Operations.

THE successful battles and flanking operations which have carried the Army of the Potomac, under Gen. Grant, from Culpeper Court-house down into Richmond peninsula, will, in the future historian's form the most interesting and important chapter of all the records of this gigantic civil war. We believe, however, that to the old routine, orthodox, and consequent, but erroneous calculations of Gen. Lee, in reference to Gen. Grant's base of supplies, all these late successful movements of our army in his hands may be fairly attributed.

First, over the utterly exhausted country of 70 miles, between Washington and the Rapidan river, our army, say, of 100,000 men with its thousands of horses, could be supplied with its subsistence only by the Orange and Alexandria railroad. This was evidently Lee's estimate of Gen. Grant's situation when he moved forward to the Rapidan—Gen. Grant would still need his railroad; but to secure it, the strongly fortified position of Gen. Lee at Mine run would first have to be carried. That this calculation was a mistake was proved by Gen. Grant's abandonment of the Orange road in the act of crossing the river. "Never mind," said Gen. Lee, "we will entangle this rash intruder in the Wilderness; and then by working round we can thrusten his rear, we will drive him back over the river to secure his base of supplies." The experiment was tried, the right wing of Gen. Grant in that "wilderness" of pines was partially turned; but instead of repairing the break by falling back, Gen. Grant withdrew an entire army corps from his right under cover of the darkness, and moved it round to his left, which was equivalent to saying, "Gen. Lee desires to pass in between me and Washington. The way is open. Let him pass on." But with the morning's dawn, Lee discovered that in this accommodating movement our army was getting in between himself and Richmond, and so he lost no time in falling back to Spottsylvania Court-house, though compelled to fight over every foot of the ground.

What next? Gen. Grant had moved the line of his offensive operations from the Orange to the Fredericksburg and Richmond railroad, and in anticipation of this possible change of base, Gen. Lee had provided himself a strongly intrenched position, which, according to the old orthodox system of warfare, his adversary would be compelled to carry before he could advance another mile. This fortified position was so far tried by Gen. Grant as to satisfy him that it was not an improvised, but an elaborate and carefully constructed system of defences, which would require too great an expenditure of men and time to carry from the front. To abandon the roads behind him to Fredericksburg he must abandon that point as his base of supplies. It was done, and simultaneously his army, by a flank movement on our left, turned Lee's formidable defences at Spottsylvania, and compelled him to vacate them precipitately, and to push forward, night and day, with his whole army, to escape the danger of being cut off from Richmond.

And what then? Gen. Lee had provided another strongly fortified intrenched defensive position commanding the junction of the Fredericksburg and Richmond railroads, between and near the confluence of the North and South Anna rivers, which form the Pamunky. At this point he no doubt was satisfied that Gen. Grant would have no alternative but a destructive effort to the Federal army to clear away these new obstructions. How clue Gen. Grant he manifests his consciousness even with his new base of supplies on the Rappahannock?

The problem was solved by another flank movement, which carried the Army of the Potomac around again to the left, and over the Pamunky river, to a point within 15 miles of Richmond, and connecting with the White House water base of supplies, which, by way of the broad navigable York river or estuary, gives Gen. Grant all the facilities of the best possible communications with the ports of Norfolk, Washington, the James river and Gen. Butler.

Thus, the old orthodox military idea that, in moving a great army overland to Richmond, Gen. Grant would find his difficulties increasing with his advance increase as he progressed, from the increasing embarrassments in his rear, is proved a fallacy. The strategic of Vicksburg has shown that, for months of two or three days, a base of supplies may be dispensed with, even in traversing an exhausted country, by simply resolving that a certain point will be reached in a given time. This is the "Little Corporal's" idea of a forward movement revived; and we see that with a General who has thoroughly studied the strategy of Napoleon, and who has thus proved his own superior strength, the dangers of a flank movement on his part are purely imaginary, and that its advantages at every step are equal to a great victory.

Having established himself in front of Richmond, with a secure base of supplies at the James river having brought his main army into close *rapport* with the powerful co-operating army column of Gen. Butler and our heavy squadron of gunboats, and secured a strong base on the James river, and having the additional advantage over the enemy of an immensely superior body of cavalry, the reduction of Richmond, and the expulsion of the armed forces of the rebellion from Virginia assume the palpable shape of inevitable events. That Richmond and Virginia are now untenable to the rebellion will soon be made manifest; and, we still believe, without imposing upon Gen. Grant the labors and tedious delays of a regular siege. The days of Sir Guy's delivery drawn near, and the knell of the rebellion will soon be sounded.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA—GRANT'S ARMY.

The advance of Gen. Grant's army, led by the second corps, under Gen. Hancock, drove the enemy before it to a point seven miles south of Bowling Green, where he was at 10 o'clock P.M. on Gen. 224 May, and occupied the bridge over the Mattapony. Hancock moved upon Bowling Green on Saturday by a forced march. The rebel cavalry and a battery of artillery opposed the passage at Guinea station, but they were dispersed and pursued by our cavalry. On Sunday, the 22d, Hancock made clear headway through the town of Milford and some distance beyond. An attack upon our headquarters train, near Guinea station, was made by Fitz Lee (5th Virginia cavalry), but they were gallantly repulsed by the 114th and 98th Pennsylvania volunteers.

The 5th and 6th corps marched by way of Hartsburg to Jerichoford, and the 5th corps succeeded in effecting a crossing of the North Anna and getting a position without much opposition. Shortly after they were violently attacked, but handsomely repulsed the assault without much loss. We captured in all about 1,000 prisoners, in great part North Carolinians. Lee then took up a strong position between the North and South Anna.

During the night of the 26th Grant recrossed the North Anna, and marching with unexampled celerity, crossed the Pamunky at Hanovertown. Sheridan took possession of the town on Friday morning. The 1st division, 6th corps, arrived at DUNKIRK, followed during the day by the other corps. Lee, thus outflanked, has fallen back again on Richmond, as the rebel papers say—in pursuit of Grant!

Our wounded have been removed from Fredericksburg.

Mosby is, as usual, prowling in the rear, and has been destroying the bridges and blockhouses from Union mills to the Rapidan.

BUTLER'S ARMY.

On the night of the 23d the rebels made an assault on Gen. Ames's line, driving in the pickets. The fight lasted about 15 minutes, and as soon as it was over our men proceeded to bury the rebel killed left on the field; 283 were interred by our forces. Our loss will not be more than about 10 killed and 60 wounded, as we had all the advantage on our side—constantly on the defensive and the enemy marching boldly up to our breastworks.

The gunboats on the James and Appomattox rivers aided by shelling the woods and dispersing the rebel reserves.

An attack on Fort Powhatan the same evening was also repulsed with loss.

On the 24th, a reconnoissance, with a brisk fight of an hour and a half, defeated them, with very slight loss on our side. The rebels made nine successful attacks on our outreconnoissance, and were each time repulsed.

On the 25th Fitzhugh Lee made, with cavalry, infantry and artillery, a vigorous sally on our post at Wilson's wharf, north side of James river, below Fort Powhatan, garrisoned by two regiments of negro troops, and after a stubborn and obstinate fight was handsomely repulsed.

* * *

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Maj.-Gen. Hunter took command of this department, May 25, relieving Gen. Sigel.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The rebels in Washington, N. C., set fire to the town on the 11th of May, destroying all but about 20 houses. Provisions are plentiful and cheap in the place.

Gen. Harland has been assigned to the command of the sub-district of Newberne.

The poor Union refugees from Plymouth and Washington, North Carolina, were burned over their heads, are at Newberne in great numbers, in a very destitute condition.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

A constant bombardment of Charleston and of Fort Sumter is kept up, but no other movement is taking place.

GEORGIA.

Gen. Sherman flanked Gen. Johnston's position at Altoona, on the Etowah river. On the 24th Johnston advanced to meet him at Dallas, and the armies met near Pumpkin Vine Creek. Johnston was driven back to the forks of the Allatoona and Marietta roads, where he is throwing up defensive works.

LOUISIANA.

Our gunboats have escaped from their position above the Falls at Alexandria. Admiral Porter, in a dispatch to Secretary Welles, gives great credit to Col. Bailey, of the 19th army corps, who built a dam of 600 feet in length across at the lower falls, thus enabling the boats to float over the shoals and obstructions.

Admiral Porter had arrived with his fleet of gunboats and army transports at Simmsport, near the mouth of the Red river, and the army had reached Morgan's Ferry on the 16th May. The army marched by the old road, and reached its present position simultaneously with the navy's arrival at Simmsport.

Gen. Canby had arrived at Simmsport, and assumed the direction of affairs at that place.

No opposition was made to the exodus of either the army or navy from the Red river country by the Atchafalaya.

The route pursued by the army from Alexandria was down the river to the mouth of the Bayou, some 15 or 16 miles, and thence to Simmsport. It was delayed by the rising of the Atchafalaya, but crossed the Mississippi on the 21st.

MISSOURI.

The rebel steamer Florida was at Bermuda on the 14th, and had burned a New York ship from Calhoo three weeks previously.

The U. S. gunboat Seminole City and Wave have been captured by the rebels near Sabine Pass.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 23d May, there was but routine business of general character—the subjects discussed being entirely local.

In the House, the subject of debate was the suppression of the *Journal of Commerce* and the *World*, by order of Government. The illegal act was fiercely denounced by one side of the House, by the other, on the plea that the public exigencies must overrule all legal technicalities.

In the Senate, on the 24th, the Brazil Mail Steamship bill was passed, by Yeas, 21; Nays, 14. The House bill to appoint a Commissioner of Agriculture, and two Inspectors of steamboats for collection in the District of East Tennessee was passed. The Internal Revenue bill was discussed mainly on the clauses regulating the duties and salaries of officers to be appointed under the act. The amendments of the Finance Committee, which were verbal, were generally agreed to.

In the House, the Reciprocity Treaty was debated, but without any result. Mr. Davis opposed terminating it.

In the Senate, on the 26th, Mr. Meyan reported a bill to prevent the discharge of drafted persons by the payment of commutation, with an amendment which insures that the provisions of the bill shall not prevent the actual furnishing of substitutes. Boards of enrollment must also report the names of persons and the date of each in addition. The Tax bill was taken up. An amendment to the Senate Finance Committee's amendment to the bill, making the tax on a barrel of lager beer, ale, beer or other fermented liquors, $1 32 instead of $1 50, was adopted. The other amendments of the Finance Committee were agreed to, so far as the reading of the bill had progressed in the Committee of the Whole. Mr. Hale introduced a bill to promote the efficiency of the navy, which was referred.

In the House, the Speaker laid the reply of President Lincoln to the resolution adopted yesterday inclosing the correspondence between Secretary Seward and Mr. Dayton relative to the resolution adopted by the House against the invasion of Mexico by France. Mr. Seward says that it is practically an Executive question; that it does not belong to Congress to take action in the premises, and that while the President receives the unanimous declaration of the House with the profound respect to which it is entitled, he deems Mr. Dayton to inform the French Government that he does not intend to depart from the unbroken unanimous public concurring the French occupation of Mexico. A report to the Committee on the Army of Pensions, Bounties, and a later debate followed on the equalization on the pay of soldiers. The bill was finally laid on the table. Yeas, 58; Nays, 21, and asked for a new Committee. [The fact that the bill as that the House insists upon action that there shall be no distinction in pay in consequence of color.]

In the Senate, on the 26th, Mr. Johnson offered a resolution that whereas the President by information as to the delivery of Sr. Arguelles to the Spanish authorities by Mr. Seward's order, and thereby characterizing the act of the Administration in suppressing the publication of the *New York Herald* and the *Journal of Commerce* as a violation of the Constitution. Mr. Fessenden reported back the Internal Revenue bill, with many amendments. The bill was discussed by the Senate and the House, and accepted to a Committee of Conference, to be appointed by the Chair, which was agreed to. The Tax bill was considered and the amendments of the Senate Finance Committee, so far as they extended, the bill progressed, were generally concurred in by the Senate acting in Committee of the Whole.

In the House, the consideration of the Reciprocity Question was resumed. The House also voted on the amendment of Mr. Arnold of Illinois, authorizing the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to appoint three Commissioners to confer with a like number of Commissioners duly authorized by the British Government to negotiate a new treaty based on the principles of reciprocity between the two Governments, with a view of enlarging the basis of the present treaty, and for the removal of the existing difficulties, provided, that in case one shall not be agreed to by both Governments, that the President shall give the notice for the termination according to the provisions of the existing treaty. The vote was disagreed to—Yeas 57; The House then voted on Mr. Morrill's substitute, authorizing and requiring the President to give the stipulated notice for the termination of the treaty. This was rejected—Yeas 71. The original resolution was reported from the Committee on Commerce was next read. Mr. Stevens moved to lay it on the table. Disagreed to—Yeas against 76. The House agreed to the preamble to the resolution, which contains a reason for a cancellation of the treaty. The question recurring on the passage of the resolution, Mr. Stevens moved the previous question—declaration be postponed till the second Tuesday of December—Yeas, 76; Nays, 78: So the motion was lost.

The House, on the 27th, there was no business of general interest transacted.

In the House, the Senate bill was passed, providing that documents and letters may be sent to Government officers without the payment of postage. Several bills are called up the report of the Reconstruction Committee. Mr. McKeary, the celebrated, said that certificates of the sitting member was obtained by depositing many thousand votes fraudulently. Much debate, mild vindication, violence and bloodshed. He characterized the resolutions of the Democrats as vague and unmeaning. A long discussion followed, Mr. Smith strongly upholding Gen. Fremont's proclamation. Mr. Cox replied. The House adjourned without further action in the case.

In the Senate, on the 28th, the joint resolution to amend the charter of the City of Washington was taken up, and the amendment allowing persons to be registered as voters who have heretofore resided there, without distinction of color, was rejected by 29 against 18. The joint resolution was then passed, and returned to the House. Mr. Doolittle introduced a joint resolution giving the thanks of Congress to Zachary of the 19th army corps, and directing that a gold medal be prepared for presentation to him at the direction of the President of the United States, as a recognition of the "eminent personal gallantry and ability displayed in leading and executing with success which enabled Admiral Porter's fleet to ascend the Red river." Passed. The consideration of the Internal Revenue bill was resumed. Mr. Sherman offered a substitute which he had discussed. Finally the clause was stricken out by a vote of 8 against 31. An evening session was held on the Tax bill, when among other appointments received from the President, was that of Col. Geo. Gregg Dayler of Red river engineering fame, for brevet-brigadier-general.

TOWN COSSIP.

ONCE upon a time the annual showing of the works of artists constituting the National Academy of Design was an event of the year. Days—and not so many years ago either—used to be unpromised necessary by the people and the press, that they should "do" the Academy Exhibition, as it was a few weeks ago to "do" the Sanitary Fair. Alas! how have the mighty fallen! Now, the doors are opened, and hardly hung upon their wall, but the cry is not, "still they come."

We grieve to say it, but the truth is that the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design has become almost a nuisance. In some measure this is attributable to outside causes, such as the fact that the public can look at better pictures without paying for the sight, but chiefly the fault lies with the artists themselves. They are behind the age. The food they have to put on their canvas is not the food necessary personally as well as a body, has so affected the institution, that it chooses to sneer at public taste, and force its genius upon a community almost dead to art. Year by year the show of pictures has been growing worse in quality and smaller in quantity, and now in this blessed year of our Lord, 1864, the mass is little better than trash—absolute trash.

In a year when dress and to end of a limited space we look in vain for a great picture, or for an idea. The artist seems to be quite content with a meaningless and literary newspapers. A little twaddling story of some forlorn looking girl, and sighing about nothing, or a picture of a youth rode by on a black charger, and with a flash of mingled love and surprise, born of the instant, he recognizes in the lady he has scarcely met before, and eloped to the South Pacific in a tumult of contending emotions, are the staple of the contributions from the screw of Anna Mottle, who is violently suffering under a cold and for the want of a new idea, and under her head a frosted and blistered heart, and the whole body of her frame, as one of 17, that the world is all a blank, and that her coffin is ordered. Of this school are the pictures—and there are many of them—of the exhibition of 1864. We will endeavor to name some, if not all, of these exceptions.

The most prominent of these is Mr's picture of "Columbus making his egg to stand." It has become a fashion to make light of Columbus there is strength artistically and physically. In giving this picture to the world Mr. Mount should never have consented to be made the supposing accidental to be genius. Mr. Mount has a departure for the beaten track betokens a high order of talent. Was there no other incident in the life of Columbus, but that of making his will, and what excuse was attached to the act beyond that of Messrs. Smith, Jones or Robinson?

The next is "Faithful unto Death," by Thomas Nast. In Mr. Nast's picture there is something of an idea. We have noticed pictures of this artist before, one we especially recall, "Our Flag Victorious," a water-color drawing which has been for the past few weeks exhibited in Schenes' window. There is a strength of handling

and ambition, and time will bring some of the decision that is now wanting. Nast's shortcoming is color, when study has given him improvement in this point he will become an artist of a high order.

Among the landscapes are several, by Cropsey, taken at Greenwood Lake, a beautiful spot in Orange county, N. Y., little known, but destined to be under such penciling. "The South Mountain," Catskills, by Gifford ; 259, a landscape ; a bunch of brook trout, No. 129, by Mount, after which comes a cloud of land views and sea views until the sight sickens with the flat insensate pieces of canvas.

Edwin Forbes has a clever picture, somewhat crude, of "The Rear of the Column," a scene in the Army of the Potomac, while on the march. It has life and truth in it, that show at a glance they are the results of the artist's study from the reality.

As we predicted some weeks since, the woman's league against extravagance in dress is proving an utter failure. It started with a splash of something that looked like enthusiasm, but soon showed the cloven foot, as a movement savoring somewhat of interest, when it was seen that the strongest advocates of the cause were those who would be most benefitted, could such a movement be made fashionable. These interested parties were the manufacturers of domestic goods, who would, of course, find their reward in increased sales. There is something supremely ridiculous in the idea of the committee of ladies sitting in solemn conclave at their rooms, in Great Jones street, to receive deputations of manufacturers and approve of their goods. We fancy we hear the sleeve-laugh of the very drummers who are engaged in the harmless attempt to reach the sympathies and purses of the warmhearted ladies engaged in the absurd work. There is a touch of royalty about it—Queen Victoria doing something for the Spitalfields weavers by setting the pattern of a ribbon, or promising a deputation of lacemakers to wear their handywork at the next drawing-room.

To our innocent mind there is something fearfully like opposition—a deep political female move—to Shoddyism in this league. Its originators have found, for the last year or two, that they have been met upon their own ground by Shoddy, and if not defeated, have at least had a hard battle to fight. Shoddy has come into the market with a hungry grasp and snatched from under the very eyes of fashion the richest dress, the finest equipages, the most brown stoney of brown stone fronts, the rarest of jewels, and the most reckless of all extravagance. What refuge is there left for fashion but the old fabulous idea of the grapes that hung too high for Master Fox. They could not contend, and they could not vacate the field without some resistence, and what better than to throw, by a fashionable movement, Shoddy back upon its original ground, stripping it for the nonce of a large share of the benefits conferred by a plethora of cash? If this was the thought—mind we say "if"—it was a brilliant one, but, alas! we fear a hopeless; for Shoddy rebels, and headed by a fierce and well-fed army of tinkers and tailors, milliners, mantuamakers and drygoods traders, will in the end prove too much for fashion.

And now for the amusements of the people. Blessed is he in these days who was born or has become a theatrical manager, for in such a vocation shall he prosper. Go where we will, crowds are before us. Shake but the semblance of a novelty at the public, and straightway a beggarly account of empty boxes becomes an impossibility. Sensation, or heavy melodrama, rich old comedy, or creamy new burlesque, all is fish that comes to the public net, and all are devoured with equal avidity.

The first upon the list with a novelty was the Winter Garden, with the Florences and their new burlesque of "Fra Diavalo." The management have not gone to any wonderful outlay in putting the piece on the stage, but the doing of it makes up for any shortcomings on that head. Florence, as the heavy villain, who breakfasts, dines and sups on blood, is comic in the highest degree; while Mr. Vining Bowers, who does Lorenzo, the policeman, does it up irresistibly droll, ending off with the song of "Let me kiss him, Yankee Doodle!" in a style that brings the house down in a genuine way. Mrs. Chanfrau, as Zerlina, was charming; she is, without discount, the prettiest woman at this moment on the New York stage, and we are not sure but the cleverest actress in her line, always doing her work quietly and artistically, and leaving, upon her exit, a host of admirers.

Attached to "Fra Diavalo," they have been doing one of those monstrosities of the stage, a protean piece, entitled "Thrice Married," which is about as good as such pieces can be.

Mrs. John Wood has also been trying her hand at a novelty, with the ominous title of "Paul's Return," which turns out a capital cold weather piece, but is rather too exercising for the warm nights of this season. Nevertheless Paul returned every night for the past week, and topped off with "Easy Shaving," by the pretty barber of Islington, as we top off our juleps with a bit of pineapple, a slice of orange, or a strawberry: it seems to go down as smoothly.

Wallack, in a steady, conservative way, like some banker that trades legitimately on his bullion, goes on giving us English comedy, always a sterling dish, and "Rosedale" for the one hundred and twenty something time, as in the olden days when we were all children, as it will undoubtedly continue to do when we become old and grayheaded.

Niblo's is still demoniac with "Bel Demonio," and still the grand Vestvali treads the boards with manly perseverance, and jumps from that fearful mountain night after night, to the intense delight of the multitude who expect nightly to see her broken into bits.

Heller fills his comfortable little *salon* nightly to an uncomfortable degree, and startles the public from its propriety every other day by the most fearfully sensational advertisements.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The bogus proclamation has already travelled as far as Illinois. The Quincy *Herald*, of the 19th May, introduces it as follows : "The *World* is the only paper which appears to have the following," and then publishes the proclamation in full.

—— A bill has just passed the Connecticut Legislature, providing for a fine of $25 upon railroad companies that neglect to carry a certain quantity of good drinking water in passenger cars.

—— The entire receipts of the Camden and Atlantic railroad on Saturday, the 28th May, were given for the benefit of the great Sanitary Fair.

—— The Japanese gunboat Puseyami was launched on Saturday from Westervelt's shipyard. She was built under the supervision of Capt. Joseph Comstock.

—— The *Express* says that the will of John Butler, brother to Major-Gen. Butler, has been offered for probate in the Surrogate's office in this city. He leaves an estate valued at $2,000,000, of which one-half is bequeathed to the Major-General. The particulars of the will cannot be made public till the latter part of the month, which is the first return day.

—— The Semi-Centennial Anniversary of the American Tract Society was held in the Tremont Temple, Boston, on the 25th of May, and gathered an immense audience. The annual report shows the cash receipts for the last year to be $124,500, being $17,500 in excess of the previous year. The entire amount expended for the army since the commencement of the war is $76,302. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the Rev. Mr. Savage, of Chicago, and other clergymen, addressed the meeting. Notwithstanding the weather, which was decidedly anniversary weather, all the meetings have been well attended, and the interest appears to be greater than in any previous year.

—— An order has been issued from the War Department forbidding the exhumation of soldiers' bodies until 1st of October next.

—— There are now only 22 Union officers confined in the Libby Prison, Richmond.

—— The solemn festival of Corpus Christi, which in the Catholic countries is always celebrated with a great display of civic, military and ecclesiastical ceremonies, was observed on the 26th May in New York with quiet solemnity Our Canadian friends, on the following Sunday, gave it more of European pomp. The procession at Montreal is, to an American, a sight such as he would not dream of beholding within two days travel from Wall street.

—— A disgraceful fight occurred in Washington, on the 25th of May, between Senator Chandler and Representative D. W. Voorhees. Chandler and Voorhees, it appears, met at the National Hotel, when Chandler called Voorhees "a Copperhead," upon which Voorhees struck him. The fight then became more general, and a friend of Voorhees broke a pitcher over Mr. Chandler's head.

—— The Fifth Annual Commencement of the Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art took place on the 27th of May, before a large audience of ladies and gentlemen. The founder, Mr. Peter Cooper, presided, and Mr. Harvey Dodworth conducted the instrumental music for the occasion. Four hundred and five pupils, male and female, received certificates for regular attendance and devotion to their studies, and the following young gentlemen graduated with distinction : Messrs. Eugene Corbitt, Robert Scott, William L. Taylor, George Haitzen and William Forbes. The annual report was read by Mr. Abraham Hewitt, and from the financial statement which was given by Mr. Wilson G. Hunt it appears that the Institute is not only self-sustaining, but the funds have accumulated in the hands of the Treasurer. The exercises were very interesting, the singing by the female class being particularly excellent.

Military.—We are glad to see that the Government has resolved to purify the army, and has thus commenced. Major-Gen. Wallace announces the result of the court-martial recently convened in Baltimore for the trial of Major George Thistleton, of the 1st Maryland cavalry, that he was found guilty of the charge of "being in the habit of associating intimately and publicly with infamous women and prostitutes during the past winter and this spring, so as to bring disgrace upon himself and the service, and to subject his encampment to scenes disgusting and disreputable to his regiment," and that the sentence of the court is that he be "dismissed the service."

—— Great consternation has been created among a certain class of officers by the resolution of Gen. Grant to degrade to the ranks every officer, however high his rank, who leaves the field of battle without a satisfactory reason. It is said that after the seven days fights on the Rapidan, more than 300 officers left their posts and found their way to Washington, spreading the most alarming reports. Gen. Butler dismissed from the service on the spot a captain, who withdrew his company from a position he was told to hold.

—— The 9th New Jersey regiment suffered severely in the recent battles near Fort Darling. Among the most lamented is Col. Abraham Zabriskie, who was mortally wounded while leading on his men. Capt. Harris was also severely wounded, and is now a prisoner in Richmond.

—— A dispatch from Washington announces that the Court-martial on Surgeon-General Hammond has resulted in his conviction. Surgeon-General Hammond was arraigned on the following charges : Corruptly, fraudulently and unlawfully purchasing medical hospital stores and supplies, and falsehood.

—— Adjutant-Gen. Sprague has issued an order requesting officers of volunteer regiments from this State, who have left the service by resignation, expiration of term of service, or for other causes, to send to his headquarters their Post-office address, designating their rank and the regiments in which they served.

—— Brig.-Gens. Gibbon and Dodge have been nominated Major-Generals of Volunteers. Major-Gen. Oglesby has resigned, and Major-Gen. Buell has been mustered out. Gen. Oglesby has tendered his resignation three times, and it is accepted now for the purpose of making a vacancy for Gen. Dodge. Gen. Buell was mustered out for refusing to accept a command under Gen. Canby.

—— Lieut.-Col. Bayley, who saved the gunboat fleet by constructing a dam across the Red river, is a Wisconsin man. He entered the service as captain of company D, 4th Wisconsin regiment, July 2, 1861, was promoted to Major, May 30, 1863, to Lieut.-Col. June 15, 1863. For meritorious conduct in the field, and for highly distinguished services before Port Hudson, he was mustered in Lieut.-Col. of the 4th Wisconsin after the death of the gallant Col. Bean, who was killed in action before Port Hudson. Col. Boardman, who succeeded Col. Bean, having recently been killed in a skirmish, Col. Bayley will succeed to its command. Col. Bayley has been on the staff of Gen. Franklin since March 2, 1864, and is now Acting Engineer of the 19th army corps. His engineering qualities were obtained in the lumber regions of Wisconsin, where he learned how to navigate shallow creeks and rivers.

Obituary.—Some years ago there appeared in the Springfield *Republican* a series of letters from Europe, signed by "Dunn Browne," which were widely copied and much admired for their sprightly vivacity. They were from the pen of Mr. Samuel Fiske, a graduate of Amherst College, in the class of 1848, and the author of a well-known college text-book, a translation of Eschenberg's Manual of Greek and Roman Antiquities. Mr. Fiske was a clergyman, settled at Madison, Conn., when the war broke out ; but he left the pulpit for the field, and dropped the "reverend" for a lieutenant's title. After fighting bravely in the several battles, he was taken prisoner by the rebels and detained for some time in Richmond. During the battle of th e Wilderness, captain —for he was promoted from a lieutenancy—Fiske was mortally wounded. He was conveyed to Fredericksburg, where, in a private house, he received the attention of personal friends, and of his wife and other members of his family. His death has taken from the Union ranks a brave, intelligent officer ; from literary circles a lively, versatile writer, and from the newspaper world, an admirable war correspondent.

—— Col. Geo. B. Hall, of the 71st New York Vols., died on the 24th of May, in Brooklyn. He was the son of ex-Mayor Geo. Hall, of Brooklyn, and was born in New York. He entered the United States service during the war with Mexico, and was a 1st lieutenant in the 2d regiment of New York Vols., under Col. Ward Burnett. He was also chosen quartermaster, retaining that rank until Oct., 1847, when he was promoted to the captaincy of Co. A. During the Nicaraguan expedition of Gen. Walker, the deceased held the position of chief commissary, and performed his duties with credit. At the commencement of the rebellion he was chosen captain of a volunteer company from this city, and was shortly after selected as the Colonel of the 2d regiment of Gen. Sickles' Excelsior brigade. In Gen. Hooker's division he took part in nearly all the battles on the Peninsula, and has since participated in the operations of the Army of the Potomac with his brigade, until sickness disabled him from active service. His military career during the present war has been a creditable one, and he has given up his life for his country.

—— Samuel S. Maffit, late Comptroller of the Treasury of Maryland, died at his residence in Elkton on the 24th of May, aged 45 years.

—— Giacomo Meyerbeer, who died in Paris, France, on the 2d of May, was born on the 5th of Sept., 1794. As a child he was extremely precocious, and his musical talent came to him so early that when only seven years old he was celebrated ; and at nine a German critic spoke of him as one of the best pianists of Berlin. Under less favorable circumstances the lad would doubtless have been prematurely brought before the public as a prodigy, to contradict, perhaps, in manhood, the promises of his youth. But his father, James Beer, a Jew banker, was very wealthy, and Giacomo Meyerbeer, as the composer afterward called himself, Italianizing his name, only appeared occasionally, principally at amateur concerts, and had plenty of opportunities afforded him for study. With what result he availed himself of them is known throughout the world. Meyerbeer did not, however, at once obtain a high position in music. His first opera, "Jeptha's Daughter," was represented at Munich, in 1812, with but indifferent success, but the numerous works he afterwards produced, and which extended over nearly the whole range of musical composition, secured for him a wide reputation, and proved that his talents were of no common order. Of these productions the "Crociato in Egitto," produced in Venice, in 1825, may be said to have laid the foundation of his European fame. In 1831 he produced his grand work, "Robert the Devil," and henceforth Meyerbeer was recognised as a master. The "Huguenots" followed in 1836, and the "Prophète" in 1849, both operas at once taking that commanding position on the lyric stage which they have ever since maintained. "L'Etoile du Nord," a work in a different style, but distinguished by the same charm of genius, followed in 1854, and the "Pardon de Ploermel" still more recently. It has long been known that the deceased composer had finished another work, "l'Africaine," and that his scrupulous and perhaps fastidious anxiety to secure for it a satisfactory interpretation has alone kept it from the public. Its production may now, it is to be presumed, be looked for at no distant date.

—— Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, Consul-General of the United States at Montreal, died suddenly in that city on the evening of the 27th of May. He was born at Athens, Oct. 6, 1795, but removed to Ohio in 1805. He served in the war of 1812. After the close of the war he studied law with the Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, and was admitted to the bar in 1820. He was a member of the Legislature of the State of Ohio in 1826, and in 1838 was elected to Congress as the successor of Mr. Whittlesey; here he was distinguished for his steady and determined opposition to slavery and the slave trade. In 1841 an American vessel, the Creole, sailed from Virginia for New Orleans with a cargo of 136 slaves ; during the passage a revolt occurred, in which the slaves killed one man, took possession of the vessel, and entered the British port of Nassau. On the 21st of March, 1843, Mr. Giddings offered in Congress a series of resolutions, declaring that slavery was an abridgment of natural rights that the slaves in the Creole had violated no law of the United States in regaining their personal liberty, and that they were not legally liable to punishment. These resolutions brought down upon him the displeasure of the House, who, by a vote, severely condemned his conduct. Mr. Giddings then instantly resigned his seat, but was immediately reelected, and resumed his seat, after an absence of only six weeks. His whole period of service in Congress was 21 years. He was a strong supporter of Gen. Harrison and Henry Clay, but on anti-slavery grounds refused to support Gen. Taylor. In 1850 he was conspicuous for his opposition to the enactment of the "compromise measures," especially the Fugitive Slave Law. In 1843 he wrote a series of political essays, signed "Pacificus," and in 1858 he compiled The Exiles of Florida. A volume of his speeches in Congress has also been published.

Accidents and Offences.—A fire was discovered about four o'clock on the morning of the 23d May, in the basement of the Maison Dorée, in 14th street. The damage to the building is about $1,000; furniture and fixtures, $1,500. It is fully insured.

—— On Saturday night, the 21st May, the 7½ o'clock through train to Washington, ran over three horses, five miles from Trenton, killed the fireman, and injured the assistant fireman and one passenger.

—— On Saturday afternoon, the 21st May, a Jew, name unknown, attended the funeral of his sister, Mrs. Rachel Lazarus, who was buried in the burial ground in 88th street, between 4th and 5th avenues; while standing over the grave he became very much excited, and, drawing a revolver, shot himself with such effect as to produce death almost immediately.

—— The express train going North, on the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati railroad, was thrown off the track, near Crestline, on the 21st May. Mr. De Witt, of the firm of Younglove & De Witt, of Cleveland, was killed, and a number of others injured—none seriously.

—— The Kohnstamm case, which had occupied the attention of the court since Tuesday, the 17th, was concluded on Saturday, the 21st May, and resulted in the conviction of the accused of the crime of which he was charged, and for which he was indicted. There are 46 indictments against him which remain undisposed of, and it is understood that the case will go up on appeal.

Art, Science and Literature.—A letter from Rome says: "Miss Hosmer is engaged on a group of a Sleeping Fawn, whom a faunetto (young faun) is tying to a stump of a tree. It is a charming composition, full of spirit and character, and will greatly increase her reputation. The attack upon Miss Hosmer in the *Art Journal* and the *Queen* was infamous, but she will live it down.

"Tilton is painting some beautiful landscapes, and is, I am most happy to find, laden with orders.

"Story has remodelled his Cleopatra, making many changes and improvements. Keeping to the same general conception, he has worked it out to a more elaborate and artistic completeness, embodying, as I think, all his artistic growth of the five years which have elapsed since the production of the first Cleopatra. He has also modelled a bust of Mrs. Browning, from memory, for her brother, which he has succeeded in rendering pleasing, without losing the characteristic likeness. This artist's Saul is going on rapidly, and is to go to London with Judith this week. His Bacchus and Venus follow shortly to the same destination."

Foreign.—London swindlers have a new method of thieving. They send a parcel of books addressed to any rich person who died the day before, and carefully selected according to his or her supposed tastes, with an invoice as from a respectable publisher. Messenger waits for the money, which the relatives pay without inquiry, under the circumstances always connected with a recent death. The invoice always contains trifling mistakes, such as charging four times the price of the books, and making the total come out rather larger than a good arithmetician would make it.

—— Fifty-two persons are to play a game of cards at the French Imperial Court, each one to represent a card. They should be selected for their activity in cutting and shuffling, or else there will be a difficulty in manipulating such an army. The anomaly will be, they will be all court cards, as the representatives of the fifty-two cards will be all court personages. The four aces and four queens will be represented by ladies ; hearts and clubs by young ladies ; spades and diamonds by matrons, though wherefore we know not ; the four kings elderly gents ; and the four knaves by juveniles, whose age vouches for their innocence.

—— The work of restoring the great cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris has resulted in some interesting historical discoveries. In lowering the soil around it remains of Roman houses were found, and the outline of the foundations of an old church which centuries ago stood here, dedicated to St. Christopher, as well as the plan of another church near by, dedicated to St. Stephen. Several marble columns, with fine Corinthian capitals, have also been unearthed.

—— In Prussia, not long since, there occurred an interesting case of detection of crime by scientific means. A quantity of gold, packed in boxes, was dispatched by a railway train. On arriving at its destination it was discovered that the gold had been stolen from some of the boxes, which were refilled with sand to make up for the deficient weight. Measures were at once taken for the discovery of the thief, and that no chance might be lost Professor Ehrenberg was requested to make a microscopic examination of the sand. The professor—who is a member of the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, well known for his researches into minute objects, and his comparison of volcanic dust from all parts of the world—asked that a quantity of sand from every station by which the train had passed should be sent to him. Examining these, one after another, he at last came to a sand which was identical with that found in the gold boxes. The name of the station whence this sand had been collected was known, inquiries were set on foot at that station, and among the persons there employed the thief was detected. The incident is one which an expert novel writer might make use of with effect.

Odds and Ends.—In Secessia they give a man liable to do military duty so many days' furlough for every recruit he brings in. One conscript went to work and procured enough men to entitle him to a furlough from Gen. Lee of 8,210 days, which is over 22 years.

—— Dr. Read reports to the Sanitary Commission from Nashville that preparations are making to build army hospitals on Lookout mountain, and that Gen. Thomas recommends the planting of a garden on the top of the mountain.

—— At the very moment when Gen. Wadsworth fell on the field of battle, extensive preparations were being made in Troy to celebrate the marriage of his only son with one of the most accomplished and beautiful ladies of that city.

—— Four military posts in the North-West, by general orders of the War Department, have been named in honor of Gens. Wadsworth, Hays, Stevenson and Rice, slain in the recent battles in Virginia. Thirty-six have been killed in battle during the rebellion, and 15 died of diseases contracted in the service.

—— The Washington *Republican* gets off the following: "The rebel capital is in a carpetbag, is in Jeff Davis's hand, and Jeff Davis is usually, during active operations, in a special car on a railroad. Wherever Jeff and the carpetbag are, there is the rebel capital."

—— The Buffalo *Express* has the following watchword and prayer for these momentous days: "God—Grant—Victory."

—— The arrival of Com. Maury, of the Confederate privateer Georgia, at Richmond, is noted, after an absence of 16 months.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In England the chief topic was the ultra-liberal speech of Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had, in a recent debate on Parliamentary Reform, advocated Manhood Suffrage. Some supposed this to be an ingenious method of escaping from the popular odium, under which he now labors, for his surreptitious behavior in the Garibaldi *imbroglio*, which had so deeply roused public indignation as to compel him to give an explanation to a deputation from the Working Men's Association. The interview was chiefly remarkable for the stride it evidences in Ministerial dependency upon the people, which necessitated such a step, and from the Jesuitical nature of Mr. Gladstone's explanation. The Danish Conference was in a state of feeble progress, the only good it having achieved being an armistice for one month, from the 12th of May, between the belligerents. The naval engagement between the Germans and the Danes, o the 9th May, proved to be more humiliating for the former than was supposed, since the Austrian ships had to take shelter under the guns of the British fortress of Heligoland, to escape either capture or destruction. The fact that, when the victory was announced in the House of Commons, both sides should receive the news with loud cheers is very significant, and shows that Palmerston must adopt a more vigorous policy.

In France the feeling was also very strongly in favor of the Danes, but this results more from the national craving to create an opportunity to seize the Rhine than from any other wish to assist a weaker Power.

The Russian official paper states that England and Russia are decided and identical on their policy in the Danish question—the integrity of that kingdom will be preserved. There is considerable ill-feeling between the French and Russian Courts, on account of the very ostentatious manner in which the occupation of Paris by the allies in 1814 was recently celebrated at St. Petersburg.

Maximilian had touched at Madeira on his route to Mexico. The Mexican Loan had turned out to be a great failure, as the British press discouraged it. It was generally conceded that the Mexican Empire would tax the abilities of Napoleon and Maximilian to sustain it. The French journals are very jubilant over the alleged condemnation by Mr. Seward of the Congressional declaration touching Louis Napoleon's invasion of Mexico. They pretend it means a recognition of the Empire, when it only says that, while the vote represents the national feeling, it cannot take effect without the Executive, which at present will do nothing.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. By JAMES PARTON. Two vols., 8vo. New York : Mason, Brothers, 1864.

Literary men have long been aware that Mr. Parton, the most thorough and accomplished writer in the field o biography in our day, was conscientiously laboring on a life of Franklin. A real biography of one who occupied so prominent a position has long been needed, the autobiography of Franklin himself having in a manner prevented by its popularity all attempts to write his life.

Mr. Parton has a wonderful talent for the field which he has chosen. He takes his character up with sufficient enthusiasm to give his narrative interest, yet not to warp his judgment. He is essentially impartial, and handling his theme with a masterly hand, has given us a work that must take place in almost every household in the country.

THE LITTLE REBEL. Boston : Tilton.

All our new juveniles, juveniles that seem to catch the public taste, must savor of the war. This aroma seems necessary. The Little Rebel, has, however, only the title. It is a good story of the trials of a step-son, which with the amusing confusion of the two Dromios—David Vane and David Crane—make the story a very interesting one to the young.

THE WOMAN IN BLACK. By the Author of the "Man in Gray." Philadelphia : T. B. Peterson and Bro., 1864.

This is a popular novel, highly endorsed. The plot is well conceived, and the chief character very well drawn. There are defects in style and treatment, but it will be read and liked. The story is that of a sharp, handsome, unscrupulous dependent cousin, who has determined to obtain the hand of her noble relative, and shrinks at no crime to accomplish it. The interest is very well sustained, the pictures of life well drawn.

THE PORTRAIT MONTHLY, containing Sketches of Departed Heroes and Prominent Personages of the Present Time, Interesting Stories, &c. Vol. I., 4to., 188 pp. New York : T. B. Leggett and Co., 1864.

Biography always interests, and this work, while not pretending to be elaborate or exhaustive, is a cheap and attractive work, giving more than 200 portraits of prominent men of the time, in civil and military life, with biographical sketches prepared with care.

It contains also other interesting and entertaining matter, and cannot fail to please the public. As a book of reference for sketches of the men daily spoken of, it is valuable to all who have not made a biographical dictionary for themselves, and who has?

AFFECTION IN A BADGER.—As two persons passed through a hollow way, in company with a dog, the animal started and killed a badger. Being only a little way from a village, they agreed to drag him there, as the authorities of the district gave a reward for every badger destroyed. They twisted some twigs, and drew him along the road by turns. They had not proceeded far when they heard the cry of an animal in seeming distress, and stopping to see whence it proceeded, observed another badger approaching. They endeavored to drive it away with stones, but it would not be repulsed; it came close to the dead animal and began to lick it, continuing its mournful cry. The men had it not in their hearts any longer to repulse him, but still drew the dead one along. The other laid himself down upon his companion's body, clasping it closely, and was thus drawn into the village, where, to the shame of its inhabitants, it was speedily destroyed.

THE WATER OF THE DEAD SEA.—A French gentleman publishes a paper on the composition of the water of the Dead Sea, showing that it contains about 9½ per cent. of the choloride of magnesia, 6 per cent. of chloride of sodium, 3 per cent. of chloride of calcium, 1½ per cent. of chloride of potassium, and traces of bromide of magnesium, sulphate of lime, hydrochlorate of ammonia, carbonate of lime, oxide of iron, alumina, and 79½ per cent. of pure water.

A LAD, ten years old, ran away from home and went to a tavern, where he was found by a friend with a cigar in his mouth.

"What made you leave home?" inquired his friend.

"Oh," said he, "father and mother were so saucy, I couldn't stand it; so I quit them."



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—1. HANCOCK'S 2ND CORPS CHARGING LEE'S RIGHT, IN FRONT OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE, MAY 12.—2. REBEL GUNS CAPTURED IN HANCOCK'S CHARGE.—SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.



BRIG.-GEN. ALEXANDER HAYS, U. S. A., KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.—PAGE 183.



BRIG.-GEN. ALEXANDER J. WEBB, U. S. A., WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.—PAGE 183.

TWIN VISIONS.

BY A. F. BANKS.

THE YOUNG WIFE'S DREAM.

A rosy, girl-woman, a flower of the West,
Had a rapt, blissful vision of one fair away,
(She dreamt it from midnight till dawn of the day),
And it all was about the young soldier she'd blest.



She dreamt he was near her, his dark eye beamed o'er her,
She felt his warm breath 'mid her tresses of gold;
The spell of her slumbers alone seemed to thrall her
From clasping her first, only love, as of old.

THE POSTMAN'S SOLUTION.

And her dream was a true one; with cheek Joy aglow,
She read how her dear one, on that very night
(While on Death-dealing picket till morn's graying light),
Had a sweet Waking Dream—not of fierce prowling foe,
No of deadly assault, not of mangled and slain—
'Twas his Mary's neat chamber the Patriot Dream-trod,
His Foe was the Slumber he would not profane,
And he guarded the Heart he loved next to his God.

Wrecked and Rescued.

BY CLAIRE CROFTON.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a wild, wet, dreary and altogether disagreeable November morning that I rose from the breakfast table, and turning to the window, looked forth rather anxiously to see if the weather showed any signs of improvement. The appearance of the dripping eaves and leaden-hued sky was not encouraging. Mother Earth was taking her annual autumnal showerbath, and all her pleasant colors had been pretty much washed out under the operation. I turned away and commenced making preparations for my long walk in the rain—for a schoolteacher's duties must be performed whether the sky smiles or frowns.

"Is it absolutely necessary that you should go to the village this morning, Lillian?" inquired my mother. "Surely Mr. Myers might dispense with your services while this storm continues."

"Quite impossible, mamma. He has his hands full as it is, for the school is large, and to be absent from my post were to insure my instant dismissal. But don't fret about me, *ma chere mère*. I don't mind about the walk at all, and with my overshoes, waterproof cloak and an umbrella I shall be quite dry and comfortable."

"You always look at the bright side, Lillian," said my mother, with a sigh, as she passed her hand caressingly over the thick braids of my blonde hair. "What would your poor father have said could he have foreseen the life of hardship and privation that his darling must endure?"

He would have said, mama, that he was glad his daughter had sufficient pride and energy to earn her own living, and not be dependent on others."

"Ah, child, had you possessed less pride, and more ambition, you might now have been placed far above the necessity of such drudgery." I colored deeply as my mother's remark, but pretended to be too busy clasping my cloak to notice it. "You are very like your father, Lillian," she continued, "and you inherit all his beauty; the pure Saxon type for which the whole family of Moores are distinguished. You have the dazzlingly fair complexion, the violet-blue eyes and the lustrous hair, wavering betwixt gold and brown—"

"Oh, mama!" I interrupted, "modesty won't allow me to listen to any more; you will make me insufferably vain at this rate;" and kissing her cheek and bidding her good-bye, I ran off gaily, exchanging the inner warmth and comfort for the damp atmosphere of the outer world.

There were no repining thoughts in my heart as I wended my way through the mist and mire to the distant schoolhouse. I never shared my mother's regrets at our altered fortunes, or thought it hard that, like the great mass of my fellow-beings, I was condemned to earn my daily bread by my daily toil. I had youth, health and energy, and gloried in my power to help myself and others. After the bankruptcy and sudden death of my father some years before, his brother, my uncle John Moore, offered to provide for me so far as giving me an education was concerned.

My mother gladly accepted this offer, and for three years I attended the best seminary that the country afforded, at my wealthy uncle's expense. When I graduated he offered to receive me into his family as his daughter, but I promptly, though gratefully, declined a home that my mother could not share, and returning to Millbank, obtained a situation as assistant teacher in the high school of the village.



The Freshet.

I liked the profession I had chosen, for it insured me independence, was attached to my pupils, and, as I said before, indulged in no vain regrets for the loss of the luxurious home of my childhood.

I reached the foot of the long lane, where a gate opened on a nicely gravelled path leading through private grounds to the high road of the village. Here I paused and hesitated. All summer I had been in the habit of using this byway, but for the past three or four weeks I had avoided it. Should I avail myself of it now, and thus cut short my two miles walk by nearly one-half? I would gladly do so were I sure that I should not encounter the



Ellerslie House.

proprietor of the place. Not that the owner of Ellerslie (so the estate was called) objected to the use of this private road as a thoroughfare; he was liberal in the extreme, and the right of way through his grounds was open to all in the neighborhood who chose to avail themselves of the privilege. But I had my own private reasons for wishing to avoid a collision with him. A glance at the heavy-folded clouds, threatening a deluge of rain, decided me to run the risk, and pushing open the gate I entered the enclosure and took the well-known path. I had advanced but a few rods when the sound of hoofstrokes in the distance warned me that I was probably about to meet the very personage I had been anxious to avoid. I bit my lips with vexation, but it was too late to retreat. The next moment the steed and his rider were in sight.

The animal was as splendid a specimen of the genus horse as ever gladdened the heart of a lover of the equine race. Coalblack in hue, with a white star blazing in the centre of his forehead; his glossy coat shone like satin, and his flowing mane almost swept the ground, which he trod daintily, arching his graceful neck as though proud of the burden that he bore. Of the rider I will only say that he was worthy of his steed, of whom he seemed part and parcel, so perfect was his seat in the saddle.

I had caressed Black Ralph, the horse, a hundred times, and he knew the touch of my hand and the tone of my voice, as well as he did those of his master, but I felt no inclination to gratify him by my notice at that time. As they neared me I stepped aside to let them pass, and in doing so involuntarily lifted my eyes.

The rider doffed his cap and bowed low; but no

smile lighted up his dark, haughty, handsome face, or softened the smouldering fire in the dark eyes, that were fixed full on me with a stern, repellent look that roused all the resentful pride in my nature. I inclined my head slightly, in answer to his salutation, and passed on at a quickened pace, my cheeks burning so hotly that not even the chill, scalding mist, beating full in my face, could cool their feverish glow.

A turn in the path gave to view the mansion-house of Ellerslie, crowning the summit of a gentle entrance, a quarter of a mile distant. I could see the broad, sweeping carriage drives that led away to the stables, the stately elm-bordered avenue, and the parklike expanse of ground, dotted here and there with forest trees, that swept away on either hand.

The house itself was of stone, many-gabled, with quaint chimneys, and bay windows, and shooting-in porticoes and piazzas. I am no student of art, and know not to what order of architecture it belongs, Gothic, Ionic or Composite; but it was an imposing pile of masonry, and accorded well with the grand and picturesque character of the scenery by which it was surrounded.

Save beneath a summer sky, with the golden sunlight flickering through those dense masses of foliage, with such wondrous effects of light and shade; or when September had flung out her gorgeous, many-hued banner from the forest trees, and crimsoned the vines that draped her front and side of the building, till their long tendrils looked like blood-red streamers waving in the breeze, the whole place bore an aspect of sternness that reminded one of fairyland. But now, with a leaden sky overhead, a brown and barren earth below, and the leafless boughs of giant trees, looking so like the gaunt arms of mighty skeletons flung up in terror or supplication towards the heavens, the sombre and desolate character of the scene affected my imagination painfully. Something, it might have been conscience, whispered to my ear, a living type of its owner's fate, as it sat and a pang of self-reproach smote my heart and chased the angry color from my cheeks.

CHAPTER II.

OLD Squire MacAlpine, the former owner of Ellerslie, had died suddenly, while his nephew and heir, MacAlpine, was abroad, making the tour of Europe. After the old man's decease the mansion, in which "free-hearted hospitality" used to preside, was closed up and left in silence and solitude for two years. At the end of that time the young heir returned from foreign parts, bringing home with him his beautiful Italian bride. The bridal party accompanied the newly-wedded pair, and once more the halls of Ellerslie rang to the music of song and joyous voices. A succession of *fêtes* followed. There were picnics in the grand old woods that bordered the estate, boating parties on the beautiful mountain lake, and equestrian excursions to the many charming and picturesque localities in the vicinity of Millbank. So passed the summer months in mirth and festivity, and with the first frosts of autumn the visitors departed. But ere the mellow and rich-hued leaf, or the beech doffed its golden coronet, sin, and shame, and sorrow had taken up their abode at Ellerslie.

The fair but frail wife of Hugh MacAlpine fled, in the silence and darkness of night, from the home she had deserted and the husband she had dishonored. The companion of her flight was a young naval officer who had been a summer guest at Ellerslie. The outraged husband pursued the guilty pair, but he reached the distant city whither they had fled only to learn that they had escaped his vengeance by embarking the previous day for Europe. But the ill-fated steamer in which they took passage never reached her destined port. She was the victim of one of those fearful collisions at sea which chill the hearer's blood with horror, going down with her helpless freight of human beings amid the thick darkness of midnight, while the fearful howling of the storm drowned the shrieks of despair that rose from their decks. A few floating fragments of the wreck, a boat overturned, with the word "Albion" painted on her stern, were all that was left when morning broke to tell the melancholy tale.

Hugh MacAlpine returned to his desolate home, and for two years lived almost the life of a hermit, avoiding as much as possible the society of his fellow-men, and leaving his retirement only when the transaction of business connected with his estate rendered it absolutely necessary for him to do so. But the second year of his sojourn there a fatal epidemic broke out in the village of Millbank, sweeping off scores of its inhabitants. So many were prostrated by disease, that there were not enough left in health to tend the sick and bury the dead. Then the master of Ellerslie came forth once more, and forgot his own sorrows in his efforts to alleviate the sufferings of others. Day and night he watched by the bedside of the sick and dying, ministering to their wants and relieving the necessities of their families. Time, money and personal effort were lavished freely, and he well earned the title of "Good Samaritan" which was bestowed upon him. When the pestilence abated and men breathed freely once more he did not return to his former solitary life, but more of the gloom that had so long oppressed him, and once more mingled freely with his fellows.

He was universally beloved and esteemed, though sometimes, in allusion to the stately courtesy of his manners—the MacAlpines were always a proud race—he was jestingly entitled "Sir Hugh" or the "the Lord of Ellerslie" by his more democratic neighbors.

The most of these events occurred during my three years absence from home, and were related to me by my mother after my return, some four or five months previous to the commencement of my tale.

I had been at home scarcely a week when we were surprised by a call from Mr. MacAlpine. He was our landlord, the pretty, vine-covered cottage in which we lived being his property, and he called to speak to my mother about some needed repairs on the outbuildings. I was present at the interview, but did not open my lips after the first few words of greeting; for I felt something like awe in the presence of that grave, stately, aristocratic-looking man, whose searching glances seemed to penetrate the very thoughts of those with whom he conversed. More than once, on looking up from my sewing, I encountered those dark, unfathomable eyes fixed full on my face, and felt my color rise beneath that earnest gaze.

My mother noticed his glances and my confusion, and after his departure expatiated warmly on his many noble and generous qualities, with some guarded allusions to his great wealth. I think she had already begun to form a *château en Espagne* in my behalf. Somehow our landlord found it necessary to call on us a great many times in the course of the summer. At first some little matter of business served as an excuse for these visits, but at length he ceased to offer any pretext but his own inclination, and came and went, a pleasure.

Having discovered my fondness for flowers, he rarely dropped without a choice bouquet from the gardens or conservatory of Ellerslie reaching our cottage. Then he began to join me in my rambles around the village after school-hours were over. Dismounting from his horse, he would walk by my side, with the bridle thrown over his arm, spending the distance by pleasant talk, stopping occasionally to gather wild flowers, which I would playfully twine with the glossy raven mane. Shy and reserved at first in his society, I found it impossible long to withstand the fascination of the many accomplishments and talents he possessed and unrestrained in his presence. My heart had already learned to beat quicker at his approach, and I felt that such a state of affairs was keeping altogether had not an unfortunate misunderstanding occurred between us, which resulted in our estrangement forever.

It happened at a nutting-party, held one sunny October afternoon, in those glorious old woods which I have before mentioned. Many of the more youthful portion of Millbank were present on the occasion, and the hours sped by with song and laughter, and unrestrained merriment. It so chanced, in the course of the day, that the Lord of Ellerslie chose to take offence at the way in which I conducted myself. Frank Wollaston, a gay, gallant Frank Wollaston, the pet and plaque of all the ladies of his acquaintance, the dearest good-for-nothing that ever lived, was a second cousin, and had been like brother and sister to each other from childhood. But of course my lord was not aware of this.

On this particular occasion, Frank, actuated, I think, by a spirit of mirthful malice towards my quondam admirer, had chosen to make me the object of his most devoted attentions, all of which I received in the most quiet, matter-of-course way, thinking it quite natural that they were raising in the breast of Sir Hugh, until, on lifting my head, which had been bent over my basket of chestnuts, Frank had insisted on fastening in my hair, I encountered a pair of flashing, dark eyes fixed on my face with a stern, reproachful look, and was, by the lowering brow and compressed lips, what a storm was gathering in that quarter. There was something so absurd in the idea of my mother's cousin Frank, that I felt even more amused than annoyed at his unguarded display of the passion which evidently took no part in our amusement, the subject. To cap the climax of his audacity, Frank raised my hand to his lips with an exaggerated expression of devotion as he released me and left carriage which was to convey me home. I bore this infliction with equanimity, and did not box his ears for his pains, as I might under other circumstances, for I saw that the action had been observed by a pair of eyes that were watching my every movement.

Mr. MacAlpine called that evening, and rather a stormy scene ensued between us. He commenced by demanding an explanation of my conduct that day in so haughty and offensive a tone that my pride was up in arms at once. I was a mere child, not generally resent the assumption of a proper amount of authority on the part of a lover. In fact, it is felt to be rather a flattering proof they wish; our sex are submissive by nature, and prefer being ruled to ruling; but was to him who, in his arrogance, shall presume to assume control in the first verge of tyranny. On this occasion I coolly but emphatically denied Sir Hugh's right to call me to account for my actions, and told him plainly that he asked for. His anger blazed out then in fierce, sarcastic words. He accused me of the most heinous crimes, and declared that from the moment I was neither better nor worse than the rest of my sex; they were all alike heartless, and he was a heinous fool and deceived one, but that after having been once so fatally deceived he could have been led a second time to place faith in a woman; he would not have deemed it worthy, as a just punishment for such stupendous folly.

I knew it was the memory of the bitter wrong he had endured at the hands of one woman that made him so unjust to all others, and I heard his accusation in silence, attempting no defence of myself or my sex, confident that, in a moment more, that conscience would present the truth before him more effectually than I could do it. He ignored my silence for sullenness, and left me in a state haughty and bitter mood. He did not come near me for three days, during which time I experienced all our gaie while his master lingered within, and I had no companion now in my homeward walks but my village.

People said that Squire MacAlpine was growing gloomy and unsocial once more, and appeared like as he did in those two years following his wife's desertion. My mother mourned over our estrangement. I believe she had set her heart on seeing me the mistress of Ellerslie, but its master avoided me, as I did him, until our accidental meeting that November morning.

CHAPTER III.

I REACHED school in due season, but my engagement with the Lord of Ellerslie had not tended to tranquillize my feelings, and I was far from being in a comfortable frame of mind through the day. I did not love Hugh MacAlpine, at least I was not conscious of entertaining such a sentiment for him, but I was by no means satisfied either with myself or my treatment of him. I might, had I chosen, have accepted and softened that haughty but noble nature; I might have drawn the poisoned arrow of jealousy from the heart in which it had so long rankled, and taught him anew the lesson of faith in woman's constancy and purity; but I might have known that the task would be one of infinite difficulty, and I was far from being equal to the heroism of self-sacrifice. I had confidence in myself, and was conscious of my power, but I was not prepared to undertake so much as that. I had no desire to sacrifice myself on the altar of another's selfishness, and I hurried on my way, hoping to reach my home unobserved by my haughty lover again. The storm had been of several days duration, and great quantities of rain had fallen. I found the roads and pathways of fresh-water in different places, and expressing apprehensions of a similar visitation. As I neared the river on my homeward path with a vague dread that their fears were realised. The swollen stream had burst its bounds, and just below the bridge it had overflowed a large tract of land, forming for the time a miniature lake. Through the centre of this flowed the turbid torrent, bearing off on its broom great quantities of wood, the dead boughs of trees, floating islands of sawdust and all manner of debris. I paused and gazed on the scene for a few moments with a vague sense of alarm, for there is something in an exhibition of the untamed forces of nature that always awakens a kindred thrill in my own breast.

A cotton factory and two or three sawmills were situated on the stream at some distance above the bridge. As I looked in that direction, I perceived that the water was rushing over the dam with a force and volume that I had never seen equalled. A crowd of men and boys were gathered on the bank, near the mills, running to and fro, seemingly much excited, while, from their loud tones and eager gestures as they pointed down the river, I concluded that something was wrong in that direction. After watching them a few moments I turned to cross the bridge, when I saw that it shook and trembled in every timber, and seemed to bend and sway to the rushing current that threatened to overwhelm it every moment. It was a slight ornamental structure, intended only for foot passengers, and had been built by the owner of Ellerslie for the accommodation of himself and such of his neighbors as chose to avail themselves of a nearer route to the village than by the public road. I contemplated a moment whether I should trust myself to this frail causeway or turn back and take the longer and more circuitous route. But to do the last I must go half a mile out of my way, and I decided to risk crossing where I was. Smiling a little at my unnecessary cowardice, I stepped boldly on to the bridge, which seemed actually to rock beneath my feet. I had nearly gained the centre when I was startled by the cry of a human in the village, and looking up in the vicinity of the mills I drew my eyes in that direction, and I saw that which blanched my cheek and chained me to the spot, while I was paralyzed by terror that I could neither advance nor recede.

The dam had given way, and the whole body of water, with a deafening noise, was bearing down towards the bridge with such tremendous force that the great logs and beams of the dam carried along with it were shivered and shattered, tossed and whirled about like so many nutshells. There was no time for action, scarcely even for thought, for it had been caught in the grasp of death, the roar like that of a wild beast darting on its prey, the vast volume of water and the struggling mass of timber and debris against the bridge, which shrank and quivered like a live creature beneath the blow.

There came a terrific crash; the beams and girders of the bridge snapped like dried twigs; the structure parted midway, swayed to and fro for a moment, and then was nearly round into the current, and floated off, a mass of ruins. Instinctively tearing off my cloak from my limbs, at the first moment of peril, I grasped the railing of the bridge and clung to it for life. Blinded by the spray, deafened by the roar, gasping for breath, submerged almost to the waist in the icecold water, I was borne along in the swirling flood, only half conscious for some minutes, of the full terror of my situation. When I could see and breathe a little more freely, I looked eagerly around me, but there was nothing within my reach prospect. I was in the midst of a wild, surging waste of waters, thickly strewn by the spoils and wreckage of the bridge and in its way. Heavy piles of boards, huge logs and beams, young trees, torn up by the roots, fences swept away, and I myself was the only living.

I glanced anxiously towards the shore to see if there was hope of rescue in that quarter, but I could discern no one. I tried to cry out, but my feeble voice was drowned in the mingled roar of wind and wave. I snatched the scarf from my neck, and waved it above my head as a signal of distress. Apparently it attracted attention, for I heard answering shouts, and presently saw several men running along the bank. They waved their hands and gesticulated to me, but the distance was too great for me to catch their words, and I was borne along with a velocity that soon swept me from their sight.

The wreck to which I clung rolled and pitched so badly that every moment threatened to bury me beneath the waves. Occasionally a log would plunge against its sides with such violence that it seemed impossible to escape going down at once, and I held my breath with terror until the danger was past. Still on and on I floated. How long could this continue? Every wave lifted my feet from the planks beneath them, and my desperate grasp on the railing never relaxed. But my hands were growing benumbed, and I doubted my power to retain my hold much longer.

Suddenly a terrible thought flashed through my brain. The Rapids! I was nearing them fast; only a mile or two more, in a bend of the river, and was this fate of speed a few minutes would place me within their vortex. I shuddered with horror as thought how my lifeless form would be torn and mangled on those cruel rocks, and then I prayed. That fervent, agonizing supplication that the human soul sends up in extremity, when the frail barriers that divide it from the unseen world are about to be broken down for ever, burst from my lips, "Be merciful to me, O God!" I was calmer after that, and tried to accept my fate with resignation. It was useless to fight with the flood, and felt in that fearful hour. The sufferings of a lifetime may be crowded into a few moments, but the human tongue was given can depict them fully.

My straining gaze could already discern in the distance the long white line of foam that marked the Rapids. I closed my eyes with a last shudder, and awaited passively the coming doom. I opened them again the next moment, for the wreck of which I clung had struck with violence full against some opposing obstacle, and after careering for a minute or two in a frightful manner it became stationary. The sudden stop of the part took away my breath, and almost wrenched me from my hold, but on recovering a little I found that the barrier that opposed my progress was a gigantic basswood tree. It had stood on the bank of the river, and the trunk, undermined by it, had borne along with it this lord of the forest. The great size of the tree and the mass of earth that clung to its roots had formed a dam to the water swept off by the current. One end of my raft had caught between its thick branches, and was thus held fast. Thanking God again for my escape postponed for a little while at least, and my eyes once more turned shoreward for the hoped-for help. Alas! alas! it seemed that it was not to be before the crowd that had followed along the bank appeared again in sight. They shouted when they saw my signals, but appeared quite unable of doing anything to assist me. From their eager gestures I concluded that they were convinced that they were at a loss what to do, and did not feel myself capable of giving directions. I felt an emotion of despair creeping over my whole frame, and then I guessed its cause. The boats had been swept away, and there was no means of reaching me. Again I looked along the bank, and saw that I had abandoned myself to the fate which, for a few moments, I had hoped to escape.

The men were standing itself loose again; the tide swung it back and forth, and it was evident that it would soon break from its bonds.

One by one the logs and my frail dam was sealed. Hark! what sound is that? Had my peril sharpened my senses, or did I hear with the inward ear? Yes, I heard it outward ear! I knew well, but above all the roar and rush of waters, above the groaning and grinding of the timbers, above the shouts of men on the bank, clear and distinct to my ear came the sharp click of a horse's hoof dashing over the gravelled path that wound around the base of the hill.

Ere horse or horseman were in sight my heart told me that it was the rider would prove, and oh, never yet came music to my ear so sweet as the rhyme of Black Ralph's hoofs!

Nearer and nearer they came, and I saw Hugh MacAlpine rein in his steed on the bank, and fling up his hand in token of encouragement. The men gathered around him, but he waved them off impatiently, while his eagle eye seemed to take in every detail of the scene at a single glance. There was no time to be lost. Every log, every uprooted by the merciless force of the waves, was crushing and tearing its way through the stout limbs of the tree. Its branches—comparatively slender—would set it free, and once more in the power of that bold rider there would no human soul could avail.

He evidently comprehended all this instinctively, but what would he do to aid me? Could he plunge into the water under the current? I saw him rise in his stirrups and fling off his coat, then he caressed Black Ralph, and, bending over, whispered in his ear. The noble steed, with a ringing shout he loosened the rein, and the noble steed sprang forward with a bound, and plunged boldly into the surging flood. How gallantly he breasted the waves; tossing them aside as if in scorn, yet obedient to the lightest touch of those iron hands, and the fondest tone of master's voice. Onward, straight as an arrow; they were nearing me fast, but would they reach me before the frail support that held me broke? Not so long was deserting me now. My stiffened fingers still clutched convulsively the railing, but there was a strange numbness before my eyes, my head drooped, and my heart seemed to cease its beating. A roar in my ears drowned the sluggish blood coursing through my veins once more.

"Lillian, darling, are you dying? speak to me!"

The mist vanished from my eyes; I could not speak, but I looked up and answered the speaker with a smile. The sight of his face, the sound of his voice had given me new life.

Loose your hold," he said, as he stretched out his arms to receive me, but I was powerless to obey. The strained muscles refused to relax their tension. He saw my helplessness, and stipping from the saddle, stepped cautiously on to the wreck, and with some difficulty unclasped my hands; then he took me in his arms and lifted me to the saddle.

"Black Ralph cannot bear the weight of both, but I will swim by your side," he said. "Can you keep your seat?"

A shock by head, and motioned to the scarf about my neck. He understood me, and drawing it off fastened me securely to the steed. Then he turned the horse's head shoreward, and with the reins secured to his wrist struck out boldly for the land. We had nearly gained the bank, already the horse's feet touched bottom, and he flung up his head with a joyous neigh. The men cheered and extended their arms to assist us, when a heavy plank came whirling and spinning down the tide. Black Ralph saw it and swerved aside, but it struck his master full in the breast. He threw up his arms, struggled wildly for a moment, then sank like lead. I gave one cry of surprise, and the whole scene vanished from my sight.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN I struggled painfully back to consciousness I was being borne in men's arms to my mother's door. It was Frank Wollaston on whose shoulder my head rested. I raised it feebly, and looked eagerly around. The question that trembled on my lips was answered the next moment. Several men were bearing the body of my father, on which lay extended the form of my preserver. I caught one glance of the deathly face, and the crimson stain coming slowly from the wound in his side, and then insensibility mercifully came again to my relief.

Days and weeks of illness followed. I think I was delirious a part of the time, but at length I began slowly to recover. My first question, when I could understand what was going around me, was of Hugh MacAlpine, and my mother hastened to relieve my anxiety regarding him.

He was beneath the same roof with me, having been brought there in the first instance as the nearest place at which medical assistance could be procured, and then my mother had insisted on his remaining that she might herself nurse him back to health. He had been severely—it was thought at first fatally—injured in the chest, the ribs were pronounced by the physician to be out of danger, and my mother added in conclusion that he was recovering as rapidly he had a right to be able to leave his room before I did mine.

How fervently I thanked God for the mercy that had spared me the intolerable anguish my death would have occasioned me. In that hour of fearful peril I had learned the secret of my heart, and knew that I loved him well. And now I only asked to be permitted to devote to his happiness the life that he had preserved. Despite my mother's prediction, I was first able to leave my room, one morning she dressed me with more than usual care, and having arranged my hair to her satisfaction, offered, well pleased, to assist in quite a parlour than I was prepared. Having laid me into the room, she retreated, and closing the door, left me alone with Hugh MacAlpine.

He sat in an easy chair, enveloped in the folds of a crimson dressing-gown. How pale and changed he was! The jetty masses of hair swept back from his broad, serious forehead, and the dark, curling beard increasing his pallor by their contrast. A glad light broke over his face as he saw who was last enter, and rising hastily, before I could prevent him, he took my hand and leading me to the sofa seated himself beside me, still retaining my hand in his. I am not much given to tears or sentiment, and on this occasion I meant to be very calm, expressing my gratitude in the strongest terms, but guarding carefully against the betrayal of my warmer sentiment. But I was weaker than I thought, and the warm clasp of his hand, the softened look in his proud eyes, and the tone in which he pronounced my name, were too much for my composure. I attempted to speak, but choked, broke down entirely, and then, womanlike, burst into tears. I shall not tell with what gentle and loving words he soothed me, but I had grown very humble and childlike in my weakness, and when he asked me to bestow on him for life the hand he held in his own, I answered frankly that, as my heart already belonged to him, my hand might as well accompany it; only, I added, thinking through my tears, that he must promise never to give way to jealousy again; and with something warmer and sweeter than a smile, he assured me that that demon was effectually exorcised from his bosom.

I am the mistress of Kilcraig now, and my husband's eyes never wears its olden gloom in these days. I will only add that never was horse so petted and caressed as is Black Ralph by both master and mistress.

A WONDERFUL HINDOO HEAD.—The owner of it is between 45 and 50 years of age. He plays three games of cards at one time, blindfold, and wins them. At the same time he plays a game of cards—there are 110 different cards in a Hindoo pack—and wins that at the time when these games are going on he is given only sums of multiplication to the extent of four figures (e. g. 9997×9999) and gives the correct result. At the same time a audience of about 50 persons are each being numbered, is given to him irregularly (38 if, 97 but, 61 pitcher, etc.), and he gives the whole sentence, during the games a bell is touched every one or two seconds, and he gives the number of times it has been touched. A man stands behind and throws little pebbles, one by one, against the lucky; these too he counts. And after these games are over, and all these are told, he recites a poem in perfect rhyme, which he has composed during the sitting.

PROPORTION OF BIRTHS TO POPULATION.—The proportion of births to population in various European countries is given in a brochure of "Statistical Tables Relating to Foreign Countries." In England and Wales the annual births are 1 in 34 persons; 1 in 30 in Belgium, Holland and Norway; 1 in 32 in Sweden; 1 in 33 in Hanover, the Hanse Towns and Denmark; 1 in 35 in Greece; 1 in 36 in France; 1 in 26 in Wurtemburg; 1 in 29 in Russia; 1 in 34 in Austria, Saxony and Prussia, and in Poland 1 in 39.

GREAT NAVAL ENCAGEMENT IN ALBEMARLE SOUND, N. C.

THE rebel ram, accompanied by the Cotton-plant and Bombshell, made its appearance at the mouth of the Roanoke on Thursday, May 5, at two o'clock p.m. "He followed our boats," says our correspondent, "down the sound 11 miles, until the arrival of the gunboats Sassacus, Wyalusing and Mackenzie, when a terrific engagement took place, lasting from five o'clock until eight p.m., the enemy retiring to Jones, with all prisoners; the Cottonplant made her escape during the early part of the action. The ram had one of our boats steadily, while slowly retreating up the sound. The Sassacus fired her broadside two hundred yards, striking him abaft the centre, but did not succeed in sinking him or exploding the torpedo over any injury. The Sassacus retired with her forward rudder knocked off and her smokestack riddled with shot, and the remainder of the ram. The ram finally escaped in the darkness up the Roanoke river, the vessel pursuing in the last shot. Our loss is one killed on the Mattabesset and several slightly wounded, one third on the Sassacus from rifle practice. Several on this boat were wounded and scalded, some of whom are in a critical condition."

THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.

THE spot seen in our engraving is one on which night and weeks of fearful slaughter is to be famous, having been repeatedly the scene of fierce strife, as the battle swayed to and fro. Here we give it, as sketched by our artist, a moment when our men were lying down, with skirmishers in the ad-vance ready to fire, and supports in the rear with their rail barricade. Here a desperate contest took place.

As a sequel to this we give a view of the 5th corps' hospital on the fields and in the woods soldiers crossing the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, after this battle, a few of the many thousands who have successfully streamed from the battlefield, some to be seized by rebel citizens and sent to Libby prisoners, and to be waylaid by guerillas, and left out amid a pitiless storm without food or means of advancing.

HANCOCK'S CHARGE.

THE most brilliant operation in Grant's campaign is, beyond all dispute, the charge of Hancock on the night of the rebel attack on the 5th corps, reported Court-house, May 12. The night previous Gen. Hancock swept down upon Spottsylvania Court-house, where the enemy had a strong position, and the guns from which annoyed our batteries exceedingly, and which it were defended that night, if possible. At daylight the charge was made; and, although our men were met with a most destructive fire, and fell in heaps, the fate of their works before the rebels could get out and run. Never before, in the campaign, had the rebels been losing 140 officers, among them Maj.-Gen. R. Johnson and Brig. G. R. Stewart, besides, as reported, 3,000 men in their casimates, etc.

The rebels made the most strenuous exertions nearly all day to regain the position, but each time failed. They came impetuously charging on, but each time were received with tremendous volleys and buried back in confusion.

We show also the captured cannon as they were brought in. Never before has the army of the Potomac made such a capture.

BRIG.-GEN. ALEX. HAYS, U. S. A.

GEN. HAYS was the son of Gen. Samuel Hays, of Venango, Penn., and was born in Franklin, in 1820. He graduated at West Point, in 1844, in the class with Gen. Grant. He was appointed to the regiment of the 4th Infantry, and was distinguished at Palo Alto and Resaca-de la Palma, capturing a rebel flag from the enemy. Returning home, he enlisted 200 men, and with them joined the army of Gen. Scott, and fought in part in the relief of Puebla. He was subsequently distinguished in the battle of the garita near Mexico, and Col. Casey to Gen. Lane.

He left the army after the war, but in 1861 applied for his military experience and skill to his country. On the 14th of April he left Pittsburgh for Camp Cameron, Harrisburg, in which he was Major. When their three months' service expired he became Colonel of a regt., and fought with it at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Peach Orchard, Gladding's Farm, and Malvern Hill, besides others. He was wounded in the last of these battles, and on his recovery was appointed Brig.-Gen. Subsequently at Gettysburg he commanded a division with such skill as to elicit the warmest praise from the commander of the army.

He was next engaged at Auburn, Bristoe station, Locust Grove, and finally fell in the battle of the Wilderness just as he baited for a moment in front of his old regiment during the fiercest of Longstreet's attack.

BRIG.-GEN. ALEX. S. WEBB, U. S. A.

BRIG.-GEN. ALEXANDER S. WEBB, severely wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, is the youngest son of Gen. James Watson Webb, was born at West Point in 1835, and was appointed Assistant Professor of Engineering at the Military Academy on graduation up to the outbreak of the rebellion. He fought at Bull run as an artillery officer, was afterwards appointed to command a regiment, and was made Brig.-Gen. of volunteers by Gen. Fitzjohn Porter, and, being in 1863 appointed a Brig.-Gen.-General, fought with great distinction there at Gettysburg, at the head of a command in the 2d Army corps. He is now in command of the 1st brigade, 1st division, 2d Army corps, under Gen. Hancock. Although he has thus fought his way to one of the highest positions of the army, he is only 26 years of age.

THE REBEL RAIDER'S LAST FIGHT.

WE give a sketch which our readers cannot fail to admire of the battle of the Yellow Tavern, May 11, between GEN. J. E. B. STUART, the rebel raider, and the successful raid around McClellan, fell mortally wounded.

Mr. Bulkley, the *Herald* correspondent, says:

"We found the enemy in considerable force behind fortifications, composing the outer line of the Richmond defences. Gen. Sheridan at once made a charging attack upon a hill, commanding our whole corps, and our pretty battery of 6 guns, under Capt. Martin, and Gen. Sheridan was equal to the emergency. The enemy was slowly and steadily driven from the hill.

"The General ordered Gen. Custer to take his gallant brigade and charge the enemy's lines. Custer placed himself at the head of his command, and with drawn sabre led his dashing, undaunted troopers forward. The roar of a withering fire, captured two pieces of artillery, upwards of 100 prisoners, together with a large number of caissons and horses, which he brought off in safety. It was, without exception, the most gallant charge of the raid, and when it became known among the corps there was a loud cheer from the air. The rebels retreated behind their fortifications, destroying in their flight Meadow bridge.

"In the rear Col. Gregg's brigade, of the 2d division, and a portion of the 3d division, under Gen. Wilson, were busily engaged with Stuart. Gen. Wilson sent word to Gen. Sheridan that the enemy were in force in his slowly back. Gen. Sheridan sent word that he must hold the position at all hazards; that he could and must whip the enemy." Col. Gregg's brigade, being reinforced by a regiment from the 1st brigade, charged the enemy, and drove them nearly a mile. The day now cure. The enemy had disappeared from our front, and we succeeded in rebuilding the Meadow bridge, and the 1st and 3d divisions crossed, covered by the 2d division, which, in turn, withdrew, and also crossed without being annoyed by the enemy.

The Richmond *Examiner* now describes it:

"In the meantime Gens. Stuart and Fitz Lee came up with the enemy at Yellow Tavern, but, being hotly outnumbered, they managed to maintain their ground only by desperate fighting. Upon this, Gen. Lee, in those desperate charges, at the head of a charging colors, fell mortally wounded—Gen. Stuart fell, severely wounded—an irreparable loss to our cause. His many years of faithful service and glorious exploits will challenge the admiration of the world. He was best known and loved by his men, and his great appreciable fact always cheered them in the camp, the march and the battle-field. His voice was like a trumpet, and his voice inspired and nerved them in the hour of battle.

"Gen. Stuart was killed instantly.

A noble soul for liberty died!

"In this engagement Gen. Gregg severe. Col. H. Clay Pate and Lieut.-Col. Robert Randolph were also killed—both of them brave and accomplished officers."

MOUTON'S PLANTATION, VERMILION BAYOU, LA.

THE devastation of Southern agricultural districts may be appreciated in the sketch of Gov. Mouton's place, in the Vermilion bayou. His son likely fell in action, fighting against the National army under Gen. Banks, and here are the ruins of Governor Mouton d'Afrique, possibly some of his own ex-slaves, furrowing around the ruins of the mansion, and hoeing the fields of ex-Rip. Such work, of course, disembodies all involuntary servitude.

BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.

BROWNSVILLE took its name from the gallant Major Brown, who fell during the bombardment of the batteries by order of Gen. Taylor. It was, before the present war, one of the most attractive places in Texas, as our readers may judge by the description, taken from the New Orleans *Daily Crescent*, of Aug. 20, 1860:

"We have many towns, less favorable in collecting it, and less difficulty in keeping it: we have more people, less disorder and more business. But, after town in Texas. Our ladies are filled with better and cheaper goods than can be had in any other town in the South, and we have them longer and at cheaper rates than anywhere else. The streets are wide, and the town comfortably, with fresh meat, vegetables, bread, milk, etc., at the door, and plenty of good water.

It has of course suffered fearfully, and as the rebels have confessed themselves, it is the opposite of Gen. Banks, they set it on fire. One of the finest buildings remaining is the U. S. Custom House, which we have shown on the left of our illustration. The Rio Grande, with the Mexican shore, are seen on the right.

PORTO CABALLO, TEXAS.

THE spot where our Rio Grande army landed, Porto Caballo, is associated with a point of historical interest. It was in this bay that La Salle, after missing the mouth of the Mississippi, entered, in his search for it, and ascended the river a little way, built a fort and built a fort near the Lavaca river, which derives its name from him. The place where the settlement is well-known. A Spanish expedition sent to expel the French found the fort deserted, and burned it, which fact the ruins of the fort and lifeless corpses. The Indians had butchered all.

FORT MONTGOMERY, TEXAS.

ONE of the defences on the Rio Grande will also be remembered. It stands on the bank of the Rio Grande, within sight of Brownsville, and is an earthwork, defended by a formidable battle of thirty-two black bushes, which stand out spectral in the white sand. Since the withdrawal of the National troops, it has been strengthened to meet any exigencies on the frontier.

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

Why they Grumble.

OF course this column is intended for the eyes of lady readers only, otherwise I should never dare, oh! dear, no, to write as I am about to write, to touch upon a subject that we men are far too bad enough to bear without talking about it.

But the cares of care we I have always striven to alleviate, and at any risk I must whisper this secret.

You must know that every day, that your husband (hide this paper before he returns, I beseech you) is remarkably cross, not to say bearish, in these latter days; that he will not be particularly sympathetic with your admiration of that "love of a bonnet!" at Madame H.'s, and that your dress and jewels, which you flatter yourself that "baby has cut two teeth." Perhaps you cannot account for the phenomenon? But listen to me a moment, and I will explain the whole affair.

The case lies between two B's—Beef and Brandy—and the former has risen to such an altogether prohibitive quote now—than ever ever known before in this market!

And as for his favorite beverage, after all the taxation, why, we cannot ask him to do by Bunn and Jones as he would that Smith and Jones would do by him, for he is not a publican, and has no sign to swing. Beef and brandy-and-water are as necessary to their existence as bread-and-butter and vegetables are to some. We need not expect smiles again until the tax is taken off liquor and the meat market falls.

Dress Reform Movements.

What are we coming to? Where will the hairdresser's art pause in this time of fearful and marvellous innovations in the shape and fashion of heads? What shrine will our tresses attain? How many locks of borrowed hair will it be necessary for a lady to add to her own before the edifice of her coiffure is considered complete?

The appearance of the heads of the unhappy slaves of crinoline on full dress occasions is something terrible to contemplate. They are brushed, and braided, and waved, and frizzled, and curled, and rolled, and pomatumed, and bolstered up and combed, and hairpinned, until the human head divine is a thing of humps and bumps and excrescences, and that of the buffalo presents a more classical and comely appearance. And the contrast to the face (of course), is much like that of a buffalo. It certainly is not human. We think with horror of the days when our own wives and children shall appear in the frightful accounts which we used to read in a book of travels in our childhood, of the horn worn by the Dyak women, about which their hair was bound in such a manner and with such toil that the unhappy belle was obliged to sit up all night rather than endure another hairdressing operation, and sleep bolt upright for weeks together. Shall we come to this in 1864? It seems likely.

A Naughty Story.

A very spiteful old bachelor (of course) tells a story which we don't believe. He declares that on the occasion of the meeting at the Cooper Institute he had the pleasure of walking behind a very elegant lady, who had appeared prominently as an advocate of calico and bonnepium, as she returned to her carriage, and that on the way she dropped a folded paper from her pocket, which he picked up just too late to return before the carriage drove off. Examining this paper, with some little hope, we presume, of discovering it to be a billet-doux addressed to himself, he found it to be a pyrgoods bill for the sum of $1,000 for the aforesaid bonnet, the principal item Lyons velvet. We don't believe a word of this, of course.

Out of Date.

We think it quite time that the complaints of the sterner sex in regard to the conduct of ladies in public conveyances should be done away with. Fashion is given up their seats without even the poor meed of thanks—for politeness is now-a-days, but they certainly do not do so now. In stages and cars they will engage with loud tone gentlemen and boots outstretched, or sit sideways to read the last extra sheet, or their greater convenience, while women stand up, clutching the strap and reflecting sorrowfully on the remarkable curves and angles which compressed crinoline will assume. "Sit-fortune" we still and grumble, while feminine passengers of four-feet nothing split their abnormal drives and lour their cloak sleeves out of the armholes, trying to hand the fare to the impatient driver; and to which, one must clamber over a mine of muddy boots, the owners of which never think of withdrawing, but rather enjoy the discomfort occasioned by their graceful proximity, which is only silenced when a lady has fairly slighted, and the gentlemen (?) find it expedient to withdraw themselves out of the window, in order to discover her claiming to be, and assume themselves by watching her progress over a mile of mud to the sidewalk. Yes, complaints on the score of women's rudeness and men's sacrifices at the shrine of politeness are out of date. The fact is, that it ever was a mistake or oblivion; a thing of the past never to be brought to mind, and which is remembered by every elderly gentleman, who, knowing what used to be in his youth, occasionally pens a paragraph upon the subject to the astonishment of his younger readers, who never saw anything of the kind.

Postscript.

It appears that Government has appointed a large number of ladies to fill the place of men hitherto employed in the Treasury. We are very much pleased to hear it, because we are always desirous to hear of any new and remunerative field for woman's labor; but we cannot help wishing that they may be of more decided hesitation in sending letters of importance, *bilabore*, to the post.

Imagine an army of postmistresses, assistants, mulcarriers, &c.; do you suppose a suspicious-looking document, directed in a delicate female hand to John Smith, New York, perfumed with night-blooming cereus, and sealed with a heart, would ever get out of "over-there," would reach its destination without being subjected to the most rigid investigation? Could any female postmistress resist the temptation of a lovely-scented and snowy envelope? or refrain from finding out whether that girl really meant to say to John Smith?

And after the secret was discovered, could it be kept within the bosom of the trustress? No indeed.

Why, the whole country would be thrown into a fit of red hair and a valentine, and sold to the culprit, "Johnny, farewell you are my fate," would be the order of the day, and "Jeff Davis" would be the favorite name for a poodle.

Keep the women out of the Treasury, we say, and let them remain in the greatest confidence in Postmistress C, and the culprit would be secure from detection, while all the love-letters and valentines would be brought to light in the most mysterious manner.

Those Dreadful Cows.

The pleasures of a walk uptown are to the best rather doubtful. What with new buildings, with outworks of the upper-ten, and with the so-called streets by which at the most unexpected moment laborers with carts of rags emerge, yelling, "Back, back!" while a shower of logs, shavings, bricks, &c., &c., from the houses which they have been blasting; and the dogs, who regard all strangers as their natural enemies, a promenade near the Central Park is fraught with danger.

But these grievances are to guarded against and avoided, and the most vexatious nuisance perhaps is a form terrifying to the unhappy wearers of crinoline, and that is cows. Do we exhibit cows by the roadside for fresh air and exercise. You are walking along quietly, expecting no danger, when suddenly you hear a noise behind you. "Cows, cows, cows yells of "Ya-ha-yahip-yo," &c.; and, looking up, behold a drove of cows, headed by a small boy, and followed by another, homeward. Two unearthly-looking creatures, in ragged headgear and flannel shirts, with inexpressibles tucked into their boots, are driving the herd with sticks, and doing all they can to deprive the animals of their natural propensities to stop to feed on the grass and overhanging boughs, and to scatter in every direction. If you turn to the right, a wall of unpleasant countenances and horns is to be left, a red animal, that is The House that Jack Built, with a crumpled horn, adresses; you turn to the left, and behold a third, with dingy marks of drab and brown, evidently regards the movement as an infringement of his rights, and is about to run at you around the corner, intent upon goring you, on account of the exasperating hue of a rose in your bonnet. For safety you might as well be in the midst of a Spanish bullfight, and no very person would lay a large wager on the chances for escape of the life. As a general thing, you do stonde the horns, and gain nothing more than a severe fright and a pair of muddy gaiters, but now and then a cow is gored to death and all accounts, it is not pleasant to present yourself on the double quick at your own residence covered with abuse from the inferior of some suburban Dutch grocery, where customers are few and far between. Our suggestion, put in time to hear the foremost horned beast give a low of preparation, is that the fiends in charge too always carry a cutter. We understand that a movement is being made in the Fifth ward, the city of cows, and we hope it will be successful, for we own to being very much afraid of cows ourselves.

The Stuyvesant Pear Tree.

The grand old Methuselah of pear trees, 256 years old, continues in the light of a young tree, very young. The old tree is certainly in its second childhood, or it would never condescend to bear such small pears. Some upon a time by the most ancient of Knickerbockers, upon the disgraceful generation in which we live.

Think of tasting pears from boughs which yielded the dessert of our grandmother's grandmother's great-grandmother! Certainly, we should regard the occurrence in the light of a miracle.

New York should give the new cover, during the pear season, to the Central Commission, which might realize quite a sum by disposing of the fruit at such prices as antiquarians give for their musty treasures, and bibliomaniacs for the monkly volumes now and then intemptingly before their avaricious eyes.

He who would not give a good round sum in greenbacks for a Stuyvesant pear is no true Gothamite.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—SHERIDAN'S GREAT BATTLE WITH J. E. B. STUART, AT YELLOW TAVERN



TERN, MAY 11—THE REBEL RAIDER'S LAST FIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 183.

TO ONE AWAY.

BY INEZ.

I've been rambling on the bank of the river,
Then rested beneath the old trees;
While through my dark ringlets came stealing
The breath of the sweet Spring breeze.
I heard it, up—up—in their tops,
Whistling a favorite song;
I saw it upon the bright water,
As it danced the waves along.

And I knew by the beautiful shadows
That played on the opposite side,
It was touching the nodding daisies
The game of seek-and-go-hide!
It shook the delicate blossoms
So rudely, they fled with affright;
Then sway to the waltzing May blooms,
It caressed them with wild delight.

It cuffed the youthful pines
That were bending far over the stream,
Trying to catch between the ripples
A glimpse of their coats of green.
Around me the landscape was glowing,
Tinged by the sun's golden beam,
With beauty like this lavished round me,
I could do naught but dream.

The birds they were soaring above me,
The wild bee hummed lazily by—
Yet alas! in midst of the beautiful,
My heart found time to sigh;
Not, not that I was weary,
For earth seemed all too fair;
But oh! I missed the footsteps
That so oft had loitered there.

With nature's carpet beneath me,
And heaven's bine dome above,
Such rushing memories came o'er me,
Memories of one beloved;
The tears sprang all unbidden,
The sighs burst from the heart;
Ah! thou art not forgotten,
Of our life thou form'st a part.

When twilight deepens around thee,
And the stars are gleaming bright,
There ascends a prayer through the gloaming
To our Father who dwelleth in light,
To watch o'er and protect thee
Where'er thy feet may stray,
And remember warm hearts await thee
To thy home, far away, far away.

The Gulf Between Them.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XLI.

ELSIE was better that morning. When the physician arrived he pronounced her much improved, and confessed to Mellen that he had at first feared an attack upon the brain, but he believed now it was only the result of a severe nervous paroxysm. This time he made no inquiries of Mellen concerning his wife; the manner in which they had been received on the previous day did not invite a renewal of the subject.

Elsie was easy to get up, after her usual habit, the moment she began to feel better; but the doctor ordered her to lie in bed, at least for that day.

"But I want to get up so badly," she said; when her brother returned to the chamber; "I am so tired of lying here."

"Just have patience for to-day; the doctor would not allow of your making the least exertion."

"He's a cross old thing!" pouted Elsie, with a faint return to her old manner, which made Mellen both sigh and smile.

"You will soon be able to put him at defiance. But, indeed, you are so weak now you could not walk."

"Oh, that's nonsense! I don't believe anything about it. You shall stay here with me; if I have to be kept prisoner I will hold you fast, too."

"There is no fear of my attempting to leave the room," he replied.

Elsie felt much improved. She sat up in bed, made her brother play at various games of cards with her, talked and looked more like herself.

But into the conversation, in which Mellen did his best to lure a share, there crept some chance mention of that name which those walls must no longer hear. It fell from Elsie's lips thoughtlessly, and at once recalled her faint attempt at cheerfulness, throwing her back on the gloom which she had succeeded in shutting out for a little time.

"Did you hear that letter, Grant?" she asked, quickly.

"To Mr. Hudson?"

Elsie bowed her head.

"Yes; I sent it down to the village, to go by the morning's boat."

"Thank you, Grant, thank you!"

She tried to console herself with thinking she had done something in Elizabeth's behalf, but when her conscience compared it with all that she ought to do her coward heart shrank back at the contrast.

"I am tired of cards," she said, sweeping the bits of pasteboard off the bed with one of her abrupt movements, which would have been so rude in another, but seemed graceful and childish as she did them. "Cards are stupid things at the best!"

Mellen patiently collected the scattered pack and laid it away, trying to think of some other means of relieving her *ennui*.

"Shall I read to you?" he asked.

"I don't believe I could listen," she said, tossing her head wearily about. "I don't know—just try."

There was a pile of new novels and magazines on the table in the centre of the room, for Elsie always kept herself liberally supplied with these sources of distraction, though it must be confessed that she had always carried the recreation to an extreme, reading her romances to the exclusion of more solid studies, just as she preferred nibbling at sweets to eating substantial food.

"There certainly is opportunity for a choice," Mellen said, glancing at the pile. "What book will you choose?"

"Oh, bring a magazine; read me some short story."

Mellen seated himself, opened the periodical and commenced reading the first tale he lighted upon. It was a story by a popular author, beginning in a light, pleasant way, and promising the amusement his listener needed. But as the little romance went on it deepened into a pathetic tragedy. It was an account of a noble-born Sicilian woman who, during the Revolution, endured, silently, every species of suffering, at last death itself, rather than betray her husband to his enemies, and yet the husband had bitterly wronged her and half-broken her heart during their married life.

Elsie did not listen at first, but at length her thoughts became so painful that she tried to fasten her attention upon the reading. When she began to take notice Mellen was just in the midst of the account of her martyrdom in prison, bearing up with such serene patience, faithful to her vow, firm in her determination to save the man who had injured her.

Elsie fairly snatched the volume from his hand.

"Don't read it!" she commanded. "What made you choose such a doleful thing; it makes my flesh creep."

He saw the change which had come over her face, and reproached himself for his carelessness in having chosen so sad a tale; but the truth was, in his short description, he had not had the slightest idea of what he was reading, his voice sounded in his own ears mechanical, and as if it did not in the least belong to him.

He went to the table to make a more fortunate selection.

"Here is a volume of parodies," he said; "shall I try those?"

"Anything, I don't care."

He commenced a mischievous travestie of a poem, but though it was wittily done, its lightness jarred so terribly on both reader and listener that it was speedily thrown aside. For some time they remained in gloomy silence, but when Elsie began to sigh and move restlessly about Mellen tried to rouse himself and be cheerful again.

The afternoon passed very much in the same way, till at last Elsie declared that she would sleep awhile.

"Anything to wear away the time!" she said.

Mellen wondered if he should leave and help to shorten the hours to him, but he held his peace.

"I have such an odd, horrible feeling," said Elsie; "just as if I were looking anxiously for something—every instant expecting it."

"That is because you are nervous."

"Perhaps so," she said, wearily.

He was waiting. Henceforth life would be but one long wait, just for his revenge, then to be free from the dull pressure of this sad misery.

"How white you are!" Elsie said suddenly. "I don't believe you have slept at all."

It was true. For two days Mellen had not closed his eyes, but he felt no approach towards drowsiness even now.

"You will fall sick," cried Elsie. "What shall I do then?"

"Don't be afraid; I am well and strong."

He said the words with a loathing bitterness of his own ability to endure.

The more powerful his physical organization, the more years of lingering of this sad pain would he left for him to bear. His mind flew on to the future; he pictured the long, long course towards old age; the dreary years over which would bring only a cold exterior over his sufferings, like a crust of lava hardening above the volcanic fires beneath.

"Don't sit so, looking at nothing," cried Elsie. "I see, dear. There, do you think you can go to sleep?"

I won't try, unless you go to sleep too. Draw the sofa up by the bed and lie down."

He obeyed her command, willing to gratify her least caprice. She gave him one of her pillows, threw a part of the counterpane over him, and made him lie there, holding fast to his hand, afraid to be alone, even in her dreams.

"Do you feel sleepy, Grant?" she asked, after a pause.

"Perhaps so; I am resting, at all events."

"Don't you wish you were dead? I was sick once years ago, I never would sleep unless I held your hand?"

"Yes, dear."

How far back the time looked—he had been a mere youth then—what a fearful waste lay between that season and the present!

Suddenly Elsie started up again.

"You sent the letter, Grant?"

"Yes, my sister, be composed."

She was so much afraid even to go to sleep, that it relieved her to make her last waking thoughts those where little Dolph and she were doing Elizabeth.

"Good-night, now," she said; "I can go to sleep. Kiss my hand, Grant. You love me, don't you?"

"Always, darling, always; nothing can part you and me."

She fell away into a tranquil slumber, and Mellen lay a long time watching her repose; it was a brief season of peace to her, for her burning, thoughts had not followed her into her dreams.

The extreme quiet, the sight of her pinched face soothed him imperceptibly. A dreary weakness began to make itself felt after that long continued excitement. At length the lids drooped over his eyes, and he slept almost as profoundly as Elsie herself. For a long time there was no sound in the chamber; the brother and sister lay there in profound slumber, while the day wore on and the twilight crept slowly around.

But when Elsie did wake it was to rouse him with the cry which had been so often on her lips during the previous day—

"Bessie, Bessie!"

He started up, spoke to her, and his voice brought her back to the reality.

"I was so happy," she moaned; "I dreamed Bessie and I were gathering pond lilies—she was wreathing them about my head—then just as I woke I saw a snake sting her—before that it was all bright. Oh, dear, if I never need wake, never!"

CHAPTER XLII.

TIME next day Elsie was still stronger and better. She consented to lie in bed all the morning, making it a condition that she might get up and be carried downstairs in the afternoon.

"That is the dreariest time," she said; "it passes so slowly."

Mellen promised her, and she was childishly happy.

"You shall have an early dinner, Grant, and then we'll take tea in the evening, and eat toast and jam just as we did when I was a child."

"Yes, that will be very comfortable."

He had tried to say pleasant, but he could not speak the word. The day was so warm and bright that a little after noon he took her out for a short drive, then she lay down to rest again, resolved to be strong and pass the evening below. The least sick of Elsie's own progress had been to her—she felt quite elated, as she always was in health, at the idea of amusement.

They got through the day much better than they had done the previous ones, and Elsie did not have a single relapse of her nervous tremors and agitation.

When she woke from her afternoon nap it was growing dusk. She cried out quite joyfully when she saw Grant sitting by the bed:

"It is almost evening at last!"

At that moment Victoria appeared at the door.

"Come in, Vic," cried Elsie; "what do you want?"

Victoria entered on tiptoe, though she knew plainly enough that her young mistress was awake, and called out in a childish manner she reserved for sick rooms:

"If you please, Mister Fuller's just arriv, and he's a-taking after all of you in a breath."

Elsie started up on her pillows, and the brother and sister stared at each other in blank horror at the thought of the terrible woe that must be inflicted upon the warm, honest heart of Elizabeth's cousin.

"Go and say that we will be down," said Elsie, recovering her presence of mind before Mellen.

Victoria departed, and Grantley cried out:

"How can I tell him? Poor Dora, he will nearly die."

"You must not tell him yet," said Elsie, "not one word—just say Bessie is absent."

"Such prevarication is useless, Elsie, he must know the truth."

Elsie began to groan.

"There, you are contradicting me already. I tell you I can't—I shall be sick again—my head swims now."

"Don't distress yourself so, dear, don't."

"Then let me have my own way," she pleaded.

"What do you wish? Anything to content you."

"That's a good brother," said Elsie. Go down and meet him. You have been very sick, and that Bessie has gone to New York—anywhere—not a word more."

But he will wonder at her absence during your illness."

"No, he never wonders; it doesn't make any difference."

"I detest these white lies, Elsie."

"Oh, well, if you want to kill me with a scene go and tell him the truth at once, throwing herself back on her pillows; "I shall be killed at last."

Mellen was too anxious to soothe her not to submit.

"I'll go, darling; I'll go."

"Good-bred; kind brother! Send Victoria to me; I will be all dressed when you come back."

Mellen went out and called the servant, then he passed downstairs, and in the hall met Tom, who nodded wildly towards him, exclaiming:

"The woman says Elsie is very sick; is she better; what is it?"

"She is much better; don't be frightened; she will be downstairs in a few minutes."

"Thank God," said brother Tom, his face still white with fear Victoria's words had aroused.

Mellen was too much preoccupied to notice his extreme agitation, or speculate upon its cause if he had observed it.

"I only got back this afternoon," pursued Tom, "and I hurried over here at once. How is Bessie?"

"She—she is not at home," faltered Mellen.

"Not at home and Elsie sick?"

"She was gone," said Mellen, "and I did not send for her."

Tom was too much troubled about Elsie to reflect long upon anything else, and directly Mellen broke from the eager questions, exclaiming:

"Go into the library, Tom; I'll bring Elsie down."

He went upstairs and knocked at his sister's door.

"You may come in," Elsie called out; "I am ready."

When he entered she was sitting up in an easy chair, wrapped in a pretty dressing-gown of white cashmere, braided and trimmed after her fanciful habits, a gay shawl thrown over her shoulders, her long ringlets shading her face, and looking altogether quite another creature.

For the first time in all those days a feeling of relief loosened the oppression on Mellen's heart.

"You look so well again; God bless you, darling!"

"Am I not pretty?" she cried childishly, pointing to herself in the glass. "I shall make a nice little visitor."

"You will always be one, my sunbeam," he said.

She shivered a little at his words, but she would not think, she would have her old carelessness, her old peace back if she could grasp it.

"How is Tom?" she asked.

Dreadfully anxious about you, poor fellow."

"Did he ask for Bessie?"

"Yes—yes."

"But you said nothing?"

"No, Elsie; he knows nothing."

"That is right," she said; "I can tell him better than you. Be kind to him, Grant."

"Yes, dear; he saved your life; Tom is very dear to me; poor Tom."

"I am a bad visitor, remember," she said childishly; "you must not forget that."

"I will forget nothing that can give you pleasure, you may be certain; be unnerved, kindly."

"Now you shall lead me downstairs," she said. "You must not call it; I will carry you."

"No, no; I am so heavy."

But he took her in his arms and carried her downstairs, as he had so often done in her childish days, while Victoria followed with cushions and shawls to make her perfectly comfortable.

"I am a little baby again, Grant! Don't you remember how you used to carry me about."

"Indeed I do; you are not much larger now."

"You saucy thing! I would pull your hair only I am afraid you would let me fall."

He carried her into the library and laid her on the sofa. Tom sprang forward with a cry of terror at the change his absence had made in her appearance, but a gesture from Mellen warned him that he must control his feelings lest his anxiety should agitate her.

Tom m ade it so well. "Tom, so very glad," she said, clasping her delicate fingers about his hands, and so filling him with delight by her look and words that he could not even remember to be anxious.

"It has seemed an age to me since I went away," pursued Tom. "And you have been so sick, little princess, and Bessie gone! that is strange."

"There, there," cried Elsie; "you must not talk about my appearance or sickness or anything else! Just tell me how pretty I look, and do nothing but praise me."

"You look like an angel of light," cried Tom, looking mystically at her little hand, as if he longed to hide it away in his broad palm.

The fire burned cheerfully in the grate, the tea-table sparkled with light, the tea-table spread, and everything done to make the room pleasant which could suggest itself to Dolph and Victoria in their eagerness to please the young favorite.

"It is so pleasant," she said, with a sigh of relief; "so pleasant."

Then Victoria brought her a bunch of flowers Dolph had cut in the greenhouse, and she strewed the fragrant blossoms over her dress and wreathed them in her hair till she made a beautiful picture, with her rich wrappings and delicate loveliness.

"Now we will have tea very soon," she said, "and bring all sorts of nice things, Victy."

"Yes, 'deed, dear Miss Elsie! Clo she's ben a-fixin' for you, you know! Lawsy, it jis' makes my heart jump to see you up agin."

As the girl left the room Mellen said:

"How you have won her! Everybody does, dear."

"They must," she answered; "I should die if I was not petted. Oh, Grant, it's so nice here; don't you like it?"

"Yes, indeed; you make the old room bright again."

Her spirits had risen, she was really quite like her old self, and that without effort or pretence.

Then the tea was brought in, and she insisted on at least one cup from Victoria's hand. They were all acquainted with her love for sweets, and the varieties of preserves and jellies she had brought out from her stores were marvellous to behold.

Elsie fed Tom with bits of toast, made him eat everything he did not want and beg for all that he did, and grew more bright and graceful that Mellen himself grew quiet from her influence.

While the meal was progressing so pleasantly with them, the principal personage below stairs were holding a subdued revel in the housekeeper's room.

Miss Dinah had come up from the village, and her ebony suitor was expected, so, what with their delight at Miss Elsie's improvement, the whole staff was in excellent spirits.

"It's one of dem 'casions," said Dolph, "when we get to do somefin'. I little use to do common run—what do yer say, Miss Clorindy?"

Clo smiled affably; certain explanations had passed between her and Dolph on the previous day, which made her inclined to consider any proposal of his with high favor.

She summoned her undercutor drudge Sally, and ordered her to set the table at once.

"And don't spend yer time a gapin' at Miss Dinah's new dress," said she, severely; "taint manners, nohow."

The truth was Sally had not observed the gown, but its brilliant color had struck Clorinda fancy, and because she stared at it curiously she concluded the girl must be doing the same.

"Jis' observe what Miss Clorinda tells yer," remarked "Dolph, "and 'ere'll be on the road to 'provement; Sally, yer couldn't have a more reflicient guide."

Clo bridled and grew radiant, threw a glance of triumph at Dinah, and only regretted that Victoria had not yet come downstairs to witness these benign words.

"I spect Othello won't get here till late," said Dinah, beginning to fear that before his arrival the good things would all have disappeared. "Der's some of meeting at de hotel, and he'll be kept dar—de gemmen thinks nobody else can wait on 'em."

"He deserves deir 'preciation," said 'Dolph, loftily, with the air of a man so supremely great that he could well afford to allow ordinary people to claim their little virtues unchallenged.

"Wal," said Clo, "arter all it needs trabbel and the world to develop a man proper."

"Jis' so, Miss Clorindy; yer's allers rezact."

He gave her a very tender glance, and Clo giggled in delightful confusion.

"But I tell you, Mr. Othello mustn't lose his share of 'freshment," pursued 'Dolph, anxious to receive as many extra meals as possible. "Miss Clo, will you permit me to make a proposition?"

"I'll feel it an honor," said Clo.

"Yer does me proud," returned 'Dolf with a profound bow, while Dinah sat quite aghast at their stateliness and high breeding, and Sally began to think Clo must speak Spanish as well as 'Dolph.

"I moves we has our tea now," said 'Dolph; "it's a sort of delercate compliment to Miss Elsie to eat when she does, and later in de ebenin' arter Mr. Othello comes we might make a brile ob dat chicken in de closet—marster don't eat nothin', and I'se afeared it'll be wasted."

Clo was complaisance itself, and went to work while 'Dolph encouraged her with his smiles.

By the time Victoria came downstairs the table was spread with good things, and in order to carry out 'Dolph's extraordinary idea of complimenting Miss Elsie, there were sweetmeats and cakes of all sorts, hot muffins, cold tongue, and stores of eatables that made 'Dolph's mouth water.

The meal began with the greatest harmony, Miss Dinah was very affable, Vic really was the best-natured creature in the world, and just now she was perfectly happy from seeing her beloved young mistress better; 'Dolph was so circumspect in his conduct that Clo was kept in the state of high goodhumor befitting the glory of her new turban, and the first brightness of the change which had come.

The truth was, the day before, while she was peeling onions, 'Dolph grew sentimental, and was led on to the point beyond which there was no turning back. Clo had grown tender and confidential—he learned the amount of her fortune—five hundred hard dollars in the bank. After this the happiness of that sable pair was supreme. For the moment she really looked beautiful in his eyes, and with tears in their depths—the result of affection, not of the onions he assured her—he implored her to make him the happiest of men. He did it all in the most grandiloquent style, dropping on one knee as he had seen lovers do from the upper loft of the Bowery Theatre, and holding her hands fast, one of which grasped a knife and the other an onion.

Before they were disturbed matters were completely settled, though 'Dolph pleaded for the engagement being kept secret a little while.

"I jis' want to see what dat ole parson 'll say," he averred, though the truth was, 'Dolph had been so indiscreet in his protestations to Victoria that he was a little fearful of consequences if that high-spirited damsel learned the news without a little preparation.

"Nebber you mind de parson," said Clo; "laws, I wouldn't wipe my ole shoes on him, 'sides it ed be something wuth while jis' to denounce our connubiolity to de hull company dis ebening."

But 'Dolph flattered until she consented to comply with his wishes.

CONFIDENCE.

ALL is silent, lonely, free,
 Perfumed winds alone disclose
Where the startled hare, retreating,
 Dash'd aside the drooping rose.

Rest we on this fragrant bank,
 Harebells in the grass half seen,
Wide dark woods around us meeting,
 And a clear stream rolled between.

Happy scene! more lovely face
 Press'd near mine, above the stream.
"Love, what means thy heart's quick beating,
 Sighs more fit a troubled dream?"

"Full of happiness with thee,
 Beats this heart so close to thine;
Yet I sigh'd to think how fleeting
 May be the passion so divine."

"Looks, not hearts, may have a change,
 Changing face this stream does show;
Yet the same translucent current
 Tranquil ever flows below."

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER VII.

Keen
As is the razor's edge invisible.
Love's Labor Lost, Act V., Sc. 2.

But France got drunk with blood to vomit crime,
And fatal have her Saturnalia been
To Freedom's cause.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.

DURING the stormiest days of the year 1848, in the focus from which revolution radiated over Europe, Julien St. Croix and Bertram Hapswell had a busy and anxious time with their patients. Both were in a most precarious state, requiring great attention and care, and the tremendous excitements of the period were calculated to retard and hazard their recovering, especially in the case of the sculptor, whose mind was of the most inflammable nature. To keep him as serene and equable as possible was St. Croix's main object, and he had to guard his patient on every hand against the tumultuous influences that flooded the whole Continent.

Elfstone's memory returned, and with it the painful consciousness of the mysterious disappearance of his beloved wife and child, who, as he had been given to understand, had followed him, and perished, it was thought, most probably in some remote part of the Continent. His whole mind was now bent upon ascertaining where they died, if dead they were, and he would fain have wandered over Europe to learn their fate. The agitated state of the Continental nations and the confinement to which he was subjected rendered the gratification of his longing an impossibility at the time; and St. Croix could only endeavor to quiet him with promises, from which the future may be drawn upon to infinity.

Marina was a constant visitor and assistant nurse to Elfstone; and, strongly as he had been prejudiced against her, she extorted the unbounded admiration of St. Croix. Her gentle patience, her admirable management, consummate address, the multiform and rich fulness of her nature, and the inexhaustibility of her resources, won his highest esteem, and rendered her, in his opinion, superior to any woman he had ever known. The variety of her charms, the tender softness and delicate voluptuousness of her tones and graces were intoxicating to all, and it was no wonder he was fascinated. He had been designed by his parents and was himself disposed for the Church, and Marina's magic influence raised him from a dream of placidity into the kindling, trembling, melting and burning visions of love. It was a second birth and another life to St. Croix.

When Elfstone first opened his heart to Marina and gave free vent to his thoughts and feelings touching his lost wife and daughter, she grew at first uneasy, then pale, and at last almost fainted. He attributed the emotion she manifested to sympathy, and for a while forbore to renew the subject. When, however, he did recur to it, she was much less affected than before, but sufficiently to induce him to say:

"What is the matter, child? Do you fear they are dead?"

"I do. The mother is dead, doubtless."

"If I only knew how and where she died, and could visit her grave, I could rest content till I could rejoin her in heaven. But a political earthquake is convulsing Europe, and I am confined in this asylum. What can I do? I am not lunatic indeed, but I am sure I shall go mad if I am not soon released."

Marina coiled her serpent arms about the old sculptor, and kissed him with great affection.

"Father, I'll tell you what to do; imitate me. Be as I am—cunning, very, very cunning; seem saner than you are; flatter your keepers, flatter your doctors, without letting them detect your policy, and set yourself free. Return to England, recover your estate and fortune, and when you have money you can do anything. Money and cunning can exhume the dead, and all but bring them to life again!"

"I will be cunning, my darling Serpent."

"But do not let your cunning betray itself. Seem blunt and honest as the broad and staring summer's day, and keep your cunning busy at the bottom of your heart. If you feel a madness, hide it, and promise it indulgence in the future, when you are free. Talk in a strain of free impartiality, calm ingenuousness and manly remonstrance; and by the consistent rationality of your conduct and skilful flattery of your captors, compel them, for shame's sake, to restore you to freedom. Take the advice of your Serpent, and remember that the Wisest and Best enjoined us to add the wisdom of the serpent to the harmlessness of the dove."

Elfstone promised compliance with his fair counsellor's advice, and the next day St. Croix was struck with the rational demeanor of his patient. After the continuance for several days of this gratifying semblance, he concluded his restoration was complete. Elfstone seemed fully aware of his position and of the various difficulties in the way of his release, and conversed about them with so much calmness and common sense as to impress all who heard him with the conviction of his perfect sanity. The medical faculty exposed him to many tests, but his equanimity withstood the severest, and his politeness and address won the hearts of all who conversed with him. It had been made the interest of his custodians to retain him in the asylum, and it required all St. Croix's sagacity, means and management to influence them to favor his views and lend him their aid. But St. Croix had determined to try all, risk all, rather than fail, and success promised to be the inevitable reward of his perseverence.

Bertram Hapswell had not so tractable a patient in his brother Victor, for the spirit of the latter was chafed by his durance, and grew restless and prone to desire the very things which were worst for him. His recovery was consequently long delayed, and it was May before Bertram, who had been recalled by imperative business to England, could set out on his journey. He left Victor in St. Cloud, in the care of Madame Dégaine, an excellent lady and an old friend of his mother's. During his brief stay in England he received the following letter, dated Paris, June the 17th:

"DEAR BERTRAM—Our brother Victor returned to Paris a week ago, and has been guilty of imprudence that has brought on a relapse and thrown him into a dangerous fever. This city now is no place for a sick man, for there is a storm brewing here to which the one you witnessed in February will be no more comparable than a typhoon to a zephyr. Victor favors the Montagnards, but I am beginning to hate extremes as much as you do. I wish you could get here in time to remove him before the explosion takes place, but fear that is impossible. Come at once, if you come at all. Yours ever, MARINA."

Upon the receipt of this communication Bertram immediately prepared to return to France. Before it was possible for him to start terrible news came from Paris, but it did not frighten him from his purpose. He arrived in the French capital late on Saturday, the 24th of June, while the ultra-republican insurrection was raging there at the height of its fury. Not doubting that his brother had occupied his favorite apartments in the Quartier Latin, he made a desperate effort to reach them; but after receiving a slight wound in the leg and a couple of bullets through his hat, he relinquished the attempt as impracticable. The locality was held by the enemies of the government, and he was compelled to wait till one or the other party proved victorious. On Sunday afternoon the Gardes Mobile, National Guard and troops of the line had so far prevailed over the fierce *ouvriers* as to afford him an opportunity to gain his old lodgings. He effected an entrance into the house in the most informal manner, and after a diligent search found its occupants in the cellar. From them he learned that Victor had lain in the house sick of a fever for more than a week past, but had, a few hours previous to Bertram's visit, while a fight was raging in the street close by, become excited by the fusillade and shouting, sprung from his bed, half-dressed himself, and grasping his sword, rushed forth and joined in the conflict. The Montagnards were giving way, when he dashed among them, rallying them with his voice and example. Heedless of odds and the many who made him their target, he fought like a madman, which he was at the time, and carried all before him, inspiring others of his party with superhuman courage and strength that enabled them to rout their foes with great slaughter. Victor's nurse had witnessed the contest from the window, but upon the return of the National Guard in overwhelming numbers had retreated with the rest of the household to the cellar, where she remained till summoned by Bertram from her hiding-place.

Bertram's dismay at this news was so great as to paralyse him for some time. He felt himself powerless, and gave way to utter despair. How could he expect his brother to survive this sanguinary fray? What chance was there that he would ever see him alive again? When he went forth, for he found it impossible to sit inert and passive, it was with a feeling of dismal hopelessness, and he scrutinized many a corpse with apprehensive curiosity, lest he should pass his brother unheeded. The sites of captured barricades were heaped with slain, and many of those still defended were fortified by the dead stacked upon them. As Bertram was approaching the Faubourg St. Antoine, the life and centre of the insurrection, and to which the fighting was gradually being confined, he came unexpectedly upon a formidable barricade, surmounted by two flags, one of them black and bearing the motto in white, "Bread or Death" (*du pain ou la mort*), and the other red, with those terrible words in black, painted upon it, "Rape and Pillage."

The struggle for this position had been most desperate, and the bodies of the dead and wounded were there strewn and piled about in awful plenitude. The defenders had dwindled to a dozen, three of whom, strange to say, were women. A party of Gardes Mobile, consisting of boys, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, now preparing to assault the *ouvriers*, suddenly surrounded Bertram.

"This man is English," said one, seizing him by the arm; "he is a stanch friend to the government." Then in a lower tone he demanded, "How did you find your brother?"

"I have not found him yet; he has joined the combatants."

"*Grand Dieu!* he is lost! Yet do not give up all hope; if I find him I'll bring him to you, dead or alive, as he may chance to be."

"You may fall yourself," said Bertram, gazing wonderingly at the handsome young soldier, and trying to remember where he had met him before.

"There will be none to lament me if I do. My life is worthless and may be well spared for my country. Adieu!"

"*En avant, mes enfans!*" shouted the captain of the little band. In a moment the guard formed and dashed at the barricade.

Bertram saw his unknown friend climb it with the agility of a cat on the instant after its defenders had fired, snatch the red flag, and then fall or rather roll down to the foot of the defence. The assailants met with the most desperate resistance from the sturdy *ouvriers*, or Montagnards, who hurled them back as fast as they scaled the stony breastwork; but they remounted it, and with others swarmed upon the "blouses" so simultaneously as to overpower and slaughter every one of them within a space of time fearfully brief. Bertram approached the barricade in the hope of assisting the guard he had conversed with, but found him on his feet among his fellows and active as ever. Of the female combatants two had been shot, but not before one of them had killed the captain of the guard, whom she stabbed to the heart with a knife. The third woman, closely followed by several soldiers, escaped with the black flag she carried into a house, from the windows of which vitriol and scalding oil were thrown upon her pursuers. The exasperated soldiery burst into the building, bayoneted its inmates, or threw them from the upper storeys headlong into the street.

Bertram left this scene of butchery in horror, visited his old lodgings again, and again sallied forth. In his wanderings he met Julien St. Croix, who had hastened to Paris as soon as he heard that its beloved archbishop had been fatally wounded. He had paid the venerable martyr his last visit, and was overcome with sorrow. The minds of the two young men were so much in sympathy, that they found it impossible to separate till they had mutually unburdened their minds, and they spent the ensuing night at the house of St. Croix's mother. On Monday, about noon, Bertram returned to the apartments Victor had left so abruptly, and was delightfully surprised to find his brother lying on the bed asleep. It seemed to Bertram that he must have been dreaming of his disappearance, so tranquil and natural did the sleeper appear. The mystery was, however, instantly solved when he looked round and beheld the young Garde Mobile who had promised to bring him back also lying asleep on the sofa. He approached him to examine his countenance, which had puzzled him ever since he beheld it, but as he drew near him, the soldier started to his feet and cried:

"*Qui vive?*"

Bertram laughed, and extended his hand.

"I have kept my word better than I could have hoped to do," said the young guard, recovering himself and grasping the Englishman's hand. "I found your brother in Père la Chaise, where the most obstinate of the Children of the Mountain took refuge when their game was up. He was much exhausted and quite out of his head, and I had to get a cabriolet before I could bring him hither; but his utter prostration fortunately rendered him as submissive as he was helpless. He seems little hurt, and is only in danger from the government. I had some difficulty this morning in preventing his summary execution by my fellows."

Notwithstanding the brusqueness with which the soldier affected to speak, Bertram began to recognise the richness and melody of his tones, and catching the full lustre of his black eyes, exclaimed:

"Heavens! Marina!"

A low musical laugh responded, avouching the truth of his discovery, and before he knew what he did he caught the military beauty in his arms and kissed her with a fervor that his gratitude served to palliate but not wholly to excuse.

"Marina, I can hardly believe you mortal. You seem capable of anything. Angel you cannot be, for I have just seen you fighting like a fury."

"I am much obliged to you for the inevitable inference. If, however, you take me for the devil, that, I suppose, accounts for your sudden outburst of affection. I doubt not that the roots of your family tree extend as deep as the infernal kingdom."

"Forgive me, Marina. Your rebuke is as deserved as it is severe. You are a mystery beyond my comprehension. I can only admire you, and, for your friendship to Victor, love you. Believe me, my gratitude is such that you can ask nothing of me I shall not be happy to grant."

"I ask nothing but your love. If you can waste it upon a piece of marble, you must have an abundance to spare."

"You have no brother, I no sister; I will be a brother to you—a true and affectionate one—if you will be my sister?"

"A genuine bit of Platonism, I declare! What an interesting relic of the early ages!" said Marina. "You, Bertram, are one in ten thousand, simple and sincere, and I accept your offer in the spirit it is made."

She gave him her little hand, while sweetly murmuring the last words, looked into his eyes with the deep witchcraft of her glance, and he drew her near to him, so near indeed that their lips met in a kiss, sweeter than Bertram had ever dreamt sweetness could be. The coils of the Serpent were wound round their victim, and his soul was yielding to their soft pressure, when their kiss was echoed by a profound sigh. They turned, and beheld Victor's keen gray eyes wide open and fixed upon them. The rich blood was instantly mantling in the cheeks and foreheads of the detected ones, the sudden dawn of shame before the rising of the sun of love. Marina, however, quickly recovered her self-possession, and said to her patient:

"How durst you awake, contrary to my prescription? You will never get well if——"

"My brother takes my medicine; certainly not," answered Victor, slily.

"Do you accuse him?"

"I saw him with it to his lips even now."

"Only to learn how bitter it tastes. There is no danger that he will repeat the experiment; he thinks me poison."

"You must be a powerful poison to dissolve his iron nature."

"He is only hardened by the warmth of affection, like clay in the sun. He has just given me an adamantine kiss in confirmation of friendship true as steel."

"Love is mutual ruin, you know; and friendship mutual aid."

"Oh, we speak as we feel. I am a woman; love is my element, and I perish, like a mortal in the chill ether, without it. The selfish are no doubt alone wise; but your frigid island blood and calculating philosophy are death to me. I cannot keep the flame of my life alive in an iceberg. I must breathe in a warmer clime, though the earth burn beneath my feet. I must go where the sun has strength enough to reach the hearts of men."

She caught from off the sofa a black and a red flag, which Bertram remembered to have seen waving over the barricade she helped to capture, flaunted them proudly before his eyes, and cried:

"Adieu!"

"Marina!" shouted he.

But Marina was gone and would not be recalled.

HOW A CAT IS ABLE TO SEE IN THE DARK.—The pupil of the eye of the cat is of an oval form, the transverse diameter being parallel to the nose; and cats have the power of contracting or dilating the pupil at pleasure. It is always contracted in the sun or before a fire. This prevents a painful sensation which would be occasioned by a number of rays of light falling on the pupil. But when a cat sits in the shade, or in the dark, she fully dilates the pupil, which enables her to see and seize her prey rather by surprise than by hunting it fairly down.

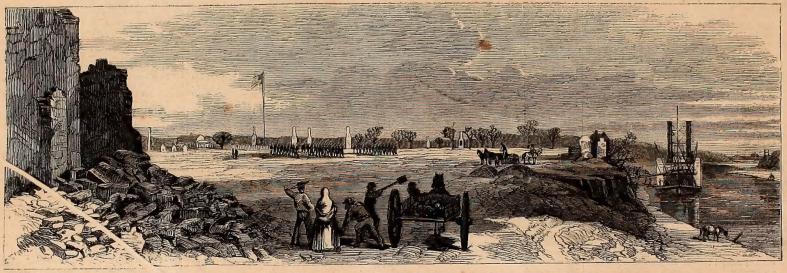
POWER OF A HORSE.—One horse can raise 150lb 220 feet high in a minute, eight hours a day; one horse-power is reckoned at from 30,000 to 36,000lb, raised one foot per minute; one horse's force, drawing horizontally, is estimated at [illegible]lb; one horse can draw on a level 4,480lb, two tons, equal to seven men.

POWER OF A MAN.—One strong man can raise 10lb 10 feet in a second, 10 hours a day; one strong man can raise 100lb one foot in a second; one strong man can draw on a level 640lb; one strong man can press with his hands equal to 110lb; one man's force, drawing horizontally, 110lb; one man can lift with both hands 250lb; one man can support on his shoulders 300lb.

GOLD FISH.—The beautiful little fish called in this country "gold and silver fish" were originally natives of China and Japan, where they are held in great estimation, and are called *kiuyn*. From China the English carried some of them to the island of St. Helena, and from thence the captain of one of the East India ships brought some of them to England in the year 1788.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE CORPS D'AFRIQUE (3RD ENGINEERS) ERECTING GUNS ON VERMILION BAYOU.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—THE U. S. BARRACKS AT BROWNSVILLE, DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. E. H. BONWILL.



THE WAR IN TEXAS—FORT CAVALLO, MATAGORDA BAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 181.



THE WAR IN TEXAS—FORT MONTGOMERY ON THE RIO GRANDE.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. E. H. BONWILL.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE 5TH CORPS HOSPITAL AT THE BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 183.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BATTLE OF SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT-HOUSE—RIGHT CENTRE OF GRANT'S LINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 183.

A LIFE PICTURE.

Look on that little head,
Pillow'd on softest down;
Cambric and dainty lace
Shadow that baby face,
Safe from Life's frown.

Hush every waking sound,
Softly tread, whisper low;
See, sweet babe, how she sleeps,
Forth one dimpled arm peeps,
All in a roseate glow.

Here lies an infant form,
Rags are its only bed;
Dirty and scant its gear,
Dabbled with many a tear,
Life's baptism dread.

Hark! that curse, hush! a shriek—
'Tis but its lullaby;
Cradled 'mid odors foul,
Rock'd by a man's demon howl,
There let it lie.

See yon frolicsome elf,
Azure-eyed, golden-hair'd;
Six bright summers have shone,
Six of God's years have flown,
Since she Life shared.

Groping 'midst gutters foul,
Dirt-begrimed see her there;
Look at her tangled locks,
Eye that youth's gladness mocks,
Dull vacant stare.

Gay carol the joy-bells,
'Tis a bridal to-day;
And the golden-hair'd maiden,
With Love's blessings laden,
Goes forth on her way.

Why halts the procession?—
'Tis but a funeral;
A vile pauper soul
Borne forth to its goal
Without hearse or pall.

Famine-bred vice hath done
Nobly its work in her;
There she goes all unmourn'd,
Both in life and death scorn'd,
On her rude bier.

Children of Eve, by Fate
Sever'd how far;
The same hour gave ye birth,
Both shall moulder to earth—
Sisters ye are.

Listen, ye highborn dames,
Have ye no mission?
Can ye no little one,
Born 'neath the blessed sun,
Snatch from perdition?

Hear it, my countrymen,
Cruel tale, often told;
Ponder it carefully,
Wistfully and prayerfully,
Angels behold.

Ye have a stern duty,
Refuse it who will;
Each must his burden bear,
Christ's loving work must share,
Ere Life be still.

THE MOORISH BRIDE'S RESCUE.

A Romance of Tetuan.

Soon after the accession of the present Emperor to the throne of Morocco an officer in command of the fortress of Tetuan was suspected at court of plotting against the new Sultan, or being too rich. Either crime was enough to warrant his destruction. As he was deemed rather popular, it was thought unsafe to spare his life. A messenger from the Sultan stood before him one morning, politely wishing him a thousand years of life, and assuring him that his prosperity was the delight of the Faithful, and that the messenger was less than the dust before his greatness, he went on to say the most just and clement Sultan had resolved to dismiss him to Paradise, to receive the reward of his good works.

"God is great," ejaculated the officer, and, without murmur or remonstrance, he laid aside his pipe, and calmly submitted his neck to the bowstring.

In countries where life is under the guardianship of fixed laws a man regards it as a valuable capital, which he manages at his own discretion, and feels that he has the most direct interest in preserving. In despotic countries no one thinks his life is his own property. He holds it by the capricious, uncertain tenure of another's will, and learns not to calculate or value it. The mere instinctive fear of death is nearly all he has to contend with, and that their deep undoubting faith half disarms.

The officer had been raised from the lower ranks, and the fall of his family was utter—complete.

One of his wives fled with her children to a lawless tribe of Berbers near the Spanish fortress of Ceuta; another retired with her son, Achmed, to a small house close to the city walls, trusting Caled, the successor of her husband, and the Basha would forget their existence. She was mistaken in her hopes. Caled Bey declared he had the Sultan's order to convey the son of the late officer to Fez, where the imperial court was then held. The sanctuary of the harem could not be violated, but a close watch was kept on the widow's dwelling, in order to intercept the son when he left the house. The old lady took such care to spread a report that her son had escaped from the city, that it came to be generally credited.

In the meantime the youth pined in the close confinement he was subjected to. He was hardly sixteen, and the buoyancy of youth rebelled against being a prisoner. To give him the privilege of enjoying the evening air on the roof, where men dare not appear, and to disguise him more effectually from the reach of his enemy, Caled Bey, his mother dressed him in the costume of a Moorish maiden, and introduced him to her neighbors as the daughter of a deceased sister. As the widow was known to be unfortunate, she was not excessively troubled by the visits of friends. The house adjoining hers was occupied by an old priest, whose limited household consisted of one wife and one daughter, the youngest of his children, and perhaps a servant or two. With this daughter the pretended niece of the widow formed a close friendship. While the elder ladies enjoyed a pipe and a quiet dish of scandal, the young ones, each with an arm around the other, would walk the terrace and recite the wild legends or wilder love songs of the Arab poets.

Achmed grew more reconciled to his female trappings, at first so irksome, and daily expressed less impatience to join the Berbers, as he originally intended, though he insisted on attending his mother to the fountains when she went for water, and to the "Field of the Dead," when she went on Friday to water the flowers that grew on her husband's grave. Perhaps he thought the exercise necessary for his health; at any rate, he was sure to meet his pretty neighbor at the fountain and in the sacred ground. He found some other acquaintance among the fair dames of Tetuan, and everywhere the gay, witty niece of the widow was a welcome visitor. He had ceased to complain of the confinement of the harem, although nearly a year had passed away in its monotonous seclusion. He wore his haigue with such a grace, and was so sprightly and entertaining to his mother's friends, that more than one lady asked the supposed niece in marriage for her son, and were not a little surprised to find her so averse to matrimony. The good priest next door had hinted to the widow his disposition and ability to add another jewel to his harem, but his overtures were most unaccountably repulsed.

As a man never sees his wife's face before the marriage, they have to depend on the opinion of their old lady friends, who are regular marriage brokers in Moslem countries. These useful personages were not exactly agreed as to the respective superiority of Achmed or the priest's daughter, Amuna. Achmed was too tall, certainly, and not quite so soft in language as Amuna; but then in wit and gaiety he equalled Ayesha, the best beloved of the Prophet.

In short, the friends were the most celebrated belles of their quarter, and rivals, as it were, in spite of themselves. The old priest had caused it to be entrusted to Caled Bey, who had ordered some inquiries to be made touching the personal attractions of the rival beauties, that Amuna would bring a dower worthy of his notice, while the widow's niece would, according to the more usual custom, demand one. Caled Bey wished to appropriate both, and carried out this plan by making overtures to the priest for his daughter, and informing the widow that he wished, or rather commanded, her niece to attend his bride to his mansion as her future companion. The old lady flatly refused to part with her niece, and threatened to appeal to the Basha, if the officer persisted in his demand. Amuna, on her part, entreated and implored her father not to consign her to a man so notorious as Caled Bey unhappily was, for repulsive looks and domestic harshness.

The old priest was not so ridiculously indulgent as to refuse a rich son-in-law merely because he had a taste for killing his wives and his daughter detested him, and the marriage went on. The mother of Amuna exchanged presents with the senior wives of Caled, the day, dower, and jewels were fixed upon, and the bride ceased to lament, that she might examine her robes in company with her confidant, the widow's niece. Achmed, too, gave up all opposition to Caled's order, and submitted so cheerfully to an adoption in that officer's household, that his mother, in sheer disappointment, left the city the morning of the nuptials.

Attended by her faithful companion, Achmed, Amuna was conducted in state to her husband's mansion, where, loaded with gems and embroideries, she received the congratulations of her fair friends. Caled, according to the Moorish custom, paraded through the city with a gallant train on horseback, and at the lucky moment when his bride was lifted over the threshold of his house, amid music, and shouts, and the ringing of firearms, he turned his face homeward to meet his invited guests at the bridal banquet in the men's apartments.

When the hour approached at which he was to see for the first time the face of his wife, Caled withdrew to the inner apartments. A servant wished to interrupt him to inquire whether he had ordered a horse to remain at the door saddled for instant use. The bridegroom impatiently waved him away, and entered the chamber.

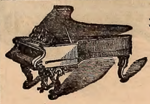
Before him, on a wide divan of crimson and gold, trembling through her gorgeous veil, knelt his unconscious bride, but nearer and between them flashed a gleaming blade in the hands of the stranger youth. It was Achmed who presented his sharp steel to the bosom of Caled Bey, and commanded silence. Indignant, yet wonder-stricken, he obeyed.

"Swear, by Alla and his Prophet, by the grave of your mother, and your hopes of Paradise, that you will neither prevent our escape or pursue us for the rising and setting of two suns, and live: refuse and die," was the brief alternative offered by the stripling.

It was accepted. Amuna, hastily throwing off the cumbrous trappings of the marriage ceremony, and honestly selecting from her jewels those only which were the gift of her father, passed forth with Achmed, amid the astonished household, mounted with him, unopposed, the fleet charger at the door, and in an hour had left the walls of Tetuan and the possibility of pursuit far behind. Ten days after a mounted Arab presented himself at the gate of Tetuan, leading a steed caparisoned in the rich trappings that had graced Caled's wedding-day.

"Achmed, my friend and guest," said he, as he transferred the bridle to a soldier at the gate, "the brave and prosperous Achmed greets Caled Bey, and wishes honor and increase to his house, and may every day be like the one in which they last embraced."

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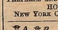
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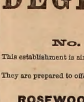
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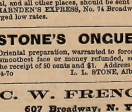
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 455—VOL. XVIII.] NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4.00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1.00.

The Campaign — Grant and Sherman — Richmond and Atlanta.

ANOTHER week of signal and uninterrupted successes has been added to the glorious record of our advancing armies, East and West. Grant thundering at the gates of Richmond, and Sherman sweeping down with his irresistible columns upon Atlanta, are the great historical facts of the day. The heart of every Unionist rejoices, while the chiefs, organs and oracles of the rebellion are amazed and confounded.

These treacherous guides of a deluded people are now beginning to realise their folly, and to hint at their hopeless situation. Their hitherto unfailing devices of audacious falsehoods and brazen deceptions have failed to account, to the satisfaction of their credulous followers, for the presence of Gen. Grant in front of Richmond and of Gen. Sherman at Atlanta. And why? Because the popular credulity of the South had been flattered with the promises of a crushing campaign through Maryland and Pennsylvania by Gen. Lee, and a sweeping invasion of Ohio by Gen. Jo. Johnston with an army of veterans 100,000 strong.

These royal promises, contrasted with the sorry performances of both Lee and Johnston, have demanded an explanation beyond the inventive faculties of the rebel leaders to make. But they have, nevertheless, tried, by the boldest misrepresentations and effrontery, to make it appear that Lee and Johnston are doing wonders towards the achievement of Southern independence. Thus, when a few weeks ago the people of Virginia inquired why Gen. Lee, instead of moving across the Potomac, was on the road to Richmond, with Gen. Grant close upon his flanks, they were answered that Gen. Lee is drawing the Yankees away from Washington. He will still entice them on to Richmond with a small force, so disposed as to appear a large army, while, with the main body



1. Private Lewis Klein, Co. A, 14th N. Y. Cav. 2. Private John Brehig, Co. G, 4th Ky. Cav. 3. Private George H. Wible, Co. F, 9th Md. 4. Private Francis W. Beedle, Co. M, 8th Mich. Cav. 5. Private John Q. Ross, Co. C 8th Ky. 6. Private Charles R. Woodworth, Co. G, 8th Mich. Cav. 7. Private L. H. Parham, Co. B, 3d W. Tenn. Cav. 8. Private Edward Cunningham, Co. F, 7th Ohio Cav.

UNION SOLDIERS AS THEY APPEARED ON THEIR RELEASE FROM THE REBEL PRISONS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS MADE BY ORDER OF CONGRESS.—SEE PAGE 199.

of his troops, he pushes around into Maryland, captures Washington, liberates Baltimore, and next proceeds to levy his military contributions upon abolition Quakers of Pennsylvania. So in the West, as the famous retreater, Jo. Johnston, with the advance of Sherman upon him, was dislodged and fell back from point to point, it was proclaimed that his plan was to lure the Yankee army down into the heart of Georgia, that it might be the more effectually destroyed. But these shallow prevarications and excuses are now at an end, and from Virginia to Mobile the organs of Jeff Davis are beginning broadly to hint the truth that can no longer be concealed—that Richmond is in danger; that Jo. Johnston is powerless to stay the onward march of the Yankees, even at Atlanta, and that the "Confederacy" cannot survive the fall of Richmond or the loss of Georgia.

With such admissions as these from Richmond and Georgia, we cannot doubt that with the fall of the rebel capital the whole establishment of the so-called "Confederate States," financial, political and military, will immediately collapse. With the fall of Richmond the prestige and the credit of Jeff Davis abroad will quickly disappear. He will get no more "financial and material aid" from English capitalists and speculators, ironclad shipbuilders, cotton loan takers or blockade-runners. From England to China Davis and his Confederacy will be regarded as exploded and extinct with the fall of Richmond. Nor will the immediate consequences among the people of the rebellious States be different. With their general Government expelled from Richmond, where is it to find a place of refuge? It becomes a vagrant, "without a local habitation or a name," and it than appears to its dupes in its true character of a swindling imposture, a hideous despotism and an intolerable nuisance. The moral effect at home and abroad of the loss of his capital will of itself be fatal to Davis and his hopeless cause. Otherwise the loss of Virginia and the cannon foundries, the factories for small-arms, the machine shops, the flour, cotton and woollen mills, the clothing manufactories, the sources of subsistence, and magazines of ammunition, etc., that will be lost to the Confederacy with the capture of Richmond, will, at this desperate crisis in the fortunes of the rebel Council of Five Hundred, bring their usurpations, their labors, their fears, and their hopes at once to an end.

They know it, they feel it, and they are at length constrained to confess it, that their model of a Southern Confederacy, founded upon the corner-stone of slavery, and set up in the name of King Cotton, has proved a deception, a delusion and a snare, and is vanishing like a castle in the clouds. The profound sagacity of Gen. Grant in making the rebel capital the principal object of all the combinations of this grand campaign, will soon be made apparent with the capture of Richmond, and the genuine collapse of the rebellion that will instantly follow, in every quarter, in every shape, and in everything, from Virginia to Texas.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 18, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

To make the situation of affairs more clear to our readers, and enable them to follow the operations of the armies, we have treated of Grant's and Butler's armies separately. But Grant, inexorable as death or fate, has pressed on till the army under Butler is at his immediate disposition.

On the 29th Grant's cavalry crossed the Pamunky at Hanovertown, routing the enemy in a spirited engagement south of Hawe's store. Here Grant took up his quarters, and soon had his army in line, extending from Shady Grove Church, where Warren took post in sight of Richmond, to beyond the head of Tolopatomoy creek.

Lee's position was behind the Chicahominy.

On Monday evening the rebels, apparently under Ewell, attacked Crawford's division, and crowded it back, but Warren brought up his whole force, and easily repulsed them.

On Tuesday Gen. Sheridan, at the other end of the line, routed the forces of Fitzhugh Lee and Clingman at Coal Harbor, taking many officers.

The next day Grant made an attack with his left, consisting of the 6th corps and Smith's troops, and finally, after dark carried the enemy's work in front; Smith's proved to be untenable however. The enemy, to divert attention, attacked other parts of our line, but were repulsed.

On Saturday night the enemy attacked Hancock, Wright and Smith, but were everywhere repulsed. Hancock is now within 40 yards of Lee's works, and Lee is throwing up entrenchments on the muddy banks of the Chicahominy. Grant has indeed failed to force the passage of the river, but his generalship is not exhausted.

On the Peninsula Gen. Gillmore is in command, and Beauregard, finding the offensive abandoned, has sent off much of his force to swell the ranks, and restore the spirits of Lee and Johnston.

The two great armies now confront each other definitely in the strip of country, some 10 miles wide, that lies between the Pamunky and the upper waters of the Chicahominy. Grant's line, from Cold Harbor to Atlee's, on the Central railroad, is fully seven miles in length; while Lee is somewhat more contracted.

On Friday, the 3rd of June, Grant's first battle before Richmond was fought, and the people of the rebel capital, as two years ago, heard the thunder of artillery and beheld the smoke of battle curling above the woods that skirt the city. There was less cause for sanguine hope now. It was not a Confederate attack on an isolated corps of the American army, but an attack by Grant on the entrenchments, to which Lee had been forced back from the Rapidan.

The attack began at half-past four A. M., and Barlow's division of Hancock's corps drove the enemy within his entrenchments at all points, but without gaining any decisive advantage beyond the capture of 300 prisoners, chiefly from Breckinridge, and gaining points nearer the enemy's line.

In the evening about 7 o'clock the enemy made a sudden attack on Smith's brigade of Gibbons's division, but were repulsed after a sharp fight of half an hour.

About the same time Wilson, with his cavalry, fell on the rear of a brigade of Heth's rebel division, and drove them in confusion.

NORTH CAROLINA.

A terrible catastrophe, by which 40 New York soldiers were killed, occurred near Newbern, N. C., on the 26th ult. Four torpedoes were accidently exploded as the train containing them reached the station. The signal tower, near by, was blown 800 feet into the air.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The rebels announce an advance of our troops on Secessionville and the danger of Charleston, now almost stripped of soldiers.

GEORGIA.

An engagement took place on the 28th between the enemy and McPherson's corps, in which the rebels were driven back, with a loss to them of 2,500 killed and wounded left in our hands, and about 300 prisoners. Gen. McPherson's loss not being over 300 in all.

The rebels made an attack on Sherman on the 31st ult., but were repulsed after a sharp and brilliant engagement. Gen. Thomas had reached Marietta, and Gen. McPherson was within 12 miles of Atlanta. Gen. Johnston is falling back with his demoralised army to Athens, and Gen. Polk is retreating towards Macon.

On June 2d Gen. Stoneman, by a skilful movement, got possession of Allatoona gap, a position of great importance.

ALABAMA.

Col. Long, commanding the cavalry of the 17th army corps, recently defeated Molten, a division of Roddy's horse, under Col. Johnson, killing the latter and several of his officers.

MISSISSIPPI.

Forrest is said to be at Tupelo, with 1,500 men, and predatory parties are hovering around various parts of Tennessee and Kentucky.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

The failure of Banks's operations in Louisiana has emboldened the guerillas, who, finding great numbers of troops withdrawn, have begun their depredations again.

The gunboat Curlew was attacked by a rebel battery at Gaines's landing on the 25th; but after returning the fire for an hour and a half the gunboat drove the rebels off. Rebel batteries on the Red river are giving much annoyance.

Advices from Memphis to the 31st ult., state that the tinclads Marmon, Juliet and Prairie Bird recently drove away the rebel batteries at Gaines's landing. The marine brigade boat Delta had her donkey-engine shot overboard and her engineer killed. The rebels are said to have had 12 pieces of artillery. They captured and burned the steamer Lebanon, taking the crew and passengers off as prisoners. The English Government had, on the news of Grant's victories, bought Laird's rams, and the rebels sold the Georgia. The Queen's Bench discharged the Gerety pirates. On Monday last the rebel Gen. Shelby captured Dardanelles, and took some 200 prisoners. Jacksonport and Batesville have been evacuated by our forces.

LOUISIANA.

A great fire at New Orleans, evidently the work of a rebel incendiary, destroyed, on the 27th of May, the steamer Black Hawk, and with it the Empire Parish, Meteor, Fawn, Time and Tide, Bell Lee, New Orleans and Bell Creole, with two schooners, all owned or employed by Government.

ARKANSAS.

Dispatches from St. Louis report the burning of a train and brutal massacre of some 80 men and women—Union refugees from Jacksonville—at Salem, Ark., by a band of 300 guerillas.

NAVAL.

The rebel privateer Florida entered the port of Hamilton, Bermuda, on the 12th of May, on a "flying visit" to obtain American newspapers and letters. She reported only one vessel—the Avon—as burned by her commander.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, May 30th, the proceedings were of no public interest, being chiefly confined to slight modifications in the Tax bill.

In the House, Mr. Schenck moved to bring in a bill for the summary punishment of guerillas. Mr. Yeaman was also decided to be entitled to the vacant seat for Kentucky by 94 to 26. Mr. Layear offered a Peace resolution, which was objected to. After some other unimportant business of a technical or local nature, the house adjourned.

In the Senate, May 31st, Mr. Davis submitted resolutions to investigate the character of General Butler. No vote was taken, and the rest of the sitting was given to the Internal Revenue bill.

In the House, the Ohio and East Tennessee bill was passed by 64 to 56. The House then took up the bill proposing to the several States an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of said States, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of said Constitution, namely: "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in the punishment of crime, of which the party shall be duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or in any place within their jurisdiction, and Congress shall have power, by appropriate legislation, to carry the foregoing article into effect." Mr. Holman objected to the second reading, and the question occurred, "Shall the bill be rejected?" This was determined in the negative, by yeas, 55; nays, 76. Mr. Wilson said it was not his intention to press the bill to a vote to-night; he would allow a reasonable time for debate. Mr. Morris addressed the House in favor of the passage of the bill.

In the Senate, June 1st, Mr. Sherman, Ohio, from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing votes of the two houses on the National Bank bill, made a report. He explained that there were only six points of difference between the Senate and the House, the latter having generally agreed to the forms and amendments. The most material amendment was to require all banks, East and West, to redeem their currency at par in New York. The report was agreed to.

In the House, the Bankrupt bill was reported, and Mr. Jenckes supported it in a very elaborate speech. A motion to lay it over to December was negatived by a majority of 21.

In the Senate, on the 2d, the business was confined to the consideration of the Internal Revenue bill.

In the House, the Tariff bill was discussed, and the Pacific Railway bill was postponed for a short period.

In the Senate, on the 4th, after several routine matters had been attended to, the tax bill was taken into consideration and some progress made in it. The amendments proposed and adopted were, however, of no public interest.

In the House, the Bankrupt bill was debated, Elijah Ward speaking in favor of it, and Mr. Garfield against it; no conclusion was adopted.

In the Senate, on the 4th, the only subject debated was the Internal Revenue or Tax bill; little progress was made.

In the House, a very spirited debate occurred between Messrs. Spaulding, Garfield and Jenckes, relative to sharp remarks used towards each other by the two former gentlemen on the previous day, in the discussion of the Bankrupt bill. On the conclusion of this a motion was made to adjourn over until Wednesday next, to enable the members to attend the Baltimore Convention, which was voted down by a large majority, and the Tariff bill was again taken up in Committee of the Whole, and its consideration proceeded with to a conclusion, when the committee rose, and the bill was reported to the House, and passed by 81 yeas to 26 nays.

TOWN GOSSIP.

CITIES are great sores upon the face of the earth. They are evidences of the struggle of man against the Almighty. He gives us the green fields, the waving trees, the rippling, murmuring streams, and we blot them out. We kill the green grass, and put in its stead cobble stones and Belgian pavements. We hew down the glorious trees, and build up tall, smoking factories and brown stone palaces, and the pure, sweet streams we turn into sewers and kennels, all of which is typical of man's mind.

Spring in the city—in our climate—is not provocative of a longing for the country. It requires a month or two to awake the sluggish blood of those who have been so long caged within bricks and mortar, living an unnatural life, and doing their best to undo what nature has done for them, and awaken the instinctive desire for a roll upon the grass, or a free romp under the broad heavens, where Mrs. Grundy cannot see, and where the senior member of the firm of Dildrum, Doldrum & Co., on whom we are dependent for "little accommodations," or "goods at six months," does not come.

New York is going out of town! We mean the sensible part of it. Miss Flora M'Flimsey does not go to Saratoga or Newport until late in August, and as to going in the country, the thing is pre-pos-tu-rous! The first day of summer has come, and carriages rumble out from up-town streets, laden with glad little men and women who have not yet reached the age to sigh after Saratoga and Newport, but who have some glorious ideas about catching and killing fish on a pin hook, and gathering all kinds of floral stuffs from all kinds of places. Carriages laden with stout trunks and inevitable band-boxes, and topped off with baby's chair, and possibly a small assortment of youthful wheelbarrows and garden implements, adapted in size for infantile hands.

Oh! for the early days when there was a real country about the city. When every farm-house was not occupied by a broken-down metropolitan boarding-house keeper, who lies in wait with promises of "plenty of vegetables, fruit, milk and eggs," to attract verdant city folks who would rusticate, and after charging them a little more than hotel prices, sends them back starved and disgusted to their comfortable and deserted homes. Oh! for the time when the sturdy farmer took a few boarders from town during the season, not because it was necessary plunder to allow him to exist through the coming winter, but from a double motive—firstly, that the cooped-up citizen might get a breath of fresh air for himself and family; and secondly, that he might have company through the season, and that wife and daughters might hear something about the fashions, and have something to talk about during the long winter evenings. Those days are gone never to return, and now the rurally disposed citizen must seek "John Brown's Tract," or the far Rocky Mountains, unless he is willing to be taken in and done for, by boarding-house keepers, who have played out the gamut in the city, or by farmers—Heaven save the mark!—who look upon all human nature as summer boarders, and count up how much greater profit can be made by allowing their ill-grown garden truck to be devoured on the premises, than by sending it to a city market.

Enough on that head!

As having some connection with rural subjects we incline to discourse slightly upon worms. Periodically New York is attacked by worms. The plague of locusts, or the grasshopper irruption upon Utah that threatened, a few years ago, to eat up Brigham Young and his 70 wives, was a mere flea bite in comparison. A quarter of an hour's walk in some localities, and the walker makes his appearance covered with the "varmints," not of the crawling kind, but long steppers, who, arching their backs like a Kilkenny cat at bay, stretch themselves out in a way that threatens at one stride to reach from the bonnet to the shoulder, to the tip of the nose, and then—goodness only knows where next. These inch, or measuring worms, are as a great a nuisance as this busy city is obliged to put up with. They are everybody's business and nobody's business. Easily destroyed, and yet suffered to live and thrive from year to year. They are an example of what men unwillingly submit to when the power to abate the nuisance is in their own hands. Why do men submit to rats? Why to cats, who prowl by night, and why to dogs who have no masters and only vagrants? Thinking of this we despair of the doing away with the worms.

No! the worms shall be with us always.

The 15th annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club came off on Friday, June 3. The day was splendid, with a fine sailing wind, and everybody felt exceedingly jolly. Two steamboats, the Matteawan, for the club, and the Meta, for the press and invited guests, accompanied the race. So many hard things have been said by the press and the public in past years about the miserable accommodation furnished by the club that we feel happy to say that the lessons have been of service, and the affair altogether was happily managed. As far as regards eating and drinking all was eminently serene, and appetites and drinkitites had a good chance of disappearing under the treatment of the accomplished physicians who presided.

At a little after ten the steamers floated away from the foot of 20th street, gay with streamers and full with happy freight, and sped to the spot where lay the fleet, waiting, like white-winged birds, for the first alarm that should frighten them to flight. It came soon through the silver speaking-trumpet wielded by Mr. Haswell, and away they slipped, as though gliding over the launch-ways, and out turned Jersey City, where, as though by appointment, a stiff southerly breeze was in waiting and the fleet ready to embrace it. Nine was the number; three schooners, the Julia, Juinata and Maggie, and six sloops, the Annie, Narragansett, Richmond, Nettie, White Wing and Geraldine. All craft cleared the way before the flying yachts and saluted them as they sped on. The start was made at half-past 10, and Robins's reef was passed by the leading boat, the Annie, at 39 minutes past 11. At 12 the wind slackened. The destination was the south-west spit buoy, which was to be turned. As we passed Fort Lafayette an enthusiastic individual was seen to wave his cambric from the grassy slopes outside, but in a moment, even before the glasses that were levelled at him could measure his identity, a cruel sentinel violently squelched the demonstration, though not before the reportorial tribe had decided that the squelched party was Howard of the *Times*, their old associate. At the south-west spit the Annie was still ahead, rounding it at 21 minutes past 1 o'clock, and away they all went for home, and then what a jolly dinner, or rather what jolly people to eat it.

The Annie led the whole way, and came up to the stake boat at Hoboken at 59 minutes and 20 seconds—mark the seconds—past 3, making the whole run in 5 hours 29 minutes and 20 seconds, and a merry run it was. And then how proudly the little sloop ran up her pennant in salutation to the complimentary cheers—bells and steam-whistles—and sailed round and round the stake-boat, and what waving of handkerchiefs and glancing of bright eyes there were, and how pleasantly every one went home to wait, though not patiently, for the next regatta.

One of the notabilities of the week is the advent on New York of Major (?) Pauline Cushman. This young lady was once, if we are not mistaken, an actress, but with the breaking out of the rebellion, changed her vocation to a different stage, and became a scout and spy for the Federal army. According to all accounts she has been several times at Richmond and at other points inside the rebel lines, and has passed through some queer adventures. Her present domicile is the Astor House, and any fine day the major may be seen riding in Central Park, surrounded by an escort of shoulder-straps, who like New York better than the tented field.

Volunteering, or rather the paying of bounties to volunteers, has stopped in New York, and under the advice of the powers that be, the draft is to take its course. Patriots who have heretofore contented themselves with fighting wordy battles in bar-rooms, will now have a chance to serve their country in a more practical way, either by donating their muscles to its service, or by substituting the muscles of somebody else

at a stipulated tax on their pockets. What a refreshing memory it will be to those who send substitutes to the field, to know in the evening of their days that having been elected to a place among its defenders, they sent a representative who fought, bled and died, and his bones whiten on the soil of Virginia. How much better this is than going ones-self and getting killed. It is so unpleasant to be shot.

The unexampled prosperity of theatrical matters at this time leaves little for the historian to record of ups and downs, or of gigantic efforts to attract public attention. The mere mention of an entertainment, provided it has anything in it worthy of notice, is sure to attract a crowd. New York audiences are proverbially the most indulgent in the world; the day has gone by when a play or an actor is condemned either by hissing, or, as was customary in the days of the old Park Theatre, by laughing them down. New York theatre-goers bear everything, and only show their displeasure by keeping away from the entertainments, sometimes not even so much as that. We honestly believe that in no other city in the world, professing taste, could such actors and such plays be gagged down the people as New York managers and showmen thrust continually. Especially is this the case just now, when plethoric treasuries make managers careless and easy to please audiences, teach them that it is useless to spend money in the production of novelties, when that said stupid and inane public are just as well pleased with the trash that is nightly dished up for them.

With this preamble we have little to record. Manager Wheatley sticks to "Bel Demonio" and Vestvali, and full houses are the result of the sticking. Thousands attend there every night, in hope that they will eventually be in at the time when Vestvali shall make the perilous jump from that perpetual precipice that shall break her into pieces, not five-act pieces. "Bel Demonio" for another week.

The Florences have made so great a hit with "Fra Diavolo" that they want nothing new for a week more. A rather funny burlesque of the Davenport Brothers has been introduced in it.

Last week Mrs. Wood produced "Aladdin," about which and its preparation so much had been promised. "Aladdin" is produced with lots of effects, songs, dances, jokes, quips, quirks and pretty women. Mrs. Wood played Aladdin, Mrs. Sedley Brown the Princess, while Stoddart does up the Widow Twankey in as funny a way as the law permits.

"Capt. Bland" was withdrawn at Wallack's, and justly. It was written for a Bowery locality, and pruned down to suit Broadway. This pruning, while it has not helped the morality or respectability of the piece, has cut away all the merit of it, supposing it ever had any, which is doubtful. The hero captain, done in his usual style by Lester Wallack, seems to have devoted the best years of his life to the pursuit of matrimony under difficulties. He has succeeded in his infantile years in contracting alliances with some 70 or a 100 females—more or less—and is still ardently pursuing other chances to perpetrate the same violation of the statutes. On this fact hinges all the action of the play, which has undoubtedly been written under the last literary idea, that nothing is safe for publication and public approval unless the hero or heroine commit bigamy.

All that a proper putting upon the stage, and a good company could do for "Captain Bland," was done, but we think we hazard nothing in saying the bigamistic captain is a thing of the past.

Barnum, with an eye to the patriotic tastes of his patrons, succeeded in making an engagement with Major Pauline Cushman, who daily and nightly recounts her exploits at twenty-five cents a hearing. To enable her to do this in a satisfactory way, the great irrepressible has arranged for an 11 o'clock, A. M. discourse from the major, who will, at that time each day, fight her battles o'er again. Mdlle. Ernestine, one of the prettiest and most finished *danseuses* we have seen on New York boards, still remains at the Museum.

A new Davenport sensation was brought out during the past week, at Cooper Institute, in the persons of two ladies, one a sister of the Davenport brothers, who undertook to do the same things as were done by the latter. The young ladies, who certainly showed great coolness for *debutantes*, as they were announced to be, amid all the excitement of the audience, did do the same as the Davenports, though they certainly did not do it as well. Whatever the secret is we can only say that the Davenport Brothers perform it deftly, and having had years of practice, must of course be greater adepts in it than two young ladies who are beginners. We have only to say, that if there is anything to discover, a New York audience, with all the natural prying disposition of the full-blooded Yankee, heightened by education, will have a better chance to discover it in the present case, than with the more skilled brothers, who know all the ropes, and are not easily caught napping.

NEW MUSIC.—We notice with pleasure, two new works by Franz Schlotter, a composer well known to our musical readers. The one is a song, "When other Friends are Round Thee," words by G. P. Morris, and published through Pond & Co. Mr. Schlotter's music accords well with the tenderness of the poetry; it is a charming composition, and will have, without doubt, great popularity. Mr. Schlotter's latest piano composition, "Le Martha de Noel," published by Beer & Schirmer, is a work both melodious and effective, without being difficult.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The first Normal School in our country was opened at Lexington, Mass., 25 years ago, and it is proposed to celebrate the quarter century anniversary in July. The Massachusetts Board of Education have made suitable arrangements for the celebration, which will take place at the Normal School in Framingham. Rev. Samuel J. May will deliver the address, and Rev. Eben S. Stearns the poem. The occasion will doubtless call together a large number of the teachers, graduates and members of normal schools and all others interested in education.

—— Last Sunday night the telegraph wires were connected through from Portland, Maine, to St. Louis, Mo., making a circuit of over 2,000 miles.

—— The amount of subscriptions to the 10-40 loan reported at the Treasury department up to the 2d of June was $100,036,000.

—— The Universalist Church in Stowe, Vt., is divided into Union and Copperhead factions, who have arranged to have preaching on alternate Sundays after their respective hearts. But the Copperheads took possession a Sunday or two ago, and refused to permit the abolition minister to enter, whereupon a quarrel ensued.

—— The 10th session of the American Pomological Society will be held in Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 13, and will continue several days.

—— The mass Convention met at Cleveland, Ohio, on the 31st May, and with great unanimity nominated Fremont for President and John Cochrane for Vice-President. No other candidates were talked about; it is considered by many to be a flank movement on Lincoln. Some Democrats, indeed, have gone so far as to recommend the same nominations at Chicago. The Baltimore Convention will be just as much in favor of Mr. Lincoln as the Cleveland one was for the great Pathfinder.

—— A subscription to our Sanitary Fair has been opened in London, to which Jos. Bates, of Baring Bros., subscribed $5,000: Mr. McHenry, $5,000; and Mr. Peabody, $10,000. Every loyal American is expected to put his name down for a handsome sum.

—— A correspondent says that education is receiving some attention in New Jersey. The recent appointments of teachers in Hoboken having been dictated with sole reference to their fitness for their positions.

—— There were only two bids to clean the city on the 2d of June, one for $575,000 and the other for $500,000. Some years ago Mr. Astor offered to do it for $100,000.

—— Considerable merriment was created in the law courts last week by the appearance of Count Joannes, who brought his hotel bills, duly receipted, in answer to John Cl[illegible]y's assertion that the Count was not pecuniarily responsible. Strange to say, the Judge was not convinced on the spot, but demanded a day to give his decision. The Count ought to indict the Judge.

—— On Saturday afternoon, the 4th June, a mass meeting was held in Union Park in honor of Gen. Grant. It was attended by about 20,000 persons; the principal speakers were Ex-Mayor Opdyke, C. P. Daly, Senator Pomeroy, Chauncey Schaffer, Magnus Gross, Rollins, Hiram Walbridge, J. T. Brady, a person named Tyler, who kept the meeting in a roar of laughter by his poetry, and Gen. T. F. Meagher, who spoke with his usual force and aptness.

Military.—It is a very remarkable fact that while the Union correspondents, in describing our battles, account for our small loss in some of them to the rebels firing too high, the rebel papers say the same thing of our men. There ought to be some instruction given to our troops in this matter.

—— Gen. Sherman having asked the superintendent of a construction train what time it would take him to replace the bridge near Resaca, and having been told that it would take at least four days, replied: "Sir, I give you 48 hours, or a position in the front ranks before the enemy!" The bridge was completed in 48 hours.

—— Major-Gen. Carl Schurz has been placed in command of the convalescent barracks at Nashville.

—— The 17th army corps, which, it will be remembered, was recently assigned to Gen. Frank Blair, has been thoroughly reorganized and strengthened, and left Huntsville, Ala., for Rome, to join Gen. Sherman's army. The corps is largely composed of re-enlisted veterans, who have seen hard service under their old commander, McPherson.

—— During General Birney's recent raid through Florida, a bright little girl was found alone at one house, her parents having skedaddled. She was rather non-committal, for she did not know whether the troops were Union or rebel. Two fine dogs made their appearance while a conversation was being held with the child, and she informed one of her questioners that their names were Gillmore and Beauregard. "Which is the best dog?" asked a bystander. "I don't know," said she; "they're both mighty smart dogs; but they'll either of 'em suck eggs if you don't watch 'em." The troops left without ascertaining whether the family, of which the girl was a hopeful scion, was Union or rebel.

—— Maj.-Gen. Fremont has resigned his commission in the army, and the President has accepted it, as it was not the intention of the Government to call him into service. The *Tribune* states that Gen. Fremont has handed over his pay since he has been unemployed for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers.

—— The rebel Gen. Ed. Johnson was captured by Frank Totman, of the Maine 17th. He took the rebel by the collar and told him he was his prisoner, when Johnson replied that he should not surrender to any one but the commander of the force. His captor replied, "Don't know anything about that; you can't get away from me!" and he took him to Gen. Hancock.

Personal.—Mdlle. Patti has just come of age, and it is stated that one of the first acts of her majority was to settle an annuity of 6,000f. a-year upon her father, and another to a like handsome amount upon her mother.

—— Lord Brougham is said to have commenced writing an autobiography.

—— Belle Boyd, the famous rebel spy, has arrived in Montreal, Canada.

—— Major Pauline Cushman, the female patriot spy and scout, is now in this city, sojourning at the Astor House.

—— A correspondent requests us to insert the following: "William H. Gerbrick, of Dayton, Montgomery county, Ohio, is desirous of finding his parents, Jacob and Mary Gerbrick, whom he has not seen or heard from since 1846. Then they were living in Pittsburg, Penn. They had lived in Somerset and York counties, Penn. Any paper copying this notice will confer a great favor on a discharged soldier of the 15th Iowa Volunteer Infantry."

—— Dr. Robt. Shelton Mackenzie, of the Philadelphia *Press*, gave a lecture the other night, with great success, in Harrisburg, on the Irish Poets.

Obituary.—Schneider, the renowned organist of Dresden, considered perhaps the greatest of German organists, died on the 13th April, in his 75th year. Another distinguished organist, Mynheer Tours, of Rotterdam, has also died lately; he was one of the first musicians of Holland, and for 30 years the director of the Eruditio Musical Society.

—— At Elmira, 28th of May, Capt. Geo. F. Watson, of the 180th regiment N. Y. V., and formerly of the 12th regiment N. Y. V. He was a brave and able officer, and was wounded at the battle of Gaines' Mill. He was aged 35 years.

—— Lieut. Hart, commanding battery L, 4th regiment U. S. H. artillery, was drowned on the night of the 30th May, while on his passage down the James river. It is supposed that he walked off the transport in his sleep.

—— Chevalier Hulsemann, who represented Austria for several years at Washington, died on the 8th March, at Georgia, Illyria, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. He was born in 1799. He will be chiefly remembered for his controversy with Daniel Webster on the Martin Kosta affair.

—— The Rev. Frederick S. Wiley was buried on Friday, June 3, in Greenwood cemetery. He died in Florence, Italy. He was for several years one of the ministers of Grace Church, New York, where he made himself much beloved for his urbanity and goodness. He visited Europe last December to recruit his health.

—— On Thursday, June 2, the venerable Francis Price died at his residence, New York, in the 77th year of his age. He was one of the most respected of our citizens, a man of wealth and influence, and has for many years been closely identified with the growth and prosperity of our city. Mr. Price was born in New Jersey, where he owned large property. He was the father of ex-Governor Price, of that State.

—— Col. Peter A. Porter, of the 8th N. Y. V. H. artillery, who was killed on the 3d June, near Coal Harbor, Va., was a native of Niagara Co., N. Y., and a lawyer by profession. He raised the 8th H. artillery in 1862, and has since been actively employed.

—— Col. Frank Haskell, 36th Wisconsin, was killed on the 2d June, while assaulting the enemy's works. He entered the service as Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Sixth Wisconsin regiment, commanded by Col. (now Gen.) Cutler. Subsequently he was selected by Gen. Gibbon for service as Aide-de-Camp, because of his excellent judgment, his great bravery and coolness in battle. He passed through every battle in the Army of the Potomac, escaping unscathed, save at Gettysburg, where he was slightly wounded. During Gen. Gibbon's absence while wounded, Lieut. Haskell remained in the field, serving temporarily on the staff of Gen. Warren, when he commanded the 2d army corps. During the past winter the 36th Wisconsin regiment was organized, and Lieut. Haskell was promoted to the post of Colonel, an honor he had most brilliantly won.

Accidents and Offences.—Andrews, the New York rioter, has been sentenced to three years in the State Prison. Others who took part in the riots of July have been condemned to 10 years' imprisonment. The apparent disparity between the sentences is explained by the fact that the rioters previously sentenced were also convicted of robbery, arson and other offences.

—— About eleven o'clock on the night of Wednesday, June 1, off Cape May, a fearful collision happened between the steam transports City of Bath and Pocohontas, from the effects of which the latter sank, carrying down with her 40 of her passengers and crew. The Pocohontas was on her way from New Orleans to New York, with soldiers on furlough, many of whom have thus perished. The City of Bath was on her way to Washington, with Government stores. The Pocohontas was a steamer of 800 tons, and a capital boat. The night was very dark and hazy.

—— Some light-fingered and light-footed "gentleman" entered the sleeping-apartment of Secretary Chase, on the night of the 1st of June, and stole his gold watch and portemonnaie, which, fortunately, contained only $40 in greenbacks.

—— The San Francisco papers give a most circumstantial account of a duel betwen the famous Billy Mulligan and a Mr. Coleman. Each was armed with a six-barrel revolver, and at a given word they both blazed away their six shots a-piece. Coleman lost a finger and gained a bullet in his thigh. Mr. Mulligan was unhurt, and wanted the sport to continue, but the seconds put an end to the affair, and the two heroes left the ground with their friends.

—— On the 31st May, Mrs. Dubois, of Brooklyn, was run over and killed, in Broadway, near Grand street, by a cart, driven by a man named Lynch. The ruffian, who drove at a most reckless speed, was arrested, and committed to the Tombs for trial. Mrs. Dubois leaves three children to mourn her loss. The police are much to blame for not enforcing the municipal regulations.

—— A drunken lieutenant assaulted a servant of Gov. Andrew Johnson, in Nashville, and when the Governor interfered fired his pistol at him. The ball grazed the Governor's side and passed through his coat. The Governor thereupon knocked the fellow down and wounded him severely.

—— A great fire had happened in New Orleans, on the 27th May, when eight steamers were destroyed. The news comes by way of Cairo.

—— The New York *Tribune* says that Capt. Sam Black, U. S. Quartermaster, who was recently convicted at Louisville of perpetrating enormous frauds on the Government, has been pardoned; and that Hall & Smith, Western horse contractors, who had likewise been found guilty of the same offence, have had their sentence suspended. This makes the *Tribune* fear that Kohnstamm may receive Presidential sympathy and clemency.

—— The trial of Edward Hunter for the murder of his wife, before Recorder Hoffman, at the Court of General Sessions, resulted in a verdict of murder in the second degree. The trial has occupied ten days, and excited unusual interest. The prosecution was conducted by O. L. Stewart, Assistant District Attorney. The counsel for the prisoner were J. F. Walton and H. L. Clinton. There was no question raised as to the prisoner's having committed the homicide. The jury were out 48 hours endeavoring to arrive at a verdict.

—— On Wednesday, June 1, the extensive steam sawing establishment of Mr. Crane, 29th street, was entirely consumed by fire, as well as two tenement-houses; loss, about $30,000. At the same time a fire burst out in 23d street, on the North River.

—— The smokestack of the U. S. steam revenue cutter Kankakee, lying at the foot of Horatio street, which was imperfectly secured in its place by means of guys, fell, on the 4th inst., on the deck of the schooner Marie, lying alongside, instantly killing Zeno C. Baker, the captain of the schooner, a deck hand named John Dunn, and seriously injuring John McIlvane and an unknown man.

—— A German lager bier saloon-keeper, named Otto Bittner, was, on the 4th inst. shot through the arm, by Officer Stevenson, of the 31st Precinct, in Broadway, near 70th street.

Foreign.—The Emperor Napoleon III. has established at the Louvre, already so rich in curiosities and treasures of art, a Museum of Monarchs. Here will be collected all the personal memorials which can be secured of the sovereigns who have ruled over France. Among those now to be seen in this interesting collection are the following: Arms and fragments of royal ornaments belonging to Childeric; a curule chair of Dagobert; the prayer-book, sword and sceptre of Charlemagne; the breviary and baptismal vase of St. Louis; the armor worn by Francis I. on the famous field of Pavia; the prayer-book of Mary Stuart, Queen of Francis II.; the helmet and shield, splendidly inlaid, of the monster Charles IX.; the armor of Henri Quatre; the locksmith's tools of the hapless Louis XVI.; the crown worn by Napoleon I. at his coronation.

—— It is asserted on good authority that there are in London 16,000 children trained to crime, 15,000 men living by low gambling, 50,000 by constant thieving, 5,000 receivers of stolen goods, and 150,000 men and women subsisting by other disgraceful means. There are not less than 25,000 beggars. So that there are more than 250,000 persons in the London district, of all ages and sexes, who prey upon the honest and industrious part of the community.

—— The Paris *Nation* notices a rumor that the Pope has received extreme unction; but false reports of the Pontiff's health have been so frequent as to render the phrase "under all reserve" more than usually appropriate to this news.

—— The excavations which led to the discovery of Pompeii were made during the reign of Charles III., the first Bourbon King of Naples.

—— The Liverpool *Albion* gives 34 forms in which the name of Shakespeare has been spelled.

—— A Paris letter-writer says: "The world of Paris is gone mad after the Japanese. This embassy, regardless of the 'happy dispatch' which may await them on their return, are enjoying themselves in the most reckless manner. Only last night I found several secretaries of legation—where do you think? Why, actually behind the scenes of the Grand Opera, surrounded with ballet girls! European secretaries of legation know better than that, at any rate, though they do not know much as a rule. As for 'Mabille,' and the 'Chateau des Fleurs,' they are there every night. On Wednesday they 'entertained at dinner.' I saw the *menu*, but it contained nothing worth recording; judging, however, from the list of wines selected, I should say that the very best of everything is nearly good enough for the dusky diplomacy of Japan."

—— On the day of Garibaldi's arrival in London, 573,000 copies of his photographs were sold. At the last interview of Earl Russell with the great Liberator, he exchanged walking-sticks with him.

—— The Italian people are very much delighted with the enthusiastic reception given to Garibaldi by the people of England, and have held numerous meetings to thank them.

—— The opera of "Merry Wives of Windsor," is now the leading attraction in London and Paris. It is composed by Nicolai, who died very poor in Germany in 1849. The "Merry Wives" was first produced in Germany in 1849, but was not successful.

—— A new tenor has been singing at Milan, in opera too, who does not understand a word of music, and has to be taught everything by ear. A year ago he was a journeyman mattrass maker.

—— A new opera house is to be built at the watering-place of Monaco, on the Mediterranean, for the poorer classes, the rates of admission to be four cents.

—— The yield of the French coal mines for 1863, was equal to 10,000,000 of tons.

—— Sir Thomas Judkin Fitzgerald recently drowned himself near his residence at Golden, Ireland, under temporary insanity from pecuniary distress.

—— The Venetian Chamber of Notaries has just rejected an invitation made by the government to admit to that body persons of the Jewish religion.

—— Carlotta and Adelina Patti, Nantier, Didiée, Tamberlik and Ronconi, and William Vincent Wallace, are among the latest musical arrivals in London.

—— Gazzaniga has been lately playing at the Carrano theatre at Milan. One night she was sick, and Zacconi, a substitute, sang, pleasing so well that she was enabled to make a condition that she should retain the rôle in place of Gazzaniga. This aroused the anger of the latter, a lawsuit was the result, and in the meantime the manager is obliged to close the theatre.

—— It appears from evidence taken in a criminal court that it is a common practice to place counterfeit money in the collection plates in the English churches.

Art, Science and Literature.—G. P. R. James, the well-known novelist, who produced about three or four novels per annum, and apparently had not written himself out, left a posthumous work of fiction, entitled "Bernard Marsh," which has been published, ere this reaches our readers, by Mr. Bentley, of London. It consists of two volumes.

—— M. Renan is understood to be busy with a Life of St. Paul, "the founder of Christianity."

—— A translation is in the press of M. Victor Hugo's recent work on Shakespeare.

—— Mr. G. W. Carleton has in preparation a volume by Mr. H. T. Tuckerman, entitled "American Artist Life: Sketches of the Painters and Sculptors of America, from an early period down to the present time."

—— Elihu Burritt, "the Learned Blacksmith," has published his "Walk from London to John O'Groat's, with Notes by the Way," and the English reviewers speak well of it. The journey, on foot, from the extreme south of Great Britain to the extreme north, will probably be supplemented by the author's walk from the Land's End to London.

—— In a long review of a work on America, which appears in the Paris *Moniteur*, the writer states that "Go to head!" is the favorite motto on the other side of the Atlantic. He mentions this twice in the course of his criticism.

Odds and Ends.—There are now gathered together in the Central Park, New York, over 200 varieties of birds, American and foreign. They are left free to build their nests in the Park and to make it their resort from generation to generation.

—— Misfits are sometimes lucky. The bandits in Mexico recently caught a colonel; he was in plain clothes, and denied his identity. In his trunk was a splendid uniform, but he declared it belonged to somebody else. He was made to try it on; and although it was really made for him, the tailor had so blundered that the coat was found to be much too large, and the bandits accepted the colonel's word, and neglected to shoot him, as they had intended, if he had been proved to be of the military persuasion.

—— The army contractors forward on an average 40 cavalry horses daily from St. Albans, Vt., to Washington.

—— "Bob," now called "Belmont Bob," is the body-servant of Gen. McClernand, and at the battle of Belmont, it is said of him, that when the retreat commenced he started for the boats. Reaching the banks, he dismounted, and slid rapidly down, when an officer, seeing the action, called out, "Stop, you rascal, and bring along the horse!" Merely looking up, as he waded to the plank through the mud, the darkey replied: "Can't obey, colonel: the major told me to save the most valuable property, and dis nigger's worf mor'n a horse."

—— During the summer of 1849, a Mr. James Wilson, of West Jersey, died with the cholera, while some 50 miles from his home. John Rogers was employed to convey the dead body in a wagon to his friends at home. By inquiry he learned the precise house of the deceased. On driving to the door he called to a respectable-looking lady, who was in fact the newly-made widow, and asked: "Does Mr. Wilson live here?" "Yes," was the reply; "but he's not at home to-day." "I know he's not at home now, but he will be very soon: for I've got him here, dead, in the wagon!"

GEORGE H. ELLIS'S MUSIC ROOMS, STATE STREET, ROCHESTER.

Presentation to Gen. Tom Thumb and Lady.

A VERY pleasing incident occurred at the handsome piano rooms of Mr. George H. Ellis, State street, Rochester, on the 6th of last month. Gen. Tom Thumb—Mr. Stratton—had been staying for some time in that delightful city, and the General being a member of the Order of Knight Templars, it was determined by his brother Sir Knights to take him by surprise, and to give him and his handsome lady a friendly ovation. Accordingly the details of the affair were placed in the hands of Sir Knight George H. Ellis, who invited the General, and by him was deputed to wait upon the famous Queen of Beauty, and to invite her to meet some friends at his beautiful piano and music rooms, in Ellwanger and Burry's building, State street. Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb received the ambassador with that distinguished courtesy for which she is remarkable, and graciously accepted the invitation on behalf of the General, of her sister, Minnie Warren, and of Commodore Nutt, to whom the invitation was also extended. The preliminaries being arranged, and the day appointed, invitations were issued to the prominent musical, literary and other well-known ladies and gentlemen of the city, and quite an excitement was created in anticipation of the event.

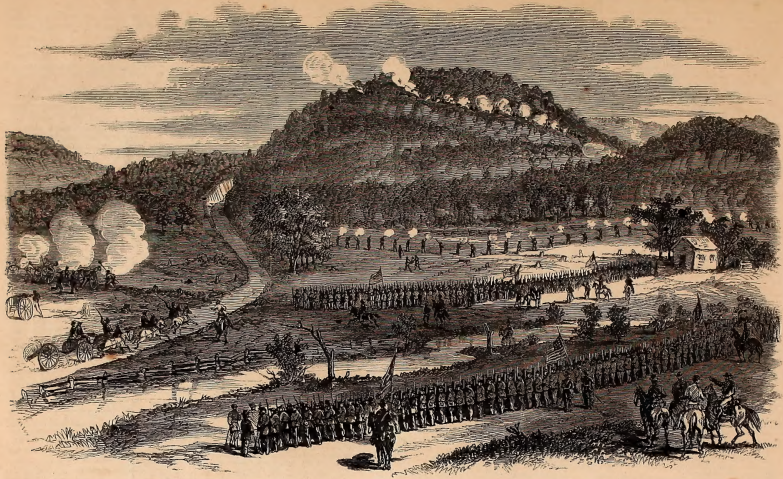
On the day appointed, the distinguished little party drove up to Mr. Ellis's store in a splendid carriage drawn by four spirited horses. On alighting, they were ushered into the music rooms, where they received the friendly greetings of the assembled guests. The saloon in which the meeting took place, is in every respect splendidly fitted up. Huge mirrors decorate its walls, and its whole area, over 60 feet by 30, is covered by costly carpeting. Here and there are pieces of rare sculpture and bronzes, in fact, every elegance that refined taste could suggest, has been gathered together to render Ellis's saloon fitted to receive the fair ladies of the city, who seem to make it their fashionable rendesvouz.

The gathering was in every way a most social one. The little lions of the day talked freely with all around, but the Commodore was the very life of the party. He was in exuberant spirits, and sang and joked in an irresistibly amusing manner. Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb sang several songs most charmingly; among them the "Captain and his Whiskers" made a great sensation. The fine grand pianos which Mr. Ellis constantly keeps on sale, were brought into requisition, and discoursed much charming music under the able manipulation of Miss Barton, Mr. Wilkins and Professor Ellis, while the vocal part was most ably sustained by Miss Jennie Bull, Miss Addie Hatch and Miss Barton. It was the opinion of all present that it was one of the most delightful impromptu matinées ever given in the good city of Rochester.

At the close of the musical exercises the special attention of the company was requested, and the ceremonies of the presentation commenced. Many of the principal officers of the Order of Knight Templars being present, the presentation was made under their sanction. Sir Knight General Lathrop, in an eloquent and appropriate speech, presented to Sir Knight Charles W. Stratton (Gen. Tom Thumb), on behalf of Sir Knight George H. Ellis, an exquisitely carved cigar stand, and to his wife, a cup, beautifully and elaborately cut from wood of the Charter Oak, by the blind poet, Mr. Robert Fenn. The General, though taken by surprise, replied with fluent ease, and accepted the gifts on behalf of himself and his wife with warm expressions of pleasure and gratitude. The General and his party then drove off, and the company separated highly gratified by the incidents of the day.

One word as to the gentleman who was the chief mover in this pleasant affair. Mr. George H. Ellis is one of the representatives of the earnest, pushing business men of the country. He despises the old fogy style, which crawls after popular taste, instead of leading it. He knows that if you show the public what they ought to buy, they will most certainly do so. His store is more elegantly fitted up than our New York stores; his collection of music comprises all that is new and popular; he keeps not only square, but grand pianos, a circumstance uncommon in the country, besides every other kind of instrument, including even Browne's celebrated harps. By his business tact and energy, he has extended his business all through the West, and it is no uncommon thing for him to ship off *four* pianos a day—an amount of business in one department, which would be considered first-class, even in this city. It is such men as this who spread musical taste through wide and hitherto unreached circles, and their success is not only well deserved, but it is a benefit to the community at large.

A WESTERN paper strikes the names of two subscribers from its list because they were recently hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe, because he did not know their present address.

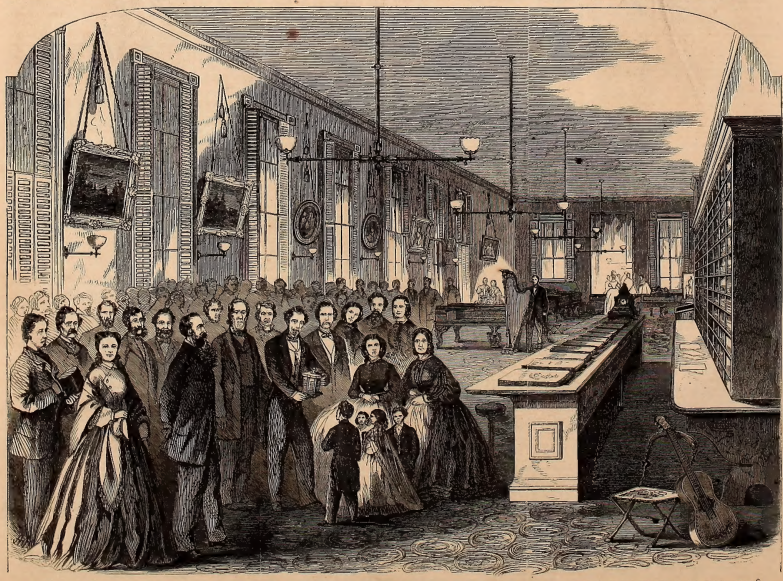


THE WAR IN GEORGIA—BATTLE OF RESACA, MAY 14—GRAHT'S 2ND BRIGADE CHARGING UP THE MOUNTAIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY ASSISTANT-SURGEON J. S. TREXLER, 73RD PENN.—SEE PAGE [illegible]

HEAT OF THE EARTH.—The increase of the earth's temperature, as we descend below the surface, is a subject which possesses great scientific interest, and is also of practical importance as determining the depth at which it would be possible to pursue the working of coal and other minerals. The deepest coal-mine in the world is the Monkwearmouth Colliery, in England, which reaches a depth of 1,800 feet below the surface of the ground, and nearly as much below the level of the sea. The observed temperature of the strata at this depth agrees pretty closely with what has been ascertained in other localities, and shows that the increase takes place at the rate of 1 deg. Fah. to about 60 feet of depth. Assuming the temperature of subterranean fusion to be 8,000 deg., and that the increase of heat at greater depths continues uniform (which, however, is by no means certain), the thickness of the film which separates us from the fiery ocean beneath will be about 34 miles.

ORIGIN OF THE GRAIN IN WEIGHT.—The grain, which is common to the troy and avoirdupois weights, has come down to us from olden times, and is mentioned in the "Magna Charta." It is described as "a grain of wheat gathered from the middle of the ear." This, of course, was exceedingly vague and arbitrary, but it sufficed for the simple wants of our ancestors, and since then its specific weight has been fixed on a firmer and more satisfactory basis.

A GENTLEMAN who had been spending the evening with a few friends, looking at his watch just after midnight, said: "It is to-morrow morning! I must bid you good-night, gentlemen."



GEORGE H. ELLIS'S MUSIC AND PIANO ROOMS, ELLWANGER & BARRY'S BUILDING, STATE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y. ON THE OCCASION OF A PRESENTATION TO GEN. TOM THUMB AND LADY, APRIL 6. SEE PAGE 196.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—DESTRUCTION OF THE U. S. TRANSPORT JOHN WARNER BY CONFEDERATE BATTERIES ON RED RIVER, MAY 4.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL



THE BRIDAL AND THE BURIAL.

BY HENRY C. WATSON.

From the steeple of our village church a joyous peal rings out,
And past the gray old headstones, what a gay crowd threads its way!
And foremost 'mongst the merry girls was pretty gentle Ruth,
And at her side, her true, true-love, whom she will wed this day.

She was not dressed in costly silks, no bridal veil was there,
A simple white rose hid itself amidst her curling hair;
A modest dress of flowing white, a sash of orange hue,
And Ruth stood forth as fair a bride as mortal eyes could view.

She was the village pride, the pet, the darling of us all,
Her smile was love and charity, her voice a pleasant tune,
And she a simple orphan, poor, and in the world alone,
Was welcome to our hearts and homes, as sunny days in June!

The story of her life was one we often read in books—
The rich squire's son would seek our Ruth in all the quiet nooks.
But how he won that gentle heart, which beat for love alone,
Must still remain a secret, to their bosoms only known.

The village gossip, ever rife, was carried to the Hall,
And fiercely raged the purse-proud man, nor waited he a day,
The curse and disinheritance, the ban from home and heart,
Were placed against that one great love, in stern and harsh array.

Yet he would brave them all for her, and gave back scorn for scorn—
But sacrifice and wisdom dwelt with her, the lowly born.
He should not lose his home for her—no ban on him should lie.
The love that blossomed 'neath a curse would wither up and die!

And so they parted. Years rolled on, but their faith wavered not,
Till Time's great retribution came, and set love's prisoners free.

And here upon this sunny day, before the altar old,
The orphan weds the rich man's son, and proud of her is he.

Ah me! It was a blessed sight to see that youthful pair,
So trustful in their constant hearts, so humbly kneeling there;
To know how they had struggled, waited, hoped, and not in vain,
For now their hands are joined, and none can sever them again.

The closing benediction given, they take their homeward way,
The sunshine, glowing on their path, in golden gladness lay;
They knew not that it shone so bright, as they walked side by side,
The sunshine in their hearts eclipsed all thought of aught beside.



Blanche surprises Madame Euphrosine.



The Abode of the Witch of Fontainebleau.

And as we reached the grand old Hall, no longer grim, though gray,
Each window seemed a friendly eye that bade us welcome there;
And soon a merry throng was seen around the festive board,
Which not for many years had groaned with such a lordly fare.

The laugh and jest went round and round, and no one felt the thrill—
The shudder—the foreboding—the presentiment of ill.
With glasses filled up to the brim, with one accord we cried:
"A health! a health! and three times three, to bridegroom and to bride!"

Up rose the bridegroom full of joy—but sadly, deadly pale—
He slowly spoke, and painfully—"I know not what to say—
I thank you all—my wife—my heart—my heart is all too full—"
He paused—and in that solemn pause, his life had passed away.

From the steeple of our village church the tolling bell doth tell,
That he who three days since was wed now sleepeth passing well.
God help the widowed orphan, and soothe her heart's great pain—
Alone once more—we take her to our hearts and homes again.

THE WITCH OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

In a miserable house that seemed every moment ready to totter to the ground, in an obscure street in Fontainebleau, lived during the Reign of Terror in France one Madame Euphrosine. The venerable mansion was so loathed by the inhabitants, that all persons passed it with trembling

and a look of abhorrence, quickening their footsteps and almost holding their breath. In the night—particularly when there was a moon—the mansion, once the abode of wealth and beauty, wore an ominous aspect which would seem to repel the very bats, so that it is doubtful if they nested in any of its nooks. On one side it was stone and iron—a very fortress; on the other, the windows were shattered; great holes told where the bricks had fallen out; there were unseemly patches caused by the abrasing of time. Blinds hung by a solitary hinge—curtains there were none. The dismal grandeur that haunts nobility in decay seemed not to reign over these wretched premises; everything repelled, and more than all, the vicious, toothless hag that, doomed by her own vices to the most horrible seclusion, lived, or rather dragged existence out in the frightful house. Not far from this place rose that splendid structure, the hunting-seat of the kings of France, at which, early every morning, she who had once been the most beautiful ornament of a frivolous court, stood at her window and shook her shrivelled hands.

At the time when the guillotine was doing its deadliest work, and there was weeping in all the streets of Paris, a French nobleman laid dying. The sinking sun shone faintly in upon the splendors of an almost royal chamber, where, beneath coverlids of crimson and white satin, the Duke of Delisse quivered and gasped. On her knees, at the side of his bed, knelt a beautiful creature, whose eyes were filled with tears. The small crucifix held tightly in her slender fingers blazed with diamonds; the long fair curls that streamed back, leaving her white brow and colorless cheeks unshadowed, seemed in themselves almost a wealth of gold.

"Oh! my darling!" quivered the dying lips, "in this time of horror to leave you! And yet it is better. They will soon come for me when they hear I have returned—they would even drag me from this pillow to lay my poor head on the block. And you, my tender little Blanche, what can I leave you? Not safety—they hate our house; nor riches—they will sack this beautiful home which now, alas! it is out of my power to give you."

"Papa, never think of me," whispered the young girl, falling on her father's neck as she arose from her knees, "God will remember me."

"Yes, yes, it seems so; you are young, beautiful, innocent, yet neither of those will protect my darling, for alas! you are noble, There is only one thing I can think of, my child. In Fontainebleau lives a woman who once professed to love me. She is old and unhappy, but perhaps she has not lost all the goodness of her heart. Here is a ring which she will remember; she promised when she gave it me to do me a service if ever I should require it. I should advise you, after I am gone—for you will be alone then, my darling—Antoine has been obliged to flee for his life—to adopt a servant's costume, disguise your hands in thick gloves, wear a cap, and conceal a little money. Find your way to Fontainebleau, and in the house number fourteen, that stands alone in the midst of a garden quite neglected in the Rue De———, seek for one Madame Euphrosine. Do not tremble if her tongue is malevolent at first, she will not dare, fallen as she is, to forget her promise, and even her ill-nature and possible contempt will be better than the guillotine. Ah! you shudder, my poor darling. Thank heaven with me that you are spared that horror, that your old father is mercifully released by death."

The little clock, a trifle of exquisite workmanship on the mantel, struck six. Blanche looked pitifully up, with its last stroke had departed the soul of her father. The poor child—she was only sixteen—uttered a wild, despairing cry, and gazed around the room in terror. At that moment a coarse face looked in, its features troubled with a mute pity, then turned and beckoned. To the consternation of Blanche, a man entered roughly dressed; a workman's paper cap upon his head, a long, coal-black beard hanging from lips and cheeks that nearly covered the lower part of his face. Blanche thought herself betrayed, and shrank back shuddering, as she moaned, "Alas! pity me, my father is dead!" But in an instant the paper cap was dashed to the ground, the heavy beard followed, and a handsome, high-bred young man stood before her with arms open and outstretched.

"My darling!" he whispered, "see what I have risked to behold you again."

"Oh! Antoine, and your name is on the list of the proscribed."

"I know it, my darling, but I felt that I must make one more desperate effort if I died for it, so I procured this blouse and have disguised myself, my poor little dove!" and he caressed the fair brow that laid so helplessly against his shoulder.

"Antoine, I tremble while you are here; they may come in, those cruel men, at any moment. See you not that my poor father has escaped them?"

"What! dead!—the duke dead?" he cried, nearing the splendid couch. "I thought he slept. My poor little Blanche with no protector, what can you do? Oh, God! that I am powerless!"

"Hush! there is noise—they are in the street, that fearful soldiery. Oh! Antoine, we are lost!"

The young man had hurriedly thrown on his paper cap and beard. The girl who had admitted him now flew into the chamber, seized Blanche, who was nearly fainting, and dragged her from the room. Descending the stairs again, she had just time to enter the chamber where laid the corpse, when three gend'armes rushed in clamorous. They found the girl weeping, and the man in a carpenter's dress standing by. Fortunately the room was now quite dim, twilight was falling. Antoine's hands were stained ingeniously, and looked like those of a coarse, hard-working mechanic.

"So the duke is dead?" cried one of the fellows, glancing suspiciously upon Antoine.

"The girl was crying at the street door, and I came up here," said Antoine; "is this a duke in truth?" he asked awkardly innocently.

"Aye, and just escaped justice," cried another of the soldiers with an oath, deceived by his bad French. "But there are more of his family. Girl, on your life deceive us!" he turned threateningly.

"More of his family, indeed," cried the girl, looking up in apparent fright, "there's only the daughter that's in school in Valence, poor dear! A sore blow will this news be to her." The soldiers scanned her curiously, and evidently thought she spoke the truth.

Meanwhile Antoine was examining the pictures and beautiful trifles, as if he had never seen such things before in his life. They then went out, casting scowling glances toward the bed where the white, stern face gave back no response. Antoine made sure they were in the street, then exchanged a few low rapid words with the girl, who left the room. Presently she came down again and handed him a slip of paper, on which was written the words:

Rue De———, No. 14, Fontainebleau.

Antoine read the paper, his cheek paled. "That human tigress," he muttered; "well, well, in these times we will trust all to God," he added, reverently. "Now I must go, good-bye, Annette. Be assured if I live I will remember you. If ever I recover my fortune, or even a part of it, you shall see that I am grateful. Only do the best you can by your mistress. Poor dove! she goes indeed out of the ark to find, perhaps, no place for the sole of her foot."

"I promise you I will do what I can," whispered the girl, tears filling her honest eyes again. "I will be true to Miss Blanche, who has always been like an angel to me and mine. Ah! I wish the red republicans were only half as good."

"Hush! cried Antoine. "Now I must go. I will not trust myself to see the poor girl again—but if I live and these terrible persecutions cease, I will find her and you."

At that moment the place in which the guillotine stood was running rivers of blood. Deserted though it was, one old crone dabbled in the crimson stream, laughing hideously to herself.

"Off with their heads," she muttered; "the gilded fools—to perdition with all of them. Oh! I could dance about this monument of death, if only they would decapitate the Count D'Artois."

Presently the moon came up shining calmly on this ghastly spectacle. It shone also on two forms clad in the garments of servitude, quietly toiling out of the city. They had reached the great gate without molestation.

"Courage," murmured Annette; "it will not take us so many hours."

"But I am so tired, and my heart is so heavy," pleaded a faintly soft voice.

"I know it, mademoiselle—I am used to walking and you are not—there, hang on my arm as heavily as you can—it will not trouble me. See how beautiful the light shines—and the waters are so clear and still."

"Oh! Annette, I wish I could look—I wish I could feel that these things are beautiful—but think—think who I have left behind. *O! mon pere—mon pere!*"

"Hush, my dear mademoiselle, for from the shadows of these trees, these fences, there may somebody come who will listen. Though the great God has kept us so far and not even a soul has met us. You must try to think of the good duke as away up in the shining heavens, as indeed he must be—he was so charitable and so virtuous. Alas! that I dare not have masses said for the repose of his soul!"

"Oh! Annette—and he is lying there where fiends may pull him from his bed and insult his gray hairs; it is like death to think of it. Alas! how lonely I am! fatherless, motherless—it would have been better to stay—to die and go to heaven."

"Not in that horrid, horrid way, mademoiselle; don't talk of it—it makes my blood run chill even to hear that terrible name. No, no—please heaven the young count may escape; and you, after a little confinement, can come out again—and at least—if there is nothing else left—remember there is Annette who would die for you."

"Oh! my good girl," cried Blanche, weeping—"what should I do indeed without you? If you could only stay with me. Someway I am very much frightened at the prospects before me. I am going to Madame Euphrosine."

Annette, with an effort, repressed a shudder—that crone's name was known all over Paris. There was no danger there, to be sure, unless the woman herself should be revengeful—for her very baseness protected her. Nobody would think of searching that Bastile for perished beauty—child and man alike feared its very shadow. No officer of justice was dauntless enough to exist for a moment within its poisonous atmosphere.

"And how did your good father know so bad a woman?" asked Annette.

"Ah! it was when she was young and beautiful. Mama told me about it. She used to be the most splendid woman in France. Kings went to her levees—and even worshipped her. All the great men of the time ran after her. Papa was then young and a poet, and she fascinated him. But he was too good ever to be ruined by her. I believe he once did a good deed for her that made her grateful. But, alas! perhaps she has forgotten in these terrible times. No doubt she hates the nobility, as all such persons profess to do now. And if she refuses me, where shall I go?"

"We will wait and see," said Annette. "I will watch. If you go in, it will be a sign that you are safe. If you turn back, then we will walk further and further. I do not fear. I have a little money, and so have you, and I will work for you; keep up your heart, mademoiselle."

A heavy sigh and quiet pressure was the only reply.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Annette, in a low voice.

A man stood before them strangely habited, a blouse thrown over what appeared to be a frock coat. His face was dark and forbidding, and looked worse to them in their terror than it really was.

"Who are these?" he asked, gruffly, planting a gigantic figure in the way.

"Two poor girls," replied Annette, who kept her wits about her, "who are going to see their sick mother. Word was sent this evening, and we must walk because we have no money."

"Where is the mother?" questioned the man, still with his eye fixed upon Blanche, whose face was quite hidden.

"In Fontaineblau, on the outskirts," was the answer. "Oh! monsieur, don't detain us—for the poor woman may die without seeing us."

"Poor soul!" cried the man, with ironical emphasis; "and this is your sister. No doubt your words are true—but everybody is at liberty to question in these times. Let me see your face, mademoiselle?"

These dreadful words proved that he suspected. Annette lost her strength. Blanche lifted her young fair face almost as proud as it was resolute.

"Ha! no likeness—I should think," he muttered, sarcastically. "Now let me look at your hands, my little lady."

Blanche drew off the thick, coarse gloves, and displayed two small hands so snowy white and tapering, that the man evidently looked at them with ill-concealed admiration.

"Humph! my dainty lady, I don't think your mama will be blessed with a vision of your pretty face to-night—you'll have to come with me; you are an aristocrat."

Annette fell on her knees, dumb with terror, holding up her clasped hands beseechingly—but Blanche towered—the color came into her face.

"Very well," she said; "it is best. My father is dead—he is now waiting for me there," and her beautiful eyes were turned to the heavens. The man stood irresolute.

"Well, well, mademoiselle," he said again, "we won't be rude even with the pretty daughters of our nobles. Here, give me that ring on your finger and you may depart."

Blanche tremblingly removed the ring, and the two girls went on, scarcely able to breathe through fear.

"Alas! I am worse off than before," murmured Blanche; "that ring was my passport; I shall not dare present myself now."

Footsteps were heard.

"The horrid fellow has repented," gasped Annette; "he is coming back after us."

They stopped. Of what use would flight have been in that place—two feeble women against a strong-limbed, coarse ruffian.

The man came up holding something between his thumb and forefinger.

"Take it," he said; "keep your bauble. I stopped near a light—I read the initials—I saw the crest—I would not curse myself with keeping it. It belongs, or did belong, to Madame Euphrosine."

"Alas!" said Blanche, mournfully, after he had gone again—"even he rejects such a token—how can I enter her portals? how can I accept charity from her?"

"Courage!" cried Annette; "you are not to stay there only during these terrors. Who knows but the day after to-morrow it may all be ended. Bear up with patience—we are now far on our way. Only to cross this wood—it is surely deserted at this hour. Yes, yes, it is better to trust to the tender mercies of the old witch of Fontainebleau than of the guillotine. Ah! mademoiselle, you have not seen it, else you would say so too."

"Stop!" cried Blanche, panting now with terror—"there is a man following us. See, that is him crouching near the tall post behind. Oh! how shall we dare to cross the wood. Annette, I believe I am a coward—I shall sink upon the ground with fear."

"Let us get into the wood and hide suddenly in one of its paths," whispered Annette. "I know we are two poor women, but I know also that God has not deserted us yet."

Blanche darted forward. She had never been so nervous, so much excited in her life. The thought of her dead father at home—of Antonie's peril—of the rude man who let them off, only perhaps, to recapture them after a momentary contrition, deepened her fears every instant. The moon was still bright as they stole into the wood, whose long arches looked solemn in the distance, and through whose treetops could be seen the silvery lustre of the moonlit sky. Still the stranger went on. He was evidently following them. Arrived at the entrance of the wood he took the same path they had taken, but his consternation was great when he no longer saw their floating dresses. He peered cautiously around—he stood still—then stopping again he cried, in a loud whisper:

"Blanche—Annette—do not fear—it is I."

Another moment and the two girls had emerged from their place of concealment. Half fainting with joy, Blanche recognised the voice of Antoine. Oh, what pleasure to be folded for a moment in his arms, to hear him speak her name!

"It will never do," said the more prudent Annette, fearful of listeners, of followers with far other intentions.

"Only for a few moments, my good Annette. I have reconnoitred the ground; for an hour I have watched and listened; I think there is no danger here, and this poor girl must have rest," he said, half bearing Blanche on his strong arm. "I know where there is an arbor on these grounds, a rude little spot, that has served for my own hiding-place. There we will stay until my poor darling feels stronger, for she leans as if all her strength was gone."

Annette did not oppose, fearful though she was. She had great confidence in Antoine's good judgment. So she followed where he led, to a rough seat, under some interlaced trees, in the thickest part of the wood. Here Blanche rested at last, only conscious of one happiness, that of being near Antoine. He sought among the rubbish under the seat and brought out a small tin box and a flask. From the box he produced some biscuit, very sweet and delicate, and insisted that both should eat. Then he made them swallow a little wine and chatted with them pleasantly.

"There will be worse work to-morrow than there has been to-day," he said, when they prepared again to depart; "and I am glad that you will be housed even in so revolting a place as that of Madame Euphrosine, though I am told there's no end of beautiful things in the old place, no end of silver and gold, which the old creature has hoarded for years."

"Every minute that we stay here fills me with distraction," murmured Annette.

"Wait till the moon goes down," said Antoine; "then I shall not fear to be your guide. Every inch of this forest is familiar to me."

"But will Madame Euphrosine let me in so late?" queried Blanche.

"I don't suppose that will make any difference to her, such people are light sleepers," said Antoine. "At all events, I'm determined to see you to the end of your journey."

In the course of an hour the three set out again, and it was not long before they gained Fontainebleau. Then Blanche's heart began to fail her. She was to take leave of the two best friends who remained to her on earth, one of them her lover and affianced husband. She refrained from weeping, though her heart was full.

"Annette, you will go back to papa?" she said, mournfully.

"Yes, I shall return to protect the property, if I can. Remember, that if you are spared to go again to Paris, I have buried money and silver under a plank in the cellar. They may not search the place, but if they do, that at least will be spared to you."

"And now, farewell, Blanche," said Antoine, tearfully. "It is already two in the morning. Before night I shall be leagues away from here. Keep up your heart, my darling. Madame Euphrosine cannot but be tender towards you, so young, so beautiful!"

He embraced her as they came in view of the building, which, in the gloom, looked like some fortress. There was no light to be seen.

"Go!" whispered Antoine, as he stood back and gently held her from him.

"Oh, I cannot—I cannot!" cried the poor child.

"Blanche, do you not see that before many hours it will be light, and it has been difficult already for me to escape detection? If I remain——"

"No—go—go!" cried Blanche, pressing forward with resolute steps. "Farewell, Annette! only stay till I enter."

She crossed the gloomy courtyard, guided by Antoine, and raising the antique knocker, gave three resounding blows on the oaken door. For some moments nothing could be heard save the prolonged echo of the noise she had made. Once again Antoine applied his strength to the knocker. Presently steps were heard inside, a great clatter, as if pans, boards and furniture were being overthrown. Blanche shrank back when the rattle of chains and bolts struck her ear. One after the other all obstructions were removed, and the door was opened, still chained, but admitting little more than a square inch of light. Most hideous was the face that looked forth, the tangled locks of hair falling over shrivelled cheeks and bare vein-knotted neck.

"What do you want? Away with you!" cried a shrill voice.

"My father sent me here," whispered Blanche, trembling, and half resolved to turn back.

"And who is your father, hussey, and who are you that disturb my slumbers?"

"He bade me give you this ring and remind you of a promise you made him many a year ago."

"I am very forgetful," croaked the old creature, accepting the ring, nevertheless, starting as she took it.

"Ah! Yes, yes! I remember him—the Duke Delisse—yes, yes—and I suppose the guillotine has done for him. It was a charming execution yesterday; I was there all day."

Blanche shuddered with horror.

"What did your father ask for you?" cried the witch.

"Protection," faltered Blanche—"shelter till the trouble is over."

"Protection — shelter!" muttered the other. "The child of an aristocrat comes to me, the old witch of Fontainebleau; the aristocrats, whom I hate with a mortal hatred, send their precious things to me! Well, girl, you shall have shelter. This man, your father, was a fool; but still he once did me a good turn, and I'll not turn my back on my promise, even if 'tis a bad one. Come in."

So saying she held the door open. Blanche cast one look behind her, almost ready to brave the wrath of the avenging populace, rather than face this terrible virago; but Antoine, unseen by all but her, beckoned her to go forward. She stepped into the great gulf of darkness, hardly brightened a foot on either side by the miserable candle. The door was bolted, chained and locked, and the broken, horrible voice bade her follow.

"You'll not find luxuries in this house, not to your mind at least, my fine lady. There's a couch that the poor old king has laid on for many a month, and there's a hassock that Marie Antoinette has honored with her feet, for a pillow. As for a nightdress, I've nothing very nice; but you can wrap yourself in this, 'twill keep you warm. I can't afford bedclothes."

As she spoke she threw the hassock on the couch, and catching something that hung near by flung it at Blanche, and hurried away to repeat her fearful dreams. Blanche felt the dress, whatever it was, was some soft and flexile texture. She was wearied and heartbroken, and yet so tired out and tortured that her eyes were heavy. Throwing the garment, which was thick and warm, over her, she composed herself to sleep.

The light of day never fully penetrated the house

of Madame Euphrosine, because of the hangings before the windows, or boards, or broken limbs standing against them. But Blanche was awakened by the familiar sound of the milk bells that penetrated even these thick walls. She had waked from a dream of heaven to find herself—where? All night she had been happy, sharing the love of her father, being blessed by his caress, his smiles, his kisses; now this dark confusion of splendor, this squalor of sordid wealth greeted her eyes. For some moments she could not think out where she was. The room was immense, much larger than any in her father's palace, and covered with the richest and most beautiful carpets. They spread apparently one over another, the entire length of the room, while heaps of brocaded stuffs stood in a corner, heaps of laces in another, and, piled against each other, the most lovely pictures, in costly frames, leaned, covered with dust and neglect.

From these strange things her glance wandered to the lounges, of which there were six of the most *recherché* and elegant patterns conceivable. Those on which she herself rested was covered with crimson satin and brocaded with gold, as was the bolster, sack, on these soft velvet were worked the initials of royalty. The wrap which she had so carelessly thrown over her was of quilted white satin, among the folds of which gleamed hundreds of seed pearls; the laces around the sleeves were worth a small fortune, and the work upon it a pleasure which must have cost many weary hours of labor. In unbounded astonishment she lifted herself upon one elbow, and began to inspect these strange premises. There was neither method nor cleanliness. The splendid colors in the chibbaun at her feet seemed coated here and there with filth, in other places cut and slashed, as if in some mad frolic. The pictures were so defaced in some parts that the institution seemed premeditated. A Venetian mirror, of which there were three, framed in ivory, inlaid with gold, alone had escaped the defacing hand of cruelty or time.

After a few moments Blanche lifted herself from the lounge, and moved around to inspect these beautiful things. Behind her dragged the long trail of her strange night-dress. Wiping the dust from one picture and another, marveling at their wondrous traits, she did not know how far the morning had advanced, for through the obscurity the sun gave only a dim, creamy light that only enhanced the sense of her obscurity, while it played false with her reason. Not until she began to feel light-faintness, if hunger did she think that it might be past the breakfast hour, and then came to her a vision of that home in which her father kept a maid to tell him then there was dare to hope they had given him a Christian burial? Ah! no; that blessing was denied all the aristocracy, as they were called. Through and down in the midst of that rotting and fading splendor, she wept and moaned unrestrainedly. No one heard her; no one came near her, and the silence of the great house at last grew something frightful. Not even a mouse was to be heard; not even a spring in the clustered air. Blanche grew conscious of a coming terror that was even worse than the cries of the excited people for blood. Was she alone in this dreadful place? Did the grim creature given her the refuge she sought, and then left her to starve? The thought was not a welcome one, though she wished at moments to die; the pangs of hunger must be even more dreadful than the sharp pains of the guillotine. She rose to her feet at the door by which she entered; it was locked, but there was another door directly opposite, and down the great length she travelled in the midst of splendid but faded chairs, silk hangings, thrown into heaps, until she reached it in terror, for fear it, too, should be locked against her. But no; though it resisted her strength for a long time it gave way at last, and she stepped into a long dreary entry, from which the murdering paper was literally dropping, but which, like the room, had long lengths of Aubusson carpet thrown carelessly down so that it hid the small hillocks. From this hall several doors seemed to open, but, one after another as she tried them, she found them securely fastened on; but one; this she entered and stood aghast on the threshold. It was a kitchen with a smoky, yawning fireplace, and was literally heaped with magnificent rubbish. Beautiful frames that had held masterpieces by the greatest painters were broken in splinters, and laid piled upon the hearth ready for firewood. A splendid panel of Watteau's laid across two broken chairs, and two or three sliced cousins disfigured the rare coloring of its outlines. Several porcelain vases that had been and still were worth hundreds of pounds contained flat refuse of the table, or dirty water. Across the window was suspended a rare piece of Gobelin tapestry, and immediately under it stood a grand Erard pianoforte, the keys covered with dirt, and the rich bronze work disfigured by scraps of mouldy bread and meatless bone.

On the walls, over and between the pictures, hung dresses which had, no doubt, graced the forms of royal personages; brocades, satins, silks, crapes, laces from the most recherché modern cashmeres; shawls of plush or beaver; robes of velvet, trimmed with ermine, or which were surprisingly fur; golden spoons, on which were engraved the crests of great but fallen houses; silver plate, tarnished, bent, put to the most degraded uses; here platters of wood; there splendid pitchers of cut glass; here goblets with pictures of princes engraved thereon; luxury, squalidness and filth, though the latter reigned paramount.

Was she alone in this fearful house? There was no food to be seen, save the crusts of mouldy bread—save the slices of raw onion, whose flavor always disgusted her. She could not eat. Clearing away the rubbish she touched the keys of the splendid instrument before her; a flood of harmony rolled round the narrow, high-ceiled apartment. The sound so voluminous, so grand, almost frightened her, and she recoiled, expecting to see the wrathful visage of the owner of all this blended wealth and misery. A heap of books next attracted her attention. They were thrown down regardless of the dirt, on the rich and costly bindings. Lifting them she found here also a collection for which some would willingly have spent a fortune. They appeared to have been shuffled and kicked from one place to another, and had been handled with no tenderness. Selecting one from the number, Blanche crawled back to the room in which she had passed the night, and endeavored to read. Wearily the hours passed on. The light grew deeper, then fainter, and finally, faded out. Blanche was very hungry; she could not dismiss the fact from herself; she felt as if she would go mad. The onion raw, and disgusting though it was to her delicate taste.

At last there was a clanking as of chains, a chafing of steel. Blanche's heart beat quickly; she trembled violently from fear and weakness; from dread to see again the woman who had placed herself so utterly heartless. She needed not; the steps did not come near her, but were soon heard receding in the distance; Madame Euphrosine had gone to another part of the house with more spoils, the fruits of her horrid day's work.

How to pass another night without food Blanche scarcely knew. She who had always her daintiest wants supplied would scarcely have refused a Bedouin crust. All the day before she had scarcely tasted food; that which Antoine had given her was the first that touched her lips. In this darkness she shivered and wept. If Antoine but knew that she suffered, and yet if he did, was he not powerless? Terrible fancies crowded to her view. At last she thought to go to Antoine's room to save her new hope. Perhaps the old madame had after all a piety of some sort, and she had come to classify; that would be a relief to her sence; she might think of her, inquire after her yet. But no; the weary hours of another night succeeded, and sleep fled from her eyes. She even fancied that the old room was full of moving phantoms; that now and then a stern voice cried out: "This was my room!" "Antoine took Versailles," or "This was my carpet; it laid in the royal salon!" At last the day, the second day, broke again, and Blanche, nearly delirious with her hunger, pressed out of the room towards the lookout window. Below, in her way she passed another door; one of those that had been locked yesterday, and there saw Madame Euphrosine diving deep into an old chest. At the moment she thought she heard the clink of coin. Hearing a footstep the crone looked up; her face was instantly flushed with anger. She hastily closed the chest, crunk angrily, and turned with a menacing gesture to Blanche.

"What do you here—impertinent?" she cried, with a terrible oath.

Suffering had made Blanche reckless.

"I am hungry," she replied, boldly; "I am very hungry. All day yesterday I had nothing to eat."

"Well, I did not tell you I would feed you," cried the old woman, still angry. "I have given shelter to a hated aristocrat; is not that enough?"

"Then you wish me to die?" said Blanche, the tears running over her cheeks. "Very well; I had as lief die by one way as another, now."

"Fool—code money!" cried the old woman.

"Will you give me some food if I pay you?" cried Blanche, hope reviving.

"Perhaps so. But how aristocrats are fortunate if they have a few pence in these times."

"Well, I have some left," said Blanche; "I have one eagle which I will give you to buy food for a few days, if you will not let me starve."

Blanche is talking something like it. What do you want?"

"Anything that will appease my hunger," said Blanche.

"Then perhaps milk will do, and a small baker's loaf."

"Oh! yes; that will be all I wish," cried Blanche, clasping her small hands; this small prospect of simple food seemed so delicious.

"Then come and get it, and I will purchase while I am getting them you will play me a tune," said the old woman, leaving the room. "There! that is the music-stool of Marie Antoinette! Sit at the sacking of the palace—ah! that was a brave day. I said once, long ago, that I would revenge myself upon that woman, and I have done so—I have the cup she drank from, the dresses she wore, the carpets she trod upon—ah! I love to grind my heel in them," and she suited the action to the word.

"See, here is some milk—it is in my Antoinette—you shall drink out of the cup she loved."

Blanche shuddered from head to foot, but she dared not remonstrate, it would only make matters worse; so, with a sigh for the delicious food and the fear that fell within the watery beverage, she drank while the haggish eyes were fastened upon her. Then taking the bread, she found it sweeter than anything she had ever eaten before, she finished the little loaf at once.

"Aristocrats are rich, after all, mice with delicate appetites," cried the old woman. "Now that you are satisfied, let me tell you some news. What a pity I have not done so before, for you will lose such a such zest to your pleasure. Ah; yesterday was a grand day, the grandest day I have ever seen."

Blanche grew still more silent.

"You see they sacked some of the most beautiful houses in Paris."

"On the Sabbath!" cried Blanche.

"Ah! my little one, the better the day the better the deed. I was privileged. I saw many splendors; I possessed myself with a few—such a very few though—for I am old, and my arms are not as strong as they were. However I offered my gold, and some fellows remained who will sell me whatever I want. I expect them to bring it today."

Blanche sat like a statue. Her lips were dry and parted, her eyes wide open, yet she seemed to see nothing.

"In one house I met a very pretty process—my servant men bringing out the corpse of an aristocrat."

"Oh!" shrieked Blanche, "what were they going to do with it?"

"Burn it or throw it into the Seine," returned the frightful old woman. "It was such an old man too, with long white curling hair."

"The wretches," escaped from between Blanche's set teeth.

"Ah! there, there—that will do for an aristocrat," cried the woman with a furious look.

Blanche was silent. She felt herself in this woman's power.

"Ah! yes, a white-headed old man, with a high forehead. They said he had been found dead in his bed."

"My poor father!" sobbed Blanche.

"If it so, indeed? Very well, he escaped the guillotine."

"Yes, oh, yes! I am thankful for that. They did not at least have that consolation."

"Take care again," cried the old woman with the growl of a tiger. "And, my dear, I went all over the house—ah! indeed, it was beautiful. I have several little mementoes—among them this, which luckily no one saw but I. It was rolled in the bedclothes."

"Ah! it is my cross;" and Blanche stretched forth her hand impulsively—"my mother gave it me."

"Too fast my little aristocrat—did I not say that these things are spoils for the people? How do I know that you are not a spy? You have told as well as fine lady?"

Blanche shrank back while the diamonds were thrust again into the woman's dirty neckerchief.

"Ah! that was a very fine house, but it was stripped. The carpets were on my way and the books another. There may be daintier amusements, but for the pretty excitement give me the sacking of a house. Sometimes one makes many fine show in the hands of a tattered wretch, who in it sees bread for his children—the rich carpets will look so well on the parlor floor of their wretched cabin. Oh! 'tis beautiful. And then the guillotine—what brave work it did yesterday. Going, going, click, click, steady, steady, and the beautiful women, men with an air of desperate pride, as if even there they were as good as their neighbors—oh! it was beautiful, I say, to see."

Blanche grew sick with horror.

"And did you hear any names?" she asked, trembling from head to foot.

"Of course—august names—names that have made all Paris tremble. Ah! but that fine young lady who had the cross. If he had not been an aristocrat, I should have cried myself, I am certain I should."

Blanche saw a sinister glance at her visitor, who sank back upon the shapeless heap of finery.

"He was so handsome! just like a king. And he could have been one, I am sure, if he were not enough to listen, and I heard him say only one word before they dragged him away. That word was the name of his sweetheart, perhaps—perhaps of his wife. Ah! Blanche!" she whispered. "You are Blanche, child."

"A little," murmured Blanche; "there, I am better. And how did this young man look! what was the color of his eyes, tell me?"

"A dark blue—a very sweet dark blue eye—a rich head of auburn hair, approaching golden. He was—he was—like a king of his kind." She took from the folds of her kerchief a beautiful ringlet. "Ah, I remember now—his name was Blanche, and he was a nobleman."

A half-stifled shriek; Blanche threw her arms up with a gesture of agony.

"Stop! you old hag—oh! men call you a witch. You are a devil; for all this time you knew that I was desolate. Inhuman creature—kill me if you will, denounce me to the authorities—but let me meet you before the God of heaven and brand you there, fiend and murderer."

Madame Euphrosine staggered forward as if to strike the young girl. She foamed at the mouth and fell in terrible convulsions. At one bound Blanche leaped over the body of the room, and returned to her prison chamber. There her torture commenced. There she might have been seen flying about the room, raving, shrieking, dancing, shouting in the hot fever and delirium. Days passed; she fed upon the disease that rioted through her veins; there was no nourishment, and at last she fell senseless on that beautiful couch, embroidered with the royal arms. She had not seen the dreadful woman more, the ringing of bells, the cannon that proclaimed that the terrible reign of the massacre was over. She did not hear the thundrous assaults on the doors of the house that she knew nothing until ten days afterward, she escaped her cruel fate by death; and Annette, whom she recognised.

"Does she really know you?" asked a voice that thrilled the poor girl to the heart.

"I think she does," said Annette. "Perhaps it will not be best to try her too much."

"Poor darling!" murmured another.

Blanche tried to lift her poor wasted arms. She gasped as a light like a great glory broke over her face.

"My father! Antoine! Then I am in heaven."

This exclamation brought them to her bedside. Yes, it was indeed her father—it was also Antoine—whose reported death had been a cruel fiction. But her father—how was this double blessing to be explained for? In the manner. Supposed to be dead, during that terrible Sunday they had dragged him to the river, and after some indignity thrown him violently in. In some almost miraculous manner, the body was caught amidst the sedges and weeds a mile lower down, and there found by some kind peasant woman. During his transit his head had struck some sharp projection—she blood trickled forth—he was partially revived from his dreadful trance. The work of the peasants did all the rest.

Blanche had passed through a frightful o

but she soon forgot it in her supreme happiness of possession, where she thought all wrecked—all lost.

Madame Euphrosine was found where she had fallen, dead—and as recorded by the historian—for I have limned no creature of the fancy in this woman—with her hand clasping a volume of Voltaire. She was not allowed Christian burial.

THE DIABOLICAL BARBARITIES OF THE REBELS

In the Treatment of Union Prisoners.

An irrefragable proof of all that has been stated of the rebel cruelties towards our prisoners will be found in another page in the portraits of prisoners returned to us by exchange. They are from photographs, and therefore suggestive, without being a case where any is needed. The London *Illustrated News* recently gave from sketches by its own artists views of the prisoners on Belle Isle, and the picture drawn by one who sympathizes with the rebels, confirms completely the accounts of the prisoners themselves.

The Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War proceeded to Annapolis and Baltimore, and took the testimony of returned soldiers. In their report they say:

"The evidence proves, beyond all manner of doubt, a determination on the part of the rebel authorities, continued persistently and deliberately for a long time past, to subject those of our soldiers who fell into their hands, whether sick or well, to their barbarous system of treatment which has resulted in reducing many of them who have escaped with life and limb, when restored to us to a condition, both physically and mentally, almost indistinguishable from the unhappy dead. Though nearly all the patients now in the Naval Hospital at Annapolis, and the whole of that in hospital, in Baltimore, have been under the kindest and most intelligent care, many of them for a period of weeks, and many of them for a greater length of time, still the surgeons in charge of the hospitals have informed us, many of them being nothing but skin and bone; some of them are unable to walk. Without doubt, they have exposed to the inclemency of the winter season on Belle Isle, with, in many cases, no fire in the guard, without tents or blankets, some of them without overcoats or shoes, and with but little food to sustain life, except in the winds and storms to which they were exposed.

"It is also in evidence that the general conduct of their captors was to rob them, as soon as they were taken prisoners, of their money, watches, blankets, and good clothing, for which they received nothing in return. Their rations, as a general rule, consisted of corn meal, hardly better than none at all. Upon their arrival at the prisons they were huddled together, without shelter or other covering, in buildings without fire, or upon Belle Isle with, in many cases, no shelter at all, or others with nothing but old discarded army tents, so injured by use that they let in the rain and the cold nights, as the wind and storms; on several occasions, the witnesses state, the rain fell in such torrents as to make the rain-pig-places upon the bare earth, and found several of their comrades dead in the morning. It is also in proof that many others would have met the same fate had they not been brought back and kept through the hours which should have been devoted to sleep, for the purpose of obtaining sufficient warmth to preserve life.

"In respect to the food furnished to our men by the rebel authorities, the proof shows that the daily ration of each man was totally insufficient in quantity to preserve health and strength, and that in the matter of proper quality, which it was not, it consisted usually, at the best, of a small piece of corn bread, and, in most instances, as the witnesses state, of corn and soba boiled together, with sometimes a little rice mixed in, and sometimes a little ounce of meat, usually of poor quality, and unfit to be eaten by persons in health, and sometimes nothing consisted of but fat and bone. Many of our men were compelled to sell to their guards their boots, or what portion of clothing such guards might want, that they were permitted to receive of their friends, for the purpose of procuring food, in addition to the insufficient food sufficient to sustain life; thus, by endeavoring to avoid one privation, rendered more severe the same destitute condition in respect to clothing and blankets that they were in before they received aid from our government. When they became sick and disabled in consequence of the exposure and privations, and were admitted into the hospitals, their treatment was little, if any, improved as to food, though they, doubtless, suffered less from exposure to cold than before. These food and general arrangements, unsanitary and altogether unfit in quality. Their diseases and wounds did not receive the treatment which the commonest dictates of humanity would have prompted.

"Upon Belle Isle, in addition to the want of food, clothing and shelter, our soldiers, while prisoners, have been compelled to do most cruel drudgery at the times placed over them. They have been abused and shamefully treated on many opportunities. They have been murderously shot and killed when they failed to comply with the demands of their jailers, and instances are violating rules of which they had not been informed. Upon Belle Isle, in addition to the buildings that have been fired at and killed by the sentinels outside when they were not in the immediate vicinity of the windows at which the shots proceeded, there are also buildings a little fresh air. One man, whose comrade in the service, who was in the cars with him, had been shot down as he was about to enjoy the fresh air, and was compelled to see him breathe his last, and was then ordered to his friend; and other instances of equally unprovoked murder are found in the testimony taken.

The portraits which we have selected are those of 1. Private Thomas Cox, Co. A, 24th Michigan, July, enlisted from steamer New York from Richmond into rebel's hands—Andersonville, April, 1864. 2. Private John Breining, Co. G, 4th Kentucky cavalry, sergeant, was taken prisoner, and was in all kinds of misery care, May 12th. 3. Private George H. White, Co. F, 9th Michigan cavalry, was taken prisoner, May 5th. 4. Private Francis N. Beedle, Co. M, 8th Michigan cavalry, admitted to U. S. General Hospital, Annapolis, May 30, and died May 31. 5. Private John Q. Rose, admitted same day, May 30, died June 1. 6. Sergeant Charles Hall, Co. C, 44th Massachusetts regiment, died Andersonville, April 29, 1864. 7. H. Parker, Co. B, 2d Wisconsin cavalry, admitted into hospital, Annapolis, died May 30. 8. Edward Cunningham, Co. F, 7th Ohio cavalry, admitted into hospital, Baltimore, died May 15, 1864.

Is it possible to conceive of demons exceeding the monsters which the rebel authorities could produce, able, healthy men to such a frightful state? And yet the assertion is made by those who gave over on their lips professions of piety and religion.

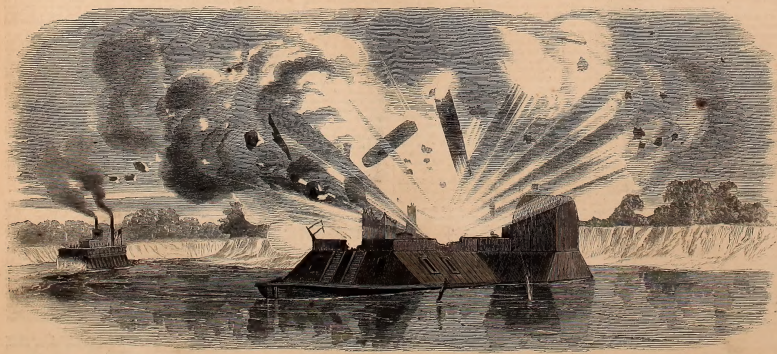
KINGS, who once held learning in such scorn among that the Latin tongue, think it worth learn to write their own names, now aspire to literary honors. Of Frederick the Great, it is said that he was fond of Latin and edits a journal, and the King of Sweden has just published a small volume of poetry. Louis Napoleon sometimes signs himself "Charles, a literary man," and it is said that recently the reigning Duke became at a hotel in Gothenburg he handed out having a high opinion of literary men, could not conceive a noble grimace. A waiter, the monarch, not relishing a joke from his assumed position, gave him a sound cuffing, and sent him following note to the master of the hotel: "Sir—I intended to stay a week at Calmar; but seeing you did not consider yourself greatly honored by lodging an author, I have returned to Stockholm." The letter was signed, "Charles, a literary man, and King of Sweden." In this little transaction one hardly knows which to laugh at most, the King or the landlord.

"I HAVEN'T another word to say, sir: I never dispute with fools," said a gentleman, who was getting the worst of an argument.

"No," was the reply; "you are very sure to agree with them."



BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—FORT DARLING, ON THE JAMES RIVER, WITH THE REBEL OST



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BLOWING UP OF THE U. S. GUNBOAT COVINGTON ON THE RED RIVER, ABOVE ALEXANDRIA, MAY 4.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 199

AFFAIRS O
RIVE
Fort Da

FORT DARLING, bluff, with its tie of familiar to all disc tained by our fee late Com. Rodger me 1862.

The works were the since been greatly e were lately invested Public expectation a looked forward to its but it still stands o holds of the rebellio approach to the capital.

We give a sketch tha Butler's scouts, tho the rebels planting t prevent our gunboats of spiles.

RAIN, SNOW, caused by a cloud m tum of cold air, if w are condensed, all n heavy to float in the a is produced by the frozen before its arriv into water. Hail is on ing of the drops after or rain. Snow is pro the day, and the m cooling in the cold a fog is a cloud floating the earth, and a form in the atmosphere.

"I WOULD have I am a man of quality, to a financier. "Am financier, "am a man



OBSTRUCTIONS AND THE TORPEDO BRIGADE AT WORK.—FROM A SKETCH MADE BY ONE OF GEN. BUTLER'S SCOUTS.

S ON JAMES RIVER.]

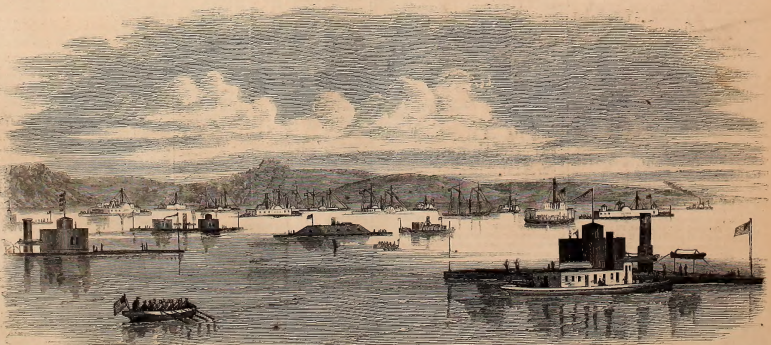
r Darling.]

RLING, on Drury's
line of spiles, has been
since the regules sus-
fleet there, under the
ers, on the 16th of May,

ere then slight, and have
ually strengthened, and
reated by Gen. Butler.
ation and public hope
d to its speedy capture,
ands one of the strong-
rebellion, guarding the
e capital of Richmond.
etch made by one of Gen.
, who went up and saw
ating their torpedoes to
unboats reaching the line

NOW, &c.—Rain is
cloud moving into a stra-
dir, by which its particles
, and run into drops too
in the atmosphere. Snow
by the cloud becoming
its particles have collapsed
fall is caused by the freez-
ops after they begin to fall
e is the falling of the vapors
when they part with the
e cold of the evening. A
s floating on the surface of
e cloud is a fog floating
here.

o have you know that
quality," said a marquis
. "And I," replied the
n a man of quantity."



THE WAR ON THE JAMES—THE UNION FLEET OFF CITY POINT, VA., READY TO MEET THE REBEL RAMS.—FROM A SKETCH BY D. S. OSBON.—SEE PAGE 199.

SUNLIGHT AT EVENING.

WEARY and worn, and old and gray,
The light of my young life passed away,
But a trace of its radiance lingereth yet,
Like the western sky when the sun has set,
With the shadows of evening closing round,
And its dim mists veiling the dewy ground.
Yes! even on the verge of the lonely tomb,
One vision calls back youth's rosy bloom;
One memory still makes life divine,
The dream of the love that once was mine!

Star of my life! yet lead me on,
Till the twilight of sorrow is past and gone,
And the morning of joy and hope shall break
On the sight of waiting, for thy dear sake.
The undying love in my heart that dwells,
Was sealed for thine own by our last farewells
And still shall the same at morn and even
Go up on the wings of prayer to Heaven.
Then, e'en if we meet on this earth no more,
I shall wait for thee on the deathless shore.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER VIII.

If he be sad, he wants money.
Much Ado About Nothing, Act III., Sc. 1.

Things out of hope are compassed oft with vent'ring.
Shakespeare's Poems.

An envious, sweeping frost,
That bites the farthest blades of the spring.
Lowe's Labor Lost, Act I., Sc. 1.

To preserve his brother from the consequences of his last scrape, Bertram Hapswell was obliged to exert all the policy and influence he could command. To induce the authorities to tolerate his stay in Paris under strict surveillance, till his recovery, with the understanding that he should, as soon as he was able to travel, receive his passport and quit France and Europe, was the best he could do for him. Accordingly, he no sooner became convalescent than he was furnished with ample means and sent to America.

He arrived in New York in safety, and was agreeably disappointed in that magnificent metropolis. Here he found associations of the worst description, indulged in the wildest dissipation, gambled and lost his money, and in a few months was in debt for his board and a destitute wanderer in the streets. While hanging about the Post Office one morning, after having inquired in vain for his remittances from Europe, he met an old acquaintance, whom he had not seen since boyhood, but whom, after having once had a fair view of his remarkable physiognomy, it was impossible to mistake for any other than Mr. Gregory Gringrip. Victor Kingsland was, however, forgotten by the former friend, and had to take a deal of pains to recall himself to the old fellow's memory, which proved inconveniently obvious to the circumstances which for this purpose. Victor's perseverance was finally successful, and Mr. Gringrip condescended to inquire after the young man's relatives and friends, more particularly about his father and Mordaunt Elfstone, in whose fate he seemed interested. Victor's recital was great, and he had to make it known to the only person from whom he hoped for immediate aid, Mr. G., who, after confiding with him in the most unbiguous manner, assured him of his own poverty and utter inability to render him the slightest assistance, and wished him better luck and a good morning.

Victor was convinced that Mr. Gringrip deceived him, and cased his heart as much as he could by cursing his parsimony. Early evening, few minutes afterwards, to drop into an exchange-office, in Wall street, to ascertain to what extent it would avail him to draw for money upon his mother or brother, he beheld his old acquaintance at the counter, exchanging a thick roll of uncurrent banknotes for bankable money. When the latter looked up and caught Victor's eye, he smiled grimly, observing quietly, as he passed out of the office:

"I am a collector, Mr. Kingsland, and these funds belong to them by whom I am employed. If a portion of the money were mine, I should be only too happy to aid you."

Mortified as he was for the moment by this circumstance, Victor thought little of it till a few days afterwards, when he chanced to see Gringrip enter a drinking-saloon, at the door of which several cabs were hanging.

"Isn't he an ugly cuss!" asked one.

"Yes, but as rich as Croesus," answered another.

"And as hard as granite," continued a third.

"And as pitiless as death," observed the first speaker.

He owns more rum-holes than any other man in New York," said the second.

Victor would not without overhearing any more of these dubious compliments to the niggard who had treated him with superfluous closeness and falsehood, but he was desperate, and muttered:

"Though it be impossible to get blood out of a stone, it shall go hard but I will get gold out of a miser. Would the old skinflint refuse me aid? He knows well enough that my mother is good for ten times the sum I ask. By Jove, I'll try something out of the moneygrabber, if I have first to wring his neck a little to get him into the lending vein. I'll beard the lion in his den."

Victor stood on the corner of the street till he saw Gringrip come forth, and then diligently followed him from place to place till he saw him enter a dingy house in Mulberry street, which, upon inquiry he ascertained to be his residence. He ran up its dirty doorsteps and tugged lustily at the bellpull. He had to repeat the latter effort more than once ere the door was opened. It was slightly unclosed at last by a shrivelled old woman, with a cold inexpressive face, who shook her thin, grizzly locks at Victor. She had not heard the bell and did not hear him, now he spoke to her. Incensed by her rude conduct, he thrust himself into the passage. Seeing he was not to be got rid of without explanation, she handed him a little slate which hung against the wall, and at the top of which was written:

"Write your business."

He wrote on the slate:

"I want to see Mr. Grimgrip on business of importance, immediately."

She read what he had written, scribbled, with a tremulous hand, and returned him the slate, upon which he found these words:

"Write your name."

He complied with this injunction, and sway the crone bobbled with the slate, but soon returned with it, with this additional sentence upon it:

"Mr. Gringrip's compliments to Mr. Kingsland, and regrets that he is so much engaged that he cannot possibly see him."

Victor, determined not to be got rid of so easily, instantly wrote in reply:

"Mr. Kingsland will not leave this house till he has seen Mr. Gringrip."

The old woman, who had been holding the door open to induce and facilitate Victor's egress, received the slate back with a bad grace, pocketed the added writing with a frown, hung up the slate, pointed to the open doorway, and even made an attempt to push him out. To convince her of the utter fallacy of any such endeavor, Victor shut the door, thrust the wrinkled dame aside, and walked into the house till he came near the foot of the stairs, where he stood looking up them, as if disposed to ascend to the storey above.

The old woman flew past him with speed surprising in such a cripple, disappeared through a backdoor, which she shut violently behind her, and left him, much amused by her impotent display of temper.

He whistled a tune, hummed an opera air, walked up and down the passage, and indulged in diligence unrelieved by a single article of furniture, looked up the narrow stairs, lit by a dirty little round window, and saw, peering from behind the balusters, on the second flight of steps, a face that sent a chill through his heart, like the apparition of a countenance from the grave.

It was a very white face, with large, pure, blue, vacant eyes, low, broad forehead, clear as immaculate purity, surrounded by waving auburn hair, the features matchless in their classic perfection, and the mouth, half open, beautifully formed, showed a row of teeth that glittered like white jewels. The lost, forlorn look of the countenance touched his heart, and he beckoned to it, moving pleasantly. It disappeared for an instant, the mouth opening a little wider and the blue eyes distending. Suddenly the face made a shuffle of a person, and then looked into his eyes with a keen, penetrating glare.

"Will, sir!" exclaimed Gringrip.

"Mr. Gringrip, I want to borrow money of you, which you know well enough my family will repay."

"I know no such thing."

"You do; and you know that you have already loaned me, Mr. Kingsland, and more always found it easy to quiet the boldest. Quit my premises this instant, or I'll send for an officer and have you put out."

"Send for one, Mr. Gringrip; I'll wait till he arrives. I am content to go to prison, if that be the penalty I must pay for my intrusion, for it is worth it. I have gained a secret worth thousands. I am master of the situation."

"It is more than you are of yourself. You are crazy."

"My mind is lucid, and so can I make my meaning. What face was that which peered over the balusters as me just now?"

Mr. Gringrip interrogated the countenance of the old man became a fearful sight to behold, the like of which Madame Tussaud's famous room of horrors never contained. Ugly as he was by nature, the green pallor that now overspread Gringrip's face, made him look ten times more abhorrent and devilish, and the writhings of his features in his effort to maintain composure, rendered them as horrible as the snakes in the hair of the Furies.

"What business have you to pry into my family affairs?" gasped he at last, hardly knowing what he said.

"I have business, Gregory," replied Victor, with cool familiarity, delighted to find that he had struck the right vein at last, "and authority, too, if I think proper to use it. I will, if you are at leisure, enter into full particulars; if not, I will resort to the business that brought me here."

"What, what is it?"

"The want of twenty pounds—I mean a hundred dollars."

"Will you let me and my affairs alone henceforth, if I give it to you?"

"Of course; I shall afterwards have nothing to do but to call and repay you the loan."

"Save yourself the trouble. I am not such a fool as to lend, without security, to spendthrifts.

"Pay—pay the money as the price of a full exemption from all remark or interference from you with reference to my affairs hereafter. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly."

"That you are not to breathe a word about my affairs, or to enter this threshold again."

"You give me a hundred dollars to do neither one thing nor the other."

"Exactly."

"Good."

"Here's the money," said Gringrip, handing him ten fifty dollar bills from his portly pocketbook.

"Thank you, Gregory. Good-bye!"

"Good-day to you," said Gringrip, shutting the door after him, and muttering as he returned to his supper:

"I'll be the death of the scrapegrace if he ever ventures into this house again."

"I'll bleed the old miserly villain to death," said Victor Kingsland to himself, as he descended into the street.

CHAPTER IX.

One, whose voice was vehement melody
Sate by a well, under the willow-trees;
The breath of her false mouth was like faint flowers;
Her touch was as clinging flame.
Out of her looks into my vitals came,
And there they lay burning and burnt them raw
A killing air, which pierced like honey dew
Into the core of trees hard.—
Shelly's Epipsychidion.

DUKE St. CROIX had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations in seeing Mordaunt Elfstone re-established in his fitting position in society. Count Elfstone himself, by his apparent obliviousness of thought and calmness of action, contributed principally to this happy result, and his friends generally were secretly wished to prevent his restoration to his former dignity and freedom, were confounded in their machinations by a quiet discretion which brought which put their own rationality and wisdom to shame. It was vain for any of them to deny his claims to perfect freedom, for what they could do was to predict (and even wish, alas!) the return of his madness. St. Croix rejoiced greatly in the return of Mordaunt, for whom he entertained a profound esteem and veneration, and though he longed to get back to France (for he had kept aloof from Paris since the latter took up his abode in his family mansion in Worcestershire), he delayed his return till Bertram Hapswell joined them.

Bertram had, to gratify Elfstone, been following up some imagined clue to the fate of the lost Lady Alice, and had been out in spite of the most diligent and close researches, returned as wise as he went, and quite cast down with his failure. Marina was in France on a like mission, and Elfstone himself would have started on a similar journey but for the entreaties of his friends that he remain where they were of the disturbed state of the continent, and of the schemes his relatives would probably make a third attempt to carry out during his absence abroad.

Julian St. Croix took an affectionate farewell of the man he considered his own father, and toward him he had shown a filial regard and duty and commended him to the friendly offices of Bertram Hapswell. St. Croix was not long in France ere he had ascertained the whereabouts of Marina and paid her a visit. He found her in an obscure lodging in the Rue de Nord, residing with Madame Nitouche; a tall, dark and fairy! eyed lady of a malignant temper and pious turn, who exposed, in her humble purchases, prayers and penance to atone for an evil life and win her way into heaven. Her religion was superstition, her superstition was blind gravelling, and her formal and laborious piety seemed rather to obscure than brighten her intellect, and to narrow rather than expand her sympathies for her fellow-beings. Marina was her daughter, but she had never acknowledged her, and seldom received her under her roof. She was a humble purchaser, and penance to atone for an evil life and win her way into heaven. Her religion was superstition, her superstition was blind gravelling, and her formal and laborious piety seemed rather to obscure than brighten her intellect, and to narrow rather than expand her sympathies for her fellow-beings. Marina was her daughter, but she had never acknowledged her, and seldom received her under her roof. She was a humble purchaser, and considerable presents. Avarice and superstition piety were the ruling passions with Madame Nitouche, and poor Marina besieged her heart in vain for the smallest share of maternal love. The mother had deserted the daughter at a period of the latter's life when she had nearly expired, when Julian St. Croix arrived and effected an entire change in the sentiments of her daughter that the duration of her stay had nearly expired, when Julian St. Croix arrived and effected an entire change in the sentiments of her daughter that the duration of her stay had nearly expired, when Marina with apparent kindness, and made herself sure of her daughter's sympathy, if not saintly person. She had heard much of St. Croix before she saw him—of his eloquent defence of the church, his zeal, and his burning goodness; had perused some of his writings, and looked upon him as a holy youth destined to canonization. Marina was delighted to perceive that his influence over her mother was very great, and hoped to profit by it.

She knew the struggle that was going on in the mind of St. Croix. She knew that he loved her and that he loved against a sense of duty, and therefore the more deeply and ardently. His resistance to the overwhelming passion that absorbed him rendered it more chafed and maddened it, rendering it the more intense and self-devouring. His heart and soul were filled with her, and the sweet dream of possessing her, was he felt, to him worth all the world besides. It was interoicating to declare in think of her as one who was to become his own, but often as he would drive the delicious delusion from his mind, it came back to him again and again, more entrancing at each return.

On one occasion he had accompanied her to the ruins of the Castle Pressomptueux, and while they were wandering about the crumbling walls and towers, her fascinating power almost drew the soul out of him. He trembled, and his voice betrayed in every tone the burning agitation of love that throbbed in his heart so tumultuously. Marina saw that her witchery had done its work, and that her victim was in her power.

They entered the ruined chapel of the castle. There was little left of it, and that was open to the sky and its influences. Its walls were crumbling to the earth, and the grass grew in its aisles. Opposite the remains of the altar, upon a sunken monument, half covered with verdure, they sat down and gazed upon the relics before them. They soon ceased to consider, or even to see the sacred fragment before them, for their thoughts were too busy with each other, and both felt that the moment of mutual avowal was arriving. Marina was neither agitated nor embarrassed, but Julian was both, and he powerfully wrought upon by his passion as to be lost to everything but one absorbing emotion. Marina had turned her magnificent gaze upon him, and when he ventured to glance at her, and their eyes met. The tender lustre of hers drew him like a spell, and, with a sigh, the last sigh of the struggle, he surrendered himself wholly to the o'ermastering weakness. His trembling and venturesome arm stole round her waist, and his burning and liquid soul rose to his very lips.

"Julian," said she, archly and tenderly, "are you resolved to become a priest?"

"I have no resolution at all, now, Marina. I once aspired to be the glorious instrument of restoring the true church to its pristine purity and perfection, which the wicked ways of designing and evil men had corrupted; but my ardor and my enthusiasm has abated much of late. Can you not guess why, Marina?"

She looked up to the beautiful arm on Julien's shoulder, looked closer into his eyes, and answered with apparent simplicity:

"Julian, I have many sacred to me with safety, my friend, for I am very fond of you. What has changed your mind, Julien."

"My love for you, Marina."

"I love you, too, Julien."

Julian's arm drew his fairy fighten that clasped her waist, and his frame shake with the violence of his feelings. His lips quivered, his eyes filled, and, pressing her to his bosom, he exclaimed impetuously:

"Marina, you are dearer to me than life, than heaven itself, and that is why I no longer wish to be a priest."

Marina was reared in the school of deceit, and was, in fact, a consummate adept in the art. Madame Nitouche had much sympathy and esteem for Julien, but she did not love him. When his lips had told her of the existence of his passion, but she did not show it, for she had an object to gain.

"Julien, you know not who or what I am. You are a count, and I am ignorant of my father, and that my mother has never yet acknowledged me. I have been an outcast from my birth! Have I not left an outcast's life. Your declaration has taken me by surprise, but I love you too well to ruin or disgrace you. Leave me here, before I consult holy altar, do I kneel and swear not to promise pledge, or bond of love shall be exchanged between us, till I can honorable paternity is proven and acknowledged to be mine."

"I no not Madame Nitouche your mother?"

"She shall when she acknowledge me, I believe I am her daughter. She has my secret, and more than mine, but keeps them like the grave. If you love me, if you be a gentleman, if you believe, make her your friend, for she knows all we most wish to learn. You have already great influence over her, for she considers you a young saint, and hopes that in you, for she is very superstitious, she will obtain an immense legacy. Remember the recording angel to blot out her many sins and write her name in the book of eternal life. If she reveal you in any other light, you would have no more weight than I, who have to pay gold for the privilege of crossing her threshold."

"This is all invention, perplexity and mystery to me."

"To be plain, then, I am sure that my mother knows more of Elfstone's wife than I do, where his child is living."

"Why did you not tell of this before?"

"Because I was not certain of her knowledge as I am now, and because the least inadvertence might seal up her lips for ever."

"As long for ever sealed!" exclaimed a voice near them.

They started to their feet, and from behind the ruined altar glided Madame Nitouche herself, her black eyes gleaming terribly, and her tall form threatening them like a fiend-inspired prophet.

"Wretch!" she cried; "is it not enough that you have offended every human law and plotted against the peace of my house, but you lay schemes to abuse religion, to violate the sanctities of the church, and coil into heaven to pollute it? I always suspected you to be either a heretic or a hypocrite, and now I find you both. You are no child of mine, but the daughter of an idiotic mountebank and his meanest and most hideous man I ever beheld. I hate you, and never do you dare to cross my threshold again. Your room shall be occupied to my home before such a serpent as you are."

Marina threw herself imploringly at the feet of the fierce speaker, who spurned her with her foot, and stalked out of the ruin with the air of the sternest of the Furies.

THE CAMPHOR TREE.—This tree is indigenous to all parts of China, Japan, Formosa, Burmah and Chinese Tartary, and flourishes as far north as the Amoor country, but it is found in the greatest abundance along the eastern coast of China, between Amoy and Shanghai. In the districts of Kwangtung and Fuchien it grows in dense forests, the trunk attaining a very great size. The principal market for camphor is within the camphor guns of commerce does not in any case exude from the tree, as has been so generally supposed; but it is obtained from the leaves, twigs and smaller roots by distillation.

A LOVE SONG.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

My darling is the gentlest thing
That breathes the blessed air,
Her smile is like a gleam of spring
When the young days are fair.

And then her voice is sweeter far
Than music in the night,
Her love is now the guiding star
That tills my soul with light.

And when her loving glance is thrown
Upon my heart to shine,
I joy to think she is my own—
Mine only—only mine!

The Gulf Between Them.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XLII.—CONTINUED.

VITCHITA had been so much occupied above stairs that she found no opportunity for observation, otherwise Dolph's manner and the mysterious air of importance which Clo assumed would have warned her that something extraordinary had happened.

Clo made Sally wait on her more than ever, boxed the girl's ears for her own mistakes, tried on new turbans, surveyed herself in the glass, and strutted about in the highest state of feminine triumph. Dolph made his best to be happy, but it required a vivid recollection of the money he should acquire to make him at all comfortable. He kept repeating to himself:

"Five hundred dollars! One—two—three—four—five!"

Then he would remember Victoria's youth and yellow beauty, his own delicious freedom, and groan heavily. But he was sure to bring up his spirits again by muttering, vigorously:

"Five hundred dollars! One—two—three—four—five!"

But it was a season of holiday delight to Clorinda. The highest aspiration of her spinster soul was soon to be gratified—she would have a husband! No long engagement for her; she made up her mind to that on the moment. With the bird once in the cage, she was not going to lose time in closing the door—not she!

She fed her sable intended to repletion with dainties, and with spoke marvels for his digestion that after all the dinner he had eaten he could make such havoc among the cake and preserves, and still look complacently forward to the prospect of broiled chicken. Crisp curlicues disappeared like fleetwork in his nimble jaws, he held in a very pleasant stock of tongue considering his natural advantages that way, made a liberal exercise of an immense fruitful mouth, softened the effect with a whole mould of apricot oily.

Dinah and Vic certainly kept him in countenance, but Clorinda rather trifled with the sweets, drinking so much strong tea in her pleasure absorbation, that to an observer given to ludicrous ideas, her jetty face would have suggested the idea of an old fashioned black teapot, with her pug nose for the chubby spout. Sally witnessed this dashing festival from behind the door, scraped the jelly left in the glasses, stole bits of toast and muffins on their road to the table, and solaced her appetite on various fragments, till at last, growing so bold and getting so fussy, that she crept to the pantry and pocketed half a pumpkin pie. Until it had disappeared, like a train down a tunnel, she never remembered that Clo was sure to miss it in the morning, but she reflected, in her fright, that it was possible to stuff the cat up in the closet at bedtime, and so escape detection.

After tea Dolph brought out a pack of cards—a pack which had mysteriously disappeared from the library some time before—and inducted the ladies into the mysteries of sundry little games, winning their pennies easily and cheating them without the slightest scruple.

That was a point beyond Clo, she could not lose her money even to Dolph, and vowed that she would only play for pins.

"Gamblin's wicked," she said, virtuously.

So they played for pins, and Dolph allowed her to be the winner. When she had all, Clo gave up crooked ones in payment, and thus her high spirits were preserved untarnished.

At last Clo arrived and made the circle complete. A great, shiny creature, uglier than a mortal easily can be, at whom Miss Dinah cast a lamplighting glances and did the fascinating in a way which Clo copied on the instant.

Dolph reminded her of the chicken, and proposed making a bowl of flip while she cooked the fowl, an idea which was received with unanimous approval.

They were gathered about the supper-table, Dolph was carver, and managed to secure an unfair proportion of delicate bits, proposed a number of toasts to suit Othello's palate, and then devoured in them before the unfortunate creature could get more than a look at the dainties.

Othello was giving an account of his labors during the evening, and from his story it was quite evident that he had been the most important personage in the assembly, and Dinah shone like a housedoor knob with the triumph she had in his success.

"Oh, lawd!" said he, suddenly; "I quite forgot!"

"What, what?" they asked.

"Why, what Mr. Mosehy said. 'Spec it don't concarn nobody here; only, as Miss Clorinday's a lady of property, she naterally feels interested in what happens to oder folks wid forfine."

Clo bridled, and Dolph said majestically, feeling that he had already a share in her wealth:

"In course, in course; perceed, Mr. Othello."

"Wal, yer see de gemmen was talkin 'bout de banks—I didn't hear de beginning, 'cause dat boy, Pete Hopkins, let de punch glasses fall, and I was a-doin' him."

"Did it break 'em?" cried Dinah, feeling an interest in the details not shared in by the others.

"Only two. I gave him six cracks for each, little limb!"

"Wal, 'bout de bank," said Dolph, impatiently. "Yes, dat's what I'm gwine to tell. Mr. Mosehy, he said—you know him—dat tall man."

"Laws, we know him well 'nuff," said Vic. "Go on if you're gwine to tell."

Dinah looked reproachfully at her, and Othello continued:

"Mr. Mosehy—he said de Trader's Bank had blowed all to smash—clean up."

A scream from Clorinda brought them all to their feet.

"Massy sakes," cried Vic; "what is it?"

"Have yer got fits?" demanded Dinah.

"Bring de peppermint, you ugly-eyed Othello.

"Miss Clorinday, dear Miss Clorindy, what am it?" cried Dolph, with a sudden sinking at his heart.

Clo would have had hysterics if she had been a fine lady, as it was she gave two or three yells, kicked the table, pulled her frizzed hair, and shouted, amid her fears:

"You Sally, get my bonnet—quick!"

She rose, and they crowded about her.

"What be you gwine? What's up?"

"Git my bonnet!" she repeated. "Tse gwine to York, I is."

"To York, this time o' night? Vic cried.

"Yes, I can—let me go."

Dolph laid a hand on her arm.

"Only 'splain, Clorindy, 'splain!"

"I'm gwine to git at dem banks. I want my money—I'll have it! Marster shall git it. Oh de villin scampgeses! I want my money."

Dolph dropped speechless into a chair, while the rest poured out floods of questions, which Clorinda was in no state to answer.

"Was yer money in dat bank?"

"Tse gwine to York; get my bonnit!"

"They fairly shook her in their curiosity.

"Why didn't yer speak, Clo? Vic. "Was yer money in de bank?"

"Yis; dey rob'd me. Oh! oh! Five hundred dollars—all it's got, all it's gone!" she sobbed. "I'll hev it! I'll hev it! Call marster! Git my bonnit. Oh! oh!"

The poor maid her sit down, they explained to her that nothing could be done until the next day, and finally established that nothing could. All this while Dolph sat without offering one word of consolation: now he said:

"Mebby dat's some mistake, Othello."

"No, dar ain't," persisted the nancsake of Shakespeare's Moor. "Mr. Mosehy's lost ten thousand dollars, and he never to know. De bank's broke to smash, clar 'nuff."

Clo burst into a new paroxysm of distress, and Dolph, after a moment's struggle with his own disappointment, turned on her:

"Yer needn't rouse de house wid yer hurly-burly," said he, savagely. "Better 'member Miss Elsie's sick."

Clo stared at him in tearless horror; a new fear struck her; he was going to desert her.

"Don't talk so," she said; "tink of yesterday, Dolph!"

Dolph drew himself up, and looked first at her and then at the company with an air of profound astonishment.

"I tink her brain is turned," said he.

"Taint!" roared Clo. "Oh, Dolphy, yer said yer loved me; yer know yer did; did yer didn't yer love money; did yer? I was Venus in yer eyes—oh—oh!"

"Wal, I do declar!" cried Vic.

Dolph drew into a great rage.

"Miss Clorindy, yer sorrow makes yer forget yerself; yer's out of yer senses."

Clo threw her apron from her eyes and looked at him; lightning was gathering there which he would have done well to heed, but he did not.

"Does yer mean that?" she demanded, sternly.

"Sartin, I does."

"Yer jilted Isabellin' at my feet an' sayin' I wasn't de onions made yer cry; a pleadin' and a coaxin' till I scented to marry yer."

"It's quite true, Miss Clorindy," said Dolph, doggedly.

"Take care! Jis' tink!"

"Miss Clo, dis ere sin't decorous; I'se 'stonish at yer."

With one yell and a bound like an unchained Ogress Clo sprang at him. Dolph dodged, ran behind the startled Othello, jumped through the chairs, through the kitchen and back, and Clo at his heels. She had caught up a broom; once or twice she had managed to hit him, and her yells of rage mingled with Dolph's cries were hideous.

"Take her off," he shrieked; "ketch a hold of her!"

"I'll kill him," shouted Clo. "I'll break every bone in his finken body! Oh, yer varmint, yer varmint!"

They laid hands on Clorinda at length, though it was a difficult operation; and Dolph took refuge behind a great chair, peeping through the slats at the back, with his eyes rolling and his teeth chattering like some frightened monkey in a cage.

The women were consoling and blaming Clo; Vic divided between conviction and anger, and Othello, like a sensible man, siding neither way.

Suddenly they were roused by a prolonged cry from the floor above, by a shriek and unearthly that it froze the blood in their veins. In an instant there followed a loud knocking at the outer door, and forgetful of their own troubles, they crowded together like a flock of frightened crows driven from a cornfield.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE evening had passed very pleasantly to Essie; Mellen had humored her most whatever cost to himself, and kept her thoughts as much aloof as possible from the events of the past days.

It was growing late, and he had several times reminded her that it was time she went to rest. Tom Fuller had taken the first hint and retired.

"Let me sit up a little longer," she pleaded; "I am not in the least sleepy; it is so nice to get out of that dull chamber."

"But I am afraid you will tire yourself so completely that to-morrow you cannot come down at all."

"There is not the slightest danger of that; I am stronger than you think. When this little dizziness in my head leaves me I shall be quite well."

They talked a few moments longer, then she began turning over the papers on a stand near her sofa. Suddenly she took up a letter, and glancing at the writing, exclaimed:

"This is from Mr. Hudson! You did not tell me that you had heard?"

"It came this afternoon while you were asleep."

"What does he say? Does he know where she is? Will you send him money for her!"

"There is no address."

"But she must have it; she can't live."

"My dear, he has her money in his hands. He writes me that he has invested some he sold out the stocks by her orders, and that he has been expecting her for several days to call on him for the money. She was doubtless preparing to leave the country with that man."

Elsie fell back on the sofa overwhelmed by the new fear which broke over her. The money had not been paid; there was no safety, for Elizabeth's sacrifice had been in vain! What to do—how to act! Before her mind had left her brain there was a sound at the door of the little passage which led to the grounds.

"What is that?" exclaimed Mellen. "Some one trying that door."

"No, no," she said. "Come back; it's nothing; I'm afraid; come back!"

He gave no attention to her cry, but hurried towards the door, while she was attempting to rise from the sofa; he had it open, she had heard a muttered curse, an answering imprecation from the passage, Mellen had thrust the outer door ajar and a man just entering the passage with whom Mellen closed instantly in a fearful struggle.

Essie was too much overcome to speak; she knew him; then it was her insane shriek rang through the house.

Mellen forced the man into the room, flung him against the wall, locked the door, and exclaimed in a terrible voice:

"Ah hah! I have you!"

A bell was rang at the front entrance, but no one in that room heeded it.

Mellen sprang towards the man again, but he cried savagely:

"Keep off, if you value your life, keep off."

One of the men had been enough; she knew him; then it was her insane shriek rang through the house.

"I did not come here to fight you, sare," said Ford, calling up a sudden audacity. "It's an honor I did not wish."

"I know who you expected to see; but the woman is gone; you must seek her elsewhere!"

Ford, at Mellen's words, turned to the sofa; no Mellen remembered Elsie's presence.

"No," he cried, pointing to her, "that woman only has the beauty she blood did not run in her veins; if you had struck me there the blow would have been keener."

The man trembled again; Elsie heard both words and laugh, but she could not move; if she had been laid out shrouded for burial she could not have been more helpless.

"So you drove your wife away; out of the house? cried the man. "I guessed as much."

"She is gone for ever, but you shall not live to join her."

"Before now she is dead! Listen to what you have done. Your wife was rescued at an angel. She is dead, and I can tell you so, knowing how it will poison your life. If there was guilt or disgrace in her name it belonged to it but pretty heap of deception on the sofa. Hear that, and let your soul writhe under it, for your blood does run in her veins."

"Liar! Traitor!" cried Mellen.

Again came a violent ringing of the door-bell; steps in the hall; this time the two men heard the words,

"I am pa.sured," muttered Ford; "they've cerered me."

"I will give you up if these are enemies," cried Mellen; "there is no escape."

He took one stride towards the door, but Ford called out:

"You are giving up your sister's husband; remember the whole world shall know it."

There was bitter truth in the tone, but before Mellen could move or speak the door opened and two officers entered the room.

"You have him safe," said one of the intruders as he passed Mellen. "Caught at last, my fine fellow."

Ford started back—put his hand to his breast—there was a flash—a stunning report—he staggered back against the wall, shot through the chest.

"How often do you knead bread?" asked one housekeeper of another.

"How often? Why, I might say we need it continually," the other replied.

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

ARE you afraid of worms? If you are, don't go to Brooklyn for the next two months. That city's churches ought to change its respectable *nomme de ville*, and call itself the "City of Worms." Worms are never witnessed such a spectacle as the good, cleanly and fashionable Brooklynites, assembled in the sanctuary of a Sabbath morning, after a walk through the wormbowered streets. Rows of ladies in the latest Parisian confabulations, white bonnets and black, pink bonnets and blue, all ornamented with these detestable objects, things that have—perhaps Sutton and I might differ—but things that appear to have legs and hands, one at each side, and a couple of tails joined in the middle.

On this lady's black lace bonnet, with corn-colored plumes, stands a green one, large, bold, of an inquisitive disposition. When the reverend gentleman under this arises also, it looks about, it shakes its head at the congregation; it nods to a friendly worm perched on the blue bloomer of an unfortunate at short, then it lies down and takes a nap, then it once more arises and looks about it, with both its heads erect. All over the church you may see them: on the floor of the aisles, on skirts of dresses and backs of hymn-books—nay, the disgusting things even climb the pulpit and take a peep into the great pit bible, in defiance alike of the sexton and the minister.

Visit a Brooklyn friend—and in this general exodus of the worms there must of your friends will be found now-a-days in Brooklyn—and the best part of the day will be spent in picking you, as though you were dried currants, and after them, when at leisure, you will find a worm in every gather of your dress, one in each gaiter, and several done up in the waterfall on which you prize yourself. Your visit will be a succession of small shrieks, and your dresses will be troubled by visions of monstrous worms. Brooklyn is the worm's own heath, the seeking where they may devour.

Perhaps say that if only the fathers of the worm-plagued city chose to take the matter in hand, they could banish the tormentors by law. If it is true, we wonder they do not do it. Probably they relish worms in their native soil—say better than other Brooklynites do in their tea, where they are frequently discovered, dreadfully scalded, but not dead—such worms never die. What could be done we do know. In other places the cure has more have been driven away by energetic measures. Couldn't Mr. Henry Ward Beecher preach to them and regresent the impropriety of their conduct? Or Dr. Cheever come to church. Couldn't a worm picnic be brought about, every Brooklynite to turn out to essential music and pick worms from dawn to sunset, the one picking the most to receive a gold medal? Can no one suggest anything?

Second Hand Husbands.

Why is it, we wonder, that second husbands always turn out so badly? It is the most mysterious thing in the world that a number of mature years' experience always makes a worse choice when she selects a spouse than the youngest boarding-school miss who ever eloped with the object of her affections, with whom she had been acquainted but a fortnight. No one ever feels surprised, but a few days' acquaintance suffices to decide on the perfect selection No. 2. After the deluded widow has bestowed her hand and heart upon him the most singular metamorphis takes place. From a gallant devoted lover he becomes a ferocious and brutal husband; his wife's days are spent in regretting the black eye he has bestowed on her arme with Russian salve; her nights in sitting up to see that he comes home safely; she dares not return in his boots; he turns her eldest son out of doors; insults her distant relatives from whom she has expectations; discountenances tea visits; refuses to allow her a pew in church or a visit to the opera; makes away with her money in a most mysterious manner; and caps the climax by eloping with the waiting-maid and all she deluded wife's portable property, leaving her to earn her own livelihood and herself upon the mercy of her relations. For our part, we wonder how any widow with a grain of sense, with such a dreadful example before her in the face on all sides, and cannot unravel the mystery. We should certainly remember the fate of Bluebeard's master's children and second husbands never turn out well.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE is little news of interest from the Old World. The armistice still continues between the Germans and the Danes, but would expire on the 12th June. The Conference had met three times, but there had been no visible progress made towards a solution, but the Danish and English papers asserted that Austria and Prussia were pursuing a treacherous policy. The popular feeling in England in favor of the Danes was increasing, and it was expected a motion would be here Lord Palmerston into a vigorous policy against the Germans. On the other hand Queen Victoria remains averse to taking any step against the native land of her late husband and daughter, and the sympathy of all her two eldest daughters, more especially as one of them will, in all human probability, be Queen of Prussia. The Tsar had declared his strengthened the sovereignty of the King of Prussia, who, if he be not discreet, may yet precipitate a war so far as to involve all Northern nations into war, in which case they would very probably purchase the alliance of France by permitting her to take the Rhine. Certainly Louis Napoleon can never expect a fairer opportunity of accomplishing one of the objects of his ambition.

In England there is a lull, both social and political, the chief subject being Gladstone's misdemeanor speech on the Abyssinian question. Gladstone says the mess and pecuniary character of the man, many think: that he had carefully prepared to lend the enhanced guard that he may betray it, or hold it off. It may be, however, that being a plebeian, he may have had inadvertently secret, betrayed a conspiracy, which so many of his class cherish.

POPE PIUS IX. was in a very precarious condition, and his death was expected hourly, but at any time he was in a great effort made by Louis Napoleon to get "a marriageable Princess" to succeed him. In the event of the Pope's death Napoleon said that the only chance for a united Italy was for the Pope's manageable Pope to succeed Pius IX.

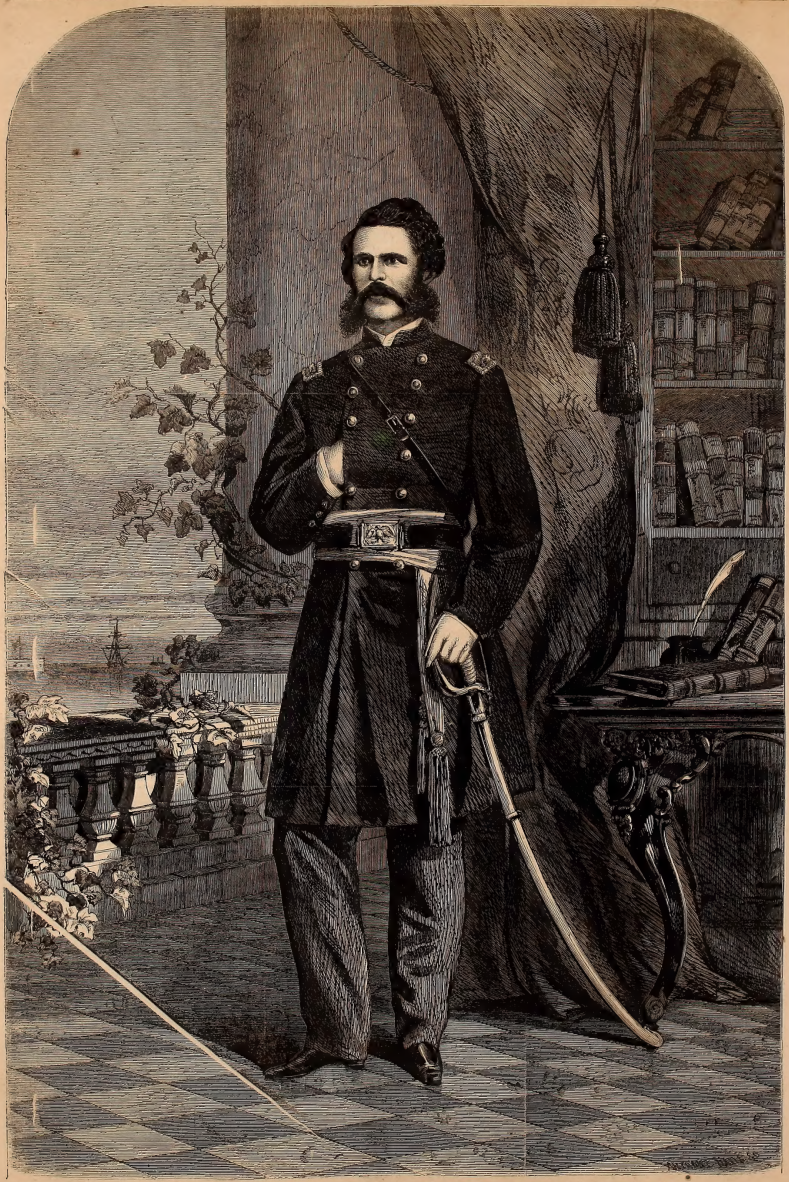
Liberal efforts were being made in Vienna to recruit the Austrian contingent for Mexico. It was ostensibly to be sent to Algeria, but it was known the climate was much treble that number.

The Chilean Republicists had suffered a defeat, and the English commander of the Anglo-Chilenos continued to resign his command.

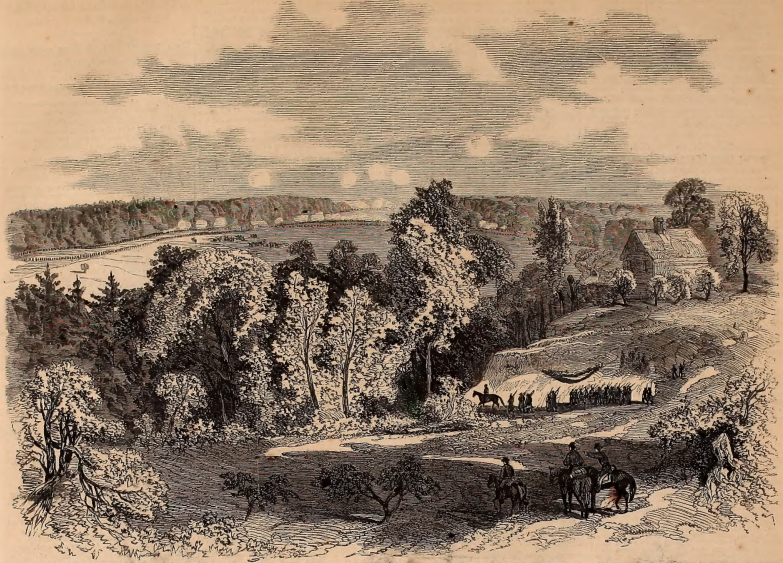
The news from Vera Cruz is to the 21st May. Maximilian had not arrived—great preparations had been made to receive him.

From Peru we hear that the seizure of the Chinchas Islands by the Spanish navy had caused great excitement, and over 100,000 Peruvians had volunteered to defend the honor of their country. The Chilians had also taken up their cause, and sent their fleet to assist the Peruvians. Bolivar had likewise joined them.

From Panama we learn that the French Consul's house had been attacked by the mob, it being suspected that the Spanish Commissioner, who authorized the outrage on Peru, was in it. He had, however, managed escape on board the British mail steamer.



COL. L. C. BAKER, U. S. A., SPECIAL AGENT OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 197.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.—BATTLE AT JERICHO FORD, ON THE NORTH ANNA, MAY 23.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.

BATTLE OF JERICHO MILLS,

May 23.

WHEN Grant compelled Lee to leave his strong ground at Spottsylvania Court-house and fall back behind the North Anna, he pushed on to cross that stream and surges him.

Gen. Warren, on reaching Carmel Church, turned into the Spottsylvania and Hanover junction turnpike and proceeded to Jericho mills, or the ford of that name, on the South Anna. No enemy was found there to oppose them and Griffin's division crossed, the water not being deep, though the bottom is rocky and uneven and the current swift.

About four P. M. the entire corps had crossed the river, except the batteries, and was placed in position. Our skirmishers began feeling for the enemy. Nearly two hours had passed. Only occasional exchanges of shots occurred between the skirmishers. The impression grew that the enemy was in no force in our front, and that he had calculated on our crossing further down the river, where the second corps was then having its passage disputed, as we knew from the heavy cannonading heard in that direction. Our men were taking matters easy. Some had their arms stacked; many were cooking their coffee. The sixth corps were coming up behind us. Before pushing further it was deemed prudent to await their arrival. Suddenly—a thunderbolt was never more sudden—the enemy assailed our line.

The fourth division for a moment gave way under the sudden shock, but it was only for a moment. They quickly rallied, and were unshaken after.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA.—ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLEET ABOVE THE RAPIDS OF RED RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOSWELL.—SEE PAGE ...

wards. General Griffin's and General Crawford's divisions met the assault with veteran firmness. As quick as had been the onslaught of the enemy, we were in readiness to resist the attack. For a while the musketry firing was incessant and terrible. Our batteries on both sides of the river opened in a moment. The first giving way of the fourth division compelled Colonel Sweitzer's brigade to swing round a portion of his line on the right to protect his flank. Three regiments of General Bartlett's brigade—the 1st Michigan, Lieut.-Col. Trowe; 44th Michigan, Major Elliott, and 83d Pennsylvania, Lieut.-Col. McCoy—were sent to his assistance, and, with the batteries on the right, rendered successfully the efforts made to flank us.

Here the 44th regiment, marching by the flank, and a rebel regiment marching also by the flank, and getting for the time, but the latter only for a time, but yet until they had captured Col. Brown, commanding brigade, and a large number of other prisoners.

Only with darkness closed the contest, and the corps had achieved splendidly. Of the battle all to itself, and there could be no disputing the gallantry of the troops and brilliancy of the victory.

COL. L. C. BAKER,

Special Agent of the War Department.

THE following extracts on page 188 represents one of the most remarkable men in his vocation that has been developed by this war; and though we are pleased at having an opportunity of presenting it to our page, we doubt the policy of giving the roguish contractors and public peculators, of whom the Colonel has been an unremitting scourge, such a favorable opportunity of studying with advantage the lineaments of the man whom it is their interest to avoid. Art, however, can have no scruple as to notoriety; so the Secret Government-agent will have his place in the gallery among other celebrities of history.

Col. Baker was born in Central New York, in 1826, of old Revolutionary stock, and early developed those traits of sagacity and courage which were destined in maturer years to make him famous. He grew to manhood in the West, whither his father had transferred himself; and being of the necessary age when the war broke out, soon after he came of age, sought the more exciting occupations of the cities of the East. He was engaged in mechanical business in Philadelphia, for a long time, but finding that too slow for his enterprising nature he yielded to the prevailing fever for the North-West coast, and went to California in 1851.

The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco attended Col. Baker for the first opportunity to exhibit those peculiar qualities for detecting roguery and tracing crime which have since carried him to the head of his profession. He was one of the most prominent as well as efficient members of that remarkable organization, and such were his services, that when the committee disbanded, after having purified Californian society of its evil elements, the leading members of the body came to demand that Col. Baker should be received from them into the regular Police Department of the city.

It is not our purpose to detail the remarkable discoveries and captures which signalized the career of Col. Baker as Agent in the Police Department and on the Pacific Coast. It is sufficient for our purpose to say that he served four years without a break, and that, notwithstanding the excitement of a position calling into requisition the highest abilities, as an ominous of the war and went to Washington, to tender his services to the Government. The first impulse was to raise a company of infantry, but being introduced to Gen. Scott, with letters recurring to his services in San Francisco, the old veteran determined to employ him in a secret agent to the War Department, and in a little while entrusted to him the most ample powers.

After a series of successes, which cautious history does not even yet permit us to relate, Col. Baker was ordered, just previous to the first battle of Bull run, for the audacious enterprise of visiting Richmond as a scout, and bringing us news of the whereabouts and numbers of the enemy. In his first attempt he came near, however, he was intercepted by Hostlemann's pickets and sent into Washington a prisoner; but his next effort, which was made a fortnight later, proved successful. He crossed the Potomac by the way of Fort Tobacco, and was soon captured by the troops of Gen. Benham, and sent to Beauregard's headquarters at Manassas. Beauregard, not entirely crediting Col. Baker's protestations of friendly, transferred him, with a list of others, to Richmond, where he was temporarily incarcerated in an embankment, until the so-called President of the Confederacy could find time to give him an audience. By certain representations which Baker had contrived to have laid before Jeff Davis this privilege was at last accorded to him, and he turned the interview that followed to such good account that he parted from "the presence" on parole, and soon afterwards obtained the further permission to leave the city and go down to Fredericksburg. Having thus possessed himself of full information of the rebel strength, he endeavored to return; but, unluckily, after having visited the vicinities of the forts on the river, and thereby learned the value of the position, he was captured by a rebel scouting party and turned back. In the darkness of the night, however, he again effected his escape, reached the bank of the Potomac, found a boat, in which he sculled across, and on the second day afterwards laid before the Scott a complete map of the defences and troops of Richmond. Fredericksburg and Manassas.

On the return of Gen. Scott to private life, Baker, to Gen. Scott, due to the recommendation of Baker himself, was for permanent employment as a secret agent of the War Department, and he has consequently remained in the service of that department ever since. To enlarge the sphere of his usefulness, Col. Baker was created a Provost-Marshal of that department in September last, and to give him dignity as well as authority with his subordinates, he was raised to the flattering rank of Colonel of the army of the United States army.

It is not only against traitors in arms, Confederate spies and insidious traitors in the heart of our community that the talents of Col. Baker have been brought to bear, but corrupt officials, dishonest quartermasters, peculating clerks and rascally contractors have also felt the fatal inclusion of his inexorable shrewdness. We could enumerate numbers who are now expiating through his development the penalty of their offences; and it would not be too much to say that he has saved over a million of the public money, but he is still actively engaged, and we leave his full record to some future time, satisfied at the present to refer to his likenesse as that of an officer whom the loyal may admire, and whom it will be advisable for the dishonest and disloyal to avoid.

AFFAIRS ON RED RIVER.

The Fleet above the Rapids.

THE retreat of Banks from before Shreveport has been attended with difficulties, losses, panic and triumph, which the participants will not soon forget, and which even amid the absorbing interest attendant on the operations of Gens. Grant, Butler and Sherman deserve illustration, and we, therefore, use some of our sketches sent on by our special Artist. The position of the Union fleet above the falls was one of great danger, and we sketch it as it appeared before the gallant Gen. Bailey.

The banks of the Red river are 15 feet high at boating stage, and are generally lined with cotton-wood trees. Back of these on both sides are cultivated lands, generally producing cotton. The dam was made just above Alexandria.

These falls here interrupt navigation for three quarters of a mile. They are not, however, a body of water running over precipitous rocks, but water boiling through broken ones, the descent being gradual. There was at the time only three feet of water here.

Capture of the John Warner and Destruction of the Covington.

To extricate all the vessels was, under the circumstances, not to be expected. The rebels succeeded, on the 4th of May, in blowing up one of the ironclads, as seen in our engraving, and in capturing the transport John Warner, after almost completely destroying her and her passengers by a terrific fire of artillery and musketry from the shore. She was on her way down from Alexandria to Fort de Russy. An officer thus describes the affair:

The Warner was the largest and strongest of the four that we had on the expedition, and was provided with bales of cotton around her engines, pilot-house and quarters. She had a pilot-house at the bow, and also one behind to protect the rear, and we had rather envied her apparent safety.

Just as she passed the bend around the plantation, three batteries opened upon her, one from the rear and in front, and one from the side. She was soon completely riddled, and drifted helplessly down, a tow for a thousand muskets.

The gunboats attempted to return the fire, but it was found almost impossible to elevate the guns sufficiently to reach the rebels, as the banks of the river were steep and high, while the rifled Parrotts of the rebels—captured from us at Manchester—were plunging through the decks, which did fearful execution. The Covington was soon completely disabled. Her escapings were a murder shot away and wheel shattered. The pilot-house was demolished, two or three of the guns rendered useless, and many of the men killed.

In the meantime the Warner had struck her flag, and the Captain of the Covington sent some men to burn her; but the officer whom he sent on board of her was completely covered with dead and dying that he couldn't do his duties and returned. The Covington was finally abandoned by her crew and set fire to. She blew up in a few minutes.

The other boat, the Signal, was not much more fortunate. She was disabled after about an hour's fighting, and finally surrendered. The few that escaped from the Covington and the Signal, with the gallant Lieutenant-Commander Fleming, floated up the bank, and many were shot in making the attempt. The two captured were then brought overboard, and reached the shore. Two of the pilots escaped, and all but one of the officers of the Covington escaped. Most almost all the officers of the Onio regiment, and a large number of the men were either killed or wounded. Some escaped into the woods, and such as were not recaptured by rebel scouts were either picked up by our boats or made their way to Alexandria.

THE BATTLE OF RESACA, GA.

WHILE Grant has been steadily driving Lee in on Richmond, with stubborn fighting as well patient strategy, Sherman has been equally successful in forcing from before him Johnston, the ex-pet of the rebels.

On the 14th of May he was in face of Resaca, a place situated in the Great Bend of Coitoma river, with the western portion of the bend hovered the east. Across the neck of the peninsula thus formed, extend continuous lines of rifle-pits, covering the solid fortifications, especially about town. Both their flanks rested upon the river, and the line of retreat was completely protected by these fortifications. By the night of Friday our army was in position around the rebel works, except Howard's division and Wood's and Stanley's, which had occupied Dalton the day before, and were sweeping down the line of the Alloona and Western railroad to form a junction with the rest of the army.

On Saturday, the 14th, skirmishing began early in the morning and continued incessantly throughout the day all along the line.

Immediately in front of Gen. Hooker's position in the line was a hill commanding the road to Resaca, down which it was to pass. Our country was very thickly wooded—so much so that the rebels could not see our movements. Butterfield's division was ordered up to do the work, supported on the left by the 33 division of the corps (Geary's). The ridges was very dense, and but little could be seen of the rebel position, although it was known they had a battery in an earthwork and a strong line of rifle-pits. Butterfield moved to the attack with Ruger's and Candy's brigades, Geary moving to his left.

The charge up the hill was impetuous and grand, and was met by the rebels with a furious fire of grape and canister, musketry, and a storm of lead from their small arms. Part of Gen. Ward's brigade entered the works, grappled with the gunners and struggled for the guns. For a few minutes there was a fierce handto-hand struggle, when the remaining, powder-grimed men, the rebel gunners standing manfully for their pieces, the rebels were compelled to abandon four pieces and retire to another line of works.

AN ADVERTISING PUZZLE.—The following address will puzzle the commonest geniuses of Lindley Murray, and would have sent poor old Cobbett into hysterics, or apoplexy from the London *Times*:

"Wanted, at Tunbridge Wells, a young person, to wait on two ladies, who can work well at her needle, and is willing to make herself generally useful in washing at table. None under two years' character need apply. The wash is seen in town by applying at Mr. Barker's, 3 Bury street, St. James, on Tuesday, after 11, and Wednesday before two."

We have read this advertisement over at least 50 times without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion, as to whether the young person, or one of the ladies, or the "wash," or Mr. Barker, including the young person, is expected to work well at the needle. How long is their character required? Are they "under" or "None under two years' character need apply." What on earth is washing at table? And why "seen in town?" does not mean that any one possessing a two years' character, and who may consequently be said to be suffering under the affliction, need apply? "The lady in town." "Seen in town" which lady? One of the two ladies, or the young person, or whom? "On Tuesday, after 11, and on Wednesday before two." Which is what two?—ante-meridian?—post-meridian?—morning, or night? How would you like it? In conclusion, we should feel extremely obliged if the advertiser or advertisers, he, she, or they, would consistently answer the following queries: Who?—which?—what?—when?—and where?

A COLLEGE student being examined in Locke, where he speaks of our relations to the Deity, and is asked: "What is meant by 'our' neglect?" he answered, with much simplicity, "Poor relations, sir!"

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Life Insurance Company
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The dividends are paid in the life-time of the assured, thus aiding them to pay future premiums.

POLICIES are now incontestable after five years from date, for or on account of errors, omissions and misstatements in the application, except as to age.

ANNUITIES are granted on favorable terms.

HENRY STOKES, President.
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453-5-7-9 S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.

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For Sewing Machines

Preserves the Eyes, avoids bad seams. No basting.

No Machine complete without it. Price $1 00, with directions, sent by mail. For sale for all Machines, at the Inventor's warerooms, WILCOX & GIBBS' Sewing Machine Office, 508 Broadway, New York.
451-53 H. BARNUM.

GOURAUD'S
Italian Medicated Soap,

It is well known—cures Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Eruptions, Prickly Heat, Chafings, Salt Rheum, Scalds, Chaps and all cuticular deformities.

GOURAUD'S Sozodont Powder removes from low forehead or any part where wanted. Sold by Druggists.

GOURAUD'S Liar Wash is a Wonderful Beautifier.

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GOURAUD'S Rare Dye and numerous toilet accessories, found at the old established Depot of

DR. FELIX GOURAUD,

No. 453 Broadway.

Also of Rates, 129 Washington Street, Boston; Dyam, South Eighth Street, Philadelphia; and Druggists generally.

CAUTION.—Beware of base imitations sold by Caleb Calender, Philadelphia; H. D. Robinson, Portland, and Druggists generally.

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RECEIVED TWO PRIZE MEDALS
(From Juries 3 and 4) at the Great

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,
LONDON, 1862;

At the Great International Exhibition at Hamburg, July, 1863, Received the Highest Prize Medal for Purity and Delicacy as an Article of Food.

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Beautiful False Whiskers and Moustaches. Warranted to grow in 30 days, sent for $1; five for $3. Send stamp for Circular. Address
C. W. FELIX, 83 Fulton Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Notice—Those wishing to become rich, or secure a handsome fortune, should send five cts for all of the Gipsy's Seven Secret Charms. Thousands have done so and now rejoice. Address as at this date and do much good. For further particulars send stamp, and get full explanation.
455-6 E. F. MAYO, Ballston Spa, N. Y.

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A Talisman for everybody. Wards off all danger.
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CHAS. REISS, Box 1092,
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MY ONGUENT will force them to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Sent by mail, securely packaged, for $1.
Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

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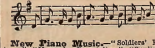
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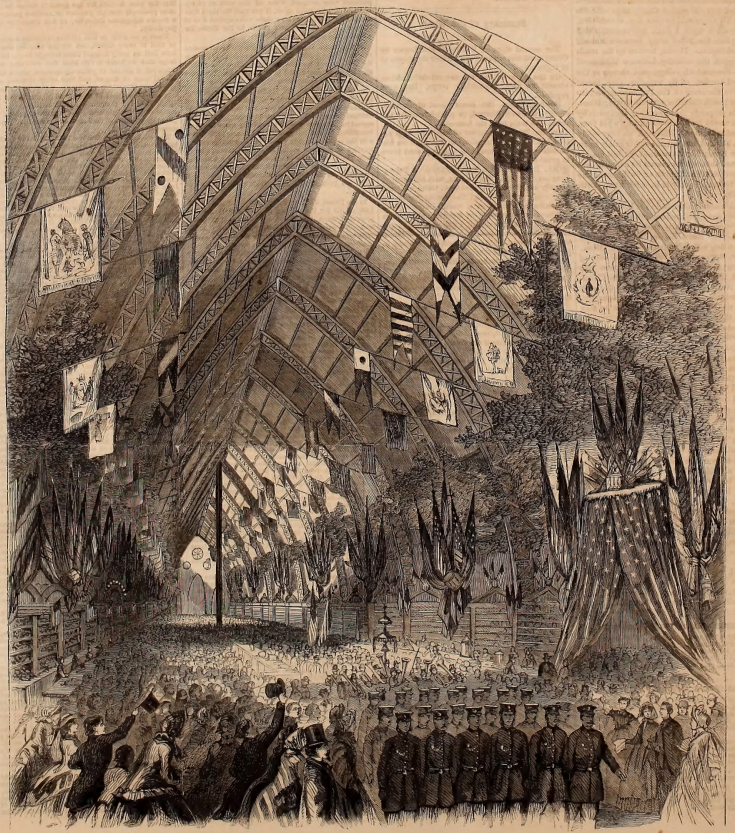
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Richmond—Gen. Grant's Progress—Patience and Confidence.

An attentive listener among the busy gamblers of Wall street any day during the week past, will bear witness that all of that class of operators concerned in "bulling" gold and stocks are making the most they can of Gen. Grant's detention at the northern outworks of Richmond. What do we hear from these birds of evil omen? Such croakings as these: "Grant is failing out;" "awfully cut up;" "nothing done;" "just where McClellan was when Stonewall Jackson pounced on him;" "Richmond is not Vicksburg, and Lee is not Pemberton," and numerous other flippant, impertinent and suspicious remarks of similar import. Unfortunately too, there are "on 'Change" many ignorant, timid and credulous men, or "lame ducks," as we may technically define them, who are ready to listen to these croaking owls and ravens. Thus "one fool makes many," and the infectious elements of doubt and distrust are diffused from the heart through all the arteries and ramifications of our financial and political system.

There is not the slightest occasion, however, for any apprehension or doubt as to the result of the present struggle for Richmond. The inevitable issue of the campaign—and it is not far off—will be the occupation of the city by the Union army, and the dissolution, capture or disappearance of Jeff Davis to parts unknown. Had the co-operative detachments of Union troops in the Shenandoah valley succeeded in the outset in the part assigned them, and had the James river expedition made thorough work—as was generally expected it would do—in cutting the south side railway connections with the city, we have no doubt



THE INAUGURATION OF THE CENTRAL SANITARY FAIR AT PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 216.

that Lee would have been compelled to evacuate the place without a struggle, if possible, and to abandon Virginia in order to subsist his army. But Gen. Grant, on reaching the suburbs of Richmond, found that the chapter of delays and accidents elsewhere had left Lee's communications still open and intact, with his depots of supplies West and South, and that thus he might, at least for a short time, challenge the Union army to the trials of a siege.

Accordingly, Gen. Grant has been reduced, as at Vicksburg, to the deliberate work of regular approaches against Richmond. Recent events, however, we think, will justify the opinion that the city will yet be captured without the tedious labors of a long investment, and without reducing the army of Lee, we apprehend, to the extremity of a surrender or starvation. Gen. Hunter, the new commander of the Department of the Shenandoah Valley, has recently gained a valuable victory over the enemy, and a very important point of occupation, in the capture of Staunton. He has gained the additional advantage there of a junction with the previously detached commands of Gens. Crooks and Averill. We may reasonably conclude, therefore, that with the junction of these officers and their troops, after the defeat and dispersion of the opposing forces of the enemy, Gen. Hunter will unquestionably accomplish the task of cutting off the supplies of the Shenandoah valley and the Lynchburg valley from Gen. Lee, and the connecting canal and railway lines of transportation.

This expedition will thus dispose of the sources of subsistence west and northwest of Richmond, upon which Lee's army and the city largely depend, and will render utterly impracticable another Northern raid by Gen. Lee, should Gen. Grant resolve upon a flank movement, which would place the rebel army between himself and Washington. Having broken up the roads and stripped the country between Richmond and the Shenandoah valley, and thence to the Maryland border, of its supplies, Gen. Grant may move the army of the Potomac down into North or South Carolina without putting Washington in jeopardy from another incursion by Lee. It would be idle to conjecture what Gen. Grant intends to do, although we may safely say that he does not intend deliberately to sit down for a regular siege until he has clearly ascertained that a siege cannot be avoided, and has discovered the strength or weakness of the city's defences on every side, east, west, north and south.

The Richmond journals do not believe the report which was circulated some days ago, in that very credulous community, that Grant was withdrawing to the White House. They remember that when he withdrew from Jackson, Miss., last May, it was only to fall upon the rear of Vicksburg; and so they shrewdly suspect this time that, if he is withdrawing from the Chicahominy, it is only to descend upon the city with crushing force in some other quarter. Such is the strength of his army that he may move by the enemy's flank with impunity, as he has repeatedly proved, and we are sure that he will shortly discover the way to "smoke out" his adversary, and bring him to the test of a ruinous battle to the rebel cause, or an equally disastrous evacuation of Richmond, under cover of the night. The alternative even now presented to Jeff. Davis is, shall Lee's army be sacrificed in the effort to hold Richmond, or shall the city and Virginia be abandoned to save Lee's army?

We undertake to say that certain movements will soon be accomplished by Gen. Grant, which, if they do not compel Gen. Lee stealthily to evacuate the city, will leave him no other alternative but to fight his way out, in order to obtain subsistence for his troops. The late battles, which have disclosed among his killed, wounded and prisoners, the soldiers of Breckenridge from West Virginia, of Beauregard from Charleston, of Hoke and Pickett from North Carolina, of Finnegan from Florida, and some from Joe Johnston in Georgia, betray the exhaustion of the reserves of the rebellion. Consequently, with the fall of Richmond, which is inevitable, as anything in the future depending upon human action can be, the Davis Confederacy must collapse, and the war will speedily come to an end.

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Declined.—The Worms upon the Trees—Unnerved—Penitent.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

The second siege of Richmond now begun by Grant continues without any further development of importance.

On the night of the 6th the rebels made an assault on Gen. Burnside's corps, but were repulsed.

Bowling Green, the county seat of Caroline county, has been burned, in punishment for the firing on a train from the houses.

On the 7th two divisions of the 5th corps attempted to get possession of a bridge on the Chicahominy, but found the enemy posted there in great strength.

Gen. Butler made a demonstration on Petersburg on the 10th. Gen. Kautz, with his cavalry, actually entered the city, but Gen. Gillmore found the enemy prepared, and the strong works too well defended to carry at a rush. Butler's plans had been communicated to Beauregard two days before. It would be well if in these attacks our commanders would take a lesson from Wayne's attack on Stony point. He took precautions to prevent any deserter reaching the enemy.

On the 9th the gunboats silenced Fort Clifton, near Petersburg.

On the 10th the rebels shelled Butler's signal-station at Fort Wisconsin, and their cavalry showed themselves at Turkey Bend.

The rebels made a dash into Wilson's lines, near the Lenny House, on the 9th, and Wilson sent out part of McIntosh's brigade, which came upon Field's division, near Bethesda Church.

Both Lee and Grant are busily engaged in entrenching.

It is rumored that Hancock carried Bottom's bridge on the 11th, but it is by no means certain.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The defeat of Sigel has been redeemed by Gen. Hunter, who succeeding to the command at once advanced on the enemy. He came up with Gen. W. E. Jones at Mount Crawford, 12 miles from Staunton, and utterly defeated him.

Jones was left dead on the field, and his successor drew off his army to Waynesboro.

Hunter then occupied Staunton. The fruits of his victory were 20 cannon, many prisoners and stores to an immense amount. He has penetrated so far into the enemy's country that communication with him is difficult, guerillas swarming in his rear.

KENTUCKY.

The guerilla war, renewed by the rebels, begins to develop in its usual forms. The attacks on steamers are now followed by cavalry raids into Kentucky. Mount Sterling was taken on the 8th June, by Gen. Morgan, Cols. Alston and Smith, with 3,000 men, They destroyed the bridges and railroad between Cynthiana and Paris and cut the telegraph. A train on the Louisville and Lexington railroad was also attacked, robbed, and in part destroyed.

They entered the State at Pound gap, and seem charged to destroy as many railroads as possible. Gen. Burbridge has pursued them, and on the 9th came up with them at Mount Sterling, and defeated them. They, however, entered Lexington on the 10th, and robbed many stores, after burning the Central Railroad Depot.

On the 11th, Logan, with 3,000 rebels, attacked Gen. Hobson at Cynthiana, and compelled him to surrender, with the 168th and 171st Ohio—1,200 men. On the 12th Gen. Burbridge came up with the enemy, and after a severe fight routed them, killing, wounding and taking 1,000 men. Morgan's force then scattered.

The rebels besieged Frankfort, but it held out and they abandoned their operations against it on the 11th.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

The attacks, by Marmaduke, on the Mississippi steamers have become at last a regular blockade at Greenville. He has destroyed three transports, capturing the cargoes of two, and has crippled three gunboats, at least, so the Richmond papers say. Accounts from New Orleans state that our gunboats have failed to dislodge the rebels.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The firing on Fort Sumter and on Charleston has been increased by Gen. Foster, who is busily engaged in reorganising his department.

Admiral Dahlgren is also putting his fleet into working order.

LOUISIANA.

The rebels on the 31st May attempted to surprise our pickets a short distance above Morganzia, throwing part of their troops over the Achafalaya, but Gen. Emory drove them back.

GEORGIA.

On the 9th Sherman's cavalry came up with Johnston's forces in a line of hills between Kenesaw and Lost mountain.

NAVAL.

The gunboat Water Witch was captured on the 3rd June, on the Ossebaw sound, by a number of rebel boats, which approached in the dark with muffled oars, and surprised the vessel completely. One negro escaped by swimming a mile, all the rest on board were captured.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 6th June, after several matters of local interest had been transacted, the Internal Revenue bill was taken up, amendments were adopted approtioning assessors and collectors according to representation in Congress instead of by districts, at the discretion of the President, and taxing incomes between $600 and $5,000 five per cent., imposing a tax of seven and a half per cent. on all excess over $5,000 up to $15,000, and of ten per cent. on all excess over the latter amount. Several other amendments of less importance were adopted, when all the sections of the bill having been acted upon, it was read the third time and passed, there being only three votes against it to 23 in favor. The bill will now return to the House for action on the Senate's amendments.

In the House, there was much discussion on several subjects of no public interest. An attempt to censure the Government for delivering up Arguelles to the Spanish authorities ended in the matter being referred to the Judiciary Committee.

In the Senate, on the 7th, Mr. Sumner presented from the Foreign Affairs Committee a report on the subject of amending the neutrality laws and asking to be discharged from its further consideration, which was agreed to. He also reported favorably from the same committee on the bill relative to consular jurisdiction over the crews of foreign vessels in American ports. A number of petitions asking for the abolition of slavery were presented. The question of agreeing with the House in defining the 30th ult. as the time when the resolution for the temporary increase of the tariff took effect was brought up; but no vote on the matter was reached.

In the House, a bill authorising an additional loan of $400,000,000 for the support of the Government was presented from the Ways and Means Committee, and, after some discussion, was recommended to be reported complete. A resolution was adopted requesting the President to furnish the defence and papers of Gen. Curtis before the military commission in the inquiry relative to cotton speculations within the army lines. The bill to prevent speculation in gold was taken up, discussed for some time, and finally tabled, by 53 against 47. A motion was made to reconsider the vote by which the bill was tabled, and its reconsideration was postponed till Saturday next.

In the Senate, on the 8th, Mr. Davis urged the adoption of his resolution providing for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into the administration of Gen. Butler, but finally refrained from pressing the subject, and it was passed over. A communication was received from the President, enclosing letters from the Secretary of the War and the Provost-Marshal-General, urging a repeal of the clause of the Enrollment act whereby drafted men are exempt from military service on the payment of $300, whereupon Mr. Wilson called up the bill, heretofore reported by the Military Committee, designed to meet the views of the authorities on this point.

In the House, there was no business of any public interest.

In the Senate, on the 9th, Mr. Davis offered a joint resolution to restore peace among the people of the United States. Objection being made to its reception, the Chair decided that it was not in order. The bill relative to commercial intercourse between the loyal and disloyal States was then taken up for consideration. The bill to prohibit the exemption of persons from military duty by reason of the payment of money was then taken up. An amendment was offered that all calls for drafts hereafter may be for a term not exceeding one year; that the act shall not, however, extend to any district or sub-district where the quota on previous calls has not been filled; that no person drafted on further calls shall be liable to be again drafted until the present enrollment shall be exhausted, and that when men are furnished by any district in excess of the quota on calls previously made, the term of service of each man shall be considered and allowed to said district in calls hereafter made. After a lengthy argument the first branch of the amendment was adopted by a vote of 23 against 17, the remaining sections of the amendment were adopted.

In the House, the only proceeding of interest was the rejection of the Bankrupt bill by 65 to 64. This most judicious measure is consequently lost for the present.

In the Senate, on the 10th, a joint resolution was offered to the effect that Arkansas had now in operation a State Government, organized upon a true basis and Republican in form, gained by a full and untrammelled vote of the people, declaring that such laws of Congress as stated the people of Arkansas in rebellion should be declared inoperative and void, and ordering that the present organized Government in Arkansas be recognised, on the condition that, except as punishment, Slavery or involuntary servitude, shall not exist in the State. A resolution was also offered for the protection of overland emigration. The bill for the settlement of California private land claims was brought up; the consideration of the bill ceased at the expiration of the morning hour. The Indian Appropriation bill was brought up and several amendments acted upon, after which a report from the Committee of Conference on the Army Appropriation bill was heard.

In the House, the Missouri contested election case was brought up, and after considerable discussion it was decided that Mr. Blair was not, and that Mr. Samuel Knox was, entitled to a seat.

In the Senate, on the 11th, there was much routine and local business transacted, but it was of no public interest, the most important item relating to the new State of Arkansas.

In the House, the Bankrupt bill was reconsidered, but finally postponed to the 2d of December; and after much debate Mr. Tod was declared the sitting member for Dacotah.

TOWN GOSSIP.

It is a hard thing to say of our own people, but we believe it to true, that within the last three years we are becoming so familiarised to death in awful and sudden forms, that our hearts are hardened, and we have become careless to murder, accident and slaughter.

This thought came to us while reading the report of the Berkshire disaster, the burning of which boat on the Hudson hurried half a hundred people into eternity. Several years ago the occurrence would have been town talk for a week, and one could scarcely have gone a block without hearing something about the terrible affair. To-day the matter is chronicled in the press with a few dozen lines, and the eager public turns away from its half perused recital to something more piquant on the next page, where the clash of arms is recorded, and 10,000 men are hurried into eternity or left maimed and deformed for life. Beside these gigantic tales of slaughter, into what utter insignificance does the burning, scalding and drowning of half a hundred wretched humans fade.

The week has been particularly rife, in this city, with a species of crime not especial to this locality, but worthy of notice as offering here the best illustrations. We have reference to attacks upon the police, shooting, clubbing and general knockdowns, and dragging out. The press daily chronicles such affairs, and the public can do nothing less than accept the story as given, and sympathise with the guardians of the law upon their dangers and hairbreadth escapes, without looking deeper into the matter.

The truth is that in four cases out of five where such things occur they are brought on by the arrogance and assumption of these guardians, and could easily be avoided if they would exercise a small grain of firmness or common sense. Policemen are but men, and have certain duties to perform, which differ but little from those of every citizen, especially large employers. The contractor or manufacturer having hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people, under his charge does not find it necessary to go armed with a revolver or to club his employés at every provocation. The same rule applies to the police, and any departure from it only argues that the man is unfit for his position unless he can show positively that the pistoled or clubbed party was a known dangerous character, or too much for him physically.

There is no room in this column to discuss a subject so vital to every citizen, but we can only say that we have had so many flagrant cases brought to our knowledge that we think it full time that revolvers were taken out of the list of police equipments, unless upon special cases of danger, and that every clubbing and beating affair in which a policeman is concerned should be made the subject of an especial inquiry before the Commissioners. Confidence should be instilled in the minds of the people that these men are to protect us, not to shoot, stab and club men on the smallest provocation, or none.

This week gold has touched 200. Amid the clash of battles this announcement has attracted little attention, and yet how fearfully it comes home to the hearths and pockets of all. With gold at 200, no matter whether it be caused by the imperative course of events or by the working of speculation, the whole current of life is changed. The mechanic should have his wages doubled from what it was three years ago, to meet the necessities of gold at 200. Is it so? If not, he is a sufferer, and in poverty, notwithstanding the story of great prosperity. If, when he received $2.00 per day, it would buy more than $4.00 will now, and who will dispute the fact? and now he is receiving only $3.00, he is twenty-five per cent. poorer than he was, and is obliged to stint himself and family to that amount, all because gold is at 200.

There is something deeper in all this than people ordinarily see. This gold is the lifeblood running through the national veins, a subtle fluid not to be tampered with, and indicative of the national health. It may be quickened for an hour by stimulants, but must go back to a steady pulse in time. Bankers, brokers and financiers are schooled to an instinctive knowledge of events and effects. They learn their lessons from a sensitive book—the pocketbook—and consequently their movements during the time of great excitement are well worthy of study. In fact, Wall street is at this moment the best spot on the globe to become posted on the chances for and against us in our great struggle, and to learn the unbiased truth, ungarbled by political newspaper columns, or unmanufactured to suit a market.

From such serious subjects we fly at a bound to the light topics, mechanically persuading ourselves that it is a duty to be jolly, and that if we can't be happy we must be as happy as we can.

Mrs. Wood has produced "Aladdin," and without doubt will continue to produce "Aladdin" for some weeks to come. Let not interested, would-be dramatic auditors fall into the delusion that they are going to the Olympic to see the "Aladdin" of their infantile recollections as delineated by Planché, nor yet the later effort, punsterial and funny, of Byron—not the poet—but understand that the "Aladdin" placed before them is another "Aladdin" of the spectacular nature, done by somebody else unknown to the outside barbarians, and intended to show off fine scenery, gorgeous costuming and stage mechanism of the jolliest sort. Of the last we have some odd instances in the piece, one in which the entire scene, people and all, sinks away, and another where such a perfect conglomeration of flats, sidepieces, furniture, stage and everything else takes place, that for a moment the spectator feels that he is liable to be whisked off with the other traps whether he will or no. "Aladdin" is very cleverly produced, and a little more such care to the general make-up of the American stage as is displayed in it would be a point most devoutly to be wished for.

Wallack's was conscious of an overboiling house during the week on the occasion of a benefit to Moss, the treasurer. It was only natural that everybody should want to testify their half-dollars to one who has worked himself into their suffrages as has the treasurer, but the crowds who came were hardly prepared for the other crowds who came also, and the result was an astonisher on all sides. We take back our prophecy of last week relative to the death of "Captain Bland," and by way of atonement for the premature announcement of his demise, give out that he will offer himself once more to an indulgent public through this week. Good-natured public!

"Bel Demonio" still at Niblo's, and breathless crowds still await the time when Vestvali shall break herself to pieces over the rock.

At the Winter Garden "Fra Diavolo" has everything his own way, and "Thice Married" has become about three score married, to the intense delight of the populace, who seem matrimonially inclined as the warm weather approaches.

Major Pauline Cushman has been a decided sensation at Barnum's, and consequently goes on in the same line for a while longer. She—or he—makes not a bad looking major. We have seen worse looking ones displaying their shoulder-straps upon Broadway, many a time. The lady's experience as an actress, before her debut in the military line, has done away with any little *mauvaise honte* she might have suffered under, had this been her first essay to the footlights.

Among the new attractions of the east side of the town is the building just erected by the Campbells as a minstrel hall, in the Bowery opposite Spring street. They open on the 20th, and will have the advantage of a fine building, constructed with every attention to sound, ventilation and view that modern theatre-building talent can give them.

At the New Bowery Mr. Lingard has taken bodily hold of one of Boucicault's dramatic attempts, or one that he claims, though its authors are supposed to be legion, and has fitted it for the Bowery stage in most excellent style. The piece will be remembered—"The Poor of New York"—as played at Wallack's old theatre, under

Benicland's direction, in the olden time, and was a darkened recess. No doubt it will meet with the same favor under the hands of Mr. Lingard.

Heller struck out a new bill for the past week, promising something to astonish—if such a thing could be—even more than before. Heller's success in New York has been greater than that of any in his line that we see no reason why his music and magic cannot rank as an institution of the city. The summer months are coming, when the capricious public will desert the theatres, and seek some light and graceful entertainment such as he offers, and if the matter of the same can only himself forego the thoughts of Newport and Saratoga, showers of greenbacks will be bestowed. As the performance passes for the week was a magic closet, which he promised should outdo the Davenports, even in the line of producing a live—or dead, we forget which—genius.

Which point he mind?

That a few evenings since, attracted by a modest advertisement in the dailies that a meeting of young men would be held at Clinton Hall, and that Prof. Holcomb, of the 19th street Academy, would address them on the eye, we strolled in to find about 150 ladies, young, middle-aged and elderly, all of whom are presented to us to the fold as nurses, listening to the professor's simple yet learned instructions.

But this not being the subject on which we started to speak at commencing, the Lecture Room, we shall omit it, though first mentioning to those interested that on Tuesday and Friday of these self-sacrificing women will meet, without a fluorine of trumpets, and under the instruction of such able men as Professors Holcomb, Raphael, Richards, and others, study and fit themselves for their duties, and with the aid of the specialists at their own expense, to the field and general hospitals as needed for. And now for the hieroglyphs, or rather the key found in the rooms of the Geographical Society, and then giving a specimen to show the ease of access, and the loosed the circle. The ladies sat at either end, and they loyed and were loyed by. On the table, by the side of the globe, horns, bells, accordeons, flutes, and tambourines beside them, and on the floor, a dozen more. Five minutes passed, lights produced, and there were found tightly fastened to the bottom of each chair a sceptre that if they did it themselves they must be a little superior to the rest of humanity, and that the musicians were found by the operation, had been sold on other's hands, as their ears could hear, and that again the light is extinguished, and instantly all the instruments commenced playing, and the ladies and gentlemen ladies are found bound as before, the hands crossed on the breast, the ropes passed through the chairs at the feet and bodies tied to the chair, and altogether in a position most agonizingly tied that no one person would have liked to have secured them.

The signal was given by the baton, and with a piece of music across marks the instruments, and once more the light is let out. Inscrutably perplexed the ladies might be seen sailing about the room, and the declaration is made that one has a guitar, violin, guitare, etc.

We are selected to be the fingers of the young ladies, which we did with considerable compunction, feeling that gallantry is nowhere beside our search after information, and so the ladies' hands were unbound and unbound. While we then requested to seat ourselves in a chair would have to be taken from them, which was done in the Darkness again, and several hands—how many we cannot tell, but we judge not less than six—ran all over our body and face, taking liberties with our hair and making observations upon how flesh could be found together so on. Then we experienced a tambourine beating a violent tattoo on the top of our head, and a guitar sailed quietly into our lap; a light was called, and the tambourine rested upon our knee, the guitar in the lap, and the while we examined the finger-ring our knots were undisturbed.

The lights were extinguished again, relighted in a minute, and the ladies, who was sitting, bound as before on the table chair and all.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—During the past week the deaths in New York were 481 males, 393 women, 113 boys and 119 girls—a decrease of 8 from the mortality of the previous week, and an increase of 91 as compared with the mortality of the corresponding week of 1863. Of the deceased 6 were murdered, 1 was killed by a fall, 1 died by mortality in the principal diseases were as follows: Consumption, 84; inflammation of the lungs, 37; scarlet fever, 20; bronchitis and phthisis, 11; typhus fever, 10; cancer, 7; deaths from external causes, 44—among which 7 died from old age; 1 person and 1 woman received in baths; 5 drowned, and 11 killed by accidents. The births of the week were 76 deaths, and 96 were buried in Potter's Field.

—The House Military Committee, in pursuance of a resolution of the House, will make such commission an investigation to discover if any and what disloyal persons are employed in the Quartermaster's Department and in the cavalry corrals at Giesboro Point.

—The Legislature of West Virginia, Capt. Grace, from Liverpool and Queenstown, arrived on June 6th, bringing specie, and 471 passengers. Among the passengers for the greenest number ever brought over in one vessel, except by the great Eastern in July, 1863, which had 1,013.

—A committee from the Baltimore National Convention waited on President Lincoln and informed him of his nomination by that body. The President, in a very short speech, expressed his thanks and accepted the nomination. A committee of the National Union League subsequently waited on His Excellency to congratulate him on his renomination.

—The Chairman of the Committee on Commerce of the U. S. Senate has forwarded to Secretary Seward a copy of a memorial received from Henry Seidu Collins, relative to the establishment of an intercontinental telegraph line. He has stated forth what Mr. Seward will elaborate reply.

—The Tyler had a Democratic Convention in Maine, and appointed delegates to the Chicago Convention. Hon. T. H. Smith made a speech on the occasion.

—The Rochester *Express* (Republican) says, the Fremont movement in that city has proved formidable to be ignored by the leaders of the Union party."

—The slaves in the counties of Davies, Henderson and Union, in Kentucky, are deserting the plantations by scores, and making their way to the Union lines. The Cumberland Gazette says: "The blacks are entirely demoralized, and cannot be controlled by their masters."

—A land warrant has been decided in St. Louis, by which John Maguire has recovered, after a quarter of a century of litigation, lands in Missouri part of the city worth $500,000, together with the rents and profits which are likely to amount upon the bounds, and will be very heavy.

Southern.—The Richmond *Examiner* of Tuesday, June 7, has been received at the Navy Department. It contains some interesting items. It says: "Last night the enemy abandoned our left and part of our centre, apparently in great haste. Early followed them in full force, capturing 60 prisoners, who say that Grant has gone to the White House, because his men will not fight. The impression here is that Grant is making his way to the James river, to come over to the south side."

—A bill had passed the rebel Congress to increase the pay of privates, officers and privates $5 per month, for one year. They have also passed a bill to exempt Quakers from fighting.

—Major-Gen. G. W. Smith has been elected to the command of the State forces of Georgia.

—The Treasury, in a financial article, says: "For the first time the Confederate Treasury has no money. It is in a state of prostration. All the salaries are unpaid except Mr. Memminger's, the Secretary."

Personal.—Gen. Pemil having been mustered out of the volunteer service, for refusing to accept a command under Maj.-Gen. Canby, has now resigned his colonelcy in the regular army.

—Gen. Butler has sent the following characteristic letter to Senator Davis of Kentucky, in response to the resolution of inquiry offered by the latter in the U. S. Senate, a few days since:

HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD, June 3, 1864.

GARRETT DAVIS, Esq., *Member of the Senate of the United States from Kentucky.*

SIR—I have read your resolution of inquiry. You can be no more ignorant than to have every act of my political life, which began on the first Tuesday of November, 1839, and ended on the 19th day of April, 1861, most thoroughly scrutinized.

I will therefore also be brief. Every act of my official life, which began as Brigadier-General of the Massachusetts Militia, April 16, 1861, and ends when this war does, if not sooner, subjected to the like examination. I have no desire to shun the fullest light, except that the inquisition may not be *square*, that is, one-sided.

Resp. F. BUTLER.

—Col. De Chanmal, of the French artillery, is charged with letters to distinguished Americans, seeking a passage for Napoleon III. to Mexico through England, Scotland and Ireland during the years 1862-3 are said to have brought his government to the verge of ruin.

—Charles Hale, Consul-General to Egypt, called in the Perseverance from New York for Liverpool, June 1.

—Hannah Hallowell, the last child of Felix (the brother of Rachel), and the inheritress of a large portion of her fortune, died recently at Bordentown, on the shores of the Channel, and turned her attention to Italian music.

—Mrs. Grant, in reply to the expression of a hope that her husband's health would soon be well, said: "I doubt the General will succeed, for he is a very obstinate man."

—Thomas Hughes, author of "School Days at Rugby," "Tom Brown at Oxford," and "Scouring of the White Horse," is a Democrat. He is a liberal, and will join Bright and Cobden as a friend of America and the American cause.

—Major Halpine, the author of the Miles O'Reilly letters, has submitted his resignation as Adjutant and Inspector-General of the Tenth Army Corps, and will return to Major-Gen. Hunter.

—Miss Lincoln Stevens, daughter of the author, has given two fine pictures, painted by herself, for the benefit of the New Hampshire soldiers. They are valued at $150.

Obituary.—David Austen, Esq., long and favorably known as a merchant of this city, died at the residence of his son at Clinton, Staten Island, recently, in the 80th year of his age. He was a native of Scotland, and was for many years one of the leading auctioneers of this city.

—Maj. Gen. Wm. H. Emory, on the 10th Mass., died in Washington on the 9th June. He was wounded in the thigh in the battle of the Wilderness, and the limb amputated, but he could not recover from the loss of blood and the fatigue of the journey home. He was a native of Boston, and removing to Worcester, soon became a prominent citizen of that place. He was a man of noble worth. He represented Worcester in the Senate and House of Representatives, and was one of the Democratic leaders in either branch of the Legislature at the time he was a member. He was a friend of the laboring man, assuring more than ordinary natural gifts, enlarged by assiduous and untiring application, he was a gifted philanthropic in his instincts, he has died in a cause which he accounted the highest and best in the world of his life, that he was allowed to actively participate in its preservation and perpetuity.

—Richard K. Crabbe, well known as the biographer of John C. Calhoun, and for many years connected with the Southern press, died very lately in Virginia. He was graduate of West Point, and subsequently held the administration of Martin Van Buren.

—Major-Gen. C. Morgan, 3d Maine, killed at the battle of North Anna river, was a prominent lawyer, formerly residing in Augusta, Me., but more recently in Washington. He entered the service at the commencement of the war as Lieutenant in the 3d Maine, and passed subsequently through all the grades of rank to the one he may has been engaged. He suddenly conduct upon all occasions has gained the regard of his command.

—On Saturday, June 11, at his house in Newark, N. J., the Rev. Dr. Wm. McDowell, aged 74 years, died suddenly.

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Accidents and Offences.—Another sad catastrophe occurred on the Hudson river on Wednesday evening, June 8th, by the overturning of a sloop in the river, on her passage to New York, and when a few miles below Stockport, by which the lives of four persons were lost in the water's edge. She was run ashore at the foot of the mountain, and all the passengers saved. Between 30 and 40, however, were lost. The freight and live stock were also lost.

—Michael Jameson, a lad 14 years of age, and Wm. Wood, aged 12 years, were arrested June 9 by the Sixth Precinct Police, charged with the crime of incendiarism; has been in the habit, almost daily for many weeks past, of setting fire to buildings and clothing. Lodington & Co., of large quantities of gloves, honey, etc., and on the 9th inst. the premises of Mr. Cole, tinsmith, were discovered to be on fire, and the boys were arrested and committed to the Tombs as a result of the investigation. The boys are confined in the Tombs.

—A young man named Rob, formerly clerk to Booby & Co., banking and brokerage house, in the city, got possession of nearly $7,000 of their money, and spent a great part of it in the gambling saloons of Broadway, and indulging in other expensive luxuries. The age of the defaulter is 19.

—The hat store of Zegalls, in Chatham street, was forcibly entered on Wednesday night, and a large quantity of hats stolen. The principal burglar was a boy of 14 years.

—A youth named George Smith was arrested on the charge of incendiarism, and committed to the Tombs. Large quantities of goods from Fowler & Co.'s store, in Canal street, were found.

—The splendid railroad bridge over the Wabash river at Attica, Ind., was partially destroyed by fire on the 7th inst. The loss of property is nearly $50,000. Three, save one section, was burned. The burned portion, including the trestle work, is about 200 ft. A mile long, and to replace it will cost from $90,000 to $100,000.

—On the 8th inst. eight substitutes for drafted men in Chicago placed a bill of $1,000 each, Wm. Ky, for sale keeping, drugged the guards, and after robbing them of their money, left the substitutes to their fate, however, and didn't retreat until their King had fled.

—The Paris French Senate lately, the Marquis de Boissy asserted that the Prince of Wales was drunk—"as his custom is," when he called on Garibaldi. He also insinuated that Queen Victoria is given to drink. The President of the Senate would not allow the outrageous remarks to appear in the printed proceedings.

This wretched specimen of a French nobleman is the same who married a courtesan some 13 years ago.

It is said that the cathedral in Mexico is the largest building in America, it being 500 feet long, 400 feet wide, and seating 30,000 persons. One picture hanging on the walls is ornamented with pearls worth $14,000,000, and the whole building is richly furnished in a style calculated to cut the establishment.

—The Grand Duke Petersburg state that Gen. Mouravieff was seriously unwell on May 25.

—Gen. Trochu, who was summoned to St. Petersburg lately, has returned to Warsaw.

—The Emir Abdel-Kader is at Mecca, to which place he has retired. He has left behind him the splendid duties as a pilgrim, he is to proceed to Djeddah, and take a steamer for Egypt, where he intends to stop and visit the works of the Suez canal.

—Count Walewski Pravy is to be appointed Spanish Ambassador at Rome.

—The Duke de Malakoff, who was married in 1858 to a beautiful young lady, daughter of the Marquis de Panieps, leaves one daughter. The Marshal, some days before his death, requested a wish that the arrival of his sword at Solamtopol should be given to the clergy of Notre Dame de Lorette, which is being erected under the superintendence of the Bishop of Algiers.

Odds and Ends.—The last mail for gold by the gallon in Philadelphia, as gas by the foot—both registered by the meter.

—Speaking of the probability of ladies wearing pantaloons, Punch remarks: "I hope they won't get into the habit of standing with their backs to the fireplace and their hands in their pockets."

—The proprietor of a cheap daily journal in England, recently sent a cheque for £100 to Mr. Gladstone, with a request for a return. Which was duly received, and by return of post, was his cheque.

—The Paris *Figaro* says that an unusually large number of wounds received in the late battles in Georgia are in the hands and arms. This is accounted for by the fact that the troops were employed in skirmishing in a great measure, and received their principal wounds in the recumbent posture, and while raising their arms in front of the face. The proportion of such slight wounds is large throughout.

—The Paris *Constitutionnel* have raised their price to 80 per year and 20 cents per week. The increased cost of paper is the reason given for the increased expenditure.

—English papers are telling a story about the Shakespeare Oak planting at Primrose Hill, London. The Comte de Paris delighted the Britishers by planting the oak himself. He was much pained about during the ceremony. "It is eminently practical country, because, this, exclaimed a cockney Hill! Why, I thought he was Prince!"

—Additional particulars of the recent voyage of the Italian ship Re Galantuomo across the Atlantic show that the passage was a terrible one. The ship sprung a leak, and the fires in the furnace were extinguished, but not before the steam from the water was the cause of steam power and entirely at the mercy of the winds. Everything that could be spared was thrown overboard, and the skeleton of the storm the vessel was saved.

—Belle Boyd, the eccentric and over-loyal female, who was captured on the blockade-runner, Greyhound, and who has been released from Carlisle custody by order from Washington, has left Boston for Canada. She is a native of Martinsburg, Va.

—The Princess of Wales at the last drawing-room was in full mourning dress, and trimmed with crape and jet ornaments; a petticoat of black silk, covered with crape bugles, and a train of black velvet, covered with jet stars and butterflies. Head-dress, tiara of jet with black feathers and veil.

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

WHY do these terrible railroad accidents occur? We suppose every one must ask that question seven times a week; for it is impossible to open a daily paper without finding a record of greater or lesser importance.

People have grown so accustomed to the fact that, if it is not very terrible, they skim over the paragraph as they do the market prices, and forget it much sooner. But now and then such circumstances are forced upon the attention, and as the thought this might have been myself or some dear friend in the train, even the most indifferent begin to wonder whether something could not be done, whether skill and caution might not almost always avert the catastrophe. The late explosion near Syracuse is calculated to make one feel nervous beyond comfort when railroad locomotion is over. Only four miles from its destination, with no sensible reason to be given for any catastrophe, a boiler inside the first passenger engine in front exploded. The engineer and fireman in shapeless masses under the wreck, and the passengers more or less injured, some fatally. A young couple married that morning, both in all probability maimed for life, and the air filled with groans and shrieks from the lips hanging at that instant before.

Who is to blame? Don't throw the blame on ill-used Mr. Nobody.

We appeal to those who understand the mysteries of the intricate machinery, to tell whether there is not some way by which the safety of an engine may be tested, and some method of examination which can be made before each trip, when lives and limbs of hundreds of human beings are in the balance.

If the same skill and care were bestowed our master instead of our servant, it would be wise to discard him, and go back to the slower and safer travelling habits of our forefathers.

Mothers' Boys.

Mothers have cause to watch their boys in these days sharply. Imagine a youth, who, when, though a girl may be a young lady, her brother is certainly only a boy, associates with disreputable parents, and living with them, who could in the most artful manner rob his employers of $1,000 and a certificate of stock for $1,000, and get it in the banks, furnish a club-house, purchase a champagne supper, set up housekeeping with a mistress of his own, and all this at the age when he should astonish many an older sinner! Almost incredible. Yet such an individual was arrested last week, according to the papers.

Taxing Dressmakers as Manufactures.

High time indeed that there should be a protective duties for making dressmakers as manufacturers. If ever there was an article which makes one woman's blood boil, it is that others should be so shamefully used by the lords of creation. Dressmakers, manufacturers Absurd in the first instance, though according to Lindley Murray or Webster, any one who makes anything by hand might be styled a manufacturer. According to the absolute existing state of things, we believe one who never makes up goods of her own, but always those of other people, cannot be a manufacturer. How the law supports such a tax we do not understand.

But if the law does support it, it still remains one of the most meanly barbarous acts on record. A dressmaker, as a general thing, is a woman who finds it necessary to support herself or starve. Sometimes she begins early in life, sometimes late. In the first instance, she generally learns her trade of an established dressmaker who makes her the drudge of the establishment, and allows her to learn as much or as little as she chooses; and after toiling for nothing for a year or two, breaks loose from the bondage, puts out a tin sign,

"Fashionable dressmaking done here,"

and waits for customers. One and another drop in; she toils from morning until night, hears nothing else from round-shouldered Miss A——, because, her dresses "don't fit in the back" from Miss B——'s, is requested to take a dress to pieces, to make the most absurd alterations; sometimes is asked to wait until Sept. and Sunday bonnet are both deferred indefinitely; and for the wear and tear of temper, strength and eyesight, she gets at the end a pleasant bead and a dollar-bill on the Sabbath, or some occasional evening, pressed from work at the rate of reading by an hour's light.

Such a girl it is, O Man! on whom your tax falls; your shameful, unjust tax, with a weight like lead, robbing her of the time needed for improvement and stifling her to despair. Or your victim is a widow with a dozen children at her knee, and your tax takes the bread from their mouths and the fire from their heartstones.

Look, men, here who spend your money so freely, and look forward to such a long life of carousal, there once were men triumphant in strength and wealth as you are, who lie drinking at the wine vaults of dressmakers. Dressmakers, taxed down to beggary.

Come, of course by industry, or frugality, economy, or good luck," the dressmaker has, in the course of years, attained a sort of independence; has comfortable rooms and even some furnishings, and is at last ready to a competence for her old age. And there broyes, carried by the strength of her youth, and met with your inhuman tax, and bring about anxiety and misery, which may be better imagined than described. Tax dressmakers, indeed! Tax the widow and orphan!

Avarice and yellow Mammon, were at your elbows when you heard that genteel entrance into your minds, good measure.

Shoddy.

The reign of shoddy has done some good to foreign dealers in shawls at least. Another one has ground, mother's beads even here, but shoddy felt obliged to pay new duties, and to a greater range and, therefore, price of its old life not according with its present grandeur. Accordingly, foreign journals tell us that over $1,000, 000 worth of shawls were imported into the United States last year, and that demands still increase. No wonder Shoddy and his wife drive down to Central Park or the gaslight of its own palatial residence, no wonder that the jeweller's hands are full, and those persons grow rich while the widow's feet blister in his paper-soled shoes, and his bare elbows emerge from his worn jacket-sleeves. It is a pity Shoddy can't take those gems into his grave with him, for he will take few prayers and many execrations.

Person's Coiffure.

If Nature had intended girls to have horns as well as nose and sheep, it is our belief she would have bestowed them. But in spite of the hairdresser's not black us, for the latest wrinkle is neither more nor less than an exact imitation of a ram's horn, curving over forehead and temples, and the eye, in a way that would make an uninitiated stranger flee in terror, with visions of Old Nick before him.

We, who know that the effect is produced by "rolls" and "crapes," are not so easily alarmed, but even we have wondered how such ideas must decidedly have been insane. We always expect the wearer of this adornment to low her head and to butt people her; and when there are some who cannot look ugly in anything, others, especially middle-aged ladies, are positively ridiculous, and all only all pretensions to good looks but all elegance and dignity. Hair rolled back is becoming to most faces, but hair rolled up over a horn was never intended to adorn the human face divine.

Late in Life.

Some people continue to sow their wild oats until they have little time to reap the harvest. Last week we saw that the Circuit Court of Albany gave a verdict of $1,000 in damages to a young lady of eighteen, who accused a venerable gentleman, named Thomas Reed, of breach of promise of marriage. The latter is eighty-four years of age, and rather older than the grandfather of the broken-hearted maiden; probably the cruel decision of the court will compensate for his mature heart, though it may not for his property.

False Hair.

A great deal of false hair is worn now-a-days. Every one must admit that, though no one of our readers ever wears any of course, and the funniest things happen. Apropos of false hair, we call to mind a story of the scandle. "It is no uncommon thing," a friend writes from a battlefield in the West, "to see a 'wig-fall' on the sand, and to miss a bolle from table at dinner the same day, while a messenger is dispatched post haste to the city for some more ammunition. The other day, A——, who has been endeavoring to replenish himself with the rather valuable article, Miss B——, saw her pursuing some dark object along a garden path, and hastening to the rescue, picked up a round ball, and, with a cry, sent all fierce principles which adorn Miss B——'s classic brow, A—— blushed scarlet as Miss B—— screamed in her superioence, and the two have not even spoken to each other yet.

For the matter of false hair we hold a peculiar opinion; the folly is not in wearing it, but in being ashamed of it. Let a lady wear a bush at the crown of her head or a cap because her hair was thin. And if she desires to look well, or to be in the fashion, let her dresses are fashionable. Don't apply to the hairdresser by all means, and say boldly, if questioned, "Yes; my curls are false, but my hair is my own." Only ladies could produce hair enough to dress unassisted in the height of the present fashion. And every woman has a right to every diminishing man also. And when you declare that any one's Ambrosia has produced twelve yards of curls in half a dozen weeks, no one will believe you. Own up therefore, and say outright, "I buy my hair of——," or you do "I buy my pinafore of Nessel."

Spelling.

The schoolmaster is abroad and has not yet signified his intention of returning to those benighted heathens on the "other side of the Bowery." Judging investigations in that neighborhood bring queer things in the way of spelling and grammar to light.

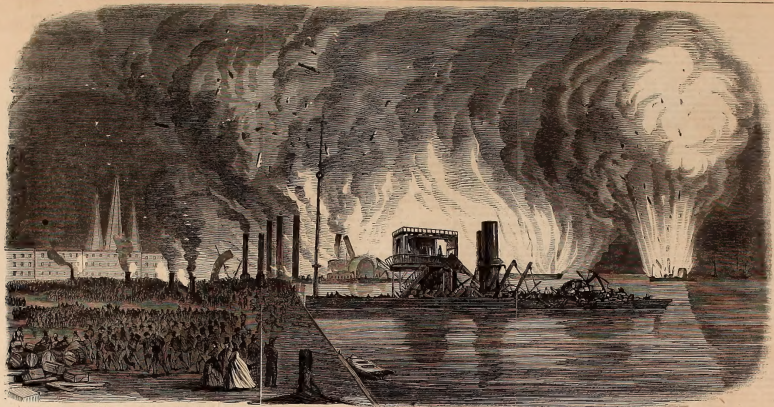
One business street, where the countenances of the merchants are of a decidedly Hebrew cast, is full of the most astounding placards. Behold a few of them:

"Floorin did here in the most exemble manner. Sowing on the smallest reasinable."

"Don't ask no more rest."

"Prunes, Finapples and frootz of all sorteses."

"J. Smith, babinet maker, etc., etc."



BURNING OF THE COAST TRADER STEAMBOATS ON THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS, LA., ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 27.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. B. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 215.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—KINGSTON, RECENTLY OCCUPIED BY SHERMAN'S TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. BILLEN.—SEE PAGE 215.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.—THE BATTLE OF RESACA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. BILLEN.—SEE PAGE 215.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE CAPTURE OF BUZZARD'S ROOST AT DOVEY GAP, GEORGIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. P. BILLEN.—SEE PAGE 216.



A WOMAN'S RESOLVE.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

LAST night my darling said to me,
With flushing cheek and downcast eye,
"You men are always gay, while we
Can only sit and sigh.

"We laugh and jest, and lure you on
To say 'I love,' with many a wile,
But oh! beneath the jesting tone,
The glances and the smile,

"Our hearts are sad—a vague unrest
Fills all the pauses of our life—
Not always can a faithful breast,
And sacred name of wife,

"Bring peace and joy; a greater good
Shines out afar on dizzy heights;
A bitter longing stirs our blood,
Through all the days and nights.

"As one within a prison chained,
Who sees his comrades fight and fall,
And weeps to see his share unclaimed
Of that which is for all—

"The right to do, the right to be,
A nobler thing than toy or slave,
A something great and good and free,
Whose rest is not the grave.

"E'en so we yearn—ah! me, you smile,
And I have shown my heart in vain;
But then, I've learnt this truth the while—
You care not for our pain.

"'Tis wiser far by stern control—
By bitter, rigid discipline,
To tutor woman's loving soul
To hopes and thoughts divine.

"'Tis better, nobler, to forego
A bride's delight, that sweet, vague dream,
Than waken up to married woe,
Which has no Lethean stream."

I stretched to her my loving arms—
I gave a pleading look and sighed,
"Come to your home!" She sank therein,
My own, my plighted bride!

BRUISED virtue may flourish best, but it is no reason why we should bruise it.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER X.

I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will banky with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore, tremble and depart.
As You Like It, Act V, Scene 1.

A KEEN contest had commenced between Victor Kingsland and Gregory Grimgrip. The young man "bled" the old one copiously; the latter



Marina rescues Mula from Grimgrip's Cave.



Fire and Water.

winced not a little under the process, but submitted to it for the nonce.

Victor spent the money thus extorted as freely as if its source had been inexhaustible, like a never-failing water spring. He fell into the ways of the New York profligates with the facility of instinct, and became a general favorite with them; for while he had money he was always willing to "treat the crowd," and when he was without a cent never dreamed of asking them for one. Gamblers, pugilists and the "fancy" delighted in him, for he could fight and play, and gain and lose with perfect *sangfroid* and goodnature. He revelled with the fastest women, bet on the fastest horses, and seemed to consider the acme of life to be a career of unremitted dissipation.

Old Grimgrip at first had hopes that he would drink himself to death, but when he found that he swallowed with impunity that liquid fire called "Jersey lightning," as if he were a salamander, and preferred this flaming drink as an ordinary beverage to tea and coffee, he relinquished all confidence in this slayer of thousands, and cast about him for quicker means to rid himself of this insatiable young vampire that was feeding upon his life.

"If I must be ruined," said Grimgrip to himself, "I will not allow another to revel in the pleasure of destroying me, but, like a spendthrift, enjoy the wasting of my own substance."

Knowing a powerful and desperate fellow named John McKill, who had already committed more than one homicide with impunity, Grimgrip summoned the murderous bully to rid him of the incubus that broke his rest and emptied his money bags. As he gave the ruffian a handsome earnest, and promised him a munificent reward when the work was done, the proposed assassination was undertaken without hesitation or reluctance, and with a cold-blooded and deliberate determination which augured fatally for the intended victim,

McKill dogged his man for several days, and "earthed" him at last in a cellar kept by the bloodhound's brother-in-law, the resort of characters of the lowest, worst and most dangerous description.

Victor was drawn into the place by the sounds of a violin and harp, and the shuffling and stamping of dancers' feet. The apartment was filled with rough men and coarse women, dressed in tawdry finery, and the young man, much amused, looked about him for some minutes ere he perceived a person present that inspired him with any feeling save disgust. At last he discovered a girl who had retired into the corner of the room and seemed to shrink from participating in the vulgar orgies of her companions. A burly, brutal-looking fellow was attempting to drag her to the middle of the floor.

"Come, Moll," said he, "you're mad because you're the last rum-blowen that's left, and I'm bound to have a polker if I have to dance with the devil under the gallows."

"Let me go, sir; I have been dancing all day and night, and am tired to death."

"The poor girl looks tired," said Victor, compassionately; "leave her alone and let her rest herself."

The fellow turned fiercely upon the speaker and exclaimed, with an oath:

"Button your bonebox, Jack Dandy, and mind your own game, if you don't want to put your bowsprit in parenthesis."

"Every man's game," answered Victor, "is to see that no woman is forced to do anything against her right and inclination. If I were the girl I would not dance with such a slubber-degallion as you are at any price."

The ruffian cursed Victor's impudence, and swore that he would not be cheated out of his partner by a "Joskin."

Victor, who had been drinking and was ripe for mischief, told the fellow to take his hands of the girl if he did not want to be sent to a place somewhat warmer than a "ballum-rancum," for a partner.

There was a sharp decision, like the cocking of a pistol, in Victor's tone, that cravened the bully, and made him release the "slamkin," as he called the wearied dancer, with an oath to the effect that she was not worth fighting for. He went to the bar, where he remained for sometime talking and drinking with McKill. The girl thanked Victor for his interference in her behalf, and assured him, apologetically, that had she not been so exhausted as to be hardly able to stand, she would not have refused to dance.

"You have a perfect right to refuse when you please," replied Victor, "and I am only sorry there are brutes so unfeeling as to deny you the privilege. I am afraid you have a pretty hard life among them."

"Life!" exclaimed the girl. "Do you call this life I lead? My companions seem to think it life, but it is so many times worse than death I do not know what to call it."

"Why do you not quit it, then?"

"Because I know no way to get out of it, unless I kill myself, and that I am afraid to do."

Victor, who was familiar with this kind of talk from women of her class, and attached no importance to it, was about to reply to the desponding girl when Jack McKill approached her, and commanded, rather than asked, her to dance with him. The poor creature trembled as the ruffian addressed her, for she knew him too well as the brother of her female tyrant, and a match for her in cruelty and desperation. Before she could reply Victor said:

"This lady is too tired to dance at present, but is engaged to dance with me as soon as she has rested herself."

"This lady," said McKill, mimicking Victor, who employed an Americanism he knew to be so generally in use, "this lady has a standing engagement to dance with me whenever I please."

"And I," replied Victor, with a sneer, "have a standing engagement to beat any dog that thrusts his nose in my way."

The blurting of a volley of violent and indecent epithets at Victor followed this provocation, but in the midst of his scurrility the utterer received the contents of the other's glass in his eyes. He wiped his face deliberately, and then rushed upon Victor, who was ready for him, and with a blow, skilfully planted, knocked him flat upon the floor. All was confusion and uproar in a moment. Everybody present began to halloo or talk at once, and consequently nobody was heard. McKill gained his feet, and, mortified at his unexpected defeat, made another dash at his enemy, dodged his blow, and closed with him. Victor was a masterly wrestler, and could have easily thrown his man, but catching the gleam of a knife in the coward's hand, grappled for the possession of the weapon, and both fell together. McKill's brother-in-law and others attempted to interfere, and a desperate struggle ensued. When Victor rose from the floor and stood on his feet he had only received a slight cut in the hand, but McKill remained prostrate, unable to lift himself, bleeding copiously, stabbed to the heart and in the last agonies of death.

At this conjuncture the police, attracted by the clamor, descended into the cellar, and Victor was arrested on the spot. Mary Lee, as the girl was called whom he had so fatally defended, saw him taken off to the Tombs with heartfelt sorrow. He had shown her the first kindness she had received for many a day, and the last she ever experienced in this world. She took refuge in a little back room, where she remained awhile weeping, but this melancholy indulgence was soon denied her. McKill's sister found her there, and flew at her like an exasperated tigress. Heedless of her pitiful entreaties, she dragged her round the room by the hair, beat her till her face was covered with blood, threw her upon the floor and stamped upon her, and lastly, late and bitterly cold as it was, thrust her, half naked, into the street, and locked her out.

The homeless wretch sought an asylum in several places, but without avail. Few places were open at that hour of the night, and from those that were she was ruthlessly driven by their proprietors, who supposed her to be a drunken, dangerous person. Turning desperate at last, she went down to the river, hurried as fast as her trembling limbs would carry her to the end of a long pier, looked up to the countless stars, all twinkling, cold and bright, and uttering something between a prayer and a bitter murmur of complaint, the very dregs of despair, with eyes shut, for she durst not look at the dark water, she threw herself into the deep tide and quickly sank out of sight, and out of the reach of earthly suffering for ever.

Victor's awakening in the Tombs on the morning after the death of McKill was full of remorse. The acquaintance he had made in New York fortunately included a lawyer of talent and experience, and for him he sent at once. His friend responded to his summons without delay, and as soon as he had heard his statement informed him, frankly, of the danger in which he stood, and the slender chances of his escape, professing at the same time to be willing to undertake his cause and to do the best for him he could under the circumstances.

"What, do you think they will hang me?" demanded Victor.

"There is little danger of that; but it will be hard to save you from imprisonment in Sing Sing."

"I would rather die than live the life of a felon. The fellow first insulted and assaulted me, and then fell upon his own knife. Shall I suffer eternal disgrace on account of the accidental death of such a villain?"

"I hope not. But that depends not so much upon what actually took place as upon what we can prove."

About an hour after his lawyer was gone Victor was surprised by a visit from Gregory Grimgrip, who had thus commented upon the account of the homicide, in which he was so much concerned, after he had read it at his breakfast table, in the morning paper:

"The devil takes care of his own; the fellow has more lives than a cat. Neither poison nor steel will work upon him. Since the blunderer failed, I am glad he made sure work of McKill, for now we shall have no blabbing. If they would only hang my pest, now, I should be cheaply rid of both; but the jury will disagree or bring in a verdict against him of murder in the second or third degree, and the court award him the briefest legal term in the State Prison. Even that will be great revenge; but it would not prevent him from raising a hue and cry that will set the Elfstones and Hapswells on my track. I must double in the course and throw them out, but first will I see if I cannot gag this good-for-nothing."

Victor was inditing a letter as Grimgrip entered, and merely nodded to him without ceasing to write.

"So you are bound for Sing Sing, my young friend?"

"Verily, friend Gregory."

"Well, sir, you seem to feel little regret."

"I beg you pardon, Gregory, I feel much regret for your sake."

"What?"

"That you do not bear me company. It is unnatural to part us; for the fool and the knave have an inherent attraction for one another."

"It is impossible for me to see how they can be separated in you at all, Mr. Kingsland."

"'Tis hard; but you see your face makes knavery look so perfectly hideous as to frighten the very ghost of it out of me."

Gregory's green eyes flashed, but he refrained from replying, thinking to himself:

"The villain has his mother's wit, and hers was as keen as a surgeon's knife."

Victor continued to write, and the old fellow, after a thoughtful pause, observed quietly:

"Though I am not sorry for you at all, I am for your family. The letter you are writing contains, I suppose, large demands upon their sympathy and cash."

"No, Gregory; you are my banker at present, and in the day of adversity I scorn to desert you."

"You will never get another cent from me, unless you show me what you have written."

"You speak as if I could possibly have any objection to gratify your very natural curiosity. Read, friend Gregory, for the matter does indeed concern you nearly."

Grimgrip proceeded to read the letter handed to him, which he found to be a rather lengthy epistle, addressed to Bertram Hapswell, containing a brief account of the dealings of its writer with its reader, since his first visit to the latter's residence, and full particulars of the former's fatal encounter with McKill. Grimgrip tore the letter up in a rage and exclaimed:

"Sir, you have cheated me!"

"How so, Gregory?"

"You have already written to your brother, divulging the secret I paid you to keep."

"I never promised I would not tell it to my brother."

"What, then, did you take my money for?"

"For smashes, toddies, and other like compounds wherewith to drink your health. I beg of you, Gregory, not to torment yourself with the idea that your money has been thrown away, for I have enjoyed it vastly."

"You promised me again and again that you would never—"

"Breathe a syllable touching your secret to human creature, and I haven't, but have written a few, contained in a short letter to Bertram, describing my first visit to your hospitable domicile, and in the epistle you have just destroyed—that is all, on my word and sacred honor."

"You have dealt unfairly with me."

"On the contrary; I have phlebotomised you, because you were dying of the plethora of wealth. You were turning too sour, Greg, and I squeezed you as I would a lemon, and made whiskey skins out of you. You are not a very festive person yourself, Greg, but have supplied the means that have made many a poor fellow glorious."

"You are facetious."

"I am desperate, and desperation always makes me merry."

"You are a plucky fellow, and ought to be sent to California instead of Sing Sing."

"California? You have me there. I have the gold fever in its most exasperated form."

"You may find some of the precious metal in the granite you will have to cut in the State Prison."

"I shall find pity sooner in your harder heart. Did you come here to taunt me? Ye gods! must I be mured up in a cell while such glorious fun is going on outside?"

"Unless you find pity in my hard heart."

"Is't possible? I tell you, Greg, if you'll get me out of this scrape, and pay my voyage to California, I'll bind myself by bonds ten times stronger than a Freemason's, never to meddle with or speak of your concerns again,

> "And all those swearings keep as true in soul,
> As doth that orbed continent the fire
> That severs day from night."

"You must do more than this; you must undo what you have done; unsay what you have said—I mean written—to your brother."

"I'll not eat my own words to please you."

"To please yourself, you mean. I alone can save you. But if you prefer Sing Sing to California, I pity your taste, that's all."

"But how can you serve me better than my lawyer?"

"A lawyer can't save you. McKill's brother-in-law and three of the witnesses in your case are in my power, and will testify to anything I dictate."

"Let them swear to the truth—all I ask."

"The last thing they would think of doing unless compelled."

"I will think over your proposal."

"When I quit this cell, I quit it for ever."

"You are not out of my power yet."

"I am ready to defy you and yours to do your worst, and to give you all the slip. I wish to avoid the sacrifice of forced sales, but am prepared to make them. It is you who are in my power, for I alone can save you from a felon's doom."

"I'll send you your answer to-morrow."

"There is not an instant to be lost; the coroner's inquest will be commenced in an hour, and it would be childish to palter with you a moment longer."

Grimgrip looked Victor steadily in the face, with a determined and savage expression, and then said, sharply:

"You decline my proposal, eh? Then shall I have my revenge and escape you, too. I wish you a long and pleasant sojourn in Sing Sing."

Grimgrip was going, but Victor, seeing that he was in earnest, recalled him, and succumbed to his terms.

CHAPTER XI.

> How are ye joined with hell in triple knot,
> Against the unarm'd weakness of one virgin,
> Alone and helpless.—*Milton's Comus.*
>
> I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
> And deck my body in gay ornaments.
> Oh, miserable thought!
> *King Henry VI., Part III., Act I., Sc. 2.*
>
> Oh, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me. Now shall the devil be shamed.—*Merry Wives of Windsor, Act IV., Sc. 2.*

On Bertram's arrival in London he found letters of importance for him which had long required answers, among them several from his brother Victor, all of them soliciting remittances except the last, far the most important, which contained an account of his visit to Grimgrip's residence. Singular as the conduct of the old miser appeared, and strange as was the apparition Victor had beheld in his house, they formed too slight a foundation upon which to build confiding hope, and Bertram found Elfstone in a state of mind so agitated and dubious that he deemed it best to withhold from him the startling intelligence he had received, till his brother's impressions were confirmed by more reliable evidence. He waited long for further communications on the subject. He would have felt more annoyed and impatient at the delay had he not been used to his brother's habits of negligence, which, so long as money enabled him to pursue his career of pleasure, were indulged with utter recklessness. But there was a limit even to Bertram's patience, and he determined at last to follow his brother to America and ascertain the truth himself. He framed an excuse for leaving Ellingford, but Elfstone would not admit it.

"Leave me now," he said, "and I am lost. I cannot longer lead a life of idle suspense, and shall soon receive my 'Lost Love' from France. It will throw me into a great excitement I know, and if you are not by to sustain me, will, I fear, upset the balance of my mind."

As Bertram believed in the old sculptor's apprehension, he could think of nothing better than to write to Julien St. Croix a full confession of his secret, and to solicit him to take his place while he made his meditated voyage to New York, and cleared up the mystery connected with his brother's letter. St. Croix answered Bertram's proposal promptly, and met his views with ready compliance. When the two young men came together they found a world of conjectural wisdom to waste upon Victor's letter and certain mysterious hints dropped by Madame Nitouche. But Bertram's determination to visit America was not altered by the consultation, and received in the end the emphatic approval of St. Croix.

Bertram consequently started at once for Liverpool, to take his passage in the steamer first bound for the United States. On arriving at Liverpool he put up at the Waterloo, and was about to leave the hotel to engage his berth in the steamer, when he received a telegraphic despatch to the effect that a letter addressed to him, bearing an American postmark, had reached Ellingford, and had already been mailed to him. Bertram received this letter on the ensuing day, which, as he anticipated, was from his brother Victor, but brief and unsatisfactory, dissipating in a few seconds all the hopes the former had entertained of obtaining from America a solution of the mystery he had pledged his word to Elfstone to solve, if it were possible to human research. Victor informed him that he was on the eve of starting for California, with the determination to make money enough to repossess himself of the paternal estate he had forfeited by his extravagance, and to discharge all his other pecuniary obligations. In a postscript he expressed regret that he had possibly raised false hopes as to the discovery of Elfstone's lost daughter, for, upon a closer inspection of the person he had mistaken for her, he was, he said, compelled to confess that every trace of resemblance entirely disappeared.

This communication gave Bertram deep disappointment, which he tried to work off by wandering over the dismal town of Liverpool, with which he soon became disgusted, as indeed he was fast growing with everything. While returning through Lord street he passed a man he thought the ugliest he had ever beheld, and heard a sailor exclaim to his fellow:

"Ben, did you ever see a worse figurehead than that? I would rather sail with Jonah than in a ship with such a mug on board. It would bring foul weather from any quarter it was turned to. I don't believe a shark would swallow such a devil's knot as his face is tied into."

"Why, he came over with us. His name is Grimgrip. He is such a fright that he scared away all the headwinds, and we made about the shortest passage on record. Barber, the second mate, used to swear that old Grimgrip's face would turn a cannon ball or a flash of lightning, yet, would you believe it? he has the prettiest daughter that ever a father was proud on. He calls her Muta, because she speaks so little; but she'd talk fast enough if he'd let her, for the old fellow is as jealous of her as a Turk."

Bertram heard no more, for he had already turned about and was in pursuit of the subject of the sailors' remarks. He failed to overtake him, however, and for days after rambled over Liverpool in the hope of again meeting him. His sudden return to England, the name of Muta mentioned in connection with his, Victor's unaccountable pecuniary independence and dubious retraction, awakened Bertram's suspicions, and rendered him more determined than ever to sift the mystery thoroughly till not a grain of uncertainty remained.

One evening he had lost his way in an obscure part of the town, and was retracing his steps in a blind alley, through which he had attempted to pass, when he came face to face with the object of his search, and saw him enter an old, dingy, dilapidated and forsaken house hard by, a residence most appropriate for so hideous and misanthropical a being as Grimgrip.

Bertram watched the house into which Grimgrip had disappeared for hours. To avoid observation, he retired into the porch of an apparently uninhabited building opposite, and kept his eyes fixed upon the windows at which he hoped to behold the victim of the ogre he had hunted to his dismal den. At last a light gleamed through the dingy panes of the second storey windows, and a face appeared close to one of the sashes. It was not Grimgrip's, though almost as ugly, being old, thin, white and ghastly. This, thought Bertram, is the deaf and dumb housekeeper whom Victor described. The old woman looked up and down the alley, and seeing nothing stirring, retired, and presently the front of the house was black again.

"Now," said the watcher to himself, "if the girl would but try the same experiment, my time and vigilance would not be thrown away."

For this advantage he waited in vain. Presently two rough-looking men came up the alley, and excited his curiosity by pausing opposite Grimgrip's house, and gazing at it, apparently with an interest equal to his own.

*"Tout that casa!" said one in a loud tone, "Scavey where the frumper hangs out."

"A proper ken for such a foxy fogram!" replied his companion. "He's doused the glim, and is off to the land of Nod."

"The first jigger at the top of the dunan is where he lips, and stubbles his swag like a spung. He's a cocum cull and fly, but you see he's got the heavers and we've a hank on him, and 'll bite his ken and suck his honey—for he's as full as a jug—while he's being autumned to his lunan by Sniveling Jimmy.

"Why, does the bloke want to leap the book?"

"No, you see, the antum-bawler decked as

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*"Look at the house, and note where the sturdy old fellow lives."

"A proper residence for such a sly old rogue. He has extinguished his light, and gone to bed."

"The first door at the top of the stairs opens into the room where he sleeps, and guards his treasures with the jealousy of a miser. He's very sly and knowing, but he's in love, and we have ensnared him, and will rob his house and steal his money (for he is as rich as a bank), while he is being married to his girl by Sniveling Jimmy."

"What, does he want to deceive her with a false marriage?"

"No, but the regular clergyman, perceiving that the old rascal was fifty years older that the girl, refused to marry them without a licence. My mistress was to have been the bridesmaid, and she laid a scheme with Jim. The old fool accordingly went to the church-pickpocket. Jim, you know, is a hypocrite and a ranter, and has been converted, and is to marry them in the night."

"Is the girl so pretty who is to be married to the ugly old moneygrubber?"

"A perfect beauty, but a mere child and idiot. She was coaxing and crying half the day for a trousseau, silk gown, red ribbons, gold ring, white gloves, lace and shoes. She will flaunt in her finery, and if she don't make a perfect picture I wish I may be hanged!"

"What a hideous face the old devil has! Did you notice his huge mouth, his horrible teeth and nose? Ha, ha, ha! Is it not a pity that so disgusting a wretch should marry so handsome a young woman?"

"Oh, that's all made right. Intriguing Ned is his rival, who seduces a fresh girl every month, and will soon have this pretty one for his mistress!"

how the old scrub had half a century more stretchers than the bloss, and wouldn't noose 'em without a tickrum. My jamer was to ha' been bridesmaid, and she put Jim up to the lay. So the old goosecap padded the hoof to the kirkbruzer. Jim, you know, is a groomer and swadler, and has been jampanned, and he's be switch 'em in the darkman's."

"Is the blowen so bleak that's to be yoked to the moose face?"

"Dimber as a white cow, but a chin and cranky. She was mandling half the lightman's and coaxing so bienly for a cart of bang-up togs—squeeze cable, claret dashs, jams, milky fumbles, peak and crabshells. She'll flash her wallflowers, and if she don't make a Jew's eye I wish I may dance at my death!"

"What a bracket may the old Poger has! Did you twig his oven, tombstones and boko? His, ha, ha! It's a pity that such a scrubado should couple with such a bleak mort."

"Oh, it's all plumby. Ranging Ned is his rum prigstar, who breaks a leg once a month, and will soon be pulling in with the ladyfinger."

Bertram now thanked his stars, that he had been taught slang by his brother. Much of this dialogue would otherwise have been unintelligible to him, but he could "patter-flash" well enough to have passed for a "crossman," and understood every word the burglars had spoken. He continued to hold a whispered consultation about the situations of the various rooms in the house, the likeliest places to remain for plunder, the time of meeting, and the plan of procedure; and before they left their position near the window Bertram was completely master of the details of their intended burglary. As soon as they were gone he sneaked out of the alley, and found his way back to his hotel about one o'clock in the morning.

The next day was a busy one with Bertram. He had the police to advise with, and his own schemes to devise, and to him, the difficult task to perform of ascertaining the exact locality of the den in which Grimgrip's abode was situated. In the evening, however, Bertram was at his post opposite Grimgrip's house, now feebly illuminated, and making an abortive attempt at cheerfulness, about as hopeless as the jest of the condemned on the scaffold. Still was it evident that the affair was not without sufficient occasion, and that something unusual was about to happen in its interior. When Bertram saw several men and women go into about Grimgrip's door, one of them knocking at it lustily, he stole over to them and contrived to be admitted into the house at the same time they were. The guests were received by the old dear and dumb housekeeper, who beckoned to the company to follow her, and ushered them into the front room on the second floor.

The marriage guests had not long to wait for the bridegroom. He entered, gorgeously arrayed in a blue coat with brass buttons, a white vest and dark pantaloons. His collar was rigidly in the ascendant, and needlecloth voluminous. His watch chain was glaring and massive; his white hair fortunately dressed, and his whole kid gloves and patent leather boots of excruciating tightness. The old housekeeper regarded him with looks and gestures of admiration, and endeavored to attract the attention of the young girl who accompanied him, to the unwonted splendors of his person. This girl was the bride, and was absorbed in the contemplation of her own costume. She looked down upon her pink silk dress with great complacency, and examined the gold chain suspended about her neck, and twisted it with her white gloved hands with still prouder satisfaction. Grimgrip's face, rendered the more repulsive by his new apparel, wore an uneasy and anxious look, and the bride's was now bright with gratified childish vanity, and now blank with an inanity and a pain even painful to contemplate. Her features, neck and arms were faultless in their snowy whiteness and enlivening symmetry; and at the first glance Bertram caught of her pale and classic face, he mentally pronounced Victor's last letter to be false, and the lovely bride not to be no other than the daughter of the original of Eidstone's "Lost Love."

His heart beat high, and it was with difficulty he restrained himself from snatching her from the ogre so bent upon wedding her loveliness and youth to his frightful senility. He thought he never had beheld an monstrously more insupportable a sight, and slipped out of the room unobserved, that he should betray his rising indignation. After descending the stairs and entering the street door to admit the police, who were watching outside, he returned to the second floor and listened at the front room door to the marriage service which Swelling Jimmy was intoning with extra solemnity. He heard Grimgrip approaching the door, and had barely time to step aside ere two men came out into the passage, and softly shut in the sham parson's enormous nasality.

"Who was that cove that kept so shady and last minded?" asked one of them.

"One of the old gripdist's pals, I fancy, who has hopped the twig for fear he should hash."

"And no wonder, for 'tis like spliced Grim is to a pap-lap, and enough to histe any kid's middle piece."

"All's bob. I'll brush in, while you dub the old cull's figger, and touch his swag."

Bertram, who was crouched down upon the second flight of stairs, peeped over the balusters, as soon as he heard one of the men re-enter the front room, and the other tampering with a door at the end of the passage; and after watching awhile, observed the sudden eclipse of the light that had streamed through the keyhole of the door.

"Who was that fellow who seemed so shy and just went out?"

"One of the old miser's companions I imagine, who has left in haste for fear he should be sick."

"And no wonder, for it is like marrying old Death to a baby, and enough to turn a stomach."

"Ah's right; I'll hurry in while you pick the lock of the old fellow's door and steal his treasure."

"Find me that."

"Kill (or choke) him, and prevent his tongue from giving the alarm."

INAUGURATION OF THE CENTRAL SANITARY FAIR, PHILADELPHIA.

UNVEILED by the noble exertions of New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Brooklyn, Boston and other minor cities, and of the highly benevolent and charitable labors of the Sanitary Commission, Philadelphia has come forward with a determination not to stand low in the list of cities which have left their mark.

A magnificent structure on Logan square has been fitted up for the Fair, and every preparation has been made on effective view of the inauguration ceremony, on the 7th of June. Hopes has been entertained that President Lincoln would be present, but Secretary Seward was only able to leave the capitol, he deputed Bishop Simpson to represent him.

The opening ceremonies were highly impressive, though marred by the unfortunate accident, the breaking down of a portion of the platform.

After the firing of a salute, Mayor Henry formally opened the Fair, and a prayer was then said by Reverend Stevens, the building, with its contents, were transferred to the managers, and the chorus sang the Doxology.

The address of Bishop Simpson was marked by his usual eloquence and ability, and his closing words were then poured upon willing ears and hearts by the Governors of the Union, responding to the sentiments.

As the inaugural procession, with the three Governors, moved down the main aisle of the Fair, under the immense standard roof, where every State hung down its colors, the enthusiasm was unbounded, and the scene inspiring.

The contributions to the Fair are rich and varied, the people of the city of Brotherly Love anxious to be worthy of her name and fame in the hour, so that every nook or curve of success may be anticipated.

The Buildings on Logan Square.

Department Store, 100 feet square, with a pavilion of every description of articles. The main buildings are the Art Gallery on the south side, 300 feet front by the length of the square, 500 feet, and 30 feet wide. On the north side the Art Gallery, 300 feet front by same as foregoing; 120 feet for cabinet ware and musical instruments; 60 feet for a saloon; 60 feet for a library, and 60 feet children's department. All of these occupy the south and extend around the north side. The main building, 250 feet by 30 wide have been allotted to New Jersey and Delaware.

On 12th street the department for furs, hats and caps occupies 50 by 60 feet; pianos, organs, etc., 50 feet; booksellers' department, 75 feet; importations, 25 feet; Indian rubber, 50 feet; boots, shoes, etc., 50 feet; carpettings, 50 feet; architectural designs, 50 feet; bridal-veil department, 25 feet; jewelry, 50 feet; wines and liquors, 25 feet; tobacco, 50 feet. All these departments are located on the 12th street front. The building in the square will be located numerous other departments, the principal of which will be the following: No. 500 by 60, used for the exhibition of fancy goods, perfumery, &c. Space will also be allotted to the Army and Navy, and to Post Office in the centre of the ground.

The Horticultural Department, a circular building, 196 feet in diameter, and is furnished with a fountain and a refreshment saloon. Immediately in the same size, and is connected with a kitchen and the necessary outbuildings. Also a floral temple of every 50 feet. Each building there is a winter garden, 50 feet square. The Ladies' Art Rooms, 50 feet square, 50 feet. The Ladies' Art Rooms are in the most substantial manner, and for beauty far surpass those that were used in the New York Sanitary Commission. The main buildings, if placed in a straight line, would extend nearly three miles.

History of the Sanitary Fairs.

The credit of originating the Sanitary Fairs belongs exclusively to the patriotic ladies of Cincinnati. In that city, we find an exhibition for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission of the Union, opened three months since, and which netted the handsome sum of $80,000. New in turn, Boston held a similar fair, and almost doubled the receipts of the Chicago, the amount realized being $100,000.

Cincinnati next entered the lists, with the Great Western Sanitary Fair, and beat them all by $100,000, the total sum realized being $345,000. Albany, Brooklyn, Buffalo and Cleveland each opened Fairs for the benefit of the Commission on the 22d of Feb. last, which were highly successful. The receipts of the Albany exhibition is set down at $32,000; Brooklyn realized $400,000; Buffalo, $50,000; and Cleveland, $80,000.

Next in order was the great Metropolitan Fair, New York, which opened on the 30th of March, and the receipts from which, at last accounts, had reached $1,500,000, and the end was not yet. Chicago followed suit, and Baltimore held a Fair in the Maryland Institute, on the 19th of April, the anniversary of the day of the mobbing of the Massachusetts troops, while passing through that city to the defence of the Capital. The receipts of the Fair are in the neighborhood of $38,000, and goods yet remain to be sold which will augment the amount. The Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair opened at St. Louis on the 11th of May, and thus far the receipts amount to about $200,000, with a prospect of a still larger sum being realized from the sale of articles.

The National Sanitary Fair will be held in the Wheeling Island, latter part of April, and realized about $40,000. The Pittsburgh Fair, which began with the Great Central Fair, in Philadelphia, on the 7th of June, and signs were flattering that the receipts would reach $1,000,000. Other Fairs in different parts of the country are in course of preparation, the principal one of which opened in Philadelphia on June 7.

DESTRUCTIVE CONFLAGRATION
Of Steamboats at New Orleans.

THE rebel emissaries are constantly in the midst of the people who are loyal to Government, and seek especially in the Border States and reconquered territory to carry fire and destruction by every act of the incendiary. The greatest loss inflicted by them has been in the recent fire at New Orleans.

On the night of May 27th a fire was discovered in the ladies' cabin of the steamer Black Hawk. Lieut. Smith, commander, saw a man run from it, but was unable to overtake him.

By the time Lieut. Monsater reached the cabin, the whole of the upper deck was in a blaze. The wheel-house was partially burned. The Meteor, lying along side of the Black Hawk, took on board coal, and the flames spread with such unusual rapidity and burned the Meteor's wheel-house, pilot-house, and the Black Hawk, Tiger and Tide, Belle Creole, Belle Lee, Fawn and Rose, all lying in the rear of James. It appears that it was through the most culpable negligence that the Empire Parish, Belle Creole, Belle Lee, Fawn and Rose were burned. Even then a few buckets of water might have saved her.

The scene which followed was awful, one by one, floating out into the stream. In a few moments the Empire Parish was enveloped in flames, and presented a skeleton remaining. The chimneys of the Empire Parish, belonging to the Fawn, Rose, another steamer, took place to avoid their fall.

The schooners moored at the Bayaune tier took fire from the Empire Parish and floated out into the stream. The scene from the levee was sublime. The lurid glare of the flames, lighting up the horizon and reddening the Mississippi for miles, presented a magnificent spectacle. As the burning steamers left their moorings the assembled crowd on the levee looked like rafts of fire, and presented a scene of rare picturesqueness.

The fire is thought to have originated in the Crescent City Cotton and the coast parishes, interrupting, as it does, a large intercourse of trade.

The total loss, which falls on the Government, is about $300,000.

THE BATTLE OF RESACA.

WE continue this week our series of sketches of Sherman's campaign, and among others a view of the battle of Resaca, on the 14th ult.

The battlefield, which lay 15 miles from Dalton, was a succession of open and intermediate, ravines, densely wooded, and almost impervious to the eye or foot of man. On the summits of the ridges the enemy had formed formidable breastworks, with artillery planted on the commanding positions. A consultation was held by the Generals, and Generals Thomas, Howard, Sedicki, Sickles, Williams, Geary, Ruger and Hooker, all attended, and a plan of operations was arranged the plan of battle.

While the columns of the 20th corps were in motion, and with quiet yet energetic movement entered the forest which lay before them, the rebel batteries and infantry seemed heavy with silence. The divisions of Williams, Geary and Butterfield, of the 20th corps moved as nearly as they were able, and the work of blood began. The rebel infantry was heavily with musketry and musketry, but our men advanced steadily in columns of battalions, and with a fierce determination to meet the enemy flying from their first lines of works to the rear, and there to make a momentary line. Immediately in front of Butterfield and Geary was a battery of rebel artillery, and this was in the strongest of all scrubby oaks and protected by an earthwork. It annoyed our troops.

Directly behind it, within 60 paces, was a redoubt, on a ridge of ground which commanded the whole field and gunners. To capture this battery was very desirable, and the 20th corps determined to capture it by the both divisions. The contest was sharp and bloody. Our troops were obliged to lie down behind the crest of the base of the parapet, but as they showed their heads over the crest to reload, the guns they were shot down by the men in the ritepits behind the batting. Our troops have been accustomed to fighting in a standing parties, inaccessible to either without almost certain death. The men were obliged to load with the muzzles of the guns as they protruded through the embrasures, and fire in the same manner. Many were obliged to undertake to approach.

Meanwhile, under and around the fort were constantly Col. Cobham, of Geary's division, as brave an officer as ever drew sword, and remained in the front line for several hours, until darkness approached. Col. Cobham secured the guns of all redoubt, and with a little less than a regiment of men, and with as little loss as could be expected in the circumstances, and made an opening sufficiently wide to let the guns through. Ropes were attached to them, and some time after midnight they became ours. Our artillery was brought up, and moved with vigor, and their whole force retreated under cover of the night.

KINGSTON, GA.

AFTER the battle of Resaca, Sherman, with his whole force, pushed rapidly forward, and took all the more cultivated portions of Georgia, leaving the mountainous districts to the guerrilla warfare of the rebel cavalry. Kingston is a place of some importance on the Etowah river. It has also a railroad connection. It was occupied on May 18 by the 4th corps, which drove Cleatham out. Here Sherman established his headquarters temporarily, and placed his hospitals here. After the battle of New Hope, the wounded in great numbers were sent to this point.

BATTLE OF BUZZARD'S ROOST, May 8.

AMONG the strongholds selected by the rebels for the defence of Atlanta against the American army was Buzzard's Roost, carried in spite of all their endeavors on the 8th of May, by the indomitable courage of Sherman's men, full of the consciousness of a just cause. It is a high, rocky elevation, on Mill creek, a branch of the Oostanaula between Ringgold and Dalton.

Our advance engaged in some very heavy skirmishing, which lasted for several hours. At first our lines were slowly forced back by the vastly superior numbers of the enemy, who resisted with a stubborn desperation our attempted advance. From out their long lines of concealed ritepits they showered their leaden messengers of death with terrible effect upon our heroes. A charge was finally ordered, and then ensued one of the furious encounters that can only occur in a hand-to-hand conflict.

The difficulties to be contended with may be judged from the fact that the enemy had their entire columns advancing too distant to reach with rifle, sent rocks flying down the mountain side, so as to crush them in their course through they were passing in order to get within reach of the rifle and bullet iron, and hurl our forces back over them. They drove the rebels from the fortress, leaving only the dead and wounded in their ritepits.

THE BATTLE OF COAL HARBOR,
June 1st, 1864.

COAL HARBOR, the scene of a recent battle in the campaign of General Grant, is already familiar to those who have followed the operations of the war, as the point where Stonewall Jackson first struck in his flank movement against McClellan before the Seven Days' Fight. Virginia names are rather elusive, and this one is no exception. Coal Harbor presents to the traveller a view simply coal nor a harbor: it is an unquoted rustic hamlet, comprising two or three houses, with barns, outhouses, &c.

On the 1st of June, the enemy were in heavy force between Coal Harbor and Gaines's mill, in a strong position on the skirt of the pine woods, and on a knoll, and defended by ritepits and earthworks.

Against this position the army was to be reinforced around Coal Harbor, and the 18th on the right, along the road, supported by the cavalry on the left. The woods were 200 yards wide, and by a strip of open ground.

At 4 P.M. the order was given to charge the rebel works, and the 18th advanced under a terrible fire of grape and canister, and of musketry. Some of Longstreet's rebels pell mell from their works through the woods. Cobham's infantry rallied at last, again and again brought up, but failed to regain the lost position.

The loss on both sides was heavy, but we took many prisoners in the rifle-pits. Among the killed was Col. McConihe, of the 169th N. Y.

The 6th corps marched up gallantly as the 18th, and Rickett's division carried a line of breastworks, sustaining a loss of over 1,000, but inflicting severe punishment on the enemy, and taking full 600 prisoners.

Rickett's division was composed of the enemy's works, and held them.

On the 3d of June, Rickett an order thanking him for his gallantry.

The 6th corps advanced at the same time, and was severely engaged.

BATTLE OF BETHESDA CHURCH,
May 30th.

EARLY on the morning of the 30th the 6th corps (Warren's) advanced across Telopotamy creek, a sluggish, narrow, shallow stream, with precipitous banks and marshy borders. Col. Harding, of Crawford's division, pushed forward to reconnoitre along the Mechanicsville road, but meeting the enemy in force, fell back. At two P.M. the enemy stacked Crawford, and he, in accordance with his orders, formed a line of battle was formed, Griffin on the right, Cutler in the centre, and Crawford on the left. Gen. Burnside's corps was on the right of Warren's. At six P.M. the enemy assaulted our left, but after small was made to retire. They advanced in two lines of battle and heavy skirmish line. In front of Griffin their approach was in such dense cane solid shot and shell from the angry mouths of s score and more of heavy guns.

Firm and unshaken as a wall of brass stood our men. In front of Cutler's battle strewn, and the ground was barren by shell and canister. Col. Hardingwas wounded in the arm. Special praise is due to the artillery, Lieut. Walcott's, Co. G, 3d Mass. artillery, and Lieut. Cowan's, Co. E, 1st N. Y. artillery, which have been in position, opened responsive to the enemy's cannon.

Meanwhile, the fighting on the left had become intense our troops hurled him back. Upon Gen. Crawford's division the enemy poured in solid columns and great force. The enemy sought to turn his left, but here each time was repulsed with sudden attacks and ready fire. Again men coolly waited to return the fire. It was a most beautiful sight. The enemy's lines were seen, staggered and fell back. Lieut. Rittenhouse's battery, Co. D, 5th U. S. artillery, Lieut. Matthews's, Co. M, 5th U. S. artillery, Lieut. Walcott's, Co. G, 3d Mass. artillery, and Lieut. Cowan's, Co. E, 1st N. Y. artillery, which have been in position, opened responsive to the enemy's cannon.

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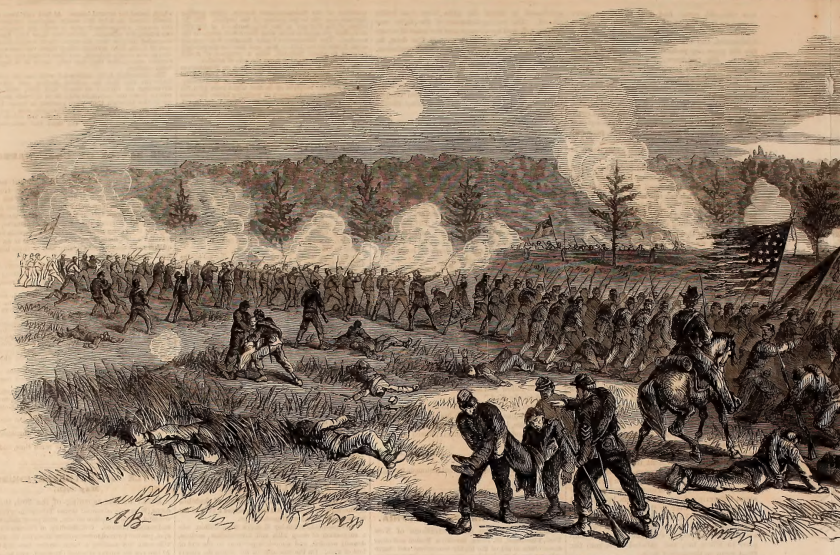
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HAWE'S STORE, VA.
Headquarters of Lieut.-Gen. Grant.

THE war has brought into prominence and endowed with immortality many insignificant spots in Virginia. Names, hitherto unknown to the country at large, and unwritten, except in the privately printed histories of the first families of Old Dominion, have become famous. At Hawe's store, which was Grant's headquarters after crossing at Hanovertown and pushing down to Spottsylvania Court House, are the magnificent hamlets, or rather houses, which in the South are dignified with the name of villages. We give a picturesque view of the troops throwing up entrench ments at the spot on Sunday, May 29th.

HOW A SCOTCH SERVANT LASSIE BECAME A BARONESS.

ROMANCE is not confined to novels, but is occasionally wonderful to hear of, yet here is an instance. The fine family of the late Emperor Nicholas was founded by one from the cradle by English nurses and governesses, until the Russian language is mastered by a strict military scale, and has been decorated with the order of St. Andrew, ennobled and enriched. Some nine-and-thirty years ago she came a servant girl to Russia in a Scotch trader's family, who turned her adrift in St. Petersburg. A lucky chance procured her the situation of undergovernmaid in the Emperor Nicholas's family, where she was placed about the person of Nicholas to teach him to speak English. His attachment to her was so great that when he married he raised her to the head of his household, appointing her to the rank of Baroness in the military gradations of rank, until she became a General.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—THE BATTLE AT COAL HARB



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—THE BATTLE AT BETHESDA CHURCH, BETWEEN CRAWFORD'S DIVIS



RROR, JUNE 1st.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 215.



DIVISION, 6TH CORPS, AND THE REBELS, MAY 30.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 215.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION.

BY THE GREAT CHINESE POET, LI-TAI-PE.

THE sun of yesterday which leaves me,
No earthly skill can woo to stay,
To-day's pale gloom which chills and grieves me,
No human arm can hold away;
The birds of passage, ever flying past,
In countless flocks stream down the autumn blast,
I mount my tower to gaze far off, and fast
Fill winecups from the waning jar.

The mighty bards, long dead, seem rising
Around me in this lonely place,
I murmur through the old songs, prizing
Their matchless vigor, truth and grace—
I too feel powers that will not be controlled,
But cannot rival here the great of old,
Till to pure skies upsoaring, I behold,
More closely, each unclouded star.

Vainly our swords would cleave the river:
It keeps its ever-living flow;
Vainly in winecups, mantling ever,
We strive to drown the sense of woe—
Man, in this life, when stormy fate grows dark,
Must let her billows rock his wandering bark,
Give the wild waves their will, nor pause to mark
Too keenly how they foam afar.

The Gulf Between Them.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XLIII.—CONTINUED.

For a few instants there was wild confusion; the servants rushed in, the wounded criminal was lifted up, but during all that time Elsie lay on the sofa quite unnoticed, not insensible yet, but helpless as ever, so blasted by the shock that mind and body seemed withering under it.

Ford sat on the floor in gloomy silence. In spite of his refusals they made an effort to staunch the blood which was trickling down his shirt bosom, but he said in a low, quiet voice:

"It is useless. I have cheated you at last—I am a dying man. It was my last stake, and I have lost it."

The change in his face proved the truth of his words; even the officers, inured to scenes of suffering and pain, recoiled before his stony hardihood.

One of them spoke in explanation to Mellen.

"We don't know what he wanted here; we have been on his track for days; he has committed a forgery, and was trying to get off to Europe."

"He's bound on a longer journey, that you cannot stop now," said Ford. "Mellen, I have something to say to you—better send these men away unless you want our secrets discussed before them."

After a few moments the men went out and left Mellen alone with the suicide—in his madness Mellen had not yet heeded Elsie's presence, or the dreadful state she was in.

"I am dying," said Ford; "I may live the night out—it don't matter! You are glad to see my blood run—that's natural enough! Man, man, the torment I go to isn't so bad as that I shall leave behind for you."

"Say quickly what you wish," exclaimed Melles, forgetting even his hatred in the dreadful spectacle the man made, his garments red with blood, his face pale with the death agony, distorted with baffled rage and hate. "I believe nothing you say—you cannot move me."

"So be it," said the man. "These fellows have tied my hands—put yours in my coat pocket—you'll find three letters and a paper."

Mellen obeyed, shuddering to feel the blood drops warm on his fingers as he drew forth the package.

"Read them," said Ford, briefly.

Mellen opened one after another of the epistles and read—they were in Elsie's writing—they proved the truth of the villain's words. The smaller paper was a marriage certificate.

Mellen staggered back with one heartbroken cry.

"I have touched you," exclaimed the man; "you believe! There lies your precious sister in a dead faint—here I sit, dying, a criminal, but your brother-in-law none the less—stoop down, I want to whisper something."

Mellen bent his head soothingly, though his enemy was dying.

"It is a fair certificate you see, but I was a married man all the time."

As Ford whispered these words a fiendish smile covered the lips on which death was scattering ashes.

Mellen started forward with a wild impulse to choke the ebbing life from his lips, but he whispered hoarsely:

"You can't fight a dying man—you'll only put me out of this cursed pain if you choke me."

Mellen stood transfixed.

"I'll tell you the story," continued Ford; "novels always have dying confessions in them—hear mine. I tell you because it is too late to remedy what you have done—your wife is gone—I believe dead."

Mellen could not speak; he felt about blindly for support and sank into a chair.

"I always hated you," Ford went on, and the hatred of a life burned in his voice and convulsed his face. "When we were boys together I swore to pay you off for your wealth, and your insolent kindness, your infernal condescending generosity. I took away the woman you loved—I cheated you out of money—that was something, but not enough. I came back to this country just after you sailed from Europe, and even before I ever saw the woman who became your wife, or your sister, I had formed my plan—it succeeded. I met that girl—I made her love me—made her mad for me—that makes you wince. But mind me, I would not have married her after all but that I thought she had inherited half her old uncle's property. It would not have been worth while. Then came your turn to laugh if you had but known it. I was taken in—sold. The creature had not a cent, and no hope of one if she offended you. It was a hateful position, especially as I did not care for the pretty fool after the speculation failed, and what's better, she soon got over caring for me, just as the other did, and wanted to be off her bargain. I had given her a glimpse or two of my way of life. That did not frighten her, but the poverty did. This little sister of yours has luxurious tastes, and understands the value of wealth uncommonly well. But she had told me just how far you had made your wife independent in means. It was a pretty sum, and I saw a way of getting it. Elsie had told me a great deal about your wife, and I had made my own observations, to say nothing of certain wires that I had laid in the basement region of your house. The little goose yonder really believed that you had married that glorious woman only as a companion for her—that you did not love her in the least. I knew better; she was a woman to adore, worship for ever and ever: and you are no fool in such matters, I know that of old. Your wife adored you; I can say this now that you have killed her, but that little witch had convinced her of the story she told me, and it was breaking her heart, for that woman had a heart. To save you from trouble and the creature that you worshipped even in her presence from disgrace, I knew that she would give up everything, even her life, which you have taken at last. I told Elsie the truth, that I had a wife living in Europe, though it was impossible for any one to prove it against my will. The very day that I told her this I managed to convey some of her letters to me—fond, silly things they were, into your wife's room. Then I sent Elsie home.

"The girl was mad, went into hysterics, made an insane effort to kill herself, took poison and heaven knows what else in the presence of your wife—I knew she would, and set her loose for that purpose. These tragedies were kept up till yout wife took a vow never to betray Elsie's secret, and to shield her from all harm with her own life if needful. I heard this and knew that my money was safe. Your wife came to me, for I was nor permitted to enter the house. There was a woman! I swear the only creature of the sex that I ever respected. She was firm but grand in her generosity, ready to sacrifice everything so long as it took Elsie out of my power. I gave up more of the letters, reserving these three for use, unknown to her. She raised all the money in her power at the time, but I kept the certificate, resolved not to sell that without demanding the last cent she possessed. In telling my grand secret, I had been cautious to keep all possibility of proof to myself. They knew that my first wife, your old lady love, was living, but had no means of proving the fact or even that I had ever been married to her, otherwise my position might have been dangerous; as it was, those two women were like flies in a spider's web.

"Our child, your nephew, was born, and died, fortunately for us all. They were obliged to trust me a little then. Your wife summoned me to the house, for she was afraid to claim help from any other human being—I went, and with my own hands buried it under a cypress tree in your grounds. That heroic woman stood by and watched. She would not trust me out of her sight, fearing that I might attempt to see Elsie, whom she guarded like a mother bird when hawks are near. Noble soul. It was all useless; I had no wish to see her, and as for her, I dare say she was glad to get rid of me even at the bitter cost she was paying.

"Well, after this I got a little money from your wife now and then, under threats of claiming my wife, which always brought her to terms. But one day a new idea came into my head; I found out that you were coming home just as the steamer which brought you was on the coast. That your will had been made, leaving all you had to be equally divided between your wife and sister. If you should never reach shore Elsie would be worth claiming in earnest. But with that news came a letter from my wife; against my commands she was following me to this country, just when her presence was certain ruin."

The man broke off in his narration here, evidently convulsed with more than physical pain, specks of foam flew to his lips, great drops of agony stood on his forehead.

"Brandy; give me some brandy!" he cried out huskily. "Some brandy, I say."

Mellen poured some brandy into a glass and held it to his mouth. He drank eagerly and sank back to the floor again.

"What's the use of talking about that? I would have saved her at the last and tried hard enough, but the storm was too much for me. After all that, you baffled me and got on shore; the fiends must have guided that pilot boat. I got frightened too. It was not a part of my programme to go down with you."

"Wretch!" said Mellen, struck with a sudden idea, "you were the person who nearly lost me among the breakers."

"Yes," answered Ford. "We both had a narrow chance, but the risk was worth running—that is, if your will really was made—but when you once touched shore all hope for me was over. I must leave America; I sent word to your wife that I must have twenty-five thousand dollars or claim my wife.

"She was trying to get it; she gave me the bracelet as a bribe for delay, one night when I came. Now you have the whole story. I came here to-night because I had not heard from her, and had no idea that she was gone; now I believe she's dead. I thought I would see that girl there. Now, then, Grantley Mellen, are you satisfied? You have driven your wife away, you could believe her guilty, and pet that frivolous thing! Tell me if my revenge is not complete!"

Mellen ran to the door and opened it.

"Come in," he cried to the officers. "Carry that man away! Take him to the lodge; he shall not even die here."

"As you will," cried Ford. "Good-bye, Mellen. Take care of your sister, and if you can, forget your murdered wife."

He could not walk, so they carried him down to the lodge, and there, while waiting for a doctor to come, he sat looking death in the face with the same desperate bravado that had marked his conduct all the night.

CHAPTER XLIV.

SHRIEK after shriek from Elsie roused Mellen. She was raving in horrible delirium, and when assistance arrived it proved that she had been seized with brain fever, and there was scarcely hope of her recovery.

Standing there by her bed, this thought must have been a relief to Mellen; but he did not forsake her, his pride was utterly crushed. He longed to cast himself down by her side and die there.

The next morning, when nurses and physicians arrived, Mellen left the house. He was going out on an aimless search for his lost wife—the woman who had given up her last hope for him and his.

He learned at the lodge that the wounded prisoner had been carried to the village by his own command; that he was alive still, but could not last more than another day; that his name was North, and he was well-known among the sporting gentry who came to the shore tavern.

Mellen hurried to the city and commenced his task. He sought for Elizabeth in every place where there was a possibility of her having taking refuge, but without avail. He used every means in his power to make some discovery, but they were ineffectual.

When night came he returned home, only to hear Elsie's mad shrieks and laughter echoing through the desolate house, to pass the night with those sounds ringing in his ears, and that terrible remorse tugging at his heart.

The next morning he started again on his errand. He was told in the village that the man was dead. The story had gone abroad that it was a daring burglar, and that the officers had surprised him breaking into Mellen's house. He had found no strength to tell his story, so fear of open disgrace perished with him.

In the madness of his grief Mellen had forgotten that Tom Fuller was his guest. The young man's chamber was in another wing of the building, and he heard nothing of the wild turmoil that distracted the family. Tom was not a very early riser, and when he came down in the morning, sauntering lzaily into the breakfast-room, expecting to see Elsie there in her pretty blue morning-dress and flossy curls, he found the room empty, no table spread, and no human being to greet him.

"Well, this is strange," said Tom; "but when Bessie is away things will go to sixes and sevens, I dare be sworn. And Elsie isn't well, poor darling! Hallo! there goes Mellen, riding like a trooper! What on earth does all this mean? I am getting hungry, and lonesome, and——"

Here Tom gave a jerk at the bell, and cast himself into an easy-chair.

'Dolph presented his woe-begone face at the door.

"What's the matter, 'Dolph? Isn't it breakfast-time? Where is your master going—and—and—Well, 'Dolph, can't you tell me why Miss Elsie isn't down?"

"Miss Elsie, oh, sah, she am sick."

"Sick, 'Dolph! You don't say that?" cried Tom, starting up, with his face all in a blaze of anxiety.

"Yes, I means just dat, and nothing else."

"No, no; not very sick, 'Dolph," cried Tom, trembling through all his great frame, "only a little nervous, a headache, or something of that sort."

"She's just ravin'—crazy—ask Vic if you don't believe me. The doctors come in before daylight; I went after em myself. Robbers broke into de house last night, sah, and frightened our sweet young lady almost to death."

"Robbers, 'Dolph!"

"Yes, sah. A gemman, too, as has been a visitor in dis 'dentical house. Marster catched him in de act ob takin' out de silver, and de gemman—robber, I mean—felt so 'shamed ob himself dat he up and banged a bullet straight frough his own bussom, afor Miss Elsie, too!"

"Poor thing; precious little darling," cried Tom; "Mellen's left her all alone, and Elizabeth away; dear me! 'Dolph, 'Dolph, what was that?"

"It's her a screaming."

"What, Elsie, my Elsie?"

"Yes, sah; dat am her."

"'Dolph, I say, cried Tom, in breathless anxiety, thrusting a ten dollar gold piece into the negro's hand; "'Dolph, would it be very much amiss, you know, if I was to take off my boots and just steal up?"

"Well, I doesn't 'zactly know; de fair sex am so captious 'bout us gemmen; but Vic is up dar, and you can ask her, she knows all 'bout de 'prieties. Smart gal, dat Vic, I tell you; loves Miss Elsie, too, like fifty."

"Does she?" said Tom; "here's another gold piece, give it to her, with my best regards, 'Dolph."

'Dolph pocketed the gold piece, and that was the last time it saw the light for many a day. Tom took off his boots and crept upstairs in his stocking feet, holding his breath as he went. Vic came out of the sick room, and the young man's grief softened her so much that she allowed him to steal into Elsie's boudoir, where he sat all the morning listening to the poor girl's muttered fancies, after heaping Vic with gold pieces to leave the door open, that he might catch a glimpse now and then of the beloved face, flushed and wild as it was. Generous, noble-hearted Tom Fuller; he had been really hungry when he came from his own room, but all that was forgotten now, and there he sat fasting till the shadows slanted eastward. Then he saw Mellen riding towards th house at a slow, weary pace, which bespoke great depression.

Tom arose and went downstairs, urged to meet his friend by the kindest heart that ever beat in a human bosom.

"She's better, I am quite sure; she slept two or three minutes; so don't look so downhearted," he cried," seizing Mellen's hand as he dismounted. "But where's Elizabeth? I thought you had gone after her."

"Elizabeth, my wife," answered Mellen, lifting his haggard eyes to Tom's eager face. "She is gone—lost—dead. My friend, my friend, I have murdered your cousin."

"Murdered her; now I like that," said Fuller; "but where is she? not gone off in a tiff. Bessie wasn't the girl to do that any way; but as for murder, oh nonsense!"

"Fuller, you are her only relative, and have a right to know. Come out into the grounds, the air of the house would stifle me."

They sat down together on a garden chair within sight of the old cypress.

"I have been a proud man, Fuller, sensitive beyond everything to the honor of my family, but never knowingly have I allowed this feeling to stand between my soul and justice. Your cousin has been terribly wronged since she came under my roof. It is now too late for reparation, but to you, her only relative, the truth must be known. I will not even ask you to keep the facts secret. I have no right."

"Look here, old fellow," said Tom, wringing Mellen's slender hand in his; "if this is a lover's quarrel between you and Elizabeth, don't say another word. Lord bless you! I can persuade her into anything, she knows me of old. Besides, I am glad there is something that I can do to make you both goodnatured just now, for as like as not, I shall be asking a tremendous favor of you before long, and this will pave the way; tell me where your wife is, I'll take care of the rest."

"Tom, I believe—I fear that she is dead."

The solemnity with which this was spoken appalled Tom.

"Dead!" he repeated, and the ruddy color faded from his face. "Dead—you can't mean it."

"Listen patiently to me if you can," said Mellen, sadly. "This must be told, but the effort is terrible."

Tom folded his arms and leant his now grave face to listen. Then Mellen told him all; the anguish, the deception, the anxiety which these pages have recorded so imperfectly. There was but little exhibition of excitement, Mellen told these things in a dull, dreary voice that bespoke utter hopelessness. He was so lost in his own misery that the signs of anguish in Tom's face never disturbed his narrative. When he had done Tom Fuller arose, and stood before him, white as death, but with a noble look in his eyes.

"Mellen, give me your hand, for you and I are just the two most wretched dogs in America at this minute. I loved her, Mellen, O God help me! I love her as you did the other one. Great heavens, what can we do?"

"Nothing," answered Mellen; "I did not think another pang could be added, and my soul recoils from this. Could she prove so base to you also?"

"Base; look here, Mellen, you don't take this in the true light. It was all my fault. I forced myself upon her; I—I—"

The poor fellow broke down, a convulsion of grief swept his face, and he walked away. Directly he came back, holding out his hand.

"Come, now let us search for Elizabeth," he said.

"It is useless; I have searched."

"But come with me—it was not in town you should have looked; Elizabeth would not go there."

Mellen arose and walked towards the bay. In passing a clump of rosebushes Tom stopped to extricate a fragment of silk from the thorns.

"What dress did she wear that night?" he inquired, examining the shred in his hand.

"I remember well, it was purple," answered Mellen, without lifting his weary eyes from the ground.

"Come this way, for she has been here," said Tom. "This path leads to the fishpond."

They walked on, Tom searching all the thickets he passed vigilantly, and Mellen looking around him in terror lest the dead body of his wife should appear and crush his last hope for ever.

"She has been this way," said Tom, when they reached the pond. "See, that tuft of cat-tails has been broken. No, no, don't be afraid to look; see yonder where the bushes are swept down; she she went away towards the shore."

Mellen groaned aloud. This was his most terrible fear. They walked on, taking a path that curved round the bay, and leaving the shore tavern on the right, went down to the beach. It was now sunset, and a golden glow lay upon the waters till they broke along the beach like great waves of pearls and opals drifting over the Sound together, and melting as they fell. Near the two men was a winrow of black seaweed, on which great drops of spray were quivering. Something in the appearance of this dark mass arrested Tom's attention. He went up to the pile of weeds and kicked them apart with his foot; something compact and heavy lay underneath. He took it in his hand, gave the weeds that clung to it a shake, and held it up. Mellen came forward, his white lips parted, his breath came with pain. He reached forth his hand, but uttered no word.

It was the woollen shawl that Elizabeth had worn that night.

She was dead! That fiendish man had spoken the truth—Mellen believed it now. Elizabeth was dead, and he had killed her—that noble, grand woman, so resolute in her sacrifice, so determined to save that girl, to preserve him from the hardest shock to his honor and pride, she had offered herself up to death, body and soul.

Those few moments of conviction changed him

more than many years would have done. The pride and anger which had helped to aid him in that first grief were gone now—he was the wronger that first grief were gone now—he was the wronger —searching for the wife he had driven forth to perish. And she was dead.

No clue—no hope!

He did not touch the shawl, but leaving Tom Fuller, went back and sat down in Elsie's room, with the sick girl's delirious cries smiting his ear, and terrible images rising before his eye of Elsie both—dying, dead—drowned and dashed upon some lonely beach, with her cold, dead eyes staring blankly in his face.

Tom dropped the shawl in a wet mass at his feet, and walked away without attempting to detain or comfort the stricken husband. He too believed Elizabeth dead, and had not heart to offer consolation. Indeed, the pang of sorrow that this conviction brought took away his strength.

He walked on, over the wet sands of the beach, ready to cry out with the anguish of this sudden bereavement, when he came in sight of Caleb Benson east in the window on the sand.

"Is that you, Mr. Fuller, and alone? I'm mighty pleased to find any one from the Cove—most of all you."

"Do you want me for anything particular?" asked Tom in a husky voice; "if not I—I'm engaged just now."

"Well, yes; I must tell you," said the old man. "I've bin to your house twice—once in the night—I thought mebby I'd see the young gal."

"What is it?" asked Tom, in the impotence of his grief.

"She made me promise not to tell—but what-ever's wrong, you're her cousin, and can't be hard on her—because of the awful sick."

Tom caught his arm.

"My cousin—are you talking of my cousin, Mrs. Mellen?"

"Why yes, sure enough, though she never will forgive me for telling you."

"But where is she? Where is she?" shouted Tom. "How did you find her? Who got her out of the water? Great heaven, old man, can't you speak?"

"Well, this is the way it was," answered the old man, slowly, and eagerly, or morning, for it was night on to daylight, I was eating breakfast with the young one, when on one 'em got scared by a face at the window looking in on us as we eat. I just got one sight of the face, and kinder seemed to know it. So up I jumps, and on with my great coat, and out into the fog. Something gray went on afore me, and I followed, for sometimes it looked like a woman, and sometimes not. Down it went, making a bee-line for the beach, and I after it like split, for it traveled fast, I can tell you. The night had been kinder rough, and the waves dashed high, considering that the storm wasn't nothing much to speak on. But the woman, for I could see that it was a woman now, went right straight on, as if she made up her mind to pitch head forred into the sea and drown herself the first thing.

"This riled me up, and I went on arter her like a tornado, now I tell you. But just as I was reaching out both hands to drag her back from one of that same roaring along it broke, and the undertow sucked her in right afore my face. Now some folks might a hollered in arter her, but I knew better than that. We should both on us have gone to kingdom come and no mistake if I had. Not a bit of it! I planted myself firm and waited. Sure enough the second wave arter that came tearing along, tossing the poor crettur up and down like a wisp of straw, and pitched her nearer right to my tracks. In course the next wave would have dragged her out to sea agin, but I got hold of her shawl and held on to had her both, but the darned thing gave way, and I had just time to drop it and make a grab at her clothes, when it came crushing over us all. But I held on, and planted myself firm, so it only dragged us both a foot or two and went leaving off. Then I got a fair hold of the lady and dragged her up the beach out of harm's way. But I really thought that she was dead; the daylight broke while she lay on the sand, and then I saw who it was, and the sight of her cold face drove me wild. I took her up in my arms and carried her home. There was a good fire burning, and my darter is used to taking care of sick cases. So she wrapped her in hot blankets, and worked over her till the life came back."

"And she's alive—doing well," cried Tom, "at your house; old Benson, you're—a—a—trump. If I hadn't given away every gold piece I had in my pocket, you should have a double handful—by Jove, you should! But never mind, just come along, I want to see one splendid hug, and then for the Cove. No, no, that won't be fair after all," thought the generous fellow, "Grant must have the first kiss—she must tell her—"

The thought of what must be told her went through the young fellow's brain like a screw of fire, but he dashed into the path which led to Piney Cove, calling back to Benson, "Don't tell her anything! I am coming right away.

Breathless, eager, forgetful of his own great sorrow, Tom cleared the distance between the shore and Piney Cove with enormous strides. As he crossed the lawn almost at a run, leaped up the steps two at a time, and found Mellen lying upon a sofa in the balcony, with his face to the wall.

"Get up, old fellow, get up and shake yourself," he cried, seizing upon Mellen and turning him over as if he had been a Newfoundland dog in the wrong place; "I've found her—by Jove, I have!—she's at old Benson's. Isn't he a brick? She's well—she, she isn't quite that according to the latest accounts, but by all that's sacred, your wife is alive!"

Mellen started to his feet, bewildered, wild.

"Thomas Fuller, is this true?"

"Do I look like a man who tells lies for fun?" said Tom, drawing himself up.

"Have you seen her—is my wife truly alive?"

"Yes—no—no—I haven't seen her—was in too great a hurry for that. But she's there at Benson's tavern, just as sure—as sure—as a gun."

Mellen brushed past the kind fellow while he was hesitating for a comparison. His saddle horse stood at the door—for he had been too excited for any orders regarding it. He sprang upon its back and dashed across the lawn, through the grove and out of sight, quickly as a fast horse could clear the ground. He drew up in front of old Benson's house, leaped off and rushed in.

"Where is she?" he cried, to the frightened woman who met him. "Oh, Mary—where is she?"

A cry from the upper room answered his words; he dashed into the apartment. There, on the humble bed, lay Elizabeth, pale and changed, but alive—saved!

She was covering back in deadly affright—putting out her hands in wild appeal.

"I'm going away," she moaned; "don't kill me! I can stand it—I'll go—I'll go."

He fell on his knees by the bed, he was telling the truth in wild, broken words.

"Only forgive me, Elizabeth; only forgive me!"

She could not comprehend what he was saying at the moment; when she did, her first thought was of the child—his sister.

"Elsie! Elsie!"

"She is ill—dying perhaps. Oh, my wife! my wife! Try to speak—say that you forgive me."

She was too greatly agitated for words then, but she put out her hands with a gesture he understood. He lifted her to his breast and folded her close to his heart. She lay in their passionate clasp with a long sigh of content.

"God is very good," she whispered; "the new life has come."

There, in that lowly room, Grantley Mellen held his wife to his heart, and the last fire of his old wrong, impetuous nature went out for ever in thankfulness and tears.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE HUDSON.

The Burning of the Steamer Berkshire.

As the Berkshire, a new and fine boat of the Hudson Steamboat Company, was on her way down the river, and near Hyde Park, on the evening of June 3, about half-past ten, an alarm of fire was raised. The scene that followed defies description. The passengers, who had retired to their cabins, rushed out in terror half-clad, to find the boat enveloped in flames. A terrible lamp had exploded and spread its liquid fire over a bale of hay. In a few moments the masses of bay which covered the deck were in flames, and though the pilot, Mr. Benjamin Rigby, acted manfully to his post and endeavored to run her ashore, the fire gained rapidly, and she struck at last full 50 feet from the shore. Many in their panic jumped into the water and were drowned, but the masses of combustibles prevented many, especially ladies, from even attempting this.

As unknown passenger, whose name did not transpire, states that he left Catskill in company with a friend, and took passage on the Berkshire for New York. After retiring to rest he awoke in the night to suddenly hear a cry of fire. Jumping from his berth, he ran to the companion-way and ascended the steps, intending to go out on deck, but on opening the door the smoke rushed through the apartment with such violence and fury as to drive him back. Concluding in an instant that he had to get out of the cabin or be suffocated, he made another attempt to reach the deck and succeeded this time in gaining one foot out, when he observed the flames of a flame directly in his pathway, utterly doing away with all possibility of escape. He again retreated to the cabin, which by this time was so filled with smoke as to render it an impossibility to breathe in it. He made one attempt to get out air din.

Grasping the wood work, he entered an anteroom, in which was a window, through which he could see a dim light. Running to it, he broke the sash, and was assisted against a boy who was also endeavoring to escape. Seizing him, he very carefully through the window and dropped into the water. His friend, he believes, was suffocated to death or suffocated in the cabin. He furthermore says that he was the first one that made any attempt to escape from the cabin, and he is positive that after he retreated from the companion-way the second time nothing could get out of the cabin alive. There being quite a number in their berths in the cabin, it is feared that this gentleman's statement is too true.

Among the scenes, says a survivor, which I witnessed, I should mention one which particularly excited my interest. A little boy, 10 or 12 years of age, whose name I afterwards learned was Potter, was among the passengers. After the loss of his grandmother, an old lady of 60 years of age. They were asleep in the ladies' cabin when the fire broke out. The old lady awoke first, and immediately aroused her grandchild from his slumbers. Hastily dressing, they vested was on fire, and they must flee for their lives. The two rushed out of the cabin together, and the old lady, who had proceeded forward until the flames drove them back and cut off their escape in that direction, they were obliged to retreat to the cabin, where they rushed into one of the staterooms. The boy pulled open the sash and smashed in the glass in an effort to break open the sash and window of the adjoining room. His little shoulder was thrust out against the window, only succeeding in smashing out the glass. He took the window down, then opened the sash and got out of the window on deck, and, seizing the lady as they passed through the cabin. The old lady's clothing caught fire, and her grandchild could not get through. The boy jumped into the water, refusing to let go of her until he could get out safe. The flames approached him, however, in such a manner as to render his position perfectly horrid, and his grandmother finally commanded him to leave her and save himself, as he could not hope to be rescued. The little fellow left her side with the utmost reluctance, and swam ashore, and reached the shore in safety. He wept most bitterly, and was the object of pity from every one. He was generally thought the poor old woman was burned in the vessel, as she was not heard from since.

The total loss of life was nearly 90. Many bodies have not yet been recovered, and some are beyond recognition.

BOOK NOTICES.

HAUNTED HEARTS. By the Author of "The Lamplighter." Boston: J. E. TILTON & CO.

This is Cumming as an artistic reputation by her previous works of fiction, and in this sustains it. The scene is laid in New Jersey, and the life of the epoch adopted is well drawn. Her plot is a dramatic one, although not sensational, but in the best sense of the term. Her heroine, Agnes, is well drawn, and excites the sympathy and interest of the reader to the close.

Her style is graceful and natural, and few will be disappointed who take up "Haunted Hearts."

STUMBLING BLOCKS. By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: TICKNOR & FIELDS.

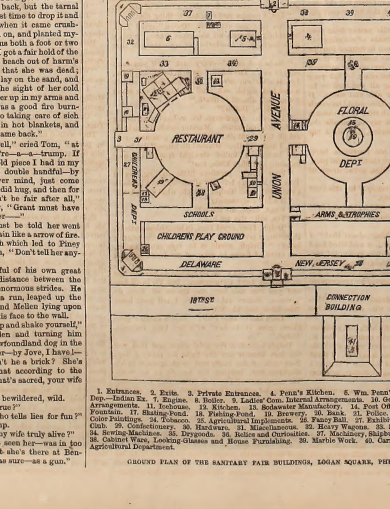
Miss Hamilton is as amusable, as smart and as sprightly, in this field as in any she has yet cultivated. She agrees with all sensible in the evangelical school of New England. But she is thoroughly independent in her views as the effervescence of her own brain, and does not let criticisms upon what she regards as prevalent errors in this respect with a burden which adds materially to the spice of her book

WAX FLOWERS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM. Boston: J. E. TILTON & CO.

This neat volume gives full instructions on the art of modelling wax flowers. It is copiously illustrated, and its clear and simple directions will enable persons of common ingenuity to master the process without additional aid.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES, as arranged by Sir John Stevenson and Sir Henry Bishop, by Oliver Ditson & Co., of Boston, in a very elegant form. For accuracy, elegance and arrangement this edition is unrivalled. Their edition of the popular operas now being performed in this country is considered as the standard one in the country, as it contains the original libretto, with an excellent translation. They now issue this form of music, both vocal and instrumental, original and selected, of a very high order.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—The photographs of the famous patriot-orator, Daniel Webster, Statuary, are some of the finest studies we have seen. We admire more especially that in which, with head bowed and disheveled hair, the noble woman is on her knees appealing to Gen. Hugo for the release of her seducer from hanging to shooting. Fortunately the rebel chief was prevented carrying out his murderous design by the advance of the Union troops, who rescued the heroic woman. This photograph is effective as a work of art, and reflects the greatest credit on Mr. E. M. Howell, the operator of the Negative Gallery. Mr. Howell is very assiduous and will present the lifelike look which Mr. Rowell's portraits almost invariably possess.



GROUND PLAN OF THE SANITARY FAIR BUILDINGS, LOGAN SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA.

1. Entrances. 2. Exits. 3. Private Entrances. 4. Penn's Kitchen. 5. Wm. Penn's Parlor. 6. Children's Dep.—Indian Boy. 7. Engine. 8. Boiler. 9. Ladies' Com. Internal Arrangements. 10. Gentlemen's Com. Internal Arrangements. 11. Icehouse. 12. Kitchen. 13. Schlawker Manufactory. 14. Post Office. 15. Fishpond. 16. Fountain. 17. Skating-Pond. 18. Fishing-Pond. 19. Brewery. 20. Bank. 21. Police. 22. Urns. 23. Water-Color Paintings. 24. Tobacco. 25. Agricultural Implements. 26. Fancy Ball. 27. Exhibition Room. 28. German Cloth. 29. Confectionary. 30. Hardware. 31. Miscellaneous. 32. Heavy Wagons. 33. Stoves and Hollow Ware. 34. Sewing-Machines. 35. Drygoods. 36. Relics and Curiosities. 37. Machinery, Shipbuilding and Steam Yacht. 38. Cabinet Ware, Looking-Glasses and House Furnishing. 39. Marble Work. 40. Carriages and Harness. 41. Agricultural Department.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Conference now sitting in London to arrange the Danish difficulty has come to the conclusion of a compromise. Denmark will retain the Danish part of Schleswig-Holstein, while the German part will be left to the people, whose plebiscite will determine their fate. This decision will much reduce the actual kingdom of Hamlet, but, as the London *Times* very coolly observes, all that England wants is that the entrance to the Baltic shall remain in her hands. Both parties are dissatisfied with this decision, but Denmark is the weak to continue the unequal struggle, while the German Powers have been forced into acquiescence by the threat held over them by Bismarck, that if they do not agree King-land will offer an armed opposition to Prussia, and blame as her boundary.

Great interest is current in London that Garibaldi's visit to England was cut short by the necessity of getting him out of the country, for the downright love of England, who having conceived an overmastering passion for the brave widower, wanted to marry him. This aristocracy wishing to save its order the spectacle of such a misalliance, therefore persuaded him to leave the kingdom. The conduct of the duchess is not so much to be wondered at, since a British peeress of high degree has received nearly 2,000 volunteer offers of marriage from brave-loving ladies of all nations, but the reply has been: "My heart and hand are in the grave of Arta."

Whether the public mind is intent on the American and Mexican questions. The chances, however, of any recognition of the Southern Confederacy are very remote, since Earl Russell has put the rebel cause here de rather by pronouncing Gen. Lee the British Government. In every respect a better feeling towards the North is evinced in both countries, both people are watching the armies of Grant and Lee with the greatest anxiety.

The health of the Pope remains in a very precarious state, but although he is not known, as he reports, ever to set forth for state reasons, and to keep down the insurrection in the Italian people, he will be a long time master for unity.

The French papers accuse the Russian Cabinet of intriguing in the Danubian provinces, and a large Russian force is concentrated on the Pruth.

The cholera remains in its usual discontented state. The Spanish Government announce that their troops have quelled the rebellion to blow up the fortifications of Cortu, when they numbered 2,000 men, and Gen. Serrano is despatched to their aid as favouring a Government as the Spanish must not run the risk of having a strongpoint built by their constant foe.

The war in New Zealand is practically over.

In China the Taepings still urge their usual rebellion against the established order.

The Japanese and Europeans have come to an amicable understanding with the Tycoon and Mikado, against the insurrectionary Prince; but how long it will last none can tell, since the semi-civilised barbarian is the most uncertain of all men.

SOMETHING ABOUT BANKNOTES.

In a recent number of an English paper we find some interesting facts respecting the notes of the Bank of England. The paper on which the notes are printed is made by the hand in the Portal mill-yard firm. It is made in sheets 16 inches long by 5 inches wide, on each of which there are to be printed. The sheets are then cut in two, when each note has three rough edges and one smooth one. The peculiar quality of the paper has been found the best preventive against counterfeiting. The engraving of the notes has been imitated, but the imitations lack the genuine by the detection that was taken a few months ago had to be sent by the Bank of England to the Bank of Ireland, and that the bank with a record of every note issued. Every note presented at the bank for payment is marked off these ledgers on the day following, the date of payment being stamped on the note and in the ledger. The paper which a note chance to be passed it would be detected the next day in passing the desk.

About 21,000 notes are presented daily for payment. They are examined by tearing off the corner and punching, and then laid away in boxes, to be kept 10 years. At the end of that time the notes are destroyed, by furnishing the number, date and amount, it can be produced in duplicates. Once a week the paper which have completed their 10 years of rest are taken out and burnt.

Banknotes are subject to many mishaps; they are burled, burned, washed by mistake, and lost.

Not many years since a laborer, in taking down a lodgeroom came across a small box buried in the soil. Upon examining the contents they were found to be banknotes, the property of a robbery which had occurred so long previous as to be almost forgotten. It is supposed that the box, being discovered by officers of the law, hid the box where it was found, and were perhaps hurried off for some other emergency, and so their secret died with them.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for notes to be thrown into the fire along with waste paper and burned. They are sometimes, too, used as lights, as shades, &c, etc.

Notes have been blown into a river, and although the song has it:

> For a guinea it will sink,
> But a one pound note will float,

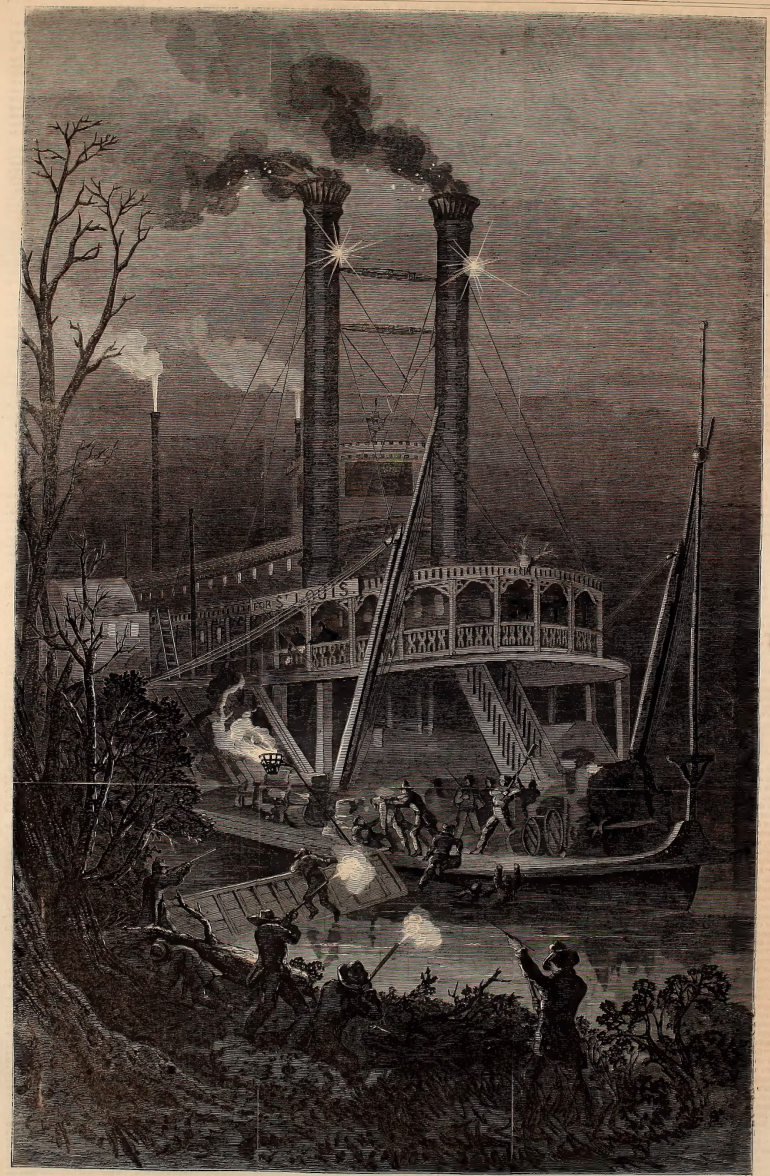
five pound notes will not.

Notes sometimes are left in pockets and washed into a complete wad. But the bank will redeem them, provided they contain as much legible data as is possible to identify them.

A rural lord of a grazier who, having returned from market, was counting his money. The wind took one of the notes out of the window, and it was swallowed by a pet lamb. The animal was killed by the butcher, and the note found in the stomach. It was in a very much mutilated condition, and it was of course quite discolored, but being all there, the grazier got his money.

When a note is irrecoverably lost, the usual practice is—if the note be under £100—to make the loser wait five years, after which time application for payment will be entertained. But with notes of £100 and upwards, a sum which is not considered lost by persons in trade, the name of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England for twenty years. During this time, the dividends, as they accrue, are paid to the loser, and at the end of the term the stock is transferred into his name.

AN ARTIFICIAL TONGUE.—A French surgeon describes how he removed from a patient the whole of a tongue affected with cancer, by means of what he terms *emboitures en étoiles*. He perforated the tongue with a number of fine cauterising arrows (*fleches*), so as to cause all the affected portion to slough off in one mass. His patient, after the removal of the tongue, could neither swallow nor speak, but performed both these functions after being supplied with a quite-perfect tongue of her natural size.



THE WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI—GUERILLAS ATTACKING A MISSISSIPPI STEAMER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHELL.—SEE PAGE 262.

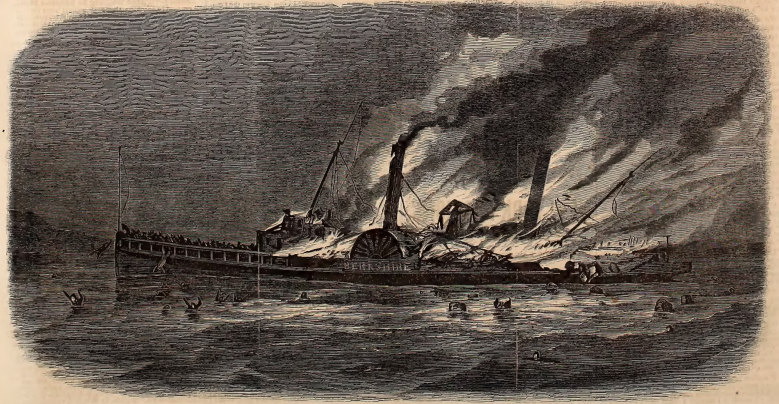


GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—BUILDING BREASTWORKS AT HAWE'S STORE, MAY 29.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 215.

THE EGG A MINIATURE UNIVERSE.

THE following remarkable passage occurs in Professor Agassiz' Methods of Study of Natural History:

"One can hardly conceive the beauty of the egg as seen through the microscope at this period of its growth, when the whole yolk is divided, with the dark granules on one side; while the other side, where the transparent halo of the vesicle is seen, is brilliant with light. With the growth of the egg these granules enlarge, become more distinct, and under the microscope some of them appear to be hollow. They are not round in form, but rather irregular, and under the effect of light they are exceedingly brilliant. Presently, instead of being scattered equally over the space they occupy, they form clusters—constellations as it were—and between these clusters are clear spaces, produced by the separation of the albumen from the oil. At this period of its growth there is wonderful resemblance between the appearance of the egg, as seen under the microscope, and the firmament with the celestial bodies. The little cluster of constellations are equally divided. Here and there they are two and two like double stars, or sometimes in threes or fives, or in sevens, recalling the Pleiades; and the clear albuminous tracts between are like the empty spaces separating the stars. This is simply true tha such is the actual appearance of the yolk at this time; and the idea cannot but suggest itself to the mind, that the thoughts which have been embodied in the universe are recalled here within the little egg, presenting a miniature diagram of the firmament. This is one of the first changes of the yolk, ending by forming regular clusters, with a sort of network of albumen between, and then this phase of the growth is complete."



TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE HUDSON—THE BURNING OF THE BERKSHIRE ON THE RIGHT OF THE 8TH OF JUNE.

THE CUERILLAS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE defeat of the ill-advised expedition of Gen. Banks up the Red river has let loose the large rebel force which the danger had enabled the Confederate authorities to collect, and the predatory movements of the Southern Arabs on the floating caravans of the West. At Lebanon was captured and burned by part of Marmaduke's forces, the crew and passengers being all carried off as prisoners.

They are even so bold as to disregard the gunboats which patrol the waterways. The Mississippi, though occupied by the Monarch and R. C. Adams, of the Marine Brigade, was attacked by a part of Marmaduke's command stationed at Columbia, Ark., and completely riddled.

Our relation of the capture of the other vessel will show that the dangers of travel, which seem to thicken on every hand, can still be augmented by the horrors of war.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE following piece of elegant poetry, written by an Arkansas editor shortly after being married, shows what is the duties of the institution:

There is not in this wide world a happier life
Than to sit by the sidewiggle and tickle your wife;
Taste the sweets of her lips in a moment of glee,
And twist the cat's tail as she jumps on her knee.

PRENTICE says there is something incxpressibly sweet about little girls, and it grows on them the bigger they get.

PRENTICE says: "Men talk fluently about scaling fortifications, who couldn't scale anything more important than a big fish."

"YOU always lose your temper in my company," said an individual of doubtful reputation to a gentleman.

"True, sir; and I should not wonder if I lost everything I have about me."

SOME of our friends in the army write us rather tough stories. For instance, we are assured that Harry ——, of the —— Massachusetts battery, recently saw a rebel general officer and three of his staff on a promontory about a mile distant. Harry immediately sighted a piece and took off four legs, one each, from the rebel colonel. This is tough.

EQUIVOCAL verses gained great favor in the days of vindictive political and religious quarrels. Verses contrived so as to express two different meanings, according as they are read downwards or across. In the following lines were run in, there are many who might be decoy'd by the first reading:

I love with all my heart The Tory party here
The Election part And hateful do appear
And for the settlement I ever have denied
My sentence gives con- To be an Jones's aide
Most righteous in the cause To fight for such a king
To fight for George's rule With England's ruin bring
It is my wish and heart In this right hand
Though none will take my part Received to live and die.

BATTLE SONG FOR THE "EXEMPT BRIGADE."

I thank you, Father Abr'am, much
For giving me leave to stop at home,
In de "Exempt Guard," 'tis sich
You can make a coward brave.
You courage makes nemsch vast to fight,
I'm glad I've not got any;
I thinks nein bier, I eats nein kraut,
I hates nein "honest penny."

I likes a ball at Jones's Wood,
Mit Liederkranz and tangen;
But nicht ein ball vat tears nein blood,
Und sets mein horse a prancin.'
Und dough I leaks Miss Minnie schön,
Und likes to flirt and tribe,
I do not vant to come too close,
To dat ugly Minnie Ribe.

I thinks I am not made to be
Val vimin calls a "hero,"
For ven dey sides of blut and wounds
My blut it turns to zero.
In de "Home-Guard," ver ish no fights
I likes it best to stay,
Mitout de rebels come up North,
Und den—I runs away!

LAZINESS kills, and drugs seldom cure. Many die from doing nothing, few from taking nothing.

WHEN Sir David Baird was taken prisoner in India, his news of that event was brought to his mother. They told the old lady that her son had been taken prisoner, and was carried to another man.

"Oh," said she, "woe's me for the man that's chained to him."

UNLESS military officers are accomplished, their work will not be.

WE should not call a man a liar because he has not one in, but he isn't a man of truth.

IF we are always looking back, we shall be sure to go as we look.

HE who could kill a tiger in combat may be bitten to death by fleas.

A WESTERN paper says: "It's only 21 years since the first log cabin was erected in Burlington, Iowa, and it contains 20,102 inhabitants." A large cabin!

THE man who was lately "struck with a new thought," has resolved to overlook the act, at his first time, and there is little danger of a repetition of the offence.

A PERSON fond of the marvellous told an improbable story, and added, as was his wont, "Did you ever hear of that before?"

"No, sir," said the other; "pray did you?"

"MAMA, can a door speak?"

"Certainly not, my love."

"Then why did you tell Anna to answer the door?"

"It is time for you to go to school, dear."

A FRENCHMAN one day made his appearance at the Heralds' College, and told the gentleman in waiting that he wanted to look at a shield.

"A shield!" said the astonished auditor; "a shall! Oh! a sill, you mean!"

"Eh, bein! it is all de same, a vil or a shall."

THERE is a gentleman in New York who is unmerciful in regard to keeping his door-plate polished every morning, being determined to "leave an unburnished name behind him"—when he goes to his office.

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"MR. SMITH," said the counsel, "you say you once officiated in a pulpit; do you mean that you preached?"

"No, sir; I held the candle for a man who did."

"At the court understood you differently, they supposed that the discourse came from you."

"No, sir; I only throwed a light on it."

A YOUNG lady was told by a married lady that she had better precipitate herself off the Niagara Falls into the basin beneath than marry. The young lady replied, "I would, if I thought I could find a husband at the bottom!"



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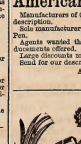
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Gen. Grant on the South Side of Richmond.

In the transfer of the Army of the Potomac from the pestilential swamps of the Chickahominy on the north to the south side of Richmond, Gen. Grant has executed another of those masterly flank movements for which he has become so pre-eminently distinguished. The immense labors required, the difficulties overcome, and the dangers avoided in carrying out this enterprise, may be inferred from Gen. Grant's brief but comprehensive report of the movement. He says: "Our forces drew out from within 50 yards of the enemy's entrenchments at Cold Harbor (north side of the Chickahominy), made a flank movement of about 55 miles march (a vast army, with all its artillery and trains), crossing (by pontoon bridges) the Chickahominy and James rivers —the latter 2,000 feet wide and 84 feet deep at the point of crossing, and surprised the enemy's rear at Petersburg. This was done without the loss of a wagon or piece of artillery, and only about 150 stragglers were picked up by the enemy."

This is, indeed, a difficult, delicate and hazardous flank movement, most admirably accomplished. Had not Gen. Lee, from his rough experience in this campaign from "the Wilderness" to the defences of Richmond, been too severely crippled to justify the venture, he would surely have seized the opportunity for harassing at every step, front, flank and rear, this side movement of his fearless adversary; for we



"RUN BACK, JOHNNIES—RUN BACK, YANKS."



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THE LULL IN THE STORM.—SEE PAGE 381.

know, from the Richmond journals, that although Lee, in the outset, was completely outwitted, he yet discovered the withdrawal of our forces from his immediate front in season to march out, intercept them, and bring them to a battle, or another series of battles, had he not felt himself too seriously cut up to attempt it. In fact, as a graphic war correspondent accompanying our great Western army in Georgia says of Gen. Sherman, "we may say of Gen. Grant: that from the first dislodgment of his adversary to the present day 'he has played around him as a cooper plays around a cask,' and still tightening his coils around him with every blow.

But the exacting reader will naturally inquire what has Gen. Grant gained by this last brilliant operation? Is he not further from Richmond at Petersburg, on the south side of the city and the James river, than he was at Cold Harbor, on the north side? Is not the rebel capital, with the broad river in front, better defended on the south than on the north side? It is not possible, too, that, situated as Gen. Lee now is, between our army and Washington, he may repeat his aggressive programme of 1862, leaving Richmond to the chances of capture, or absolutely abandoning it to secure the prize of our national capital?

We answer: First, Gen. Grant, in moving his army to the south side of Richmond, has transferred it from the deadly malaria of the Chickahominy — a great point gained — to a healthy position; he has secured the broad and and navigable James river as his base of supplies; he has secured the junction of Gen. Meade's grand army with the fine army of Gen. Butler; he has secured the active co-operation of Admiral Lee's powerful squadron of ironclads and gunboats; and, above all, he has secured a position from which he can readily and effectually cut off the rebel capital from every variety of subsistence through which the city is fed from North Carolina and Georgia. This movement against Richmond, in fact, very much resembles that splendid flank of last summer down the Mississippi, and around from the south to the rear of Vicksburg; and it covers the same design and the same overwhelming advantages of cutting off the city from its remaining sources of reinforcements and subsistence. Gen. Grant is now between Lee and Jo. Johnston, as he was last June between Pemberton and Johnston; and now, as then, he has each so completely tied up that neither can attempt to relieve the other without hazarding the ruin of both.

Such are the positive advantages gained by Gen. Grant in his new position. They are so comprehensive that the defences of Richmond, on every side, may be omitted from the estimate, inasmuch as those defences will amount to nothing the moment the city, with its defensive army, is cut off from its extensive subsistence. Dependent upon the scanty stores within the city's encircling earthworks, Richmond, with its population of say 20,000 souls, Lee's effective army of 75,000 men, and his sick and wounded soldiers to the number of perhaps 25,000 more, have to be fed. We think it will soon be made manifest that this is one of the fatal weakness of the rebel capital, and that Gen. Grant has thoroughly comprehended it from the beginning of this masterly campaign.

As for any apprehensions of another Southern venture by Gen. Lee, we think they will be dismissed by the intelligent reader upon the simple statement of the facts, that the railroads between Richmond and Washington have been so thoroughly broken up that it will require months of labor to repair them; that the country between the two cities has been completely eaten out by the two great armies of Meade and Lee, and that the supplies of the Shenandoah valley, left behind by Lee in his last instursion against western Maryland, have been disposed of from Martinsburg to Staunton, 150 miles, by Gen. Hunter. Furthermore, between Hunter, Averill, Crook, Pope and Sheridan, the region west of Lynchburgville and Lynchburg has now little or nothing to spare for the army of Lee.

To sum up the military situation at Richmond in a few words, Gen. Grant having stripped the country north and west of the city of its army supplies, having cut off its communications, it only remains for him to cut off and occupy the roads which run southward from the city, in order to bring out Lee into the open field, in which he will be beaten, or to compel him to abandon the city, and by starvation in order to save his army. Remembering Vicksburg, we still look towards Richmond for another glorious addition to the honors of the Fourth of July.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 2, 1864.

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Summary of the Week

VIRGINIA.

Gen. Grant, after attempting to force the passage of the Chickahominy on the 3rd, and testing the strength of Lee's rebel army, has come to sit down and attempt a siege with the pestilential swamp of the Chickahominy between him. He is once more moved to compel the foe to come out and fight.

On Sunday, the 12th, the 18th army corps, under Gen. Smith, marched to White House and embarked. Wright's and Burnside's corps crossed the Chickahominy at Jones's bridge, and marched to the James river by Charles City Court House and Warren's corps crossed at Long bridge, and marched to Wilcox's. The whole army was thus in the great celery field between the rivers, on the James, and thrown over at Powhatan point. The enemy had not anticipated the movement. Lee's army was still massed around old Malvern hill on the 15th, and made no effort to molest.

On the 15th Smith pushed on, and Hinks's negro brigade carried and held Malvern hill, Petersburg without waiting for Brooke's division.

On Thursday, the 16th, Barlow's division of Hancock's 2d corps and Gibbon's 2d div. 9th corps moved to attack the rebel lines, but Burnside was himself assaulted, and Barlow lost several hundred of his men before he could get his works. Griffin's brigade of the 9th corps, however, carried the lines before them, and the enemy under Longstreet's brigade carried other works. Barlow's colors were retaken and Potter's rebel brigade captured, with nine pieces of artillery.

This victory was not purchased without loss, and among our serious losses was Major formerly Brig.-Gen. Morton, Chief Engineer to Gen. Burnside.

On the 17th the rebels made a furious attack on the works held by the 1st Michigan sharpshooters, in which, though we took 240 prisoners, the enemy finally got within the works, which they held till morning.

On the 18th the 5th corps gained the railroad to Norfolk, but Griffin and Crawford failed to carry the rebel works.

On the 19th, at 4 A.M., Burnside carried the works before him on the left, taking 500 prisoners and six pieces of cannon.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Gen. Hunter destroyed over $3,000,000 worth of rebel property at Staunton, two large cloth factories, a boot and shoe factory and foundries.

An expedition to Waynesboro destroyed several railroad bridges and tore up the track.

KENTUCKY.

On the 13th Newcastle was occupied at sunset by a force of 200 rebels, under George Jessie. They were desperate characters, hastily collected, and began at once to commit outrages. The same day captured Bardstown on the 18th.

On the 19th, at 4 P.M., a force of 80 made a raid into Princeton in Caldwell county, but were attacked by 12 soldiers of the 35th Kentucky, and after losing two killed and several wounded fled.

The defeat of Morgan by Gen. Burbridge at Cynthiana on the 12th was absolute; his force was completely routed and Morgan, with a small party, pushed with all speed for Pound gap.

GEORGIA.

The rebel Wheeler, with his cavalry, has been cutting Sherman's railroad lines. At Calhoun they seized six cars of grain on the 10th, but retreated before Gen. Hovey, who was at Adairsville, could come up. They placed, however, a torpedo on the track towards Resaca, which exploded under the train, hurling the locomotive six feet from the track and tearing four cars into splinters. At night Wheeler returned and tore up part of the track.

On the 14th Gen. Polk was killed.

On the 15th Blair's corps stormed the enemy's works, and drove him back, and on the 18th Johnston drove back his flank and abandoned all his works in front of Kenesaw mountain, holding that mountain as the apex of his position, with his flanks behind Smyrna and Moses creeks.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The rebel Gen. Samuel Jones, commanding at Charleston, has placed five general officers, prisoners of war, in close confinement in that city. Gen. Hunter has transferred to Gen. Foster five rebel Generals to be similarly placed.

ARKANSAS.

Gen. Steele is at Little Rock, which is fortified. Col. Clayton holds Pine bluff with 7,000 men well entrenched. There is a force at Duvall's bluff. The rebels under Fagan are at Princeton, 45 miles from Pine bluff; another force is at Camden, and 3,000 at Washington. Marmaduke is on the Mississippi at Columbia, attacking the steamers.

On the 7th, Gen. A. J. Smith, with part of the 16th army corps, landed near Columbia, and Marmaduke retired.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 14th June, the greater part of the day was spent in discussing the new loyal State Government of Arkansas. The Consular system was agreed to. Various unimportant alterations in the Enrollment bill, which were laid over.

In the House, Mr. Stevens made a report from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendments to the Military Appropriation bill; carried by 90 to 58. The Senate bill was then taken up, and Mr. Schenck introduced a bill repealing the $300 clause, and providing that hereafter no payment of money shall be accepted as a release from the performance of military duty. Mr. Gerfield introduced a joint resolution that no State declared to be a rebellion by the President is entitled to appoint electors of President and Vice President, and that no vote cast from any such State shall be received or counted until both Houses of Congress by concurrent action, shall have recognized the Government in such State. Laid on the table—yeas, 104; nays, 33. The Bounty bill took up, the consideration of Mr. Latham, offered Monday of last week, proposing a suspension of hostilities, and for the appointment of a Board of Commissioners for assembling a Convention of delegates from all the States, to adjust all difficulties between the North and the South on the basis of the Constitution. The House refused to allow a vote of yeas and nays on rules for the introduction of the resolution. The House then proceeded to the consideration of the House bill to repeal the Prize-Money law. After some debate the bill was laid over.

In the Senate, on the 14th, Mr. McDougall proposed a resolution declaring the cessation of monarchies on this Continent, but objection being made to its present consideration it was laid over. The Bounty bill was ordered to be printed.

In the House, the bill to prevent speculation in gold was passed, after an amendment which will necessitate the return to the Senate for concurrence.

In the Senate, on the 15th, Mr. Powell's bill to prevent military interference in elections was defeated by 20 to 8. Various bills of private interest were passed.

In the House, the entire day session was taken up with the consideration of the Senate joint resolution to amend the Constitution abolishing slavery and making for ever prohibitory slavery throughout the country. After a long discussion, and to be undone by various motions, the question was put on its decision, when it was voted for—yeas 93, and against 65. It thus fell 11 yeas short of the two-thirds necessary for its adoption. Subsequently it was carried at one time of calling the yeas and nays on this question, and the vote was the largest one that has been taken. Mr. Wilson, of Odell, of Brooklyn, is the only Democrat who voted for the amendment. Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, who originally gave notice that he would move a reconsideration of the vote, and the matter will probably be postponed till next session. In the evening the Senate's amendments to the Internal Revenue bill were discussed, and most of them agreed to.

In the Senate, on the 16th, the time was occupied by discussing the Tariff bill.

In the House, the consideration of the Senate amendments to the Internal Revenue bill was continued from the previous day, and all the remaining ones were acted on, the session being prolonged till 11 o'clock at night. The amendment adding salt to the tax on whiskey and hand was agreed to by 73 against 62. That striking out the duty of five per cent. on the proceeds of gold and silver mining was also agreed to. A number of other Senate amendments were concurred in, and a committee was ordered to confer on the disagreeing amendments.

In the Senate, on the 17th, the bill for the speedy punishment of guerillas was taken up by Mr. Wilson. Mr. Davis opposed it. The Tariff bill was then proceeded with, and several amendments made.

In the House, there was no business of importance transacted.

In the Senate, on the 18th, the Northern Pacific Railroad bill was reported by Mr. Harlan. The joint resolution declaring the Arkansas Government a republican was passed. The bill to encourage and facilitate telegraphic communication between the Eastern and Western Continents was taken up and vigorously discussed during the remainder of the session. No conclusion was reached, however.

In the House, a bill was reported by Mr. Alley establishing the seat of government of the District of Columbia, appointing a commission to settle claims for war losses in the District, and was passed. A bill was also passed chartering another street railroad in Washington, from which the present line will be excluded on each side. The bill giving substituted rank to the warrant officers of the navy was also passed. The joint resolution giving relief to Capt. Jefferson, by taking the contract off his hands for building the Monitors, was passed. The House refused to concur in the Senate's amendment to the joint resolution that the President be authorized to invite to the Government of Great Britain that it is the wish and intention of the Government at the close of the present rebellion to liberally accommodate all of 1817 in respect to a naval force on the lakes at the end of six months. The question of the site for the new navy-yard was postponed until the next session of Congress.

TOWN COSSIP.

STRAWBERRIES! The glorious, golden, royal-purple fruit is with us. Strawberries, the first yield of the woods and fields to the hands craving for relief from the monotony of winter's food. Strawberries, the very epitome of gossip, and yet so seldom the theme of the poet's song. Not the deep blushing rose so modestly veiled in its sea-green leaves, so quietly awaiting to be plucked and borne, perfuming with its spicy juices of its life, to the eager lips of a thousand lovers?

Strawberries! but we will come down from the stilts and dismount from the scientific. Without pretending in the advent of the strawberry to city people that the dews of the country can be bottled up for the first real palatable promise they have of the coming summer. The dweller in the country, whose mind is daily preoccupied for this fact by the springing of the grass and wayside flowers, and the bursting buds of the trees, is not so startled into a new life by the ripening of the little berry. They hail it only as the first fruit of spring, and, if their patch be large, are more or less indifferent to its yield, and the anxiety only is for what the coming fruit will fetch which made up into homecooked preserves, and duly delivered at the Thanksgiving market. For the benefit of these we offer the opinion, or rather the fact, that this season the coveted fruit is both poor and dear. The weight of the year's crop has been wrecked little hastes, rarely holding over a gill, from cents to the common ordering, bringing the luxury to the modest price of about 75 cents a quart. So far the season has been against them, the weather lacking that hard-working sun them love and ripen for us. A hot, sunshiny days will not only double the supply, but will no doubt improve the flavor that the strawberry lover's mouth cannot do less than water at the mere anticipation.

While these strawberries we must tell that every year, at the office of the *Agriculturist* in Park Row, an exhibition is held of the fruits which farmers, market gardeners and cultivators their choicest varieties. As the gatherings of this display do not take much room in comparison to the size in which the annual experiences goes, they invite the editorial corps to eat of the gorgeous assortment and speak in the press their views. Many hundreds know of the annual show, where thousands might. It is past for this year, and the best of the fruit is over; but we may say there strawberries that would have made the fabled feat of making two bites of a cherry look for shame. We say there, also, two or three, but plaintiff of the fruit, the smallest of which was larger than a pigeon's egg, and the largest, equal to, or fact, any other pears, which is that the dog days leaving Newcomen, the Mayor has a proclamation together in the innocents, and has even curl-dressed. Herod by beginning like the Nile, and ending like a mountain, during the blood, money to be 50 cents per head, and Washington to be 50. Now, only think of it, any country war he made so to operate that it would take off old Newcomen's head and leave it to the tender mercies, about the corners from Canal street to 8th, on Broadway, or to the poverty and sadness of Bowery. Jeval every lady that passes, we would willingly disburse a dollar apiece for the unmentionables, and have to sacrifice the job. If these cars cannot be disposed of in the same way by a sale of part to some two, then we create a rope, the pound, 50 cents and the drowning vat.

Still, as a sequence of Newcomen's death be that the coming week recruiting reconnoissens in New York, and the official and fashionable circles, the latest shows of the draft by anything for men with a $300 last, while the attempted raid of the Confederates on the city of Portland, which they have she could keep 500 of her men, having crept into the city, and then, by a ruse, effectively effected the escape of the whole party, and that without losing sermon, answered that she did not propose to let them have the men, and that if they tried at them so often that they now do not intend to do so. Now, we are unfortunate enough to have—being somewhat behind the scenes—we have the whole proposition perfected and ready to be finished almost as soon as the paper is in the hands of the public, and that is that there will be no draft in this city on it, and that in default of the men and recruiting, the Government may spite of all threats, and the result that the rebels' city of the land will be drafted for 500 men, and 500 to not be drafted should produce but $300, let us double it, let us do it, and then we shall have not only saved the city, but somethings to the Provost-Marshal come and smash us awake. Meanwhile, the draft of 500 men is going on, and Washington and on street corners: all men who cannot live happy and quiet at home; all whose imaginations have developed a change of diet and scene; and all, who, in short, have a little money to spare, are invited good to the community in which they live. From the last class above the army might be raised two full regiments.

One of the most miserable exposures ever made in connection with the villainies of the city has received an airing during the past week, in the account of doings perpetrated by the trustees of the Fourth Ward School. These men, whose names we shall assist in handing down to infamy, are Jeremiah Coughlin, James White, Daniel Insley, John H. Lester, Charles Kelly and Felix Murphy, who have been tried and found guilty of the meanest system of robbery ever perpetuated upon earth. These men, elected by the people as the guardians of their children, have been convicted of cuabbling Sergeant, making White their manager, and appropriating from the miserable pittance allowed the teachers from

20 to 40 per cent., as the price of their situations. No question was made as to the ability of the victim to fill his or her position, no examination to know whether they were capable of being placed in authority over the scholars, but only a response from them whether they were willing to pay the black-mail; if not, there was the alternative—go! The father who struggled to support a large family on a salary of $900 was obliged to pay $300 of it to these bloodhounds. A poor, deformed girl, who had, somehow, without possessing beauty as a lure, got into a $300 teachership, was obliged to give up $75 of the pittance, as bribe money, that she might be allowed to live!

And yet these men are suffered to go out and mix among the people, with no other punishment than a loss of their places! Certainly virtue is its own reward!

Among the incidents of the week was a mass meeting, at Union Square, of the Early Closing Association, a combination of clerks and workmen in stores to obtain more time from their employers, by forcing them to close the stores at an early hour in the evening. We should be glad to see such a movement successful, not because we have any faith that those emancipated from labor would use the time for improvement, but simply because we believe in shortening the hours of labor as much as possible, and giving to the laborer all the recreation that is consistent with the obtainment of a living; but at the same time we hazard a doubt of the success of any movement of this kind that is not based on first principles. The trouble among the clerks is that there is more labor than there is demand, and so long as this exists so long will employers have it in their power to dictate how many hours they shall labor, and at what price. There is but one cure for a trouble like this, which is for 50 per cent. of the said clerks to shoulder the musket and march forth, or if they have a constitutional distaste to this mode, let them withdraw into other channels of employment and so relieve the overburdened branch.

The fact is, the public have but little sympathy with the movement, for the reason that they have little sympathy with the movers. A drygoods clerk, or a clerk in any department of labor where a woman might be employed, is looked upon with unfavorable eyes, and we cannot help thinking that, as long as his ambition goes no further than usurping a woman's labor, he deserves to suffer, not only by long hours but by short pay.

The week has been one of little sensation in the dramatic line. All has been lovely and serene, but nothing startling. No new play produced, no addition to the old ones, and we verily fear, as a seeker after sensations, that we shall have no better report to make for weeks to come.

The Olympic is still running "Aladdin," and as far as judgment can be rendered on the nightly crowds, will continue to run it for a month to come. Certainly, New York will be many years older before she will see again such gorgeous scenery and costuming. There is but one thing that should have been done, which is a re-writing of the piece, and the introduction of some light matter that would have cast original interest about it. We do not mean to make a burlesque of it, nor yet to detract from the working beauty, but something might be done with the dialogue that would make it far more acceptable to present day taste.

We are glad that the management of this house, possibly acting on the suggestion we gave a few weeks since, has placed this notice at the head of its programmes:

"The haste manifested by many of the audience to leave the theatre immediately preceding the termination of the performance, renders the conclusion perfectly inaudible to others desirous of hearing and understanding it, and Mrs. John Wood feels confident that her wish, that all will retain their seats till the fall of the curtain, will meet with consideration."

This notice is good, and we are glad to see that it had some effect, but a universal adoption of our suggestion that the doors be closed five minutes before conclusion, and no one suffered to pass out, is the only plan. Will not Mrs. Wood assert her prerogative and enforce it?

On Friday night we dropped into Wallack's to see "Ernestine" and a "Pretty Piece of Business," and were pleased to hear a very clever hit from Mr. Floyd on this point. A few moments before the conclusion of the last piece the audience, as usual, started to its feet for a race out. It was part of Mr. Fisher's final speech to say, "I have something to tell you," when Floyd interpolated, "Go on then and say it, don't you see how patiently the audience is waiting?" The people were appreciative, but it did not stay them in their flight, or cause them to push or squeeze a bit less in getting out.

Niblo's will run "Bel Demonio" for three weeks longer, and then Lucille Western tries her fortunes at this house. The Florences close their engagement at Winter Garden on Saturday, and on Monday Dolly Davenport took a benefit, offering, among other attractions, Heller, who juggled away the seven senses of the audience, and left them crying for more. At his own place Heller has been more than successful, and certainly he deserves it. Among the numerous professors of his art, who have tried their fortunes in New York, he is, without question, the greatest, to say nothing of his pleasant way on the stage, his witty and humorous allusions, and his really superb playing on the pianoforte.

Barnum is still doing the patriotic with Major Pauline Cushman, and has no reason to complain of the public response. Mdlle. Ernestine has fastened firmly on the affections of the Barnum-o-nians, and deserves their favor, for with the exception of Annetti Galletti, who is dancing in "Aladdin" at the Olympic, she is the best *danseuse* on the American stage.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Grand Jury have been instructed by the City Judge to co-operate with Mr. Oakey Hall, the District Attorney, and see what judicial action ought to be taken against the parties who seized the *World* and *Journal of Commerce*, for publishing the bogus proclamation.

—— The Hoboken ferryboat to Canal street, N. Y. has been discontinued, in consequence of some disagreement with the New York Aldermen about the piers. The Genghis Khan arrogance with which that branch of the Hapsburg family, known as the Stevens, treat their unfortunate serfs, the Hobokenese, is the wonder of the 19th century.

—— The Irish papers speak of the emigration to America as partaking more of a panic than deliberate choice. From the small port of Sligo alone nearly three thousand persons have sailed in five weeks for the United States.

—— There was a ratification meeting of the Lincoln and Johnson Baltimore nomination at the Cooper Institute on the evening of the 15th of June.

—— A Chicago jury lately awarded $10,000 to a man who had a large quantity of cotton burned while it was passing over the Illinois Central railroad.

—— The peach crop of New Jersey will be far above the average this year. The yield promises to be larger than for many years past. Berries of all kinds will also be abundant.

—— Inspector Boole invited several reporters to inspect the state of the roads on the 17th of June. They were handsomely entertained, and everything went off well.

—— The anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill was observed on the 17th of June, to a limited extent, down East. That battle was a miserable skirmish, if measured by the doings of to-day; yet Carlyle said of it: "On Bunker Hill Democracy was announcing in rifle volleys death-winged, under her Star banner, to the tune of Yankee-doodle-doo, that she is born, and whirlwind like, will envelope the whole world."

—— A large outdoor meeting was held in Union square on the 16th of June, to advocate the early closing movement. It was addressed by Dr. Cheever, Greeley, Parson Beecher and other eminent men.

—— The old issues of fractional currency are being mutilated by dishonest parties, who peel off the figures and neatly paste them on the $1 and $2 notes. Some of the latter have thus been altered to $50. The United States Treasury does not redeem fractional currency thus mutilated.

—— The Supreme Court, general term, affirmed the decision of Judge Barnard, legalizing the appointment of the new Tax Commissioners, so that the old board may now be set down as fairly defunct. There is no resort now for Messrs. Brown and Williamson short of the Court of Appeals; but it is not at all likely that the matter will ever reach Albany. The question may be considered as finally disposed of.

—— Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, has again challenged Kavanagh to play for the championship of American billiards. The challenge has been regularly made and the deposit placed in the hands of Messrs. Phelan & Collender. Mr. Kavanagh has signified his readiness to play any time in September next, that a suitable hall can be provided.

Southern.—The Petersburg *Express* of the 13th of June, just after Gen. Gillmore's abortive attack on Petersburg, thus grandiloquently praises Gov. Wise: "Gen. Wise has ever been for defending the city of Petersburg. His brigade has lost 400 men in the fights around the town. When placed in command here, he proclaimed he would hold the place or fall with it. His defence on the 9th proves him to be as good as his word. The hero of Charleston will stand by him, so let none fear. We'll trust in God and fight." Recent events make this somewhat farcical.

Military.—The Army Appropriation bill, which is now a law, equalises the pay, rations, etc., of all troops, whether colored or white, except in the matter of bounty. On this point, it says that every person of color who shall hereafter be mustered into the service, shall receive such sums in bounty as the President shall order in the different States, and parts of the United States, not exceeding $100.

—— The 16th New York Volunteer artillery, commanded by Col. J. J. Morrison, headquarters at Yorktown, Va., is the largest regiment ever recruited in the United States, and has men in the following places: At Yorktown, 1,140; at Williamsburg, 735; at Gloucester Point, 147; at Bermuda Hundred, 270; putting up telegraph, 50; with 148th New York volunteers, 46; with 1st New York mounted rifles, 272, transferred; with 85th New York volunteers, 45; with light batteries United States artillery, 22; with army of the Potomac, 201, transferred; making a total of 2,928 men and 53 officers.

Personal.—The Rev. Sella Martin, a colored person, and formerly a slave, gave an interesting account of his experiences in England. He was very severe on the aristocracy, but said the people were in favor of the North. Among the remarkable circumstances connected with his history is the fact, that his preaching converted his former owner. He is a very fluent speaker, and his discourse was listened to by a large audience with marked attention.

—— Charles G. Leland is said to be preparing a volume on the "derivation and history of American slang phrases."

—— Señora de Avellaneda, a Cuban poetess of celebrity, is at present in this city. She has won a distinguished name in cotemporary Spanish literature by her lyric and dramatic poetry, and by her romances, especially the historical one "Guautemotzin," the heroic defender of Mexican Independence against Hernando Cortes.

—— Edmond About, the well-known French writer, has just been married to Mdlle. de Guillerville, a Normandy heiress, at the Chateau de Roucheralles, near Rouen.

—— Richard Wallach has been re-elected Mayor of Washington, by 971 majority. All the successful candidates profess to be Union men, of course.

—— A dispatch to the Cincinnati *Commercial* from Dayton says: "That in response to a serenade, Mr. Vallandigham said he didn't believe that there would be any attempt to arrest him, but should there be such a thing intimated he and his friends are prepared for such an emergency."

—— Mr. Charles Holt, formerly of the Janesville (Wis.) *Gazette*, has become associated with Mr. Landon in the publication of the Quincy *Whig and Republican*. Mr. Richardson, late editor of the *Whig*, continues his connection with the paper.

Obituary.—The notorious Bishop, Gen. Leondas Polk, who has just been killed in one of the Georgia battles, was a West Point student. He graduated in 1827, and was ordained a clergyman in 1831, and in 1838 was made bishop of a diocese which consisted of Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana. At the commencement of the rebellion he accepted a commission from Jeff Davis, and has been an active rebel. His career as a General was very unlucky.

—— Major Wilson Hubbell, 62d regiment, N. Y. V., (Anderson Zouaves), who was killed at Coal Harbor, was born in Bridgeport, Conn. He was with the army of the Potomac in all their battles, and was a brave soldier and good man.

—— W. B. Leonard, who may be called the pioneer cotton manufacturer in this country, died a few days since of heart disease. The foundations of his first mill, located in Plymouth, Mass., he dug with his own hands. This mill was destroyed by the British during the war of 1812. In 1817 Mr. Leonard removed to Matteawan, and it was owing in a great measure to his untiring energy and great executive ability that the immense cotton manufactures and machine shops of the Matteawan Company expanded from a small beginning to one of the largest interests of the kind in the State. During the 34 years he acted as agent of this company, it continued to pour its wealth in the form of large dividends into the pockets of its proprietors. Of the company, which was composed of some of the ablest and most influential merchants of New York, such as Gardner and Samuel Howland, Philip Hone, John Jacob Astor, etc., not one now survives. Mr. Leonard was the first to introduce into the factories of this country the self-acting mules; was the inventor of the first broadcloth looms; and to his inventive genius the cotton manufactories are indebted for many of their most perfect labor-saving machines. At length, retiring from active business, he returned to the city, and was for many years the agent of the American Institute. Those who remember the brilliant fairs of the Institute, at the Crystal Palace, will remember the courtesy and energy of the moving spirit, who was never weary in working for the development of American industry and genius.

—— Another of the strong men of Secessia is dead. Thomas Butler King, of Georgia, whose name is familiar to all who have known anything of the political history of the country for the last 30 years. Mr. King was one of the most active of the leaders of the Secession movement in his State. He was in Congress several years between 1839 and 1849.

—— The Northamptonshire peasant poet, John Clare, died on the 20th ult., in the Northampton Lunatic Asylum, and was buried in his native village on the 24th. He leaves behind him a wife and several children, and we understand that a collected edition of his poems will shortly be published for the benefit of his family.

—— Mr. Charles Sealsfield, the American author and popular novel writer, died at an advanced age on the 26th of May, at Solothurn, in Switzerland. Sealsfield, whose works are written in German, was for a certain time, in his branch, the "Great Unknown" of German literature, owing to the mystery with which he knew how to surround the authorship of his books. He had made himself a fortune with his pen, and had settled for about 20 years in Switzerland.

—— "The death of the Marquise de Barolo, of this place," says a letter from Turin, "has revived an incident of interest to the literary world. In the house of this lady, Silvio Pellico passed the last 20 years of his life, and at his death left several unpublished writings in her possession. The heirs of Silvio Pellico claimed these works in order to publish them, though without success, but M. Briano, a friend of the author, being now provided with a regular authorization, is preparing to establish the rights of the family."

Accidents and Offences.—A mutiny occurred on the 13th June on board the Emily Augusta, Strickland, while proceeding to sea. The captain was stabbed and the mate knocked down and beaten. A boat's crew from the Revenue Cutter off Quarantine boarded the ship and took the crew into custody. Capt. Strickland is dangerously wounded.

—— Mrs. Miller, the wife of a most respectable man, cut the throats of her two children and then her own, at Fishkill landing, on the 13th instant. Insanity the cause.

—— In Pittsburg, the other day, a little boy, about six years old, becoming enraged at a playmate, his junior by two years, actually punched his eye out with a rusty nail, and, not content with this, the young demon was deliberately proceeding to put out the other eye, when the little victim's screams brought assistance. A warrant was issued for the arrest of the offender, but his parents spirited him off to the country before the officers had time to secure him.

—— Lloyd W. Daniels, a rebel soldier, who violated his parole and joined the rebel army, has been caught, convicted and sentenced to the Penitentiary in Albany for three years.

—— An explosion happened on the 17th June in the Government arsenal at Washington. There were nearly 1,000 workpeople in the building at the time; it is supposed that over 20 were killed.

Foreign.—The *Independence Belge*, speculating on the chances of Napoleon's son, now nine years of age, ever coming to the throne, recalls the remarkable historical fact that since Louis XIV. succeeded to the crown in 1643, a period of 220 years, no son of any French monarch has succeeded to the throne. Napoleon will not thank the journalist for the unpleasant reminder.

—— On Monday, May 30, Louis Philippe Albert d'Orleans, Comte de Paris, the eldest hope of the Orleans family, was married to his first cousin, the Princess Isabelle of Spain, in the presence of a most illustrious company, including not only English nobility and foreign ambassadors, but many of the representatives of the old historic names of France, who still adhere in loyalty and hope to the fallen fortunes of the Orleans dynasty. The marriage was celebrated in the Roman Catholic chapel at Kingston, where the Duc de Chartres was married last year.

—— There were 36,000 blind people in Great Britain on the 1st Jan., 1864. With very few exceptions they were all of the indigent classes.

—— Garibaldi reached his home in Caprera, after a voyage of four days, in the Duke of Sutherland's yacht. He is about to re-enter the Italian Parliament.

—— The volunteer force of Great Britain now numbers 163,000 effective men. It is the intention of the Government to increase it to 250,000.

—— The Spaniards are contemplating the cutting of a canal around the rock of Gibraltar.

—— The Spanish Cortes have passed a law empowering the Government to make arrangements with the municipality of Madrid for the erection of a colossal bronze statue of Christopher Columbus in one of the public places of the city. It is proposed to inscribe on the pedestal the device of the Dukes de Veraguas, the great discoverer's descendants, of which the following is a translation: "To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave the New World."

—— The Masonic body of Paris was informed, at its last meeting, that the Emperor restored to it the traditional right of electing its Grand Master. This announcement was received with enthusiastic applause, and Marshal Magnan, who held his nomination by Imperial decree, was unanimously re-elected by the delegates of all the lodges present.

—— Mr. Bright, in a recent speech, said that England was "the most merciless of all Christian countries." A prominent English journal admits this saying to be true, and, going back to the historical character of England in this respect, adds: "In the reigns of the Henrys 500,000 subjects and citizens of England alone are computed to have been executed for the mere offence of vagrant indigence. Even in the reign of Elizabeth an unemployed peasant was held liable to seizure and slavery. In the time of James II., only 176 years ago, obnoxious citizens were sentenced to transportation wholesale, and sold by the Court to the courtiers, to be put up at auction as slaves in the plantations."

—— The people of Naples have been sending addresses and giving serenades to the Duke of Sutherland, who is in their city, for his courtesy to Garibaldi. From Gibraltar, on the 3d of May, the Italian hero wrote this letter:

"MY DEAR FRIEND—Having read in the London journals that you and your friends have formed the generous intention to open a subscription in favor of myself and children, I must let you know that it is impossible for me to accept it. It is, however, but one demand the more on the gratitude which I owe to you and to your noble friends for so much kindness.

"Devotedly yours,

"To the Duke of Sutherland. G. GARIBALDI."

Art, Science and Literature.—The expenses of the British Museum for the current year are rated at £96,400, and £47,000 of this are swallowed up in salaries. The additions of books during the past year numbered 36,000, and the average number of readers is 372 a day, each using 11 volumes.

—— The *Cornhill Magazine* for June contains the last words of Thackeray. "I am sure," he said, in the person of Denis Duval, "I bore but little malice, and, thank Heaven! never wronged a man so much as to be obliged to hate him afterwards. Certain men there were who hated me; but they are gone, and I am here, with a pretty clear conscience, Heaven be praised! and little the worse for their enmity."

—— The "Anecdotal Memoir of Richard Whateley, Archbishop of Dublin," now in the press, will, it is said, especially relate to the latter part of that distinguished prelate's career, presenting his admirers with scraps of his delightful conversation, his maxims, and much of that store of *ana* which he had accumulated in a long life devoted to religion and literature.

—— The translation of an important work is announced by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., "Mazzini: his Autobiography and Works." The work will be issued in small 8vo., a volume at a time.

—— It is again stated in literary circles that new volume of poems by Mr. Tennyson may be expected before the end of the year.

—— An inventor has succeeded in chemically treating the pulp during the process of manufacturing paper in such a manner that when the paper is impressed upon the uninked types the chemical particles are crushed, and a perfectly black impression is the result. This discards ink and rollers, and will convert a printing-office into a model of cleanliness, instead of what it is now. It will also enable the pressman to print from a continuous roll of paper.

Odds and Ends.—A distinguished English physician has shown the difference in the average time of recovery from sickness between those who have been in the habit of using alcoholic drinks moderately and those who are total abstinents. The number who became infected from the same exposure of those who used the alcohol was nearly two to one of the other, and the time of recovery double.

—— A prize fight came off at Oporto, C. W., lately, between two pugilists from Philadelphia, the one a Frenchman, named Tessot, and the other an Italian, named Cibloni. The contest lasted nine hours, during which they fought 56 rounds. Cibloni was killed outright, and Tessot is in a hopeless condition, having been given up by his physician.

—— "Fancy," Sydney Smith once said, while sitting quietly at the Deanery of St. Paul's with some ladies, when he was told that one of the giraffes at the Zoological Gardens had caught a cold, "fancy a giraffe with a sore throat!"

—— The *Nain Jaune* (Paris) relates the following anecdote: "At the commencement of the winter two journalists were in conversation at the opera. The one M. de X——, is a bachelor, the other M. de Y——, just married. 'Well,' said the one to the other, 'how do you get along in your new condition?' 'Ah, my dear, there is nothing like being married! You cannot imagine how happy I am. When I am at work my wife is at my side, and at the conclusion of each paragraph I embrace her. That is charming!' 'Now I understand,' was the happy retort of X——, 'why your sentences are so short.' This conversation quickly spread through Paris. From that time forth the articles of Y—— were consulted by the public as the thermometer of his conjugal felicity. During two months the prose of M. Y—— was disjointed and epigrammatic, in shorter periods than are to be found in the earlier writings of Emile de Girardin. All the women grew jealous of Madame Y——. But gradually the periods elongated, and at last Madame Y—— opened the journal edited by M. Y——, and casting a rapid glance over the article signed with his name, cried, 'What! but a single paragraph in the whole article! Poor woman, a divorce will most assuredly follow!'"

—— John Milton's house, situated near the Barbican, London, is to be demolished, to make room for city improvements.

—— A curious story is told of a Massachusetts colonel, who rode out one evening at dusk to establish his picket line. The men on the opposing sides could not distinguish one another, but the rebels had a countersign, "Mobile," and seized everybody who did not say that word, while our men on their part seized everybody who did say it, so that the result was that the rebels took six prisoners and we four, and the colonel established his picket line, though he could not tell exactly where it was.

—— The New Yorkers have quite a zoological collection in the Central Park. Among the specimens are an English rabbit, an American Eagle, two Syrian broad-tailed sheep, a Canadian porcupine, one fox (the ninth), a pair of ringdoves, a pair of swan-geese, four young fawns, three cygnets, two pair of curassaws, two penelopes, a kinkajou, two macaws, five whistling ducks, a "oisota," two trumpet cranes, a fine parrot, a brown gallinule, and South American opossum.

—— The Charleston *Courier*, S. C., May 24th, has the following queer paragraph: "Two fast steamers were launched from Nantes on the 3d of May for *the rebels*." This slip of the printer evidently arises from copying somewhat carelessly from a Northern newspaper.

—— When a watch gets out of order in China and stops, they say it is dead, and lose no time in getting a living one—which is one that will go.

—— The Chicago *Tribune* calls the letter in which Fremont accepts the nomination of the Cleveland Convention, "the last will and testament of the late J. C. Fremont." Even in this view it is, in a political sense, something like the last will of Rabelais: "I owe much; I have nothing; I leave the rest to the poor."

—— The Reese River Hotel has the following among other rules for the government of its boarders of the gold-digging persuasion: "Lodgers inside arise at five A.M.; in the barn, at six o'clock; each man sweeps his own bed; no quartz taken at the bar; no fighting allowed at the table; any one violating the above rules will be shot."

—— Indiarubber collars, shirt wristbands and cuffs are now quite the rage in London.

—— A person living in London advertises that he has changed his name from Patrick O'Flaherty to "De Vere," and that in future he will be known as "Albert Henry Benson de Vere." This throws Count de Joannes into the shade.

—— Gold has been discovered in New Caledonia, one of the islands in the South Pacific Ocean.

—— They are making straw hats in Paris without any crown, its place being supplied by two falls of lace, veiling the hair.

—— An eye-fancier in a western journal writes thus learnedly of the mysteries: "It has often been said that a woman with a hazel eye never elopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comfort for her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, is always an entertaining, agreeable and lovely companion. 'We never knew,' says a quilldriver, 'but one uninteresting and unamiable woman with a hazel eye, and she had a nose, which looked, as the Yankee says, like the little end of nothing whittled down to a point.' The gray is the sign of shrewdness and talent. Great thinkers and captains have it. In women it indicates a better head than heart. The dark hazel is noble in its significance, as in its beauty. The blue eye is admirable, but may be feeble. The black eye, take care! Look out for the wife with a black eye! Such can be seen at the police office, generally, with a complaint against the husband for assault and battery."

—— In his recent work, "Savage Africa," Winwood Reade shows satisfactorily that the gorilla resembles the chimpanzee in travelling on all fours, in building nests, in attacking by biting, in assembling occasionally in large numbers, in its docility when young, and in not differing so very materially from our ancient friend, the ourang-outang. He denies that gorillas beat their breasts as a signal for battle, that they carry off women to domesticate them, or that they ever attack man without provocation.

—— A gentleman, in conversation, remarked to President Lincoln, a short time since, that nothing could defeat him but Grant's capture of Richmond, to be followed by his nomination at Chicago and acceptance. "Well," said the President, "I feel very much like the man who said he didn't want to die particularly, but if he had got to die that was precisely the disease he would like to die of."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news received from Europe during the last week is both scanty and unimportant. The armistice between Germany and Denmark has been extended for another fortnight, and the probabilities are that the question may be so patched up as to avoid a general war. The position of England is so peculiar and embarrassing as almost to paralyze her action, and indeed render her advocacy positively disadvantageous to Denmark—her chief cards are to threaten Prussia with the loss of the Rhine, and Austria with that of Venetia. In one respect the visit of Garibaldi has materially strengthened the British Ministry, as it shows how intensely revolutionary the British nation is.

The health of the Pope remains in a very critical condition, although much reliance cannot be placed upon the newspaper accounts, as all conversant with Vatican politics understand.

The French papers have a report that Mr. Seward endeavored to influence the Papal Government to choose Bishop Timon as Archbishop Hughes's successor, instead of Bishop McCloskey.

Garibaldi has had a warning from some of his friends that Caprera is too exposed a residence for him, and that he might be carried off by Greek pirates employed by Louis Napoleon or the Emperor of Austria. The great Liberator having been returned to the Italian Parliament, he will reside part of his time in Turin. The reception he met in England was very distasteful to Victor Emanuel.

The French papers are very much pleased with the arrival of Maximilian and his Empress in Mexico, and trust it will soon enable them to withdraw from that expensive and false position. The policy, however, of his calling around him such men as Santa Anna, Miramon, Almonte, and other well-known intriguantes, is much canvassed, and pronounced very dangerous. The reception the Imperial pair met with at Vera Cruz is considered rather chilling, and calculated to raise gloomy forebodings.

MESSRS. HALL & RUCKEL, Wholesale Druggists, 218 Greenwich street, New York, among the valuable articles furnished by them, supply the new and popular dentifrice, Sozodont. It is extremely prized, as imparting a delightful refreshing taste and feeling to the teeth, removing tartar and scurf, and reaching in its cleansing course the interstices between the teeth and cavities of all kinds. It has been adopted and recommended by the best dentists in the country, and cannot fail to give entire satisfaction.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BUTLER'S LINES SOUTH OF THE JAMES, WITH TROOPS IN POSITION NEAR OUR CENTRE, AWAITING AN ATTACK PREVIOUS TO THE ARRIVAL OF GRANT'S ARMY, JUNE 3.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.—TROOPS STARTING FROM RINGGOLD FOR THE FRONT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. P. HILLEN.—SEE PAGE 231.



CHARGE OF THE CASH BRIGADE

At the Brooklyn Fair.

BY DE TOLBIAC.

Mais, comme l'a dit Molière,
Qu'allaient ils aussi faire
Tous, dans cette galère?

'Cross the river, 'cross the river,
'Cross the river, onward
Up into Montague street
Marched the eight hundred.
"Forward! the Cash Brigade!
Go straight ahead!" he said.
Into the Academy
Marched the eight hundred.

In marched the Cash Brigade;
Think you they were afraid
That by some artless maid
They would be plunder'd?
Theirs, but to go and view,
Theirs, not a thing to do,
Theirs, *not to spend a sou*,
Thus through the Academy
Strode the eight hundred.

Ladies to right of them,
Ladies to left of them,
Ladies in front of them,
Looked up and wonder'd;
Seeing they did not buy,
None of the chances try;
Nothing would take their eye—
For *nil admirari*
Thought the eight hundred.

Tables to right of them,
Tables to left of them,
Tables in front of them,
Piled up and lumber'd;
Taking no little space,
Tended with charming grace,
By the *crème* of the place;
Of none of which the face
Struck the eight hundred.

People to right of them,
People to left of them,
People in front of them,
Weary and hunger'd;
Pushing with all their might,
Seemingly out of spite,
As if 'twere their delight
To cause at once the flight
Of the eight hundred.

"Anything here to eat?"
"Something, I entreat!"
"Anything for a seat!"
"I can't stand on my feet!"
Each of them thunder'd;
No resource but to pace,
This done with charming grace
By every one, until
Into a quiet place
One of them blunder'd.
Then sat they down—but not
All the eight hundred.

Seats all could not beget,
'Gainst resting some were set,
Much marching there was yet
Others pretended;
Thanks to all who did aid,
Thanks to all who then made
Strong efforts to persuade
That these fonds should be stayed—
The good *extents* render'd;
For it was their intent,
The next hours should be spent
In peaceful merriment,
And thus, in order, went
Went the eight hundred.

What was there else to see?
What should their next move be?
Asked, when the gallery
Left, through the dense crowd, they
Slowly meandered;
Hungry as they were all,
Passed by table and stall,
Passed by each "*waterfall*,"
Through Kitchen, stage and Hall,
Each of them wander'd;
But nought found they for all—
All the eight hundred.

People to right of them,
People to left of them,
People in front of them,
Scrambled and thunder'd;
Hungry ones everywhere,
Pushed the ladies there,
They that had stood so well;
Back, from this *splendid Fair*,
In contentment rare,
Once more in open air,



Before the Scenes.



Dr. Kent's Offer of Marriage.

March'd forth, in grim despair,
All the eight hundred.

When can their mem'ry fade?
At the wild trip they made,
They themselves wonder'd:
Forget the words they said,
Honor the trip they made!
Honor the Cash Brigade,
Happy eight hundred!

A Visit to a Fortuneteller.

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX UMSTED.

ROSA TEMPLETON sat alone in her room, her face buried in her hands, her heart lost in a melancholy reverie. She was a young woman—only twenty-three—fair to look upon too, and yet she had already endured such suffering as does not often afflict one person in the course of a whole life. Three years ago she had been as happy a creature as ever lived; the idolized darling of a home where her lightest will was law, with two fond parents, a stalwart brother and a sweet young sister to make up the happy family; surrounded by luxury, knowing that all belonging to her were respected and esteemed, herself the reigning belle of the town, a favorite with her young companions and adored by the young men, her position was indeed an enviable one, and she had enjoyed it to the full; naturally of a bright and cheerful disposition, the present had been all sunshine, and the future had seemed all promise. The first shadow came in the failure of her mother's health, but just as this trial began a new delight arose that made even this threatened sorrow for the time seem impossible—Rosa fell in love. She had had a score of suitors with whom she had laughed, and perhaps sometimes flirted, but not one had touched her heart, until she met Robert Marchmont. From the moment when she first saw his handsome, manly face, and looked into his earnest eyes, up to the time when he whispered to her his strong, deep love, it was all a wild delightful dream, and life was such a golden aspect that sorrow and death seemed the greatest unrealities. But almost immediately after her happy engagement a new trouble came in the parting with her lover. Robert was junior partner in a large mercantile house, and at this time there arose a sudden necessity for one of this firm to go out to

South America, to attend to the affairs of a branch establishment, then involved in unexpected entanglement owing to the very sudden death of its chief. Robert was selected for this duty, and very reluctantly found himself compelled to start on a long and distant voyage, with no certainty of the period when he might return.

All now Rosa's sorrows were fairly begun; her lover gone, and the absorbing pleasure of her companionship removed, she woke to a sad consciousness of what she had lost, to a realization of how dull life was after the removal of its best excitement, worse of all to a sudden knowledge of how desperately ill her mother was. It was even so; Mrs. Templeton, while yet appearing about the house much as usual, was suffering under a mortal illness, and before the weary weeks had elapsed between Robert Marchmont's departure and his first letter Rosa wept on her mother's deathbed.

After this the other troubles came quickly. Mrs. Templeton was but taken from the evil to come, and Mr. Ireland, all unsuspected by any one, had been for some time on the eve of ruin, and before six months had past the crash came. The wealthy house of Adolphus Templeton & Co. went to irretrievable "smash," and Rosa, the proud Rosa, now that she was well nigh a beggar, saw that the papers were daily filled with denunciations of her father as a scoundrel, and heard her name honored mean whispered with indignation and contempt. Soon came a period of the darkest misery. Rosa found herself slandered and spurned by her former companions, and knew herself to be an object of dislike or of pity to those who had once loved and esteemed her. The Templetons left their elegant house, and for a while lived in cheap lodgings, where, of course, none of their former friends could or would visit them. Then Rosa struggled on, teaching her little sister, trying to make their poor apartments comfortable, and doing what she could to cheer and encourage her father and brother. But it was hard work. Mr. Templeton fell into more and more despondent state, until his mind at last fairly gave way under the shock, and it was only the horrible relief of a long banning dread when he was discovered one morning dead in his bed, and by his own hand.

Let us hurry over the dark period. Poor Rosa was indeed stricken on every side, bereaved of almost everything that could make life desirable, and yet her sorrows were not over. Her brother Adolphus, who should have been the supporter and stay of the family in this dark hour, had proved himself wholly unequal to the task, and sank down utterly under his burdens. So for weary years Rosa clung to him and tried to restrain him, to keep him back from the headlong path of vice into which she knew he was sinking, but it was in vain. Night after night that poor girl sat up to watch for his return from some drunken orgy, and day after day she tried to stimulate him to reformation. It was all of no avail, he fell deeper and deeper, until his death by the agonies of *delirium tremens* was a relief to every one but his poor desolate sister.

So the three years wore on, Rosa and her little sister Lily were alone in the world, and almost penniless. The remnants of her mother's fortune which had been left from the wreck, and which had sustained them in this past time of darkness, had all been absorbed in the last two dreadful years, and when the funeral expenses for poor Adolphus were paid Rosa had only two hundred dollars in the world with which to face the future. Had not her sorrows, indeed, been almost unparalleled? Mother, father and brother all dead, two of them by such horrible deaths; wealth, position, honor, all lost; surely she had lived through every trouble enough for a lifetime. Yet she was still young, and as I have said, still handsome. Her face, it is true, had lost the girlish roundness it still retained at twenty, the glad light had died out of her eyes, and there were faint lines on the corners of her mouth that told of suffering; but what her face had lost in softness it had gained in experience, there was something of the calm look of the faithful martyr now in her large sad eyes, and on her brow was the crown of those who can "suffer and be strong."

Rosa's first act after her brother's death was to remove to other lodgings, where two very small rooms would suffice for herself and Lily. They were rooms at out of the way, but they were cheap and they were clean, and had a pleasant look-out. Once settled here, her next step was to seek employment. She had already earned some addition to their slender means by turning one of her former accomplishments to account in coloring photographs, and she now made this her chief employment, earning by it enough to suffice for her own and Lily's small wants, and leave their two hundred dollars for the present untouched.

And all this time where was Robert Marchmont? Ah! you may well ask, for in the answer to that question lay the first drop of bitterness in Rosa's already overflowing cup. She had heard from him regularly during the first year, but after that a strange silence had come, and for eighteen months she had received no word or letter from him. She knew that he was still alive, for he had never returned to the city, but gradually, as the weeks passed away without any reply to her last letter—that letter in which she had told him of her father's death and dishonor, and offered to release him from his engagement—the conviction came slowly upon her to know that he loved her no longer, he had forgotten the lovedream that had been so brief, and was glad to be released from the irksome ties that bound him to the bankrupt's daughter. Here was the sorrow that had told more than any other on Rosa's brave heart, for it deprived the future of all hope. Often and often when she lay awake at night, depressed with care and wellnigh despairing, she would have been glad to die, had not the quiet breathing of her sleeping sister reminded her of one great duty she yet had in life. And sometimes, despite all her sorrow, Rosa's hope would spring up, when she would think that some day Robert Marchmont must return, and at last she might hope to look upon his face again; that face one sight of which she so longed for, that face without which all scenes of gaiety and all places of amusement would have been alike blank.

But recently a new element had appeared in Rosa's life; the physician, Dr. Kent, who had attended Adolphus in his last illness, was a middle-aged man, reserved and cold in manner, but with a good, true heart. He had watched Rosa in her untiring attendance on her wretched brother, her maternal kindness to her little sister. He knew all her past history, and at last there sprang up in his mind a desire to have her for his wife. He had long looked for such a companion as might be fit to share his wealth and his position, and before at last he fancied he had found one. So when Rosa and Lily had been a short time settled in their new quarters, he called one evening, and requesting an interview with Rosa alone, astonished her by his formal proposal. Rosa was taken completely by surprise.

"This is so unexpected," she faltered; "I know not what to say."

"Miss Templeton," replied Dr. Kent, with some severity, for he had supposed that of course she would eagerly accept his proposal, "I am sorry if I have startled you. But, remember, this is a very grave subject. I will take you and your sister to my home, I will try to make you a good husband, and Lily shall be my adopted child—my own."

"You are very kind," Rosa exclaimed, touched by his offer to her sister as well as herself. "But you should not allow me time to consider the matter."

The doctor rose, a good deal offended at this burst of eloquence.

"Very well," he said. "I will give you three days; but, remember, if you really reject my suit I will be blind to it no longer. Madame Rosa, I am sure, will be glad to receive you."

"Certainly not," replied Rosa, rather haughtily, "I am no girlish coquette, Dr. Kent, to trifle with a proposition so momentary; I assure you my decision also will be final."

So the doctor went away, and Rosa dropped her head down on her hands and indulged in a hearty burst of tears. How this wooing, cold as it was, recalled Robert Marchmont's impetuous courtship! how it brought back to her mind that scene she had so often tried to banish, where, almost without words, that first passionate love was avowed!

But now, for the first time, the question arose, what reply should she make to the stern physician? This was the question that she had so carefully averted on the morning of the period when my story opens. She did not love him, no! that she was sure of, and she did not think she could ever learn to love him, she could not deny; despite his neglect, his cruelty, for aught she knew his infidelity, her heart still loved Robert, and she would never win him, and she felt that no other image could ever take the place of that one indelibly impressed on her memory. Was this to be the end? Was she never to be wooed and won? Was Lily to grow up without half decking in the affirmative, yet the moment she contemplated the idea of being that man's wife she could not repress an involuntary shudder, while again she seemed to hear, as in a dream, Robert Marchmont's words of love.

Was Rosa not nearly an hour, lost in sad reverie, her work lay neglected beside her; something it seemed to be as if she could not do anything while this question was before her mind, and yet how should she decide it? How choose between duty and inclination? This was the debate repeating itself in her poor head until it seemed as if she should go mad.

It was still running on when she at last roused herself, and remembering that the important duties should not be neglected, turned to her labors on the photographs. She had brought a package from the artist on the previous day, but still remained wrapped up in a piece of newspaper as she had brought them. She took them up to the window to the strong, clear eye light on a portion of the paper around them. It was one of those advertisements of satrology which fascinate the weak and the ignorant, an attention still lingers in the nineteenth century. It was as follows:

"Madame Beam, Clairvoyant, can be consulted on all important events of life. Advice inviolable in all cases of love and marriage. Terms, to gentlemen, 50 cents. Office, —Seventh Avenue."

Rosa read it as if fascinated, laughed at her own folly in the impression it made upon her, and, at last, with a sudden desperation, started up, threw on her hat and shawl, and went out with the advertisement in her hand. It was a damp, disagreeable March day, the streets were very wet, and as her way lay through the lower part of town, with her veil down, through the long streets that led from her own home to the fashionable quarter, she was not much annoyed by the attentions of her fate. She did not believe in this absurd humbug, of course; she had no reliance whatever upon any such nonsense, but at least it would be amusing to hear what the clairvoyant would say. Twenty-five cents was not much, and, perchance, some ray of light might come to her that would enable her to see her way in this hour of indecision.

Reflecting somewhat in this wise, Rosa reached at last the common-looking door, which bore upon it the name of "Madame Beam." Drawing her veil closer, Rosa rang the bell, and stepped inside; a slatternly servant-girl answered the summons by screaming from the top of the stairs:

"Do you want Madame Beam?"

"Yes," answered Rosa, her heart beating in spite of herself.

"Then walk up here."

Rosa ran upstairs, and was shown into a dingy back parlor, where she was told to wait a few moments. This was anything but imposing; there surely were no mysterious adjuncts to work here. The room was a mere bedchamber, from the odor of a dispidated breakfast that pervaded it, served certainly rather to inspire contempt than awe. The walls were sundry certificates of various handwritings, setting forth that Madame Beam had foretold various matters of life and death, which had afterwards turned out in exact accordance with the predictions. But the handwriting of most of these was decidedly mean, the orthography vulgar, and Rosa turned away with another smile at her own folly.

Just at this moment the dirty servant-girl again appeared, and ushered her into Madame Beam's office. It was a small dark room, containing a couch, covered with a dark calico quilt, two chairs and a table, on which lay a greasy pack of cards. In one of the chairs sat the mysterious clairvoyant, dressed in a forlorn calico dress, an old-fashioned cotton veil. This, then, was the dispenser of life and death, the gifted being who could reveal the past and predict the future. "Sit down," she said to Rosa, pointing to the vacant chair. "Sit right down. Now, I tells fortunes two ways—twenty-five cent way you can read your own hand, and you can ask me anything you like, and I'll tell your fate, past and to come; which way will you have, twenty-five cent way or fifty cent?"

"Twenty-five cent way," answered Rosa, her breath nearly taken away by the woman's rapidity.

"I'm always paid in advance," continued Madame Beam.

"There's the money," and Rosa tossed her the requisite quarter.

"Now cut these cards, if you please?"

Rosa cut the cards, laughing the while behind her veil, and then Madame Beam began as she picked up the packet to run over the various cards with a rapidity of which it is impossible to give any adequate idea.

"You're a very good cards, mum; you've had a great deal of trouble in your past life, a great deal, but you are going to have a great deal of success; your future will be full of good luck. There's no sickness nor death threatening any one that's near to you: and there's a gentleman coming to ask you a question across the water."

At this Rosa's heart beat, and her attention to the woman's rapid utterance was redoubled.

"Cut the cards again, mum," said the clairvoyant, "and tell me about him."

Rosa cut them, and she went on:

"He's a fair gentleman, and his heart is very much set upon you, mum; he is coming a great way from over the water, and he will be here in three days."

"Is that again, mum."

Rosa obeyed, and she began again:

"There's a dark gentleman, a dark man, of a jealous disposition, who also thinks very much of you; you will see him to-morrow, but I advise you not to have nothing of him. Now, mum, let me look at your left hand."

Rosa held out her palm as requested, and on she went faster than ever, and more glibly:

"You've had very much trouble I see here, mum, a great deal of trouble, but you'll have success and prosperity in the future. You'll be married once, mum, and you'll have five children; you'll live to a good old age, and you'll have no sickness nor death in your family, mum. Now, mum, you may ask me two questions."

Then as Rosa hesitated she went on:

"Perhaps you'd like to know about that fair young man, mum. I'll tell you anything about him you wish to know. Perhaps you'd like to know if he loves you, mum, would you?"

"Yes," faltered Rosa.

"Well, then, mum, be good enough to fix your mind upon him, and cut the cards, fix your mind entirely upon him, mum."

Rosa did so, her heart was full of one thought—"Robert, Robert, loves me yet, or will, or was, or has been"—she could not frame those words. The fortuneteller ran them over.

"Shall I say so? Yes to the proposal that has been made to me?" asked Rosa, with a smile at her own credulity.

"Yes, mum, or you'll have a great deal of trouble," responded the oracle, and Rosa left the room to make way for a common-looking man who was about to consult her.

Once out in the street Rosa found her head fairly in a whirl; the woman had spoken so rapidly, she had so much to think, that spite of her own good sense the words had made an impression upon her. She knew to be sure that the story of Robert coming over the water was stereotyped, and the dark man and the fair man pretty sure to be right if a lady had any admirers at all, since they would all range themselves under the denomination of dark and fair; yet still, despite the inmate conviction that it was all humbug, Rosa was sufficiently impressed to come to one decision —she would not accept Dr. Kent. Perhaps the walk in the fresh air and the stimulant to her mind of her recent interview had helped her to look at the question more rationally, but the conviction came upon her with perfect clearness that it was not her duty to marry a man so utterly repugnant to her; and looking above all certainly comfort, she felt sure that the God who made her would not leave her to do this violence to her nature, and that he would surely still sustain her as He had in the past.

So Rosa had decided, and she drew a long breath of relief as she entered once more her rooms and turned with new energy to her task. Nor could she help cherishing the hope that the fortuneteller's words inspired, and while she worked away at her monotonous labors her heart would not help rejoicing as if it had indeed some hope.

The next day, when Dr. Kent came for his answer, Rosa was calmer in a very decided though courteous refusal. He was astonished, incredulous, and finally very angry; so that poor Rosa, while grieving over the mortification he suffered, could not help feeling that she had done well in not trusting herself to this man, who, if he could show so much temper so far now, would scarcely have been a very amiable husband.

So the two sisters went on together as usual, the days slipped by, even the third day that the fortuneteller had said should bring back the fair young man, and no event occurred to prove to Rosa that she had done well. She even began sometimes to fear that she had made a foolish mistake when she realized what she could not but dread, that she had been largely influenced by what that foolish woman had said. Yet, still firm in that reliance on a higher power that had never deserted her, she tried to struggle bravely on.

It was Sunday, a mild, pleasant spring day, rather more than a week after Rosa's visit to Madame Beam, and the sisters were coming home from the quiet church which they were in the habit of attending. Their way lay for a short distance through Fifth Avenue, and there was a hurrying along the crowded thoroughfare which was now anything but the favorite promenade it had been an hour or two had he not veil down, the crape veil she still wore for her brother's death, that it was not so thick but that her handsome features could be seen through it clearly enough to elicit some admiring glances from the gay loungers. But this was a sort of homage no longer pleasing, and Rosa hurried on and had almost reached the cross street leading to her home when a sight met a glance of a face blanched deadly for an instant held her spellbound where she stood. Yes, there was Robert Marchmont! the knee bent, the arm given, though he looked older, and he was bronzed and bearded—he was coming directly towards her, and on his arm leaned a beautiful and elegantly dressed lady.

Poor Rosa, to save her life she could not stir for one wild moment, while all the blood in her body rushed to her heart, and left her face whitening. There was her pride and her dignity? Gone, hopelessly gone for those few seconds. She could not do anything but look at him, look at him on, with wide staring eyes, and he came on laughing gaily until he was close beside her, then his eyes met hers, and his face grew as deadly white as she was. Yes, under the brown skin the strong man grew fearfully pale with the influence of unpreventable emotion.

"My God! Miss Templeton!" he exclaimed, and with a rapid motion, dropping the arm of his fashionable companion, he sprang to her side.

"Rose! Miss Templeton!" he faltered, in a voice husky with agitation, "Where do you live? Only I come and see you?"

Rose answered as well as she was able, giving the number of her house and an assent she could not help giving to the call.

"This evening, then," he murmured, and raising his hat he was gone, and Rosa had walked on alone.

Yes! it was indeed no mistake, it was that Robert Marchmont, true as ever, and Rosa went back to her home with a heart so full of excitement that she utterly baffles description. How long the time seemed to evening, and yet how soon evening came, when once again Robert and Rosa were alone together.

He sprang up the stairs to her room, and then the hand he held to greet him he met her with outstretched arms.

"My love! my darling! my own Rosa!" and Rosa did not shrink as he clasped her in his arms.

"You love me still?" he asked, after the first wild moments was over.

"Yes, Robert, always. And you?"

"You know I have always been true!"

"And why have you not written to me?"

Then came the recital of that journey into the interior and then my long illness, did you not? And I never received your letter until I got well."

"My dear sister-in-law, John's wife; only think that John should have grown old enough to get married while I was away!"

"What, did you return?"

"Nearly a week ago, and I have tried ever since to find you out."

So it was all explained, and they were wonderfully happy, and when Rosa told about her visit to the Clairvoyant, although Robert laughed at her, how thankful he was for her decision.

After this I don't think there is much more to tell; Robert remained in the city would be as a home with him as with Dr. Kent, so Rosa and he were married, and part at least of the fortune they considered lost was restored to them. I am not quite certain if the statement as to the number of olive branches is correct, as I have had no bulletin from the family in the last two years.

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.—A British professor finds that Europe contains 301,000,000 inhabitants; Asia, 730,000,000; Africa, 80,000,000; America, 100,000,000; and Polynesia, 3,000,000—total, 1,234,000,000. Of this whole crowd about 33,000,000 die in each year, which is 87,671 a day, or 61 per minute. Another professor calculates that 36,627,375,000 people have lived on the earth since the creation.

PICTURES.

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

I.

Taking a little Row on the River.

A BREEZE sweeps lightly across the Zee,
Roughing the waters beneath the moon,
And rocking my boat, while lazily
I dip the oars to a whistled tune.

II.

The Town Clock in the Church Steeple.

Yonder gray turret against the sky
Stands like a tower of olden time:
I rest on my oars, and there floats me by
The musical ring of its sweet bell-chime.

III.

Time to Go Home.

I heed the warning, and row for the shade
Of the woody hills, that in beauty stand
Just as they stood in olden days,
And my boat-prow cuts in the yielding sand.

IV.

Through the Woods in the Dark.

I fasten my boat to a mossgrown beam,
To part from the river my spirit grieves;
But a soft rill, under the moon's white gleam,
Lights me along through a land of leaves.

The Gulf Between Them.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ELIZABETH MELLEN was home again—home under her husband's roof, for ever at home in his heart. She sat in her dressing-room. The autumnal sunshine came through its windows, with a rich, golden warmth. A hickory wood fire filled the room with additional cheerfulness, which was scarcely needed, for that awful chill had left her heart for ever. A few days of supreme happiness had given back the peachlike bloom to her cheek and the splendor to her eyes. Full of contentment, all the generous impulses of her character rose and swelled in her bosom, till she longed to share her heaven with anything that was cast down or unhappy. The door between her room and Elsie's boudoir was open, and through it she could hear a soft, pleading voice amid a struggle of sobs and tears. Prompted by tender sympathy, Elizabeth half rose from her easy-chair, but fell back again, murmuring:

"No, no, she will best find her way to his heart alone. God help her to be frank and truthful."

Still she listened, and her beautiful face grew anxious, for the sternness of her husband's voice, in answer to those feeble plaints, gave little hopes of conciliation. Directly Mellen came through the boudoir and sat down on a couch near his wife, shading his face with one hand, not wishing her to see how much he was disturbed. Elizabeth arose then, bent over him, and softly removed the hand from his eyes.

"For my sake, Grantley," she said, "for my sake."

Generous tears filled her eyes, pleading tenderness spoke in her voice. Her lips, tremulous with feeling, touched his forehead.

"For my sake, Grantley."

Mellen lifted his eyes to hers—a mist, such as springs from the unshed tears of a strong man, softened them. She fell upon her knees by his side, laid her head upon his bosom with soft murmurs of thankfulness which no living man could have resisted.

Mellen folded her close, and touched his lips to her forehead with tender reverence.

"For your sake, my beloved; what is there that I would not do for your sake?"

"And this forgiveness is perfect," she questioned.

"The fault from this hour is forgotten, sweet wife."

"It was terrible—more terrible than you dream of. When I tell you that she had engaged herself secretly to Thomas Fuller, even your mercy may be qualified."

Elizabeth withdrew from her husband's arms and bowed her lovely face for a moment in sad thoughtfulness. Then she looked up, smiling faintly.

"Elsie is so thoughtless—she does not mean the wrong she does poor Tom—still we must not be unmerciful, so once more let us forgive her wholly—without reservation."

A knock at the door disturbed them. It was Victoria, who came to announce Mr. Fuller, who was close behind her.

"Elizabeth, I've come back. It was no use trying to stay in that confounded city; to save my life I couldn't do it," he said, pushing by the pretty mulatto and closing the door upon her. "Can I see her now—only for once, you know?"

Elizabeth blushed crimson.

"Oh, Tom, you don't know your—"

"Yes, I do know."

"And still wish to see her?"

"Why not? of course I do; because one—infernal villain—excuse me, I won't talk. Where is she?"

Elizabeth, a little shocked and quite taken by surprise, glanced towards the blue boudoir. In Tom strode and shut the door resolutely after him.

Lying upon a couch, over which that pale marble statue was bending with its cold lilies in mocking purity, lay a pale little creature, covered with a pink eider-down quilt, which but half covered a morning dress of faint azure; quantities of delicate Valenciennes lace fluttered, like snowflakes, around her wrists and bosom, and formed the principal material of a dainty little cap, under which her golden tresses were gathered. She looked like a girl of twelve pretending womanhood.

When Tom came in she uttered a sudden cry and flung up her hands and dropped them in a loose clasp over her face, which flushed under them like a rose.

Tom walked straight to the couch, drew one of the fragile gilded chairs close to it, and sat down.

"Don't—don't—go away. It's cruel. I shall faint with shame," she cried, trembling all over.

"Not till you have answered me a few questions," said Tom, firmly. "Questions that I have a right to ask and you must answer."

Elsie drew the little hands slowly from her face and looked at him. The blue eyes—grown larger from illness—opened wide, her lips parted. That was not the lover she had trifled with and domineered over. She was afraid of him, and shrunk away close to the wall.

"Elsie, one word," said Tom, pressing a hand firmly on each knee and bending towards her.

Her lips parted wider, and she watched him with the glance of a frightened bird when a cat looks in at the door of its cage.

"You have come to torment me," she faltered.

"Torment you! I! It isn't in me to do that. Torment! I do not know what it is."

"Well, what do you want of me then?"

"What do I want, Elsie, dear? What do I want? Nothing but God's truth, and that I will have?"

Elsie's eyes grew larger, and the flush of shame left her face.

"I can't—I can't tell you the truth, Tom Fuller, now. Elizabeth, she can say enough to make you ready to kill me, but I would rather die than talk of it."

"I know all that Elizabeth can tell me," said Tom, resolutely.

"What did you come for, then?"

"To ask this one question: Did you love that man?"

A shiver of disgust ran through her and broke out in her voice:

"Love him! No! At first it seemed as if I did; but after I saw what he was and how he lived, it was dreadful, I hated him so."

"But how came you married to him?"

"I don't know; I never could tell. It was when we went on that picnic. He asked me to walk with him. It was good fun to set you all wondering, and I went. He took me down the hill and towards the beach, close by the tavern. We had been flirting for weeks then in New York and here, for he always met me when I went out to walk or ride, or anything; but I never thought of marrying him in earnest, upon my sacred word. Well, that day, just as we came to the tavern, he said, 'Let us stop a moment and get married; there is a clergyman in here.'

"I didn't believe him, and said so. 'Come in and see for yourself,' was his answer. I went in laughing. A gentleman sat in one of the rooms, and Mr. North's mulatto servant, who was sauntering about the door when we came up, followed us in. I don't know what possessed me. Perhaps for the minute I loved him; it seemed to me that I must stand up when the strange man arose. He only said a few words, and before I really believed it was a true ceremony the man said I was Mr. North's wife, and wrote out a paper, which I dropped, thinking that I should be really married if I took it, but which Mr. North picked up, saying I did not know its value."

"The scoundrel! The infamous, double-dyed scoundrel!" cried Tom. "But you didn't love him—you didn't love him?"

"No," said Elsie, shaking her head. "I tried my best to get away from it all, but it was of no use. Then he petted me so, and told me how beautifully we would live somewhere in Europe, and I thought him so rich. But it was my money he meant to use. He thought that half of uncle's property was mine, and when I told him how it was, oh, I won't tell you how rude he became. Just after he told me about that other person."

Elsie broke off here, and covered her face with both hands again. Tom saw the scarlet glow where it shot up to her temples and bathed her white throat, and gave his hands one hard grip in a wild desire to strike something.

"There comes a question," he said, hoarsely; "did you leave him?"

"Yes, yes; that very hour."

"And never saw him again?"

"Never but once; and then I ordered him out of the house."

"Because you hated him so?"

Tom seized both her hands as he asked this question, and wrung them till she could scarcely keep from crying out with the pain.

"Oh, how I did hate him!" she exclaimed, shuddering.

"Elsie," said Tom, "look into my face, straight into the eyes."

She obeyed him, with a look of piteous appeal.

"Did you ever love me?"

Her hands were locked together, she lifted them up with more of energy than he had ever witnessed in her before.

"Did you?" repeated Tom, and a glow came into his face.

"Yes."

The word had scarcely left her lips when Tom flung the gilded chair back and fell on his knees, gathering her up in his arms with a wild outburst of feeling.

"Then I'll be d——hung and choked to death if anything on God's beautiful earth keeps me from marrying you!"

She clung to him, she lifted her quivering lips to his.

"Say it again, just once, darling!" cried Tom, shaking back his tawny locks with energy. "Is this love downright, honest, whole-hearted love?"

"Yes, yes!"

"God bless you, darling! And when was it? about what time did it begin?"

She answered him honestly, but with a faltering voice:

"Oh, Tom, I'm afraid it wasn't till after you got so rich. Don't think hard of it; I do love beautiful things so much—but indeed, indeed I love you more."

"Then I'm glad the old covey left me all his money. I don't care a d——a red cent why you love me, only I must be sure that it's a fixed fact. Now I'll go straight out and tell Bessie."

Elsie turned cold.

"Oh, Tom, she'll never consent to it."

"Won't she! I'd just like to know why?"

"And my brother, he is so cold, so unforgiving."

"Is he? then I'll take you away to a warmer climate. But don't believe it; he's proud as a racehorse, but you'll find him a trump in the end."

"Don't go yet, Tom, I am afraid they will—"

"No, they wont," cried Tom, and away he went into Elizabeth's sitting-room, with tears sparkling in his eyes and a generous flush in his face.

"Mellen," he said, wringing Grantley's hand, "I want to be married to-morrow, and carry her away."

"Fuller, what is the meaning of this?" demanded Mellen, pained and surprised, while Elizabeth stood up aghast at this sudden outburst.

"It means just this, Mellen, I don't care a tin whistle for what has gone before, and I feel strong enough to take care of anything that may come after. Your sister loves me, and I love her, that's enough. I am satisfied, and—there—that's enough. The whole thing is a family secret, and who is going to be the wiser. I only hope they have dug the fellow's grave deep enough, that's all."

"But, Fuller, have you reflected?"

"Reflected! I've done nothing else for a week, and this is just what it has brought me to. So give us your hand."

Elizabeth came up to Tom, put her arms around his neck, and burst into tears.

"That's the time o' day," shouted Tom. "Silence gives consent; now just give us a good brotherly grip of the hand, Mellen, and it's all right."

Tom folded one arm around his cousin, and held out the other a second time. Mellen took it in his, wrung it warmly, and left the room.

"Just go in and comfort her a little, Bessie, poor darling, she's afraid you wont consent."

"Generous, noble fellow," said Elizabeth, kissing him with warmth; "but where will you go? what will you do? It is all so very sudden."

"Do! what on earth can I do but love her like distraction? Go! any place where she can find life and fun, plenty of shopping. Paris, isn't that a nice sort of place for pretty things? I think we'll go to Paris first. But, I forgot, Rhodes's daughter, the old maid, is waiting for you downstairs. Victoria would have told you if I hadn't shut her out."

Elizabeth went down, leaving Tom in the only spot he cared to occupy on earth. She found Miss Jemima in a state of wild commotion, with her riding-dress buttoned awry, and one of her gauntlets torn half off with hard pulling.

"Did you know it? had you any suspicion?" she demanded, confronting Elizabeth like a grenadier; I could think it of your sister, but you—you—"

"What is it? I know nothing," answered Elizabeth.

"They are married, absolutely married; my par and that painted lay figure you introduced to him, that Mrs. Harrington."

"What, your father married to her!" cried Elizabeth; "you surprise me."

"It's a solemn truth, though a disgraceful truth, but she shall never come into the house that shelters me. I'll burn it down first. Where's your sister?"

"She is ill in her room."

"Yes, I dare say. But she's had a hand in this, and I'll pay her for it, or my name isn't Jemima Rhodes. Tell her so, with my compliments. Good morning!"

With this abrupt adieu the spinster took herself off, tugging away at her gauntlet, or what was left of it, and diversifying the movement with a vicious crack of her whip now and then.

Elizabeth smiled and went upstairs again. Thus the great events of the day ended.

In less than a week Tom Fuller was quietly married, and took his wife at once on board a steamer bound for Europe. She had come forth from her sick room greatly subdued and changed in many respects, but able, from her peculiar character, to put a veil between her and the past, which would have been impossible to a woman like Elizabeth.

I am happy to state that 'Dolph's treachery met with its proper reward. Clorinda succeeded in saving her money, and she married the parson, leaving 'Dolph to his shame and remorse. Victoria gave him the cold shoulder, and made herself so intimate with a new male Adonis, who came to the house as domestic, that 'Dolph's days were full of misery and his nights made restless with legions of nightmares.

The house by the sea shore stands up in its old picturesque stateliness, and within the sunshine never fails, and the summer of content is never disturbed; through dark waters and terrible tempests they have come, even in this world, upon the promised land.

THE END.

PROFESSOR S., of Dickson College, is not much given to joking. Occasionally, however, this vein of his disposition is excited, and then his hits are of the hardest kind, and double-edged. One morning, not long ago, he found a horse in the recitation-room. The class had collected, and with solemn countenances awaited the entrance of the professor. He came in, looked around deliberately, first upon the horse, then upon the class, and remarked, at the same time twitching his shirt collar:

"Ahem! You have got a new classmate, I see. I'm glad it's a horse, there were jackasses enough before."

THE SHARPSHOOTERS BEFORE RICHMOND.

THE lines of Grant's advance on Richmond had been pushed so close to those of Lee that a story is told of a captain who went out to set his picket line, and lost six of his men, but brought in four of the enemy, who had blundered into his hands.

The sharpshooters kept steadily at work, their riflepits not being more than 100 yards apart, and in some cases even less. No part of the body could be exposed for a moment. Gradually, however, the fire slackens on both sides, and at last it dies away. After a pause some adventurous one raises his head, and calls out: "How are you, Johnny?" "How are you, Yank?" comes in reply, with a hearty good will, and and the ice being broken a promise follows not to shoot, and out they sally to stretch their limbs and take a moment's freedom. The riflepit and the tree-top give up their denizens, who gradually approach the half-way line, and with the characteristic spirit of the universal nation begin to swap.

Richmond papers and tobacco are exchanged for Northern luxuries, and for a time all is gay banter and friendly intercourse. At last the warning is given, "Run back, Johnnys," "Run back, Yanks." Men regain their posts, and the firing begins, high at first, and evidently with no intention except to warn that the stern reality reigns once more.

RINGGOLD, GEORGIA.

THERE is no more striking proof of the power of the Government ultimately to suppress the rebellion than to view the present field of operation. We give a sketch in this paper of Ringgold, a post village in Walker county, Georgia, and station on the Western and Atlantic Railroad. Yet we give it, not as a place recently captured from the enemy, but to show it as a sort of depot whence men and munitions of all sorts are sent forward to the army under Sherman, which is stubbornly fighting its way to the very heart of the staunchest, most solid, powerful and prosperous of the Southern States. Georgia, whose voice would have killed secession as soon as born, which was apparently too remote from the North to be easily reached, but which has become the theatre of the war.

LEE'S NIGHT ATTACK ON SMITH'S BRIGADE, JUNE 3.

AFTER the fearful battle of Friday, when Grant so gallantly attempted to force the passage of the Chicahominy and actually carried some of Lee's works, a lull ensued, and night was fast coming on in a universal stillness. But suddenly, when nearly eight o'clock, and as twilight was just vanishing, Hancock's corps heard in the rebel works just by them the words of command. At once all was in motion, every man at his post, the artillery ready to open on the assailing column. They had not to wait long; over the intervening crest, clearly defined in the gathering darkness, came Beauregard's men, whose last fight was at Olustee. As the line appeared, Smith's brigade, of Gibbons's division, poured in a volley which pierced the darkness like a flash of lightning. Down, down they go in the withering storm of bullet, grape, canister and shell; but they close up and come on; volley after volley is given, but they press on the divisions of Barlow and Gibbons and the left of Wright's corps. These gallant fellows welcomed their antagonists of the morning, and drove them back with terrible loss, but so desperately did the rebels charge that some were killed in our entrenchments and others dragged inside as prisoners.

This repulse of the rebels closed the bloody work of the day, which stands the fiercest action of the war.

Our Artist within the lines sketched the night attack, and few will look without interest upon this triumphant resistance of the warworn heroes of the 2d army corps.

THE LAST OF THE REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS.

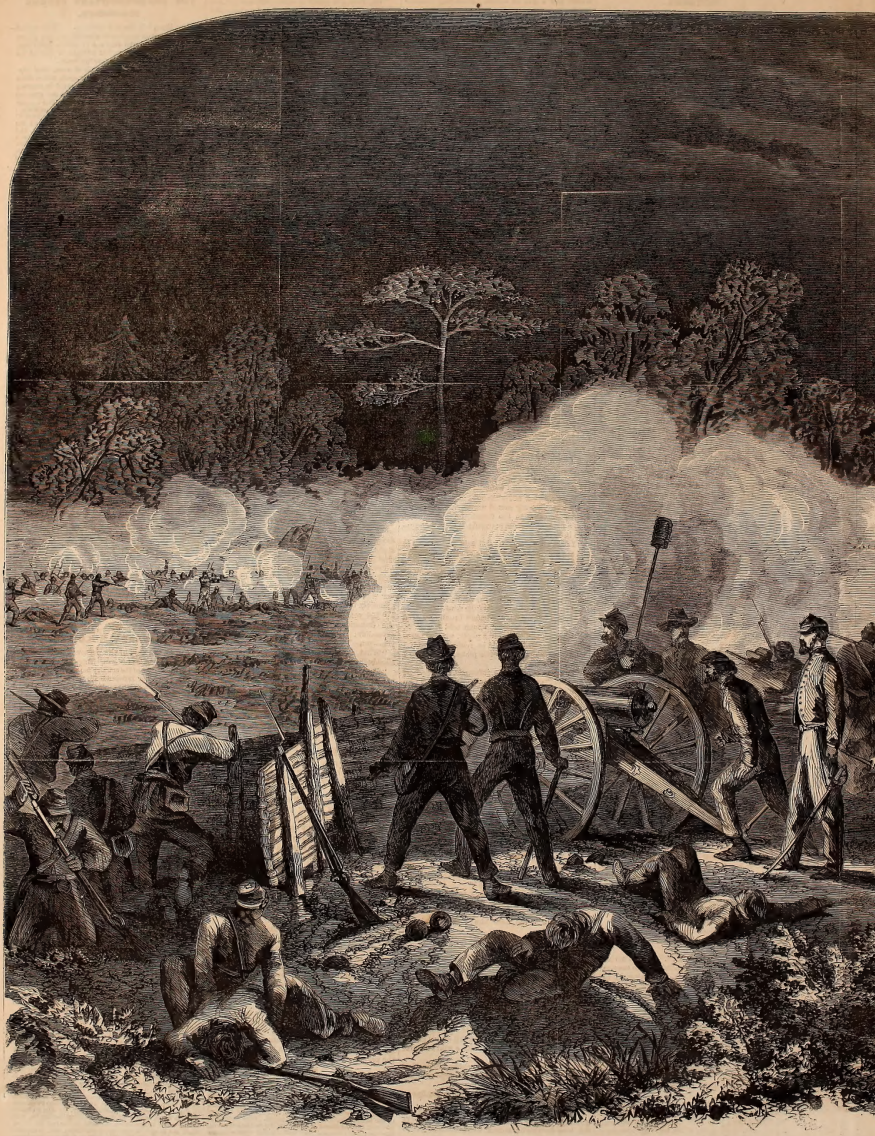
AMONG the acts of the present Congress was a resolution tendering to the surviving soldiers of the Revolution the thanks of the country for their services in the war by which our Independence was achieved and our liberty obtained, as well as sincerely rejoicing that their lives have been protracted beyond the period usually allotted to man. A small additional pension was also given to help them in their last days. It might well have been ten times what it was, but it was something.

It was generally supposed that they were 12 in number, and some of our cotemporaries so state. In fact, however, several of them are dead, some had departed, indeed, before the matter of the new pension was mooted.

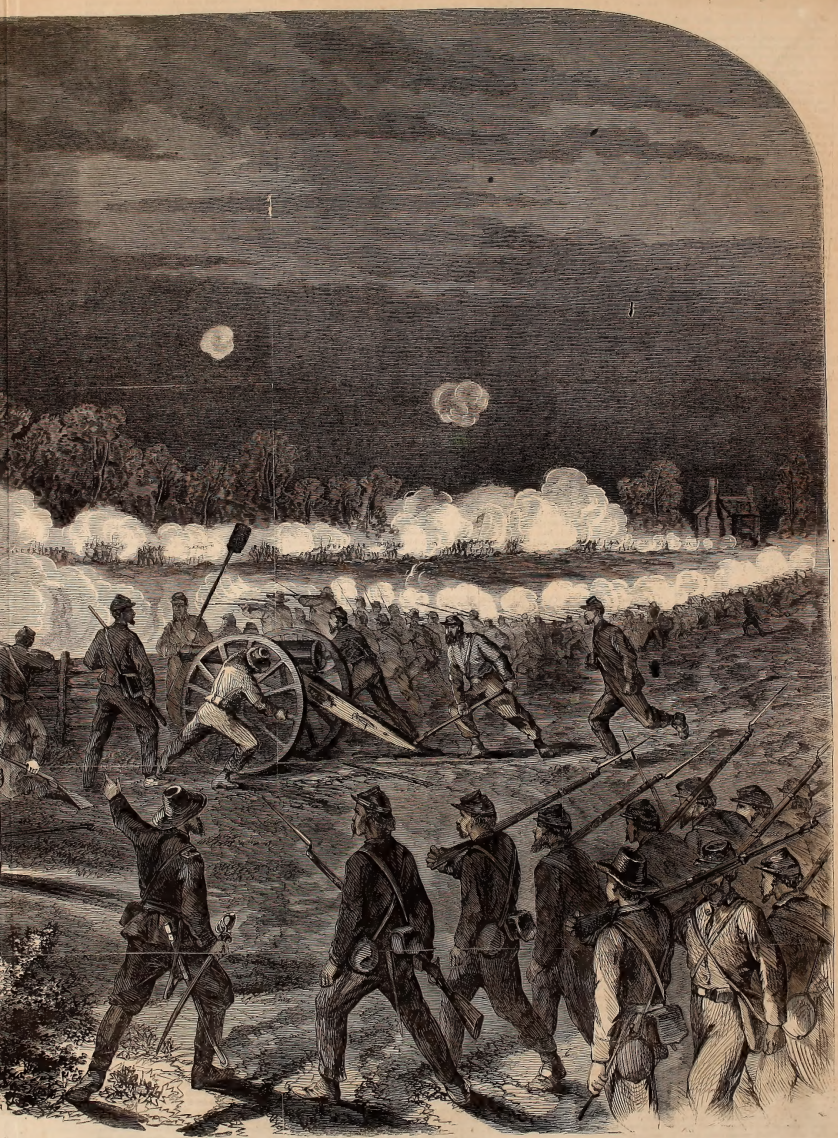
So far as we can learn all are dead except these seven, and of those some may have closed their pilgrimage already. Amaziah Goodwin, Alfred, Maine, 105; Adam Link, Annapolis, O., 102; Rev. Daniel Waldo, Syracuse, N. Y., 101; Wm. Hutchings, Penobscot, Me., 103; Alex. Marony, Gates, N. Y., 94; Samuel Downing, Edinburg, N. Y.; Lemuel Cook, Clarendon, N. Y.

THE RAIN AND ITS CAUSE.—There are many who argue that wars bring rain in summer and snowstorms in winter, and the same cause is assigned for the recent heavy storms with which we have been visited. During the wars of Napoleon the attention of the French Academy of Sciences was called to the fact that a storm of rain or snow invariably followed a battle, especially if there was heavy cannonading. This is said to have been particularly case in the Russian campaign, which was followed by such snowstorms as never before were witnessed in the south of Europe. Some of the *savants* declared that rapid discharges of artillery and incessant volleys of musketry produced concussion in the air, and drove the clouds out of their course; while others went so far as to adopt the theory, since advocated by Prof. Espy, that the immense smoke of a battle was of itself sufficient to produce rain. There were sceptics, however, and when the war closed it remained a mooted question. It is a fact worthy of notice that all the prominent battles on the Potomac, especially the seven days' fight before Richmond, have been followed by storms, and that the present battles have been followed by the most severe storms is a fact known to all. It is usual to have showers in the middle of May, but long continued rains are not of the ordinary course of events at this season of the year. The subject is one worthy the attention of the meteorologists, as well as all others who take any interest in the phenomena of the weather.

ELASTICITY OF IRON.—A simple illustration will serve to show two facts connected with iron; the first is its elasticity, and the second the power exerted by pressure of the hand of any person. Make a hoop of one inch square bar-iron about the size of the brim of a man's hat. Let the inside of the hoop be made quite smooth and true. Such a hoop being examined, it would appear that the power even of a horse could in no way alter its shape or form, provided the strain be put to it fairly and equably. Now make a rod of iron of the thickness of a lead-pencil, that shall exactly fit the diameter of the inside of the hoop, so that, when placed in the hoop, it will not fall out, unless the hoop be altered in shape. If, acting in a similar way, we take a child's wooden hoop, with a stick across it in the centre, and then press it at the sides opposite to that of the cross-stick, the hoop will assume an oval shape, and, of course, the cross-stick will fall out. Just so does the iron hoop described act. When any one presses it the rod falls out, showing clearly the elasticity of the iron. The hoop will become oval-shaped with a very little pressure, not greater than that which can be exerted by a young girl.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA—REPULSE OF LEE'S NIGHT ATTACK ON SMITH'S BRIGADE, HANCOC



HANCOCK'S CORPS, FRIDAY, JUNE 3.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 231.

TO THE SWALLOW.

BY JOHN ANDREWS.

Swallow, cruel swallow! wherefore dost thou come
Glancing in the sunlight, by the gleaming river,
Year after year, unto thy northern home,
While youth and love are leaving us for ever?

Cruel swallow, calling up the memories
Of happy years, of what can never be,
Of friends departed, gone beyond the seas,
And faery days of childhood I never more shall see!

And boyhood's happy hours, all bright and golden,
And love's young dream in halcyon days of yore,
Beside a gleaming river, in summer days of olden,
Like a band of early blossoms, gone for evermore!

Glancing in the sunlight, every springtime coming,
Thou must be some spirit set for ever free,
When the yellow bees are in the meadows humming,
And the golden sunlight floods the earth and sea.

Oh, joyous swallow! gliding on careless wing,
Happy as the summer hours gone for ever by,
Come not, come not back again with the gentle Spring;
Stay within thy southern home, beneath thy southern sky.

For youth and friends can never come again;
And love, if gone, 'tis gone, alas! for ever!
Call not up the memories thou canst not lull to to sleep,
Gliding in the sunlight by the gleaming river.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER XII.

Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as I would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.
Titus Andronicus, Act V., Sc. 1.

You were kneel'd to and importun'd otherwise
* * * and the fair soul herself
Weighed between loathness and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow.
Tempest, Act II., Sc. 1.

These mothers are too dreadful.
Aurora Leigh.

Marina wandered about Brittany like one fleeing rom the ever haunting presence of a spectre. Her mother's cruelty drove her to despair, and while at the height of her wild and reckless mood, Jacques Renvi crossed her path and employed every persuasion he could recall or invent to entrap her into complicity with his ruthless fraternity. But her constant reply was:

"No; your wickedness once seemed to possess a novelty and daring that charmed me, but it is stale to me now and palls upon my appetite."

"You look as melancholy as a sick brigand, and I would fain do something to rouse you, for you know I love you better than any other being in the world."

"You have a very flattering and terrible regard for me, Jacques, something like that entertained by a lion or tiger for the bespangled girl that enters his cage and displays his points to the spectators, an affection which generally ends in devouring its object. Even now you are much concerned lest I should become the prey of another."

Jacques laughed and said:

"You remind me of the mothers I have heard in their gushes of fondness for their darlings declare that they could eat them; a proof of affection your mother never showed for you."

"And you are kind to taunt me with her coldness. Alas! it is worse than that now, it is aversion. She not only refuses to acknowledge me, but even to allow me to cross her threshold."

"She refuses to acknowledge you or to let you into her house?"

"She does, and drives me from her with reproaches so bitter and unmerited as to make life seem a burden and disgrace to me."

"And why do you put up with such treatment? Why don't you revenge yourself?"

"Upon my mother? I forgot you were not human. No! Would she but acknowledge and receive me, I could forgive all and love her more devotedly than ever."

"She shall do it. I can do anything with her, for she's in my power. I can make her acknowledge half the foundlings in Bretagne if I chose. But what will you do for me, if I set you square with her? Won't you marry me for my trouble?"

"You! I'd rather die first!"

"You are complimentary. But I shall find a way to tame your obstinacy yet, if you love your mother half so well as you say you do. So I am to have no reward if I set you right with her?"

"I will give you a thousand francs for your pains."

"Are you so rich?"

"'Tis all I have; but I will cheerfully bestow it upon you if you succeed."

The bargain was struck between the strange pair, and Marina returned to the residence of Madame Nitouche in the company of Jacques Renvi. Marina was received by her mother with a look of anger.

"Marina returned hither at my instance," remarked Jacques, impudently; "I knew you would be glad to see us both."

Madame Nitouche answered with forced politeness, and Marina could perceive at a glance that Jacques did not boast of his influence with her mother without reason. Both women were, however, very ill at ease, and he, perceiving their embarrassment, said:

"Madame, I have some business with you, and should like a little talk by ourselves."

"Certainly," replied the hostess, and she would have said "with pleasure," but the words died on her lips, and she turned very pale.

No sooner were Madame Nitouche and Jacques alone than the latter broke out with:

"I will not stand your treatment to little Marina. You know that I love the girl, and that is why you abuse her. But that's not my present business; I have come for money."

"I have already given you twice as much as I ever owed you."

"All you owe me? All you possess would not repay me for all I have done for you. Haven't I lost my immortal soul in your service? Consider the deeds I have done at your bidding, of which you have reaped the benefit. Let me recount a few of them."

"No, no!" interrupted Madame Nitouche. "Why should I listen to what I know too well already? Why do you persecute your fellow in crime? Why not act fairly, like a man, instead of harassing to death a lone and defenceless woman like me."

"If I do wrong you set the example. See how you persecute Marina, your true and affectionate child."

"She is no child of mine."

"Are you blind, woman? Why, she is as like you as your own girlhood; and when a more peculiar woman in appearance than yourself is on exhibition I will pay to see the show, whatever the price. Keep this story for simpletons, for you know that I know you better. You are jealous of the girl, no doubt, but do her justice, and I'll be liberal and take her off your hands."

"What do you mean?"

"That you shall own her to be your daughter, receive her as such, and give her to me in marriage."

"Do you love her?"

"Better than booty or than life itself."

"Does she love you?"

"Well—no—not to distraction."

"Not at all, you mean."

Her wonted faint color returned to the cheeks of Madame Nitouche, her eyes brightened, and a sarcastic smile perceptibly curled her lip as she continued:

"I cannot consent to sell my daughter, for such you will have her to be, for nothing. She was educated at great expense, and ought to have a rich husband. On other terms than marriage I could get a fortune for her."

"I have nothing now; but you shall have half the plunder of Uberto's cave when I sack it."

"Have you visited the spot?"

"I have, and doubt not to find all Marina told you about the old hermit's concealed treasures to be no exaggeration. Uberto has, however, the reputation of being a holy man, and looked to me so like the pictures I have seen of the adorable saints that I put off the plundering of his hoard till surer of its worth. His munificent charities have since proved to me its richness, and I have now no scruples."

"An arch-heretic is he!" exclaimed Madame N.; "and to pillage him or take his life would be a better deed than a forty days' penance and pilgrimage."

"Enough; I'll do it. What say you to my marriage with Marina on these terms?"

"I'll do my best to forward it. I pity the girl, however, for the first time, when I think of her marriage with you. I know what it is to be married to a man and hate him; it is miserable life in the body, death in the heart, and hell in the mind. The plain rack is a recreation to it. But this is your affair and hers. I will do what I can to oblige you."

"Say yes or no in the right place, that is all I ask."

Marina found herself suddenly established in her mother's house on a fair footing, was called daughter by her parent, and treated by her with consideration, if not affection. The grateful girl took the first opportunity to thank Jacques for his intercession and to beg his acceptance of one thousand francs.

"I neither want nor will accept any money from you, Marina; I want yourself."

"You want an impossibility, Jacques."

"There is no impossibility to a man like me, Marina, who dares everything and hesitates at nothing. Your mother is wholly in my power, and at my word she dies a shameful death—the death of a criminal. I can obtain pardon and rich reward—both have been offered—by betraying her, and nothing but my love for you, for I have not the slightest regard for her, has prevented me from giving her up to justice. Ask your mother, Pierre Massue, or anybody who knows me right well, if I ever broke an oath taken upon this dagger. Long ago I swore upon it to have you for my wife, and I will sacrifice madame's life, yours, and perish myself, rather than fail to keep my word. By marrying me you save your mother's life; by refusing me, you sign her death-warrant. Again upon this hilt and this blade, too often crimsoned with her victim's blood, I swear to have you for my bride or your mother executed for murder."

It was with the bitterest scorn that Marina saw the villain salute his dagger, and replied:

"I do not believe one word you have said."

"Because every syllable I have spoken is true. When did I ever lie to you? You doubted my power over madame; have I not proved it? Ask her if her life is not in my hands."

"I will this instant, villain."

Marina darted out of the room, and after searching through the house, found her mother kneeling before a crucifix. Her daughter waited till she rose.

"That wretch, Jacques Renvi, says your life is in his hands."

"He speaks the truth."

"He has sworn on his dagger to render you up to justice—"

"Me!" shrieked Madame Nitouche, turning death's hue, and so nearly falling that she was only saved by her daughter's support.

"Oh, mother! mother! is it true? Alas! what shall I do?"

"Did he swear unconditionally that he would give me up?"

"No; but if I do not marry him."

Madame revived a little.

"And what did you reply?"

"I refused to credit a word he said, and came at once to you."

Madame Nitouche looked anxiously at her daughter; her breathing grew quick, her eager eyes began to glare, and she demanded in trembling accents:

"And now you know all, what do you intend, daughter?"

"Is there no safety but in this—this marriage, mother?"

"None, daughter. I have long been in fear of this man and his fatal knowledge. He has already extorted much money from me, and will now take my life if you do not disarm him by marrying him and making our interests almost identical."

"He, it seems, is implicated in the crimes of which he accuses you, and I cannot think he will endanger himself by betraying you."

"I know him too well to doubt him. He is an obstinate villain, fearless of death, and the oaths he swears upon his dagger's hilt are the only vows he never breaks. Besides, he can betray me and escape himself."

"Mother, I love you so much; only love me a little in return, and I will sacrifice myself cheerfully for your sake."

Madame Nitouche, overcome by the brave girl's magnanimity, caught her daughter in her arms, and kissed her fondly.

"You are a noble girl, Marina; my heart can resist you no longer, for you are a far better daughter than I deserve, and I must be a wretch indeed not to love you."

Marina wept for joy and sorrow, and returned her mother's caresses with fervent affection.

"Now must I encounter this villain whom henceforth I shall abhor worse than ever."

"Do not see Renvi again to-day, daughter; let me meet him. Wait till your present horror has passed off, ere you have another interview with him."

Marina retired to her chamber and gave way to the bitterness of spirit with which her heart was bursting. Her agony was intense and profound, and much aggravated by her remorse. It was a keen retaliation, and she felt it to the heart's core, that she who had played the jilt so often with the noble, the rich, the handsome and the good, should be snared like a bird by a common ruffian, whose touch to her seemed like leprous contamination. Marriage with him was too horrible to think of, and death itself seemed preferable. She threw herself upon the floor, wept till her tears seemed to scald her, beat her breast and lamented till morning. The love she bore Bertram still burned in her soul—a pure and holy passion—and had promised to redeem her from the evils of life she had contracted, but now was she plunged again into the abyss of infamy and lost for ever. As the day broke, she exclaimed:

"Oh, God of light! God of love! Source of infinite mercy, save me from the embrace of this murderer, and I will be thine, wholly, holily and for ever."

The morrow came, and with it the ruffian, inflexible and impatient, and thirsting to enjoy the sacrifice. Jacques Renvi had been in a hurry with his priest and preparations, and when Marina saw how near the hour of self-immolation had approached, she threw herself at his feet.

"Jacques, have mercy on me! Why force me to marry you against my will? How can I love you if you force me? If you persist, I shall hate you, but if you allow me to escape now, I shall be so grateful that I may finally love you, and consent freely to our union. By all your hopes of heaven——"

"I have not one."

"By your dread of eternal punishment——"

"I laugh at the idea."

"By your father's memory——"

"He was hung for murder."

"By your mother's honor——"

"She was a wanton and traded in love."

"By France, the land we love——"

"I hate it, for 'tis its law that will judge and condemn me."

"By the God who made you——"

"He made a wretch, why should I thank him for the work?"

"Still you would rather have love than hate. You would not wed the woman who must ever abhor you?"

"Love is a stupid fiction, but hate is a living reality. Give me but beauty enough, and I prefer hate—it is more piquant."

Marina, overpowered by the intensity of her conflicting emotions, scarcely heard the villain's last reply, for her senses failed her, and Madame Nitouche, who entered at this conjuncture, found her in a deep swoon.

"Jacques Renvi, what have you been doing to your victim?"

"I have overpersuaded her a little, but she will come to better tempered. These scenes must be performed, I suppose, and the sooner we get through them the better. After the ceremony is over she will be quiet enough."

"What do you know about woman, Jacques? You understand how to torture and dispatch them, and that is about all. You are too violent and hasty to win their affection, and without that you might safer wed a deadly serpent than Marina. Besides, your hurry is unreasonable. I would not have my daughter wed a beggar, and you have not a sou. Where is the wealth you swore to obtain from Uberto's cave and divide with me, ere you claimed Marina's hand?"

"I see you intend to balk me."

"I see you are a fool and balk yourself. Redeem your promise and you shall have Marina without these scenes which are of your own making. Have I not always abided by my agreement? You have hardly ever kept yours, but I'll make you stand by your last at the hazard of my life."

Marina, who had been gradually reviving under her mother's restorative treatment, caught enough of the interlocutor's meaning to understand that the secret of Uberto's cave had been betrayed to Jacques, and that her marriage was delayed till the robbery of her friend was consummated. The knowledge of this treachery renewed Marina's agitation, and her mother, fancying that the presence of her dreadful *fiancé* produced this effect, sent Jacques away, enjoining him not to return without the booty he had promised her.

The thoughts of those conspiring against Marina's peace were quick and keen, but hers were more rapid and piercing than theirs. Within an hour after the close of her exciting interview with her betrothed, she had recovered sufficiently to procure and dispatch a messenger to her venerable friend Uberto, in Savoy, with a missive for him, containing these lines:

"Dear and Venerated Father—You are betrayed to a robber who seeks your hermitage to despoil, and if you resist, to murder you. You will know him by the ruddy glare of his deep sunken eyes, the scar of a sabre cut on his forehead and his gigantic proportions. If you become his victim, I shall be his next, for he has destined to a worse fate than death,
Your devoted daughter,
Marina."

Marina waited the return of her messenger, to whom she had promised a munificent reward, with feverish impatience. He performed the journey with almost unexampled speed, but yet to his expectant the few days of his absence appeared as intolerable as a weary age. At last his return, with an answer from the hermit, relieved her suspense. She tore open the note with the quickness of light, and read:

"Thanks to your warning, daughter. Come and behold the fate of my murderer's guest, or of—
"Uberto."

Marina set out for Savoy at once. In a few days she arrived at Uberto's cave, just as the sun was setting. She entered the rocky habitation in great anxiety and fear. All was silent and void inside, and her heart sank, chill and despairing, within her. At length she mustered courage to call. A strange echo replied like a response from the dead. She had just given up all for lost, when a door at the extremity of the cavern opened, and she beheld the hermit, pale, awful and majestic.

"Father!" she cried, rushing towards him.

"Stop! he shouted, pointing to a narrow abyss that suddenly opened between them, adding in thrilling tones, "Beware of the murderer's fate?"

She gazed down the murmuring chasm, and saw by the light of a torch the hermit held an object hanging on a projecting rock some fifty feet below. She failed to recognise it at first, but as her sight grew clearer it assumed to her the appearance of a mutilated corpse. A scarlet vest and a long red beard afforded her a clue which enabled her to identify the remains.

"It is Jacques Renvi!" she cried; "God hav mercy upon his soul!"

"Amen!" responded the hermit. "Your messenger did not reach me an hour too soon, daughter, for this villain visited me the same evening that I received your warning. A storm was coming on, and he begged for shelter and food. I gave him both, and he pretended to sleep, but about midnight sprang lightly to his feet, rushed upon me and threatened instant death, unless I unlocked my hoard to him, and gave him all. I gave him the key of this door, which he unlocked and opened, beholding an array of riches which would have startled even an old Buccaneer. He fell back a step, and I sprang this trap, which precipitated him into the chasm beneath. As he fell he clutched at the jagged protruberances of the rock, and struck finally upon the sharp point from which he now hangs, and which it seems broke his back. I let down a rope to him, but he had neither the sense or strength left to grasp at it. I tried to lower myself to him, but found that I was too feeble to effect my purpose, and in the attempt narrowly escaped sharing his fate. In a few hours his moans subsided, soon all was silence, and his soul had fled to its eternal home."

"It was a horrible death!"

"Why did you not keep my secret, Marina? Behold the consequences of your betrayal!"

CHAPTER XIII.

In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright.—*Poe.*

Rather let me see
Death, all, than such a being.
Sardanapalus, Act IV., Sc. 1.

Elfstone's beautiful statue, his "Lost Love," had, after a long delay, been brought from France to Ellingford Hall, England, and was taken to the sculptor's studio, where it was unpacked and afterwards raised by the artist and his friends. The latter, especially St. Croix, feared that his trial would, in the frame of mind in which he was at the time, further unsettle his reason and endanger his sanity. These apprehensions proved to be only too well-founded, for he had gazed long on the statue ere his mind began to wander, and he to address the stone as a living and sentient being.

"Daughter," said he, "your fate is growing sad, like my own. We are both deserted. Instead of the love for which our souls are thirsting, we are compelled to drink the waters of bitterness till our hearts petrify. Where's Bertram, your gay gallant? He is too false and fair and fleeting. Why should the ruthless wanderer triumph in your long pining and heart slavery?" I will emulate the Roman father, and, though it break my heart, will release your spirit from its marble prison house."

St. Croix stood aghast, and knowing Elfstone

uncontrollable mood, was utterly at a loss what to do. While he was trying to devise some method by which to divert his friend's mind from the dangerous channel into which it was thrown, a hand was laid lightly on his shoulder, and upon turning his head he beheld Bertram Hapswell, smiling and happy.

"He is going to destroy the statue," said St. Croix.

"I care not; I have found the original."

"See how his eye is kindling with his old madness! What a fatal fire is beginning to burn in his soul! Is it not a shame to witness the destruction of so noble a work of art?"

"Nature excels it; but fear nothing."

While Elfstone was looking round the room for some implements, Bertram took his place beside the statue, clasping it about the waist, and affecting to treat it with the tenderness of a beloved human being.

"Is that woman alive?" demanded a lady, thickly veiled, standing near St. Croix.

He smiled at the simplicity of the question, but did not reply, as Elfstone was at the moment approaching the statue with an ancient partisan in his hand, and the gazers were held in breathless suspense. Bertram, without apparently heeding the sculptor, said:

"The 'Lost Love' is found, and her lover will shield her with his life."

The solemn earnestness of Bertram's tone, credible as the beating of the heart of sincerity, so wrought upon the destructive artist, that he threw away his weapon in an instant, and rushed into the arms of the speaker.

"I have done you injustice, forgive me!"

"Willingiy, but never doubt me again."

"Never!"

Bertram, finding his old friend exhausted by his paroxysm, led him from the apartment, and after soothing him into tranquillity left him in charge of a servant, accustomed to tend and control him in his dangerous moods, and returned to the studio. He found St. Croix gazing at the veiled lady, and the lady with her eyes fixed upon the statue.

"Muta," he said, "you need conceal your face no longer. This is an old friend of your father's, who will be delighted to recognise you."

The young lady submissively lifted her veil, as St. Croix was presented to her. He was startled at the sight of the lovely countenance it revealed to him.

"What a marvellous resemblance," he exclaimed.

"Is it not perfect? Ah, Julien, I have heard you expatiate eloquently upon the recorded wonders of Providence, but never listened to one that transcended in strangeness the story of this little one's rescue from the frightful ogre who held her in captivity. Even you at first mocked the inspiration that impelled me to undertake her recovery, but yet I assure you I was not an hour, not a minute, too soon to save her from a fate infinitely worse than death. Your own eyes afford sufficient evidence to convince you that she is Muta Elfstone, our old friend's only daughter, which can doubtless be legally proved, but it appears to me that her father has been too much excited to-day to endure with safety so thrilling a revelation as this will prove to him."

"You are right, Bertram. Is this young lady's mother living?"

"From what I can gather I infer that she died in America about twelve years ago."

"They took her away from me when I was very little," said a sweet and almost childlike voice, "but she often comes to me at night, when everything is very still."

The young man smiled upon the innocent, and exchanged glances.

"Let us cover up this Lost Love," said Bertram, "and adjourn with the Found one to the drawing-room, where you shall hear her story from her own lips."

Muta watched Bertram narrowly as he carefully shrouded the exquisite statue, and started as she saw him kiss its beautiful shoulder, little weening that its resemblance to hers provoked the salute.

The three young friends spent the evening together, Muta recounting in her simple way the story of her life, and picturing, as well as she could, the dreary years she had spent in the society of Gregory Grimgrip and Espeth, his deaf and dumb housekeeper.

When her tale was told and sufficiently commented upon, St. Croix inquired:

"How old is this Gregory Grimgrip?"

"There is no telling," said Bertram; "he is so ugly that his age does not show."

"He must be more than fifty."

"Or than sixty, perhaps; but he appears to be full of life and energy, and had not the burglars taken him by surprise, he would have rendered a fatal account of some of them. As it was, he almost brought his pistol to bear on me, and proved as much as three strong men and two women could manage. The disappearance of his intended bride must perplex him sadly."

"If he lacks youth and beauty, he does not want assurance."

"You might well say so, if you could conceive what a hideous old creature it is. In aspiring to the hand of the heiress of Ellingford, he has evinced an audacity truly Satanic."

"Do you think he would have advanced her claim to the estate?"

"Doubtless; after Elfstone's death. He is very rich himself, and possessed of demoniacal cunning as well as effrontery. He was, however, recently preparing to make a voyage to Australia or some other distant land, where he would probably have remained in obscurity till he received the news of Elfstone's decease, when he would have returned to England and come boldly forward with Muta as his wife and the heiress of Ellingford. Commend me to Master Gregory Grimgrip for a deep, daring and unconscionable schemer."

You excite in me a curiosity to behold the monster."

I will show him to you, if you will accompany me to Liverpool next week, where I have to meet him to render the Court due explanation relative to the part I have taken in this business."

"Don't go near him!" besought Muta. "He will pay somebody to kill you."

"Is he in the habit of doing that sort of thing?"

"Don't you remember I told you that, after the young man you tell me was your brother saw me on the stairs, I heard Gregory—he always made me call him so—I heard Gregory promise a thousand dollars to a big, rough fellow, if Mr. Kingsland happened to die within the next fortnight. I could not make out what he meant for a long time, but since I have learned it I have been more afraid of him than ever."

"His experience with Victor is not calculated to encourage him to renew such attempts, even if this were a country affording impunity to assassins and their suborners. I have not the slightest apprehension of personal violence from Mr. Grimgrip. He will seek revenge of me by other means, and is, no doubt, already concocting plots against my peace."

Bertram was now sent for by Mordaunt Elfstone, and the three friends separated, Muta being delivered into the care of the buxom housekeeper, who nearly fainted at the sight of her.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Barton?" demanded Bertram.

"Oh, Mr. Hapswell! who is this—this young lady?"

"Whom do you think she is?"

"She frightened me so—I thought first she was my missis come to life again, but if her daughter be living, this is she."

"You have guessed aright, Mrs. Barton, but you must keep our secret till to-morrow, for it is not yet ripe for disclosure."

The old lady was now dissolved in tears of joy, and in her transports unable to restrain her impulse to embrace and kiss her young mistress, whom she had nursed when an infant. Muta, whose nature seemed full of affection, returned her caresses with warmth, and wept with her, she knew not why.

Bertram left them together and sought the presence of his afflicted and venerated friend. He found him comparatively calm and apparently sane in every point save Bertram's marriage with his daughter, as he now called his statue, which would, he said, if it took place on the morrow, have a very tranquillizing restorative effect upon his mind. Bertram could not refuse compliance with his friend's wishes, albeit he dreaded the consequences, and resolved to keep the romantic mummery so close that none of Elfstone's vigilant relations should ever hear of it. He left his prospective father-in-law in a state of high contentment, and retired himself to dream of Muta and the statue, sometimes fancying that both were alive, and at others that both were marble. At last he thought that both were threatened with destruction by the demented author of their being. As he saw the old man rushing at them with his long rusty partisan, he felt himself turning into stone and unable to stir to the rescue. A terrible blow was descending upon the brow of Muta when his agony awoke him.

He had not been awake but a few seconds ere he heard a heavy fall and crash over his head in Elfstone's studio, which caused him to leap from his bed, thrust himself into his dressing-gown and slippers, and run up into the room from which the sounds proceeded. All seemed quiet therein, and the ghostly light of the moon slept tranquilly on the floor. The old sculptor was not in the apartment, and the curtains that shrouded the statue appeared not to have been disturbed. Our hero retired quietly and shut the door softly, and was about to descend the stairs when he paused for a moment and pondered on the strangeness and distinctness of the sounds he had heard, and turned back to make assurance doubly sure. Suddenly and noiselessly he re-entered the studio, and saw, or thought he saw, by the light of the moon which fell upon it, the marble head of the statue thrust out from between the curtains and gazing at him with a frightened and fascinated look. There was no mistaking the beauty of that marble face, and strange thoughts chased one another like lightning through his brain as he stood there spellbound. An awful sense of the supernatural froze his blood and chilled his heart, and as the apparition gradually withdrew, and the curtains fell, hiding it from view, Bertram sank senseless upon the floor. When consciousness came back to him he found himself lying in his bed, and after some minutes' wonderment concluded that he had had a very vivid, strange and painful dream, and lay awake nearly an hour thinking about it. At last he sank again into a sleep, from which he did not awake till late the next morning.

A Natural Curiosity.—A natural curiosity, which completely puzzles naturalists and geologists, is now in possession of Isaac S. Josephi, the wholesale jeweller, on Washington street, San Francisco. It is an irregular hexagonal quartz crystal, about one inch in diameter and two inches in length, pointed at one end, and broken squarely off at the base. Within the body of the crystal, rising from the base like a miniature mountain, and occupying about half the entire length of the stone, is a mass of beautifully crystallized gold, silver and copper, each metal distinctly defined, and all embedded in the stone, which is as clear as glass, in exactly the style of the flowers and other objects in a glass paperweight. This curious specimen of the handiwork of nature, when in an eccentric tone of mind, was found by a miner at Gold Gulch, Calaveras county, some four years ago, and has been carried round in his pocket ever since, until some two months ago, when it was purchased by the superintendent of a copper mine, and sent to the present possessor as a curiosity. Geologists who have examined it declare that nothing of the kind has ever been seen or heard of before, and are utterly at a loss to account for its formation.

A Lady asked a pupil at a national school, "What was the sin of the Pharisees?"

"Eating camels, marm," quickly replied the child. She had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

POINT BLANK.

You complain that I am narrow,
Going straightly to my aim:
Will you quarrel with the arrow
For the same?

Many a bitter word hast thou:
"Pedant," bigot." Keep thy blame
While that sword, and nail, and plough
Are the same.

I would cleave my world-path cleanly
With an axe', a razor' edge;
Drive my truth through, not more meanly
Than a wedge.

Far is wide, though force is narrow:
Look straight to thy aim!
Crystal, bud, and flame, and arrow,
Are the same.

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

Pincushions.

When feminine human nature wants to bestow a gift, and is uncertain as to what its nature should be, it always pitches upon a pincushion. When it is asked suddenly what it will contribute to any benevolent object, it at once says: "A dozen pincushions." When it has nothing to do with its fingers, it makes a pincushion. Millions of those cushions have been bought for the sake of the heathen—for the sake of young ministers about to be dispatched on missions, lately millions more for the soldiers.

The cushions manufactured for their good would, stitched together, make comfortable mattresses for the whole army, and leave some over for pillows.

Very industrious, certainly. But, alas! not original. Persons go to Fairs, gaze about them, remember with a groan the closets full of pincushions at home, and go away without investing. Young men are stuffed, so to speak, with pincushions—mamas, sisters, maiden aunts and young lady friends bestow them in showers. Old gentlemen are in the same condition—the ladies can make them for themselves—and we would respectfully suggest to the managers of the next fancy Fair, that with an eye to fair returns they publish this announcement: "All contributions thankfully received, except pincushions."

Girls' Friendship.

It is all very well, very charming, very touching, very everything superlative for a long, long while, perhaps. Araminta and Angelina are very like "twin cherries." They sit upon one cushion, and work one flower upon one sampler. They buy their bonnets of one milliner, and wear dresses "just alike." Living two or three blocks apart, they keep messengers going to and fro with little scented billets all day long, exchange rings, kisses, etc., etc. All is perfect—there is no flaw in their love until some day, or evening, they discover a cloud upon the horizon in the shape of an admirer. From that moment rain is threatened—pretty soon it storms. That young gentleman waltzes with Araminta, and Angelina pouts. He sings duets with Angelina, and Araminta wonders at it. Next day Araminta sends for "the pattern of the peasant's bodice," and Angelina, "with her compliments," "would like that book returned." Jealousy has entered in. Rival belles never practise Siamesetwin needlework, one sampler, one rose, one cushion, etc. At the end of three months the once boasted friendship is a dream, and Miss Angelina has only "a bowing acquaintance with Miss Araminta."

Run-Over.

Pray, can any one tell us what the policemen stand at the corners of Broadway for? There are enough of them, one would think, if they are placed there for the purpose of protecting persons who cross the street and become entangled in the whirlpool of wheels and horses' hoofs, from being run over, to effect their object. Yet, despite their presence, accidents happen every day, and as usual nobody is to blame.

A few weeks since, the young mother of three small children was killed almost under the eyes of one of these military-looking sentinels, who probably considered himself rather ornamental than useful, and as you or I may meet the same fate any day, for all the care that is taken of us, it sets us thinking. If the first policeman who allowed any one run-over on his corner were sent—(well, say to the seat of war), in company with the driver who was looking over his shoulder when he crushed his victim, as drivers generally are, we fancy fewer accidents would occur; and meanwhile, give this piece of advice to ladies, young and old—put no faith in the tall policeman who pretends to protect you across Broadway.

The Children in the Country.

Children at least enjoy the country thoroughly.

Papa may find it too far from the grand emporium of cigars and exhilarating beverages—the club, the theatre, &c. Mama may miss her milliner, her shop-excursions down Broadway, and her dearest friend, who knows all the scandal. Miss Rosabella may sigh for society, and wonder how any one can like the country. But the children have no such doubts, no such regrets. They laugh in very glee at every sunrise; there is so much to do in that "lee lang simmer day."

Out in the mould picking "such beautiful flowers"—dandelions and daisies, probably.

Digging with toy spades little gardens, in which flowers, without roots, are planted, making rivers and canals, sailing boats on small pools, enthusiastically called "lakes," climbing trees, discovering such "cunning little mice," or "darling squirrels," laying plots and plans to entrap all the birds, and take them in cages to the city; eating all sorts of berries without being poisoned; chewing sour sorrell; losing themselves, and being found asleep, and not the least frightened; coming in at meal times to eat such piles of bread and butter and fruit, which the good farmer's wife asserts to be "the way of growing young uns," and you, remembering the sickly city appetites of the nursery at home, qualify with "in the country." And doing all with a gusto which sets pa to wondering "How it would do now to buy a place up here," and mama to planning a house with spare bedrooms, and visits from Miss Johnson.

The country, the real genuine country, is the place for children all summer.

Lackadaisical.

What an odd word that is to look at, and how well it expresses its meaning, queer old-fashioned thing!

Did you ever see a lackadaisical woman, some one rejoicing in the fact of untold miseries, griefs that cannot be uttered, &c.? She never had any real trouble; solid grief makes people cold and harsh and sad, but not lackadaisical; the lackadaisical girl wants a shaking, a good shaking by the shoulders, nothing else; she is frequently set up in business on very small stock.

Some young man, for who she never cared, having married some one else after asking her to dance with him twice, is enough. Blighted hopes, broken heart, &c., are the consequences, and until she dies, married or single, the lackadaisical lady glides about with her head on one side, alluding vaguely to the "woes of her youth," and astonishing strangers by floods of tears.

BOOK NOTICES.

The *Phrenological Journal*, we perceive, begins a new volume. Fowler & Wells, the publishers, are too well-known and their journal too firmly established to require more than the most passing allusion to it. The public has given a verdict in its favor long since.

We have received from Mr. B. W. Hitchcock, 14 Chambers street, "The Illustrated National Handbook," a complete compendium of the political history of the country from the original formation of the Government to the present time, a work of general usefulness that no one can fail to appreciate. It is just such a summary of useful information as every one needs for reference. It seems to be prepared with judgment and accuracy.

"The Army and Navy Handbook," by the same house, is a full and complete guide to the soldier or marine in all matters pertaining to his duties, his obligations and his rights; and just what to do to obtain his rights without the aid of outside assistance, thereby saving much annoyance, time and money. The work also contains everything of interest to the soldier or marine connected with the War and Navy Departments, together with a full and complete historical record of events connected with the war for the Union.

Neighbor Jackwood. By the Author of "Cudjo's Cave." Boston: Tilton.
Mr. Trowbridge has won an enviable position among American novelists, and sustains his reputation in this work. The characters are well drawn; but we will not, we trust, be considered captious in expressing the wish that he had given a few more really superior in stamp. The heroine is what heroines must be, perfection, or nearly that, of course; but the rest are too much below her. The mystery attendant on her is well managed, indeed the solution would scarcely occur till nearly the close of the volume.

The Portrait Monthly. Vol. II., No. 1. New York: T. B. Leggett & Co.
We have so recently called attention to this work and its merit that we need not here enlarge. We can only express our satisfaction to see its new volume opening so auspiciously. The number opens with the gallant Gen. McPherson, and closes with Col. Cross, 5th New Hampshire, who not long since fell in battle, thus closing a gallant life.

THE VALLEY OF DEATH IN JAVA.

The destructive agency of carbonic acid gas on animal life is well exemplified in certain places where large quantities are evolved from the earth. The most striking instance, however, is the celebrated valley of Java, which, if an animal enters he never leaves. The following interesting account is given by the eye witness:

We took with us two dogs and some fowls to try experiments in this prisoner's hollow. On arriving at the foot of the mountain we dismounted and scrambled up the side about a quarter of a mile, holding on by the branches of the trees. When within a few yards of the valley we experienced a strong nauseous, suffocating smell, but on coming close to the edge this disagreeable odor left us. The valley appeared to be about half a mile in circumference; the depth from 30 to 35 feet, and the whole covered with skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deers, peacocks, and all sorts of birds. We could not perceive any vapor or any opening in the ground, which last appeared to us to be of a hard sandy substance.

It was now proposed by one of the party to enter the valley, but at the spot where we were this was difficult, at least for me, as one false step would have brought us to eternity. Seeing no assistance of a bamboo, we went down within 18 feet of the bottom. Here we did not experience any difficulty in breathing, but an offensive, nauseous smell annoyed us. We now fastened a dog to the end of a bamboo, 18 feet long, and sent him in. We had our watches in our hands, and in 14 seconds he fell on his back; he did not move his limbs or look round, but continued to breathe a few minutes. We then sent another, or rather he got loose and walked in to where the other dog was lying. He then stood quite still, and in 10 seconds fell on his face, and never afterwards moved his limbs; he continued to breathe seven minutes. We now tried a fowl, which died in a minute and a half. We threw in another, which died before reaching the ground.

During these experiments we experienced a heavy shower of rain, but were so interested by the awful sight before us that we did not care for getting wet. On the opposite side, near a large stone, was the skeleton of a human being, who must have perished on his back, with his right hand under his head. From being exposed to the weather the bones were bleached as white as ivory. I was anxious to procure this skeleton, but an attempt to get it would have been madness.

Household Knowledge.—Windows are kept free from ice by painting the glass with alcohol with a brush or sponge.

Odors from boiling ham, cabbage, etc., are prevented by throwing red pepper-pods or a few pieces of charcoal into the pot.

A cement, which is a good protection against weather, water and fire to a certain extent, is made by mixing a gallon of water with two gallons of brine, then stir in two and a half pounds of brown sugar and three pounds of common salt. Put it on with a brush like paint.

Put potatoes of equal size into water while boiling; when done, pour off the water, scatter in some salt, cover the pot with a coarse cloth, and return it to the fire for five minutes, when they are ready for the table; even watery potatoes are thus made mealy.

Common cut nails are easily driven into hard wood if rubbed with a little soft soap; saliva is better than nothing for that purpose.

The best way to cook a potato is to bake or roast it in an oven; when done, crack the skins open and allow them to dry out for a few minutes before placing them on the table.

To avoid family quarrels, let the quarrelling wretch have it all to himself; reply never a word.

To make cider vinegar, take the water in which dried apples have been soaked and washed, strain it well, and add a pound of sugar.

For French rolls, add two ounces of butter and a little salt to a pint of boiled milk; while tepid, sift in one pound of flour, one beaten egg, one tablespoon of yeast; beat these altogether well: when risen, form the rolls with as little handling as possible; bake on tins.

Ozonized water is now used for drinking and the toilette. It is advertised in London in the following style: "Its use is attended by a sensation which has been aptly described as 'the perfume of purity.' Being perfectly innoxious and tasteless, a few drops make a most refreshing and invigorating addition to the tumbler of plain drinking or soda water, from which they remove all trace of soluble organic matter—a fact of infinite importance to the voyager or the invalid. When employed for the toilet, bath, &c., it removes from the mouth all impure and foreign tastes and odors, whether arising from natural or artificial causes, such as the practice of smoking, and counteracts the irritation and morbid effects of carious teeth. It purifies and softens the skin, and tends to promote a healthy state of the whole body, by removing all secretions, and restoring a wholesome condition."



WAR IN VIRGINIA—COAL HARBOR, THE SCENE OF STONEWALL JACKSON'S FLANK MOVEMENT AND OF GRANT'S RECENT OPERATIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.

COLD HARBOR.

COLD HARBOR, called in many of our papers Coal Harbor, has come into considerable prominence, and will live hereafter in Virginia annals with its countless other battlefields. The name Coal Harbor has been remarked upon as a sad misnomer. It is simply a sad perversion. Its real name is Cold Arbor, and the hamlet derives that name from a neighboring plantation once owned by Cesar Dabney, who gave it the name. An Englishman, or one of our more Northern friends, would have called it Cool Arbor, but it is a curious fact that from Southern lips you seldom hear the word *cool*. Everything is *cold* or *hot*. They go to extremes, and do not halt at intervening stages. What Cold Harbor actually is the graphic sketch of our Artist at the front portrays with characteristic fidelity.

PICNIC AT SCHACH'S PARK, BROOKLYN,

For the German Hospital Fund.

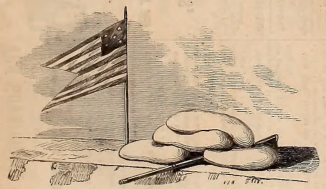
NOR content with their contributions to the Sanitary Fairs and similar institutions or organizations, our German fellow-citizens have an especial hospital fund, and on the 13th of June a picnic for its benefit came off at Schach's Park, East Brooklyn, which must have been highly successful. A procession of Turner and of five or six military companies marched to the spot in the morning, and great numbers of men, women and children, in fitting garb arrayed, flocked thither during the day, on charitable deeds intent, enjoying themselves in the usual orderly and reasonable amusements which prevail among them. We hope to give, as early as possible, a definite statement of the amount realized for the benevolent object in view by this monster picnic.



MONSTER PICNIC AT SCHACH'S PARK, EAST BROOKLYN, JUNE 13, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE GERMAN HOSPITAL FUND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—PORTION OF THE LINE OF DEFENCE BETWEEN THE JAMES AND APPOMATTOX.—SKETCHED FROM THE PICKET LINE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.—SEE PAGE 238.



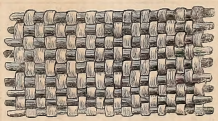
SANDBAG FOR MUSKETRY—GUIDON FORWORK.

GRANT'S LINES SOUTH OF THE JAMES.

THE sudden transfer of operations by Gen. Grant from the old battle-ground on the Chickahominy, already historic from the bloody campaign of 1862, and laden with the deadly miasma of the Chickahominy swamps, to the point south of James river occupied already by Gen. Butler, gives that comparatively fresh locality additional interest to the public.

We are happy, therefore, to be able to lay before our readers two sketches of the fortifications between the James and Appomattox. One view is taken from within, showing the shelter tents within the works, and the men manning the line awaiting an attack of the enemy. The other shows the same line sketched from the picket line, and gives an idea of the works as thrown up by Gen. Gilmore under Gen. Butler, to defend the position taken at Bermuda Hundred. The means of defence, the lines of wires, the chevaux de frise, as well as the sanding protection for the men, will all be viewed with interest.

This has now become the base of Grant's operations. There is no longer fear of attack. The fear is reversed. Those who exulted at Smith's departure look blank at his return and the concentration of Grant's whole force.



FASCINES PROTECTING EMBRASURES.

DISTANCE OF THE SUN.—Mr. Stone, principal assistant at the Greenwich Observatory, has been making a series of calculations on the position of the sun, deduced from observations made at Greenwich on the planet Mars at his recent opposition made in Australia. The result is that the sun is found to be 3,000,000 of miles nearer to the earth than previous calculations have made it.



TELEGRAPH WIRES IN FRONT OF WORKS.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

OTHELLO IN THREE COLORS.—When in 1852 "Moses" was produced as the Grand Opera, Parts, the singer who played Amenophis, an Egyptian prince, entered into his character nearly as much as the Othello mentioned by Mr. Dickens, who blacked himself all over. He stained his face, neck and arms of a good Egyptian brownish black, but there his painting arrangements ended, and he depended for his dusky legs on the "maillot" maker of the theatre. At the very last moment, however, the prince's legs had not arrived. "*Quoi faire?*" There was nothing to do but don a pair of those flesh-colored tight garments usually worn by ballet girls on the stage. The want of local color, however, was soon discovered, and not approved of, and after the first act Amenophis was forced to scrub himself to a lighter hue, more in harmony with his legs. This carried him pretty well through the second act, in which he sang well, was applauded, and got excited, as he rushed off at the end of Act II. he saw the turnip tailor with his black breeches and forgetful of the change he had made above, he caught them on, and appeared—changing Egyptians into Hindoos—a Hindoo in flesh and blood, a Georgian to the ships, and a nigger below. It was too much for the audience, and entirely endangered the success of "Moise."

CHARLOTTE, MY DARLING.

Charlotte, my darling! the dinner is waiting,
The voice of the waiter is heard on the stair;
The grunts on their bosoms their napkins are pinning—
Charlotte, my darling! why linger there?
O, hast thou forgotten how hungry we feel?
Or hast thou determined to starve the staid bo tie?
We may be too late and small not get any,
Charlotte, my darling! have pity on me!

Charlotte, my darling! come down from your toilet,
The fair crayon gleam in the jelly's mild light;
O, where is the spell that can stay in pinnipinding?
Come down as you are, or I shall 'get a bite.
Charlotte, my darling! my faint voice is calling:
Ere long will be vanished both pudding and tart;
I shall no bie, and they won't leave me any—
O, why died thou bolter then bowed my heart!
I know I'm too late, and they won't give me any,
O, why didst thou loiter, thou loved of my heart!

A CITIZEN OF NEW HARTFORD tells that the first time he attended church he was a little (no year old) was seated in a pew. Upon his coming home he was asked what he did in church, when he replied:

"I went into a cupboard and took a seat on the shelf."

PRINTERS' MISTAKES.—During the Mexican war one of the English newspapers hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that Gen. Pillow and 5 of his men had been less in a bottle (battle). Some other paper informed the public not long ago, that a man in a town across the river was arrested for being found in a charge of swearing and using insulting language to a lady's weather. The stolen property was found in the possession of the accused. A friend, seeing his danger, descending the river, came in contact with a steamboat, and no service was the better for the fact that great exertions were necessary to save it. An English paper once stated that the Russian czar, Nicholas, somewhat was found dead with a long sword (sword) in his mouth. It was, perhaps, the same paper that, giving a description of a battle between the Poles and Russians, said that the conflict was dreadful, and the enemy were repulsed with great laughter (slaughter). Again: A gentleman was recently found guilty of having assisted in the escape of a lady from the county, and was fined.

A POETICAL genius was hauled up before one of the police magistrates for kissing a handsome young girl and kicking up a dust, and the following examination took place:

Magistrate: "Is your name John Ray?"

Prisoner: "Yes, your honor, so the people say."

Magistrate: "Was it you that kissed the girl and raised the alarm?"

Prisoner: "Yes, your honor, but I thought it was no harm."

Magistrate: "You rascal, did you come here to make rhymes?"

Prisoner: "No, your honor; but it will happen sometimes."

Magistrate: "Be off, you sca mp—get out of my sight!"

Prisoner: "Thank'ee, your honor, than I'll tell you good night."

OBEYING THE PRIEST.—An Irishman made a sudden rush into a druggist's shop, took from the counter a soda-water bottle, filled to the brim with some pure liquor, and handing it across the counter, exclaimed:

"There, doctor, sauf that, wit you?"

The doctor did as he was directed, and pronounced the liquor to be genuine whiskey.

"Thank you, doctor," said the Irishman; "Hand it to me again if you please."

The doctor again did as he was directed, and asked what he meant.

"Och, bliss," said Pat, "if you will have it, the priest told me not to drink any of this unless I got it from the doctor. So here's your health and the grace of both."

A COUNTRY school-teacher, preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils and wrote down the questions which he would put to them on examination day. The day arrived and so did the hopeful and his class. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went on glibly until the question of the absentee came, when the teacher asked:

"In whom do you believe?"

"In Napoleon Bonaparte!" was the answer quickly returned.

"You believe in the Holy Catholic Church, do you not?"

"No," said the youngster, amid the roars of laughter, "the boy that believes in that church have to go to school to-day, he's at home sick abed."

THE other evening a gentleman's button caught hold of the fringe of a lady's shawl.

"I am attached to you," said the gentleman, laughing, while he was industriously trying to get loose.

"The attachment is mutual," was the good humored reply.

A NOISY SET.—An old lady residing an seeing the death of a venerable and distinguished lawyer, who was stated to be the "father of the Philadelphia Bar," exclaimed:

"Poor man! he had a dreadful noisy set of children!"

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The Illustrated Phrenological Journal.

A new vol.—46—begins with the July Double No. now ready, containing Portraits, Characters and Biographies of leading men, Brownlow, of the Knox, Fitzpatrick, the Love of Life and Health. PHRENOLOGY, with charts of Perceptive, Fitzpatrick, or Signs of Character; PHYSIOLOGY, the Science of the Soul, and much other important matter, to be found in no other publication. It is a handsomely illustrated quarto, monthly, with Ninety-six Columns of rich reading matter in each No. Sold at 10 cents, or $2 a year by
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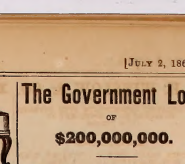
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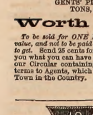
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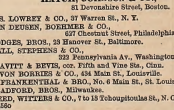
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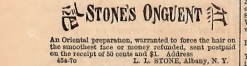


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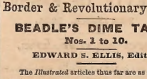
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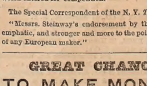
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No. 458—VOL. XVIII.] NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS $4 00 YEARLY, 13 WEEKS $1 00.

Richmond—What Progress and What is the Prospect.

SINCE our last review of the military situation in Virginia, another memorable and important chapter of sanguinary battles, heroic achievements and masterly strategy has been added to the glorious history of our veteran Army of the Potomac. The practical questions, however, which we are required to answer are, what actual progress has been made towards the reduction of the rebel capital? and what is the prospect now before us? Sanguinary battles involve a great waste of human life, heroic achievements signify nothing, and masterly strategy is foolishness without substantial results. What, therefore, has Gen. Grant gained from his last seven days of battles and strategic operations? and what are the advantages contemplated? and what is the prospect from his last bold movement by the left flank? Let us briefly endeavor to answer.

First, towards the reduction of Richmond and the rebel army defending it, an important point has been gained by Gen. Grant in the actual occupation, south of Petersburg, of the Weldon, Wilmington and Charleston railroad, the principal artery through which Richmond draws its supplies and Lee his reinforcements. The only remaining line of communication between the rebel capital and the States beyond Virginia supporting it is the interior Danville road, which, if not occupied by our forces, soon will be, and in the meantime has been seriously interrupted by our cavalry expeditions in that direction. It must not be forgotten that Gen. Grant, from the beginning of this Virginia campaign, has been, and is now, acting under the conviction that Richmond and the rebel army defending it may be more readily and cheapily overcome by cutting off their lines of supplies than by storming or laying siege to the city's extensive and formidable chain of defences. He believes, as we believe, that Gen. Lee, if reduced to the subsistence stores of Richmond, will soon be compelled to abandon the city, or to make a sortie from his entrenchments to reopen his communications, and that, in either case, the city, his army and his cause are lost.

In this view, Gen. Grant's operations in Virginia of the last seven days, and especially the



THE COLORED INFANTRY BRINGING IN THE CAPTURED GUNS, AMID THE CHEERS OF THE OHIO TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.—SEE PAGE 247.

extension of his left wing around the south side of Petersburg, so as to cover the Weldon railroad, will be properly appreciated. From the crossing of the Rapidan on the 4th of May last, to the present time, the great object and the great difficulty of the distinguished leader of the Union armies has been to bring his wily Virginia adversary to the issue of an open field engagement. Thus far, however, the enemy have avoided this danger, and from the Rapidan to the Appomattox have compelled Gen. Grant to accept battle under heavy disadvantages in every instance, or from point to point to dislodge them by a flank movement, which, to an inferior army under an ordinary leader, would have been certain destruction.

The battlefield of the Wilderness was a snare as well adapted to the complete overthrow of our invading forces, as was that gloomy forest defile in which the army of Gen. Braddock was cut to pieces a hundred years ago. The naturally strong and skilfully fortified position next assumed by the enemy at Spottsylvania Court House, and the next between the North and South Anna rivers, were not less formidable obstructions in the line of march chosen by Gen. Grant for Richmond. Having successfully turned them all, he reached the dreaded Chicahominy, only to find that his escape from a long siege, in which his army would probably be destroyed by pestilence, must be by a retreat to the York river, or in a more hazardous flank movement than any yet attempted, as was proved by the terrible seven days battles of 1862 from Cold Harbor to Malvern Hill.

This perilous movement, however, was this time accomplished, without the loss of a gun or a baggage wagon, and from still another advance by the left flank, the Army of the Potomac has been moved to the south side of Petersburg, 25 miles below Richmond. We are told, too, and we believe, that the south side of the James river was the destination of Gen. Grant, from his crossing of the Rapidan. Why, then, did he not move his army down to Aquia creek, put it on board transports, and by way of the broad Potomac, the Chesapeake bay and the James river, land his troops a few miles from Petersburg without a single battle? Because, first in thus leaving Lee's army near the Rapidan, Washington would be left at his mercy; and secondly, because, it was necessary to exhaust the intervening country and communications with Richmond, so far as to render another Northern diversion by Gen. Lee, under any circumstances, utterly impracticable. All this has been done, and hence the boldness and perfect security with which Gen. Grant has placed Richmond, the James river and the veteran rebel army of Virginia, between himself and Washington. Forty thousand men, killed, wounded and missing, have been lost by him in this overland march from Culpeper to Petersburg. He is farther from Richmond than he was a fortnight ago; he has fought many bloody battles, captured or turned many important positions; but he has gained no decisive victory. What, then, is the prospect? We answer, that from the losses inflicted upon the enemy, from the extremities to which he is reduced in the matter of his supplies, and from the near approach of Gen. Grant to the complete isolation of Richmond from the South, the prospect is that the day is near at hand when the city will be ours, Lee's army routed and dispersed, and the rebellion extinguished.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

The bold and sudden movement of Gen. Grant, across the James, after failing to break Lee's lines, filled all with hope, but it has thus far proved delusive. Petersburg seemed doomed to fall an easy prey. The first and second lines of the enemy were carried, but in a desperate attack on the principal line Grant was repulsed. He now found that the works were of the most elaborate kind, and held by Beauregard alone. He could not keep his whole army there, and allow Lee to form new plans unmolested.

On the 17th Gen. R. S. Foster's division, 10th corps, whose right rested on Ware Bottom Church, near James river, extending towards the Appomattox, and Gens. Ames and Turner on his left, were attacked by Pickett's and Field's divisions of Longstreet's corps, and a part of the line was momentarily lost, but as quickly regained, and held in spite of desperate attacks.

On the 19th three rebel rams came down to Dutch gap, but were attacked by the monitors across a wooded neck, and retired.

On the 20th Gen. Abercrombie was attacked at the White House by Fitz Hugh Lee and Wade Hampton, who hoped to capture Sheridan's train. The infantry and boats kept them at bay, and having exploded a caisson, drove them off. Sheridan came up in the afternoon, and with his immense wagon train crossed the James above Fort Powhatan.

An expedition, under Acting-Brig.-Gen. Draper, set out from Point Lookout on the 11th, and landing in Westmoreland county proceeded to the Rappahannock, destroying over $300,000 of rebel property.

On the 22d Grant sent the 18th corps from Bermuda Hundred to destroy the Weldon railroad, and the 2d and 6th corps were thrown to the left. During this movement Hill advanced and pushed through a gap in the 2d corps, taking Barlow's and Gibbons's divisions in flank, capturing 2,000 men, with several cannon, and inflicting heavy loss in killed and wounded.

On the 23d the 6th and 2d corps again advanced, but, after beginning the destruction of the road, were attacked by Anderson and Wilcox and forced back.

On the 25th, at 8 P. M., the enemy attacked Gen. Burnside's line, charging under cover of a heavy cannonade, but were repulsed with loss.

Gen. Hunter, pushing on with Crook and Averill, after effecting a junction, flanked and routed the rebel Gen. McCausland, and took Lexington on the North river, a branch of the James. He then sent out minor expeditions, which did great damage to the railroads. Hunter himself advanced to Lynchburg on the 18th.

Lee, meanwhile relieved in a manner by Grant's move, sent nine brigades to join the forces before Hunter.

Sharp work has accordingly been going on before Lynchburg, of which we know only through rebel channels. The action on the 18th is claimed as a rebel victory.

GEORGIA.

Sherman has closed in on Johnston at the Kenesaw mountain, a naturally strong position, which the latter holds tenaciously.

On the 15th McPherson, with the 15th, 16th and 17th corps, drove the enemy from before him, capturing, entire, the 31st and 40th Alabama.

The other corps then advanced on the Kenesaw mountain, and Hooker attacked their position on Lost mountain, taking and holding some of their works. He also captured many rebels. And on the 16th an entire company, with its officers, came into our lines.

Gen. Polk was killed at Pine mountain on the 14th, while making telescopic observations of our lines, with Johnston and Hardee. A battery of the 4th corps observing the party, fired, and one of the projectiles struck the General on the left arm, passed through his body and carried off his right arm. His death thus resembles that of Gen. Moreau, struck while standing with the Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia.

A new district has been created embracing Sherman's recent conquests, and styled the District of the Etowah. It has been placed under the command of Major-Gen. Steadman. It comprises the country from Bridgeport to Allatoona, including Cleveland, Rome, and the country on the east as far as the flag goes.

On the 21st Howard gained an important point, and, in order to regain it, the enemy made seven successive but unsuccessful assaults on Whitaker's brigade, of Stanley's division, in which they lost nearly 800 men, 200 dead being left on the field. Both Noonday and Moses creeks have been crossed.

On the 18th the rebel Gen. Wharton succeeded in capturing five freight trains loaded with supplies, between Kingston and Dalton. Two other trains were lost on the 20th.

On the 19th three companies of the 54th Va. (C. S. A.), came into our lines, and on the 24th 600 conscripts from a rebel camp near Atlanta came in.

LOUISIANA.

The steamers Chillicothe, Neosho and Fort Hindman captured recently a rebel battery on the Achafalaya, near Semmesport, consisting of two 30 pound Parrots.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The firing on Charleston seems to have been suspended. An expedition was recently sent up Stono river, and the rebel works on John's island demolished.

TEXAS.

Brig.-Gen. Fitz Henry Warren has been ordered to Brownsville, to take command of the forces in that part of Texas.

NAVAL.

The U. S. gunboat Elk has made an expedition through Mississippi sound, breaking up a rebel camp on Bayou Lackra, and then proceeding up Wolfe river.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 20th of June, the bill to prohibit the discharge of persons liable to military duty by reason of the payment of money was called up by Mr. Wilson, the question being on his disamendment, that every person who shall be drafted and serve honorably for the period of one year, shall receive a bounty of $100 and an honorable discharge, and a similar bounty proportionate to his term of service for a less period. No vote on the main question was taken.

In the House, there was no business of any public interest.

In the Senate, on the 21st of June, Mr. Sumner moved to take up the bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave Law. This led to a very animated debate. The motion was carried.

In the House, Mr. Kellogg made an adverse report on the resolution instructing them to inquire what further legislation is necessary to prevent substitute brokers from purchasing substitutes. Mr. Kellogg reported a bill for the relief of Mrs. Gen. Lander. Mr. Schenck reported a bill with reference to the draft, which he explained. After debate the House voted on the motion to strike out the first section of the bill, repealing the commutation clause. The question was decided in the affirmative, by yeas 100, nays 50. The second section was also stricken out. The further discussion was terminated by the arrival of the hour for a recess. At the evening session the House resumed the consideration of the bill to amend the Pacific railroad act.

In the Senate, on the 22d of June, the bill to prevent military interference was passed, with an important amendment to the effect that military may be employed to keep the peace at the polls. The bill to allow the transfer of persons from the military to the naval service was passed. The bill to compensate the officers and crew of the gunboat Essex for the capture of the rebel ram Arkansas was passed. The bill to establish a Navy yard and depot at Cairo was passed. The bill for the relief of officers and seamen in the naval service to compensate for losses, etc., was passed. The House resolution for the relief of John Ericsson was passed without amendments. A bill was passed to repeal so much of the Deficiency bill of last March as appropriated $25,000 for a naval hospital at Kittery, Me. The bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave law was taken up, and after various dilatory motions had been made to adjourn, postpone, etc., a compromise was finally made, and the bill was allowed to be reported to the Senate as from Committee of the Whole.

In the House, it was resolved, the Senate concurring, that the present session of Congress be closed on Thursday, the 30th inst. Reports were received relative to the contested election cases of Pennsylvania, but were laid over. The $400,000,000 loan bill was then taken up; after considerable discussion the clause to exempt all bonds, Treasury notes and other obligations of the United States was stricken out. Several amendments and substitutes were offered, but without coming to a conclusion on the bill the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 23d of June, the House bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave law came up as the special order. After debate, the bill was passed, yeas 27, nays 12. The motion to reconsider the bill passed yesterday, to prevent military interference in elections, was taken up. Without concluding, the Senate took a recess. The evening session was devoted to discussion of the $300 commutation clause.

The House passed the Senate bill amendatory of the law of March, 1863, which extends the time within which patentees who have neglected it may pay the final balance fees within six months from the passage of this act, to secure their patents. The House, in the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, resumed the consideration of the new loan bill. A long debate ensued. The Committee acted on and agreed to Mr. Stevens's substitute for the first section—yeas 72, nays 51. The House, however, at a subsequent stage of the proceedings, refused to concur in the action of the Committee, by a vote of 59 against 80. The House also refused to concur in Mr. Pomeroy's substitute for the second section, by 44 against 81. The bill was then passed without a division, the yeas and nays having been demanded and refused.

In the Senate, on the 24th, the Pacific Telegraph bill was amended and passed. A bill was reported to provide salaries in lieu of commissions for postmasters. The Civil Appropriation bill was then brought up for consideration, and several amendments were made. In evening session the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill was taken up and the final consideration of it postponed.

In the House, a bill was passed to carry into effect the treaty between the United States and Her Britannic Majesty for the final settlement of the title concerning the Hudson Bay and Puget's Sound Agricultural Company. The Missouri contested election case being called up, the House passed a resolution confirming Mr. Scott in his seat. A resolution, declaring that John Kline is not entitled to a seat as representative from the Third Congressional District of Pennsylvania, but that Leonard Scott is entitled to retain his seat, was agreed to. In the contested election case from the Fifth Congressional District of Pennsylvania, a resolution was passed declaring that Charles H. Corrigan is not entitled to the seat, but that Mr. Russell Thayer is entitled to retain the seat now occupied by him. The Senate bill to establish a Navy yard and depot at or near Cairo, Illinois, was taken up. After some debate the bill was amended by adopting the resolution reported by the Naval Committee, to appoint a commission to report at the next session of Congress as to the most suitable location for a naval depot on the Western waters.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Think of it; oh, inhabitants of the woods and green fields; ye dwellers beside the rushing river or on the mountain top, that millions of your fellows—for no crime committed—are prisoned in brick walls, with metal roofs glowing above their heads, and scorching pavements beneath their feet, while the thermometer touches a hundred in the shade!

Think of it, that while the soft southern breezes come over your mountain tops and down your rushing rivers, laden with the perfume of ten thousand flowers, millions of your fellows are stifling in narrow streets, in cage-like houses, inhaling only the odors generated from uncleanly streets and crowded domiciles!

What a privilege it is to be a denizen of the country! And yet how few who have this privilege offer it appreciation. We have often thought that in all the dog-in-the-mangerism that afflicts human nature, this point is the one deserving of the most especial notice. We mean the selfishness and the jealousy of country people as exercised towards the people of the city. An instance of it is marked in this fact. A large majority of city people are hard laborers all the week, and have no day upon which they can escape to the woods and fields but Sunday, and yet it is this very day the selfishness of country people shuts away from them, by depriving them of the means of transportation. Were it left to country people there would not be a steamboat or train of cars leave the city for any point on the Sabbath. Instead of encouraging the pleasures of their fellowmen by making cheap excursions, and giving the pent-up and stifled citizens a chance to worship God in the enjoyment of nature, they labor to make laws that shall shut them away, fearful that the little ones might pluck a wild flower, or press down a few blades of grass with their tiny feet.

By-the-bye, in connection with this, why is it that some popular preacher, who, during the summer heats, finds it difficult to fill a town church, will not try the country? Let him advertise to hold forth near the city, under the shelter of the forest trees, and charter a steamboat to take his improvised congregation to the spot for the worship of the day, at a low rate of fare, and our word for it he would have thousands where he now has hundreds, and would be better appreciated and more pleasantly listened to than in the hot, close, city church.

How strange it seems, with the thermometer touching a hundred, that men can discuss anything, or make any effort towards the ordinary affairs of life. And yet they do, and the world goes on with the same routine of exciting events. Politicians quarrel, and write long letters, or make long speeches, denouncing each other, and the public read both and believe both. Business men run about and chaffer, and bargain, and worry away their physical proportions in money getting; and women shop and flirt, and torture themselves into uneasy dresses, and hard, stiff and unwieldy bonnets, just the same as though the temperature was fifty degrees lower.

Now we have had some experience of heat in our lifetime, and have speculated some upon it. We have enjoyed it in Africa at 144 deg. Farenheit, and we are obliged to confess that we did not suffer as much as with the 100 of the same in New York city. The reason for this is simply that in tropical climates, under these high degrees of heat, no effort is made at exertion. The white man who, during the middle hours of the day gave way to peripatetic action, or exciting occupation, would be looked on as a madman, and booked at short notice for the next world. The hammock or the lounge, with thin, ventilating clothing, a quiet book, cool and unexciting food or drink, are the means the dweller in a tropical climate uses to pass his day; and the morning before nine, and the evening, are the hours for transacting business. He builds his house for coolness, he dresses for coolness, eats, drinks and moves for the same end, and as a consequence suffers less than we do with our 50 degrees less, and our perpetual haste and carelessness.

Among the numberless things that make up a city life, none seem to us so worthy of discussion as a case of child-murder that occurred during the past week. It is hard to believe that any woman, or human being possessing that form, should have possessed herself of a child, by adoption, between three and four years of age, and under the pretence of administering punishment, gradually beaten the little creature to death, and that this slow and gradual process, going on for weeks and months, should have been known to the neighbors, and not one of them had courage or humanity enough to rescue the helpless, little victim. And yet this is true, in this year of our Lord, 1864. The child, Mary Gerraty, was given by its mother, who had just lost her husband, to this woman, Mrs. Clinton, to bring up. Some of the witnesses testified that they have seen this fiend, Clinton, strike and kick the child repeatedly until the blood would start from several wounds, and then, divesting it of clothing, would leave it alone and naked, without food, so that if it had not been fed by neighbors, the babe, for it was nothing else, would have died with starvation. Finally she killed it, and then these neighbors who could do nothing, or would do nothing, to save it, called in the aid of the police, and the woman who had coldly and devilishly perpetrated this fearful murder was lodged in prison for trial.

Let us hope that she will not be able to obtain bail, and that no benevolent lawyer of enlarged sympathies will interfere to turn her once more out on this community.

Among the movements of the week touching theatrical matters is the meeting of managers at the house of Mr. Wallack, to resist, as it is called, the extortions of orchestral performers. These extortionists are now receiving from the managers the princely sum of $14 per week wages, and have the temerity to ask for more for the coming season. The idea is perfectly shocking, and we cannot for an instant see how the managers, who are, as everybody knows, poor, and have made no money the past season, can help resisting it. Fourteen dollars a week for an artist with perhaps a large family to support, is certainly liberal remuneration, and if the managers do not resist it these extortionists will after awhile be expecting as high wages as a shoemaker or a tailor.

As week after week goes on, bringing us nearer to midsummer, the dramatic season grows "small by degrees and beautifully less." The Winter Garden has closed, and before this paper has reached its readers Wallack's will have met the same end, though it almost immediately reopens under the management of Treasurer Moss, for a short summer season, with an English comedy, called the "The Winning Suit," which will introduce to the American stage a new actor, named McIntyre, and include in the cast most of the members of the old company and some new ones.

Vestvali's engagement at Niblo's terminates this week with just 50 representations of "Bel Demonio," and then we are to have John Brougham in another shape, "The Duke's Motto," as a stopgap, until Lucille Western comes in with "The Sea of Ice," which cannot fail to be acceptable during this hot weather, especially if done with the real article.

On Saturday next, also, the Olympic will close its season, and the house will go into the hands of the English Opera company, who have not yet announced their programme, which commences on the following Monday.

Barnum keeps his audiences cool with homœopathic doses of almost everything, adding each week a touch of novelty, the last of which is Mr. Charles Collins, who does up a little entertainment of his own, called "The Original Cure," warranted equal to the exigencies of the season.

We verily believe that the only sensation just now in New York is Heller, and that New York believes it, or his *salon* would not be nightly crowded during this sweltering weather. We pronounce his exposition of the Davenport business as the cleverest thing New York has ever seen. We hold the exhibition of the box business to be not only puzzling and amusing, but worthy of every encouragement as showing up spiritual humbugs. If we were inclined to believe the doings of the Davenports almost beyond human ability, then must we think Heller's entirely so, as his box trick is infinitely better than that of the brothers. We stood within 12 inches of the box, and distinctly saw six hands shown at the diamond-shaped openings of the doors and two faces, though a moment before we had seen these doors closed upon his one assistant, Willie, who certainly, as far as our eyes went, possessed but two hands, and those secured with handcuffs, and one face. We saw Dolly Davenport, who was in search of spiritual knowledge, put in the same box with Willie, and while tightly grasping Willie's hands, so that he could not by any possibility move, Mr. D. came forth from the box to report that his nose and hair was violently pulled, the instruments were played, his coat taken from his back and thrust through the aperture on to the stage. If there are any doubters among the audience after these things are done, they are made welcome to a seat in the box, and can have their nose pulled to their entire satisfaction.

We repeat that the whole thing is the cleverest trick ever shown in New York.

Cubas is dead—the beautiful Cubas! A few months ago all the young blood of New York went wild about her. Men gazed upon her beauty and followed her movements in the dance as they would have gazed upon some creature of another world, and women admired with a half-jealousy, half-passion for the voluptuous creature who overshadowed their more delicate beauties. She died at the age of 27, and of consumption. She was a Spaniard, full blooded, born at Valencia del Cid, and her name was Blasco. From her very earliest years she showed the skill and force that afterwards gave her so great a reputation as a *danseuse*, and so strongly marked her style that none have ever attempted to imitate her. In her profession she possessed decided genius, and we much doubt if future years will replace the beauty, grace, force and originality of the Cubas upon the Terpsichorean stage.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Philadelphia has lately set New York an excellent example in the way of speedy punishment. A man named Mix, *alias* Mitchell, was arrested on the 20th June, charged with stealing $5,000 from the Sanitary Fair. He was tried on the 22d, and sentenced on the 23d to 6 years imprisonment.

—— On the afternoon of the 22d June there was great excitement in Wall street; gold ranging from 205 to 231. The sales were, however, mainly gambling operations, and in some cases purely fictitious.

—— The Central Bank of Worcester, chartered in 1829, and the second bank in the city, has begun business under the name of the "Central National Bank of Worcester."

—— The Richmond *Whig*, contemplating the scarcity of provisions in the rebel capital, proposes to expel the Irish and German women, who are running from place to place where charity is dispensed, "just as hogs in the fall of the year from one apple tree to another." The New York *Post* suggests that they be exchanged for an equal number of rebel women, who are now crowding the boarding-houses of New York, and 20,000 of whom are known to the police.

—— A few days ago a flock of large birds of strange appearance alighted from a flight over the lake, at Burlington bay, near Hamilton, in Upper Canada. It was found that they were pelicans, all the way from the shores of the Gulf, or the lower reaches of the Mississippi. These birds have often been killed as far up the Mississippi as Keokuk, in Iowa, but their appearance in Canada is very unusual. Another rare visitor has been shot at Girondines, Canada. It was the glossy ibis, found in Texas, Mexico and California, but seldom seen at the North.

—— It has been resolved to postpone the meeting of the Chicago Convention from the 4th of July to the 29th of August.

—— On the 21st June there was a meeting of the Democratic leaders at the Astor House, to debate on their party prospects. An attempt was made to extort or beguile from Fernando Wood some "glimmering" of what he meant to do. But he declined answering any question till after the Chicago Convention. He would not pledge himself to anything.

—— The Secretary of the Treasury, in a letter to Mr. Cisco, dated 20th June, announces the debt of the United States on that day to be $1,719,395,169, or nearly one-half that of Great Britain, but as our rate of interest is much higher it necessarily increases the relative proportion. The real cost of the war, however, is in the increased rates of living, which really makes our taxation nearly 200 per cent.

—— The Constitutional Convention of Maryland, in session at Annapolis, on the 24th of June, passed the following article in her Bill of Rights. "Hereafter in this State there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, and all persons held to service or labor as slaves are hereby declared free."

Military.—Five rebels found guilty of robbery and murder were recently hung in Nashville. They had all once belonged to the rebel army, and asserted their innocence on the scaffold, and declared themselves prepared to die. As the scene was prolonged, however, two of them grew more bold, and less penitent, and after asserting their freedom from guilt, stated that they were but honest rebel soldiers, affirmed their belief in the justness of the rebel cause, and said they would die true rebel soldiers.

—— The Commissary-General of prisoners recently received from the rebel authorities at Richmond a report of deaths of Union prisoners which had occurred in the prison hospitals at Columbus, Georgia, from the 27th of February to the 31st of March. In a little over one month there were no less than 370 deaths.

—— Were you ever ashamed of the names of some of our battlefields? asks the Springfield *Republican*. Not Northern mudsills, but Southern chivalry, are responsible for such names as these—they are genuine and historical: Bull run, Snicker's gap, Slaughter's mountain, Polecat station, Gum neck, Nigger-foot road, Buzzard's Roost pass, Cockeysville, Scuffletown, Skinner's neck, Mob Jack bay, Yellow tavern, Hardscrabble town, Snaketown, Jericho marsh, Piping tree, Pumpkin-vine creek, Ox neck, Guinea's ranch, Snake river hollow.

Naval.—Great complaint is made by naval men of Amiral Lee for his inactivity in the James river; in addition to his not having attacked the rebel rams, he has caused several large vessels to be sunk in the river to prevent the enemy's boats from attacking him. It is said that if the ironclads are afraid to attack forts they are failures.

Personal.—Ex-Mayor Opdyke has been drawn into the quarrel in which the Albany *Journal*, New York *Evening Post*, *Tribune*, and other papers have been figuring for some time past, and where the grossest personal charges have been daily made and repelled on both sides. In a letter to the New York *Herald*, the Ex-Mayor threatens to appeal to the laws, civil and criminal, for redress to himself and for the punishment of Mr. Weed, the offender.

—— Lieut.-Col. Chamberlain, 20th Maine, reported dangerously wounded, it is well known is Professor of Modern Languages in Bowdoin College, from which institution he received leave of absence to accept the position of Lieut.-Col. in the 20th Maine. He has been in every battle in which his regiment has participated, and has won golden opinions for gallantry.

—— Miss Mandana Tileston, daughter of the late Cornelius Tileston, of Williamsburg, Mass., was married a few weeks since at Oxford, O., to Rev. Calvin Fairbank, after an engagement of 13 years. Preparations for the wedding were being made twelve and a half years ago, when Mr Fairbanks was imprisoned in Kentucky for assisting slaves to escape, and he has just been released. During all this time Miss Tileston did not relax her efforts to secure his release.

—— The Senate, in Executive session, has confirmed the following nominations: Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, to be Judge-Advocate-General: William McKee Dunn, of Indiana, to be Assistant Judge-Advocate-General; Warren T. Lockart, of Indiana, to be Register of the Land Office at Carson city, Nevada Territory. The Senate confirmed the following nominations for the new Territory of Montana: Sidney Edgerton, of Ohio, to be Governor; H. P. Torsey, of Maine, to be Secretary; Amine Giddings, of Conn., to be Associate Justice; Cornelius F. Buck, of Minnesota, to be United States Marshal; Edward R. Neally, of Iowa, to be United States Attorney; Asa Bartlett, of Illinois, to be Associate Justice for the Territory of Dacotah, vice Lorenzo P. Williston, appointed Associate Justice for the Territory of Montana.

—— Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas was in Harrisburg on the 19th, intending to spend a few weeks in visiting the rural portions of Pennsylvania as a guest of the family of Gen. Cameron. On the evening of that day she received a telegraph despatch from Washington city, announcing the melancholy fact that her only brother, an officer in one of the District of Columbia regiments, had been mortally wounded. The distinguished lady took the cars the next morning, hastening to return home.

Obituary.—Isabella Cubas, the celebrated dancer, died on the 20th June in this city, aged 26 years. She was a Spaniard by birth. She has left one little girl aged 6 years. The cause of her death was consumption.

—— Acting-Assistant Surgeon John K. Hardenbrook, U. S. A., died in Washington on the 20th of June of typhoid fever, aged 62. His death was occasioned by the severity of his official labors.

—— William Johnson Fox, for many years M.P. for Oldham, died at his town-house, in London, in his 78th year, on the 3d of June, after a very short illness. He was the son of Paul Fox, a farmer, at Wrentham, Suffolk, and afterwards a weaver at Norwich. He was born in 1786, and was educated at Homerton. He early in life entered the Congregational ministry, but afterwards became a Unitarian, which body he left, and for many years attracted large congregations to the chapel in South place, Finsbury. He was one of the ablest and most eloquent of the lecturers of the Anti-Corn-Law League, a writer in the *Westminster Review* and various other publications. He was elected M.P. for Oldham in 1847, and this position he occupied, with the exception of two brief intervals, until the period of his retirement from public life in 1862.

—— Tom Hyer, for many years the champion of the American prizering, died on the 26th June, at his late residence, No. 135 East 36th street, of cardiac dropsy. He came home at a late hour the previous evening, and complained of feeling unwell, grew rapidly worse, and died about 6 A. M. For many years past he has been failing in health, and has lately presented a striking contrast to the stalwart man, who, in 1849, beat the notorious bruiser, Yankee Sullivan. Until within a few months past he held a position in the Street Commissioner's office. A few days since he was tendered a benefit by some sporting friends at Stuyvesant Institute, and realised a considerable sum.

—— Mr. Joseph A. Scoville, who has earned an unenviable notoriety by his letters from New York to the London *Herald*, under the signature of "Manhattan," died at the Brandreth House, in this city, on Saturday morning, 25th June, of congestion of the bowels, at the age of 50 years.

—— Col. George S. Prescott, of the 32d Mass., died on the 19th June, from the effects of a wound received in the late unsuccessful assault on the lines at Petersburg.

—— Major Hedges, of the 14th N. Y. heavy artillery, was killed on the 19th of June, while charging the enemy.

Accidents and Offences.—Navy Agent Henderson, business manager of the *Evening Post*, was arrested on the 23d June on a charge of defrauding the Government. He was held to bail in $10,000.

—— W. A. Beecher, cousin to H. W. Beecher, was fatally injured on the 22d of June by falling down the steps of the Custom House.

—— Col. Fish, of the 1st Connecticut cavalry, and formerly Provost Marshal of Baltimore, has been pardoned by the President. His offences were of the most infamous description, and he was condemned, after a fair trial, to pay a fine of $5,000, and suffer an imprisonment of a year. He paid the fine, which was but a small part of the enormous gains he made, and the President has let him off the imprisonment.

—— Mrs. Sarah Littles, sister of Ira Stout, who was convicted of the murder of her husband in 1858, has been pardoned by Gov. Seymour. She now lives with her mother, on the Hudson river, below Sing Sing, and professes to be of a religious turn of mind.

—— A powder magazine recently exploded near the Tripoli station of the Malta and Alexandria telegraph. Forty men were killed and the telegraph station was much damaged. The communication with Alexandria does not, however, appear to have been interfered with.

—— Judge Advocate W. H. Young, of Baltimore, was killed on the afternoon of the 22d of June by one of the Washington cars. His body was terribly mangled.

—— A desperate old lady jumped from the cars, while the train was in motion, at Fair Haven, Ct., last week, and was badly bruised by her fall. She said, however, to those who offered her assistance that "she wasn't one of them kind that faints at everything," and added that "the train didn't give her time to get off when she came over to Fair Haven a year ago, and she wasn't going to be outwitted again."

—— The editor of the Chicago *Times* was attacked in the street lately, by a man named Trussell, whom that paper had published as a gambler. The editor fired at Trussell, but didn't hit him, thereupon the *Times* apologises to the public for the failure "to terminate the existence of a walking pestilence," and promises better execution the next opportunity.

Foreign.—Intelligence received from Tunis to the 25th ult. states that the Arabs, having discovered that the Cadi of the tribe of Medjees had betrayed the Bey set up by the insurgents, put him to death, together with 60 of his relations and servants. Eighteen vessels were in the roads of Tunis, ready to take on board those Europeans who might desire to embark.

—— The London *Times* city article of 4th inst. says: "Advices from Frankfort state that American federal bonds continue to be largely purchased there, and that every new fall in their price brings in new purchasers."

—— The latest advices from Bassora speak of inundations of the Euphrates, which are said to have interrupted communications with Bagdad.

—— According to a correspondent of the London *Times*, the Austrians have failed lamentably in their ironclads. It is represented that the three last built were made of wood which was only half seasoned.

—— The Queen and Prince of Wales are at open war on the Schleswig-Holstein question—the former being German and the latter Danish "to the backbone."

—— A trained monkey is all the rage at Franconi's, Paris, performing the usual feats of the most daring equestrians with a perfection and yet a solemnity of visage which produces surprise and convulsions of laughter.

—— Marseilles has become a great cotton market. The staple comes thither from Egypt, Turkey and Italy.

—— The Spanish Government repudiates the act of Admiral Pinzon in seizing the Chincha Islands, and has recalled him. It appears that the guano on those islands belonged chiefly to British merchants, by virtue of large advances made upon it. The islands—or rather the valuable part of them—are movable.

Art, Science and Literature.—M. Allard, a distinguished painter of Lyons, has been murdered in his own studio at Rome, by a man who was sitting to him as a model for Judas, in a picture representing Judas giving the kiss to the Saviour.

—— Mr. Babbage, the famous inventor of the calculating machine, and who has been for the last few years waging furious war against the Italian organ-grinders, has just finished a book called "Street Nuisances."

Odds and Ends.—During the recent inundation at Sheffield, Eng., a little child floated in a cradle four miles away from the scene of the disaster on to a meadow belonging to the rector of the village. The rector's wife, having no children of her own, accepted it as an offering from God, and has adopted it. No trace of the child's parents can be discovered. They were most probably drowned.

—— Even more disgusting than the worms are the toadies of the press. A Philadelphia paper says: "'All is quiet along the lines,' means something different with Gen. Grant from the old time import of these familiar words. With him they presage the gathering of a storm that is soon to burst with augmented fury on his former object of attack, or to threaten with its irresistible sweep some new point of the enemy's lines." Gen. Grant should treat such noodles to a new uniform of tar and feathers.

—— It is said that Weehawken is the most irregular town in New Jersey. The houses are not built—they are dumped!

—— The Owen county *Journal*, Ind., says: "Illness of the editor, compositor and devil—*tria juncta in uno*—and the total lack of assistance, has so delayed us, that we shall be unable to issue a paper next week. An extra, containing a summary of the latest news, will be mailed to each P. O. in the county on Wednesday."

—— And another Indiana paper has this lively paragraph: "The Cincinnati *Commercial* calls the Fremont men 'long-haired radicals.' We suppose the Lincoln men must be kinky-haired radicals. The hair of the long-haired radicals is parted in the middle, and the hair of the kinky-haired radicals curls so tight that it cannot be parted at all."

—— A servant girl, hearing the lady of the house ask her husband to bring "Dombey & Son" with him when he came home to dinner, laid two extra plates on the table for the supposed visitors.

—— A postman in the west of England has ridden the same pony for 18 years, and he estimates that in this time man and horse have travelled 66,160 miles, which is much over twice the distance around the globe.

—— The Pneumatic Passenger Railway Company have been constructing an experimental tube, a quarter of a mile long, in the grounds of the Sydenham Crystal Palace for the conveyance of passengers.

—— A terrible warfare of letters is just now going on in London, between Mr. Benjamin Webster, manager of the St. James's theatre, and Dion Bourcicault. It began with a denunciation of Mr. Bourcicault's "Fox Chase" by Mr. Webster, who called it an imposition, and has now degenerated into very warm personalities. Nobody is injured much by the newspaper pellets.

—— A Munchausenish story is told of some Portuguese philosophers and travellers, who were recently on the peak of Teneriffe, off the western coast of Africa, when they saw on the horizon vast masses of mountains. The archipelago of the Canary islands was at their feet, and the distant mountains must therefore belong to some other continent. At last one of the tourists, who had been in this country, recognised the Allegheny mountains, really 2,500 miles distant, as those on the horizon. A rare case of mirage.

—— Thousands of acres of soil are annually planted to flowers in France and Italy for making perfume alone. A single grower in Southern France sells annually 60,000 pounds of rose flowers, 30,000 pounds each of jasmine and tuberose, 40,000 pounds of violet blossoms, besides thousands of pounds of mint, thyme, rosemary, etc., and he is but one of hundreds engaged in this branch of horticulture.

—— A patent has just been granted to a citizen of Springfield for an improved fire-escape, consisting of a ladder so constructed that it may be coiled on a reel, mounted on wheels like the hose of a fire-engine. When uncoiled, the ladder runs up in a direction more or less inclined from a perpendicular, and as it is elevated becomes rigid by means of bolts and trusses operated automatically.

—— The last number of the Petersburg *Express*—which it is expected that our troops will soon suppress—contains a pleasant acrostic on "Beast Butler," closing:

"Every woman and child shall for ages to come
Remember the monster, thou vilest of scum."

—— The Japanese Ambassadors at Paris were greatly astonished at the length of time consumed in trying La Pommerais, the doctor who poisoned his former mistress to get the insurance policies upon her life. They said that in their country justice was much more expeditious, A man is accused of a crime, his bowels are ripped up, and there is an end of it; if he is guilty, so much the better; if he is innocent, so much the worse for him—there is no great harm done. The European respect for human life has, however, struck the principal ambassador as a thing worthy to be made a note of, and he has addressed the tycoon on the subject.

—— A "wife" advertiser, who desired respondents to enclose their *cartes de visite*, received a reply from a lady, who wrote: "I do not enclose my *carte;* although there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

Out of Town.

EVERY one is in the country; houses are shut up or left to the care of a single servant; the chandeliers done up in papers; the parlor chairs in brown holland; sheets thrown over the sofas; and silence even in the nursery and my lady's chamber tell the story. Nice, comfortable homes are deserted for closets and a chance of dinner at Saratoga, Newport, etc., because it is "the fashion," or because, in some cases (let us whisper), it is hoped that eligible matches may be met with at such places.

Biddy entertains her cousin Pat in the dining-room, producing delicate lunches with a duplicate storeroom key which she possesses "unbeknownst to the missus." The courtyard flowers wither or grow rank; the grass wants cutting; bits of straw and paper are blown into the areas and lie there; enterprising agents leave circulars, and good colporteurs tracts by the hundreds, so that their edges stick from beneath the doors continually. Boys draw caricatures with chalk on the brown stone steps, and a beggar takes his position on the area curbstone. At one glance you say, as you pass your eye along the street—Nos. two, four and six have all gone out of town.

Economy.

What do economical people do now-a-days, supposing there are any left? A lady of that old stock must live in agony just now. How can she economise? Time was when such a one would say: "We'll be very saving to-day, and have beefsteak and rice pudding."

Now any housekeeper knows what a good rice pudding with sauce costs now-a-days, and that beefsteak at 27 or 28 cents per pound is not economical enough to make the good old lady smile when she reckons up the housekeeping accounts, and so with a host of things once not to be counted as expenses, the cost was so slight, but which in this age of paper money make their mark in the "little bills" of grocer and butcher.

Poor old economy, once so respectable, is laughed and sneered at now pretty much as some belle of past generations might be, could she rise and walk amongst us in her old gala costume.

Economy is out of fashion, and it is just as well she should be, for her receipts to-day are useless.

To Spite his Wife.

They say that a man has been arrested in Montreal for trying to drown himself, to "spite his wife," on the complaint of that indignant female, who, we presume, had him bound over to keep the land. She need not have been alarmed; he might have left his hat on the water's brink and run away to California; he might even have plunged in, but only when he felt sure of being promptly rescued.

Drowning is a personal matter, and however much we may desire to "spite" any one, we don't like to injure ourselves in the accomplishment of the object. Mrs. Mantalini, or whatever her name was, might have remained at home darned her stockings, eaten her dinners, and made herself comfortable. As soon as Mr. Mantalini felt sure that she was not fretting about him, but rather rejoicing in the promised opportunity of trying ticket No. 2 in the marriage lottery, he would have returned, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and taken some less troublesome means of "spiting" his spouse than playing at suicide.

We believe that half the people who drown themselves do it in the belief that they will be rescued, and only to frighten some unkind wife or sweetheart.

What Californians are Doing.

The Californians are doing something for the Sanitary Commission as well as ourselves. They have had a grand picnic in aid thereof, fare given by the railroad company, provisions provided and sold by citizens, etc. During the picnic a gentleman shot a hare, a very fine one, brought it in and sold it for $1, the purchaser resold it, and so on until $200 were raised for the Commission by that little hare alone. The Rev. Dr. Bellows sent a splendid box of mammoth strawberries to the picnic; these berries were sold for $1 a-piece. One sold again and again, like the hare, until it brought the Commission $10.

In the same way a sack of flour was handed about, until the repeated sales amounted to $2,000. The object was to raise money for the Commission, and we must say the Californians appear to have worked for that purpose with all their souls, and the proceeds of that picnic are exceedingly large, a fact in which, for the sake of our suffering soldiers, we must all rejoice.

Chivalry.

The last remnant of the age of chivalry has departed; there is not a vestige of it left. Now and then some fine old gentleman, with snow-white hair and white neckcloth to match, shows by his manner what the gentlemen of the past generation were; how delicately scrupulous as to those little courtesies towards our sex which used to be a well-bred man's pride and pleasure. But, alas! he only shows us what is lost to the world for ever.

The men of to-day—whose fault is it, we wonder?—are as far behind their grandfathers in elegance of manner as, judging from old portraits, they are in good looks. They expect to be paid attention to and coaxed into goodhumor by the ladies, and the girls do it on the principle of the old Quaker lady's sermon; that if the young men would stay at home, the young women would come after them! Look around you at any social gathering, and you will see half-a-dozen pretty girls, all smiles and dimples, doing their best to entertain well-dressed pieces of masculine conceit, who lounge on sofas, twirl their moustaches, and answer now and then by a monosyllable or two.

The hostess makes immense exertions to coax her gentlemen guests to dance, and the whole feminine battalion is in a strategic state to get the gentlemen in a goodhumor, and manage to mould them into very bearish partners and escorts.

The fact of the matter is, it is the women's fault. If by common consent we should behave as they do, tables would be turned, and we should soon live in times like those our grandmothers' grandmothers enjoyed, when woman was treated with courtesy and kept her proper place, sought by admirers, not seeking them.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET, C. S. A.

IN spite of the assertion so confidently made at the beginning of the war by the Southrons and their Northern servants that all the military talent in the United States army was in the Southern officers, it is a remarkable fact that the Southern States, properly so-called, as distinguished from the Border States, have produced no really great General.

Longstreet, of South Carolina, is the only one who approaches the first rank, and he does so from his possession of the Northern qualities of stubborn persistance and obstinacy rather than from his dash or genius.

He has led an active life. He was born in South Carolina in 1823, graduated at West Point in 1842, entering the 4th infantry as brevet second lieutenant. In 1845 he became second lieutenant in the 8th infantry, 1st lieutenant in 1847. He fought bravely at Contreras, Churubusco and Chapultepec, receiving a severe wound at the last, and winning brevets of major and captain. He received a captain's commission in Dec. 1852, was made paymaster with the rank of major in 1858.

Although a native of South Carolina, he was one of the last to resign, throwing up his commission only on the 1st of June, 1861, and fighting as brigadier-general against his own flag in the same month at Blackburn's ford. From that time he was in important command in all the operations against the Army of the Potomac down to the battle of Gettysburg. He was then sent into Tennessee, but was repulsed at Knoxville. During the recent campaign of Gen. Grant he has been again in Virginia. He was made a Lieutenant-General in October, 1862. He is a powerful, thickset man, about 5 feet 10 inches high, taciturn, somewhat bald, his sandy hair verging to gray; his keen, penetrating eye, a cold, hard, blueish gray.

Our portrait is taken from a fine recent Richmond photograph.

BOOK NOTICES.

SELF-SACRIFICE. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland." Philadelphia: J. D. Peterson & Bros.

This novel of Scottish life is from the pen of an authoress who has already made her mark. The plot is well conceived and admirably carried out, the delineation of character extremely true and touching, and the narrative fervid and impressive to the highest degree.

MACARIA. By the Author of "Beulah." New York: John Bradburn.

The authoress of "Beulah" is a Southern lady, who, before the war, won the hearts of thousands in the North, and still retains their admiration. Her present work is an extremely interesting volume; her two heroines, for such we must consider them, both attached by the deepest affection to the same man; the struggles of the hero, who battles not only with poverty but with family dishonor, all interest the reader to the close.

Necessarily the present war is brought in, but the story seems to us to have been written long since and the close since adapted. It is a striking fact that, with a moral tone running through the work, she draws, as the only family where religion was household, the family of a well-to-do New Yorker, a compliment from the South which we must acknowledge, when even at the North they are not always disposed to give New York justice.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA.—THE 22ND COLORED REGIMENT, DUNCAN'S BRIGADE, CARRYING THE FIRST LINE OF REBEL WORKS BEFORE PETERSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE 18TH ARMY CORPS STORMING A FORT ON THE RIGHT OF THE REBEL LINE BEFORE PETERSBURG, JUNE 15.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 247.

HIERONYMUM.

BY PAULINE.

THE gold sun smiles a sad adieu
On flowers and streams and woods to-night,
And long hills doff their dreamy blue,
To wear his crown of parting light.
At this sweet time fair Memory brings
Her garlands from the withered Past,
And sheds a radiance from her wings
On joys that were too bright to last.

Oh! still the echo of thy words
Rings through my heart in ling'ring chimes,
Like music of rich summer birds
That trill in air their rippling rhymes.
And still my spirit bows to thee,
As some sent messenger from Heaven,
To whom the tide of harmony
In all its glorious strength is given.

Around my life a richer hue
Thy warm soul-atmosphere has thrown—
Like flowers that drink the sunlight through,
Deep in that wineline life I've grown.
On the bright day our eyes first met,
When perfumes reeked from every grove,
(I feel the sweetness of it yet),
I knew my soul had clasped its love.

Brimmed with the poet's high desires,
The humming solitudes are thine,
Where Nature in baptismal fires
Lifts to her child her bright propine;
And glitt'ring down the ocean walls
Her mystic meaning pales and burns,
And through the sweet earth's emerald halls
'Tis writ with mosses and with ferns.

An elfin world of gracious gleams
Thy pure tones fling athwart my soul,
And evermore in sliding dreams
I hear immortal rivers roll.
I drink the glorious light of Love,
I freshen in the heavenly dew,
And feel the Spirit-ocean move
The great pulsations of the True!

And born within that noble land
Are Thoughts and Feelings white alway;
They walk upon the starry strand
And seem the children of the Day.
I bless thee! yes! that thou canst bring
A realm like this within my ken,
Thus—all its milky glories fling
A lustre on the brows of men.



Perhaps, within the Future's maze
Together we shall rove the plains,
Where light supernal 'round us plays,
And Truth falls down in golden rains.
Our souls may pierce all mystic state,
All glades of blue—all symbols deep,
And take from off the eyes of Fate
The lids of their unstirring sleep.

Oh! joy to wander thus with thee!
To feel thee with me high and strong,
To live within thy melody,
The fragrance borne from off thy song!
There, down the wide columnar aisles,
Cloudspread with dewy, amber flow,
Perchance we'll walk Love's shining miles,
And kneel before the lucent Cross.

Night from her ebon halls on high
Comes down the world with darkened sweep,
Her trailing skirts touch earth and sky,
And stars among her tresses sleep;
I kneel in worship unto her,
As slow she treads the blue, blue sea,
And listen to the downy whirr
That drips her warm'ring minstrelsy.

Oh! love that all my being fills!
Oh! passion of the pulsing heart!
Oh! flower that blood-red dew distils!
Its heat through all my senses dart!
As tropic growths in tropic seas,
Unfold to wooing airs each plume,
So, though hast been the sunlit breeze
That kissed my soul-life into bloom.

And I, through all the years that roll
In freighted wavelets over me,
Shall hold thee as a starlike soul
That dipt my life in melody.
And I shall bless thee evermore,
For the dear light that soul has given,
Till life shall break on Lethe's shore,
And swell within the chimes of Heaven.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LONGSTREET, C. S. A.—SEE PAGE 243.

CECILE;

OR,

THE YOUNG PORTRAIT PAINTER.

CHAPTER I.

IN the Rue Platrière, in the same house which, some years later, became the home of Jean J. Rousseau, and near the same window rendered famous by those delicious little breakfasts which he there enjoyed with his poor Therèse, a young man, apparently a visitor, was working silently on a large portrait of a man in a military dress. By his side stood a young girl in morning toilette, attentively observing the corrections he made, and expressing from time to time her appreciation of his kindness by words of grateful acknowledgment.

"I shall not dare to put my name to this masterpiece," she said, with charming grace, as the young man turned to her with a look that implied "Is it improved?—will it do?"

"It is far too well done—too beautiful, Robert," she replied, answering his glance. "I shall be afraid in future to ask your assistance or advice; and yet what could I do without you, who lend me your talent so generously?"

The young man took her hand and pressed it in silence. There was something in his look which implied a hidden sorrow, a suppressed thought. The young girl continued, smiling:

"What shall I do if the Marquis de Maucomble, charmed with his portrait, which he believes wholly my own work, should succeed in calling me to Versailles? You could not follow me there, assist me during the sittings of my models, nor repair secretly my blunders. I would lose at once both my undeserved *renommée* and my hopes of extended patronage."

"You will never become a great artist, Cécile—you work for money," said Robert, without turning towards her.



The Insane Painter.

"Not for myself," murmured the young girl.

"I know not for whom then," Robert replied in a careless tone. "True, I've no right to question you——"

"You cannot intend to be so harsh," Cécile replied, turning away her head to hide the pain caused by his words.

"No, indeed, Cécile," exclaimed the impetuous young man. "But this mystery with which you surround yourself, why can it not be removed? And these nightly visits, on which I warn you every one is commenting——"

"What is that to me, so long as you trust me?" the young girl replied, timidly.

"Darcut Cécile, I have loved you without questioning, and would not now inflict upon you the renewed avowal of my love, but for this portrait—this odious portrait!—which, for your sake, I touch-up patiently, with resignation and perfect self-abnegation. I have not even asked by what miracle you have contrived to reproduce so faithfully upon your canvas a countenance so insipid, so devoid of expression. Cécile, you love the Marquis de Maucomble! Farewell!" he added, with a strange, forced laugh. "For if the marquis



The Amateur and Professional Artists.

somes here to-day I cannot come to-morrow. We part now and for ever."

Cécile checked him; but expressed neither fear nor surprise.

"Is this your promise to me? Have you forgotten our agreement?" she asked, proudly, and with perfect calmness.

"I would break it—I would be free to destroy my life—even as you take the liberty to love whom you choose."

"You speak like a child, my poor Robert," said Cécile, in a tender, caressing tone.

"I have been one till now."

"And are you now jealous?"

"Yes, madly so!" exclaimed Robert, kneeling down at her side. "Cécile, I can endure this no longer!"

"Oh, how blind, how deluded!" murmured the young girl, biding her face, suffused with blushes, in her hands, as the truth forced itself upon her mind that, through her fears for the marquis, she had unconsciously encouraged the love of the chevalier.

"Forgive me, Cécile," said the young man, in a calmer tone, "I now fear nothing. I will return."

"And the Marquis de Maucombe, too?" Cécile coldly asked. "I wish it so," she added, seeing Robert start; "this duel shall not take place."

Robert shook his head.

"A gentleman," he said, "never refuses satisfaction to his enemy. I have insulted the marquis to-night."

"I know it."

"How?"

"I know it—that is enough."

"You have seen him, then, and have perhaps offered an apology in my name. Cécile, Cécile! a woman who loves would not thus have degraded the object of her love. You spoke falsely just now—you deceived me!" he cried, and seizing a brush full of paint, with two strokes he destroyed the portrait and rushed from the room, exclaiming, "Ungrateful girl! I will revenge myself this day on you and the marquis!"

Cécile, overcome with astonishment, had remained motionless and unable to speak. When she recovered from her surprise her eyes rested upon the defaced portrait, the innocent cause of the scene just acted out, and murmured, while the tears trickled down her cheeks:

"My poor, dear father, for your sake I would endure much more. I shall not be able to pay your rent to-day!"

CHAPTER II.

YOUNG Damécourt was dreaming of his delightful adventures of the ball on the preceding evening, at the President's house, when he was awakened by some one rushing into his room and exclaiming:

"Get up, get up, my friend! It is past mid-day, and I want your advice on various matters."

"The deuce take you, marquis! What brings you here at this hour to disturb a man who is dreaming of Eden?" Damécourt said, rubbing his eyes and looking up at his friend.

"Why should you, young, rich, and full of life, as you are, seek happiness in dreams?"

"One would suppose you were old, ruined and done with this world, from the expression of your face."

"There is perhaps, more truth in your words than you think. But come, get up, for I have a duel on hand, and want you to be my second."

"Another folly, eh?" asked Damécourt, putting on his robe de chambre. "And you call this asking advice?"

"Certainly; for you see this is no common affair," the marquis said, seating himself upon a sofa. "I have reason to believe that I am to meet an accepted rival; the lady in question having declared to me positively that I shall be further advanced in her favor whether I kill or am killed."

"Who was the aggressor; you or your rival?"

"Zounds! my rival; a fool who views everything in a false light, even to love and women—a dreamer, jealous as a Castilian, taciturn as an Englishman —and who, though a Frenchman, knows nothing of French gallantry."

"I bet I have guessed the parties! That fantastic Cécile and that no less whimsical Chevalier de Saintonge. That boy belongs to another age. But come, I will undertake to convince him that it is not worth while to get his throat cut for a young girl who is not even *à la mode*."

"Not so fast, my dear Ozore; many thanks for your experience, but keep it for another occasion. Now, I need only your wit. You have yet to see the Marquis de Maucombe, Colonel of the Red Guards, undecided or irresolute when a duel is on the tapis."

"What would you have me do? Explain yourself, then."

"Listen," the marquis said, quietly taking a pinch of Spanish snuff. "It is possible I shall only be wounded, but I would turn the matter to good account. You know how that hairbrained fool, Lafleur, has possessed me with the idea of conquering this Cécile, this paragon of perfection. You also know how far I have succeeded, aided by the plan of sitting for my portrait, for which, by-the-bye, I am to pay somewhat dear. This portrait was to have been finished, delivered, and paid for to-day, and upon the pleasure which this seemed to give her I had placed the success of my suit. If I should be wounded, go to Cécile, and after lamenting the accident and regretting my disregard of her wish—for she made me promise I would not fight this duel—ask, in the name of my afflicted family, to be allowed to take away the mid portrait, paying the price agreed upon. You will notice the effect of the intelligence you bring, if she displays any emotion. Be watchful, my friend, for she is discreet, reserved, and has learned to hide the secrets of her heart. Then speak of my virtues, my constancy in love, my capability of loving. If she is moved, bring me back to life gradually: tell her there are still hopes of my recovery, and obtain from her an interview with me at my little villa *des fosses du Temple*."

"And, if in place of being yourself wounded, you should wound or kill the Chevalier Robert, the favored rival?"

"Favored! pshaw—the idea is but a phantom of my imagination."

"But still, what if you should wound him?"

"In that case, my dear friend, I will plead my own cause."

"All right! But, if you should be killed?"

"If I am killed, did you say? If I am killed, I begueath to you Cécile and my portrait."

"Be it so; though you know well I need neither the one nor the other to keep you in remembrance, or to make me mourn your loss."

The marquis's carriage waited at the door. The two young men were soon in it, and on their road to the Bois de Vincennes.

CHAPTER III.

"WELL!" said Damécourt, "as your second, I have the right, I presume, to ask the history of this love adventure."

"You are right," the marquis replied, "the recital will serve two purposes; it will add to your own experience and help to shorten the distance. My friend Rieux, who also knows, is a perfect original in all his ways, has built a house behind the Invalides, at the extremity of the Rue Babylone. His only neighbor in this quiet neighborhood was a certain Dr. Gousset, whose house, surrounded by a wall ten feet high, and with counterfeit doors and windows, looked little like the house of a respectable citizen. An air of desolation hung like a pall over the house, standing alone between a court on one side and a garden on the other. Visitors were rarely admitted on the premises, and those who visited secretly, as if afraid of being seen or recognised by a chance observer who might be near. One evening Rieux was returning home somewhat later than usual, when his phaeton came very near running over a lady, who appeared less frightened than annoyed at being detected in some secret errand. She endeavored to conceal her face as much as possible, but did not succeed sufficiently to prevent Rieux from seeing that she was young and very beautiful. He pretended not to notice her; but, secretly following at a distance, observed her at Gousset's house. A few evenings after, he met her again; and this occurred so frequently and at such regular intervals, that I determined to find out something about the doctor and his night visitor. For this purpose he made inquiries of the country people around, and at last induced a doctor to be a pearl of the faculty, occupying himself much less with pretty eyes than with the virtue of the drugs he prescribed.

"Nothing daunted, he waited one evening till the beautiful incognita came out of the doctor's house. He found her accompanied by a maid, and learned that she lived in the Rue Platrière, that she was a portrait painter, and that her name was Blanche. Another man would have pursued the adventure; but she was only a poor 'artiste,' and to him *le jeu ne valait pas la chandelle*, so he gave it up. The romance of the affair interested me, and I resolved to follow it up. But Cécile ceased visiting the doctor; and as I found no means of meeting her in the street or elsewhere and making her acquaintance, I called boldly upon her at her own house. You have seen her, and in pretext of my portrait, the long sittings necessary for that object—the jealousy of the Chevalier de Saintonge, too often renewed—the broken meetings, and finally the duel in which I am now embroiled. But what you can never fully understand, my friend, is Cécile's character. It is such a combination of timidity and self-reliance, simplicity and tact—the whole pervaded by the spirit of a demon enshrined in the body of an angel."

"Angels are blondes, my friend, and you've told me this Cécile of yours is a brunette."

"Yes, she is brunette," the marquis continued, "but with large blue eyes; a complexion fair and fresh as a Hebe's, a profile that would put to shame the most classic antique statuary: and a form and carriage which Diana, Venus and all the other goddesses, though each might have envied. To say nothing of her pride and purity, which would be *sans reproche* were it not for those ridiculous fits of jealousy, which are not directed to the doctor's house, are, however, not less frequent or mysterious. True, I have a powerful counter-charm in the shape of my face; but this little coquette, whom I believe Rieux judged too harshly, has found a more delicate lover, if sometimes unreasonable, than I to moderate my love and cool the enthusiasm she has excited in my usually calm temperament; and would no doubt have, but for my success, ended by turning my attention to other interests, and dismissing portrait and painter from my mind, if my self-love or vanity, as you may call it, had not been in danger."

"I confess it is cruel to raise the siege of a citadel defended by the Chevalier de Saintonge, a man so little known in the *beau monde*."

"I swear, my would-be Cicero, you talk like a fool, for you are at fault on a very important point. The place is not only defended but besieged by the Chevalier de Saintonge. Your metaphor, my friend, was *mal à propos*."

"Then why not make your cause a common one, and stand ready to divide the spoils afterwards, like a brave and loyal victor."

"This is exactly what I proposed yesterday, and for this proposition I am involved in this duel. This chevalier, my rival—painter, poet, musician, a perfect Leonardo da Vinci, is a real Jansenist in love. He would allow no trifling in the matter. So when I saw he took the affair so seriously, and that we should be obliged to fight, I played the whole game. I went to Cécile, with the determination of conquering at least in this first encounter. Would you believe it? I was repulsed with great zeal, and in despair of my cause, I told her of the meeting on hand. I drew a picture of myself pierced to the heart by my adversary's sword, and implored her to grant me one sigh, one tear in return for the life I was about to sacrifice for her sake."

"Well?"

"Well! I expected of course a scene—an exhibition of some emotion. Cécile heard me with the greatest tranquillity, seeming to doubt neither my own courage nor that of the chevalier, and intending to cut fighting ourselves with such composure, that you would have thought it was an inevitable event she was waiting for, so as to mourn us both in the same time."

"What a heartless coquette! I shall add my name immediately to the list of her worshippers; that makes a dozen of a long life."

"You need not take that trouble, for it will be of no use. She loves—I am sure of it—and with her whole heart—but whether it is myself or the chevalier, I cannot tell, for she is impenetrable. She reasoned with me an hour to persuade me to arrange this affair amicably, and not one word escaped her that—"

The marquis was interrupted by a violent collision with another carriage.

"What insolence!" he exclaimed, furiously shaking out of the window. At the same time another head was seen issuing from the other carriage, calling out—

"By Jove! 'tis Rieux!"

"Bless me, Maucombe, this is a pleasant and unexpected meeting."

"A most happy accident!" exclaimed the other; and the next moment Rieux's carriage was returning empty to Paris, and that of the marquis was again on the way to Vincennes with himself and his two friends, Rieux and Damécourt.

"You will stand by me—'tis agreed"—said the marquis to Rieux.

"Willingly!" he replied; "but against whom? Oh, by-the-bye, you again discovered the object of your Cécile's evening walks—do not be obstinate, my friend; that girl is not worth the love of a brave man."

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE the marquis and his two friends, and Robert with his, are on their way to the place of rendezvous, we will look at what is taking place in a retired and secluded spot at the extreme end of the village of Vincennes, and on the border of the forest. The house resembled very much the one occupied by Dr. Goussett, having the same outward signs of precaution, with the exception that the windows were not so well secured.

Before one of these the first step on which the events we relate took place, sat an old man, seemingly enjoying the charming scenery and the delightful view of groups of undulating meadows and dark forest stretching out before him as far as the eye could reach. All nature slept, as for a moment the intense heat of a July mid-day sun. The old man suddenly left his seat at the window, wiping the drops from his forehead, and looking up upon his bed. He was nearly bald, but the few remaining locks were white as snow, and his form, though upright and deep set, bore marks of age. Still he appeared in the full vigor of life. Mental suffering, more than physical ailments, had bended his proud shoulders, and bowed his stately form. His features were finely chiselled; his countenance noble and frank; and he possessed altogether the appearance of refinement which are sure indices of high social position. After lying some moments with closed eyes, he raised himself partly on his bed and leant his head on one hand, remaining immovable, as if listening to the recital of an interesting story.

Gradually his brow darkened, and his eyes were fixed upon an easel placed opposite the bed.

"Work on, count," he said, shaking his head as he spoke; "work away, my daughter; work away, if you would finish before Cécile comes to-night, to take the picture to that man who is a stranger to all sentiments of hospitality, and laughs when I do him the honor of showing him this wonderful portrait!"

He spoke, the old man's agitation increased; when he suddenly sprang towards the easel, drew back the curtain which covered it, and displayed a canvas prepared for painting, but as yet untouched by brush or paint. He stood some moments in deep thought; then, seizing a pencil and palette and a handful of equally clean brushes, he began to work on the canvas (upon which, of course, he had been engaged during many days and then and locking admiringly upon the effect he imagined he had produced.

"Since you can paint," he said, "why cannot I do the same? She has talent; I, her father, should be even more gifted. And then, she paints for gain, I for the first purchaser—and for money—for I that it should be so. I will paint this picture—only this one—and then I will be a child again—anger, shame shall grasp my models."

He ceased speaking, moved slowly away; then stood looking down upon the floor as in a dream, murmuring:

"Claire, my own but unworthy Claire! I will transmit to posterity the memory of your error, and the revenge I have taken! Noble revenge! Salnval, my best friend, I see him now pierced by my sword."

A nervous smile now contracted his lips; his look became fixed and stern, and he began to talk with great rapidity.

"Yes, Salnval! yes, I killed you, my old friend! but you deprived me of my wife! Oh! I would have killed you twice—aye, every day since! for I loved my wife, the mother of my Cécile—my wife, my poor, unhappy wife!

And so he continued his expressions of grief, and his lamentations; till, in heartrending tones, exclaiming:

"Claire! Claire! forgive me!"

He buried his face in his hands, and wept.

More than an hour elapsed before this paroxysm ended. He then rose sad and humble, picked up the pallet and brushes that had fallen on the floor, and wiped the canvas, saying:

"What I have done to-day is of no value; I will begin again to-morrow."

Then he covered the whole with the green cloth, and again took his seat at the window.

"Two o'clock!" he exclaimed, looking at the sundial on the wall opposite, and turning as if addressing some persons present. "Do not be addressing some persons present. "Do not be impatient, gentlemen," he added, "Salnval is a brave man, he will come. Let us wait a little longer," and he crossed his arms upon his breast, and stood looking towards Paris.

Every day at the same hour, for ten long years, had the old man fought over in imagination the fatal duel in which he had taken the life of the destroyer of his happiness.

And now suddenly his eyes are attracted to an open space at the entrance of the forest, where six men are visible. Two of them take off their coats and lock each other. The old man shudders, for he sees the glitter of steel.

"Stop, stop," he cries, beside himself; "do not fight without me!"

The weapons are lowered; witnesses and combatants seem to be disputing.

"Oh, the coward, the coward!" the old man cries, exasperated; "he receives an apology! They have wounded him of his wife, and refuses to avenge himself! Yes I yes," he continued, clasping his hands, "their swords are crossed again; the taller is the deceived husband—'tis myself! the other is the lover—'tis Salnval! Good! he is wounded! Stop, stop, gentlemen! I will settle this affair till I arrive! I come! I come!" he exclaimed, and springing forward he cleared the window-sill, and fell into the court below.

When he was taken up all consciousness was gone—the old man was dying.

CHAPTER V.

CECILE had soon required her composure after the violent scene of Robert's passionate. She forgot the unjustifiable act he had committed in the absorbing thought of the danger incurred by the marquis, for whom she was now interested. One she loved well, though secretly; and for the other, she felt a deep and sincere affection. But how could she avoid the duel; rendered unavoidable by the chevalier's impetuosity? To whom could she apply? Where should she run whom should she apply? Where should she run to, to prevent a meeting between the two rivals? Her inability to act overwhelmed her with grief, and increased her anxiety. She thought of her father—of the unfinished portrait—on which she had formed hopes even for this very day. The strokes which Robert had made in his anger, had fallen upon the face, which, having been painted some time previous, was well dried at the time. Perhaps she could find the means of preserving the rare colors, without disturbing the old. She made the experiment, and succeeded—and oh! what joy! the portrait might still be delivered, paid for to-day; and this evening, when reason returns to her poor father, she can go herself to him, gratify his fancies, and gain a few moments of enjoyment and peace.

This point settled, her thoughts returned to the duel, and her agony increased. On sending to the marquis and the chevalier's, she learned that both had been absent since morning, and it was now past mid-day, and no news had come. This was what she might have expected, but reason's voice in her ear could not drown that of love, and blood only heard when dashed on its way. The poor young girl, clasping her hands in quiet submission, wept bitterly at the sad remembrance of the unfortunate, the life of her mother had caused the death of another brave man, and deprived her father of his reason—how dreadful to see her whole life. Had she, too, erred? In vain she reviewed her whole course to discover a just motive for self-reproach. She had conducted herself before the tribunal of her own conscience. Satisfied on this important point, she worked resolutely to the completion of her portrait, hoping to fix its proper condition; and towards evening it was finished. Was it the joy for her success, or a secret glad presentiment that had removed the weight of sorrow from her heart? She pounded herself that the duel had not taken place, and listened for the sound in the silence that reigned around the sound of the clashing swords, as if it could have reached her retreat. Seeing it as it could have reached her retreat. Seeing it as messenger. Then, when him the portrait, saying:

"Take this to the Marquis de Maucombe, and bring me an answer."

The order made, and the canvas gone, before which she had shed so many tears, and dreamed away so many hours, she was again attacked by fears and anxieties.

"How long the messenger tarries! The marquis is dead!" she cried, for the poor chevalier still among the living?"

Slow is the flight of time when moments are reckoned by the throbbings of an anxious heart!

The messenger returned at last, bringing a note and little box carefully wrapped up. Cécile, trembling with agitation, snatched the note from his hand, letting drop the box, which, broken by the fall, displayed the gold which it contained—the price of the picture. The note ran thus:

"Be happy! my rival is well. I have kept my promise. His wound, though severe, is not dangerous, I shall come and give you the full particulars."

"Oh, God, I thank thee!" exclaimed Cécile, kneeling down and clasping her hands with joyful emotion; "the marquis is saved!"

CHAPTER VI.

RIEUX, on the way to Vincennes, had told the marquis and Damécourt that, in his evening perigrinations, he had again surprised Cécile; but this time, she was on the road to Vincennes; and

that he had been so fortunate as to procure information concerning the romantic journeys of the young artist.

"She is a strange creature," he said, "for I am certain that she has now chosen as her specialty the task of comforting and administering to persons of advanced age; and the object of her special care and attention is now an old man who is obliged to live in perfect seclusion, and who, from the manner—as I am told—in which he speaks of women in general, of his own wife, and of Cécile too, probably cannot be a person of any refinement or respectability. Believe me, it is idle to the extreme to offer a true devotion to a woman with such tastes, and most sinful to risk one's life for such a cause."

So thought the young man, who spoke from his worldly estimation of the young girl's character. The marquis declared, however, that he did not take up his sword as Cécile's champion, but only to avenge the insult he had received from the Chevalier de Saintonge, and the three friends arrived at the forest while still disputing the necessity of the encounter. But Robert de Saintonge had been much less communicative with his friends. He had told them both in secrecy:

"I am challenged to fight—will you stand by me? But first, promise not to seek to arrange matters amicably, and above all, ask me no questions."

The marquis had waited long when the chevalier's carriage made its appearance, and Dumicourt hastened to arrange preliminaries. After a long conversation with Robert, in which he related the particulars which Rieux had just communicated concerning the evening visits of the young girl, he succeeded so far in prejudicing Robert's mind that the two combatants decided to withdraw after the first wound, and that the marquis having insulted Robert in the arm, the two left the fatal friends instead of enemies. It was then decided they should watch Cécile the following day, and that the marquis should call for Robert in his carriage.

"I will not see her again except in your presence, chevalier," the marquis said, "unless," he added, "Cécile sends me my portrait, then, you know, the honor of a gentleman demands I should acknowledge its reception."

"Your portrait!" repeated Robert, almost ashamed at the recollection of the violent act of which he had been guilty. "I advise you, marquis, not to expect it, for I was before you in taking my revenge," he added, pointing to his wounded arm.

"Ah, very well, *chaqu'un à son tour*," the marquis replied gaily, "and may you be as free from ill-feeling towards me as my poor portrait entertains for you. Adieu till to-morrow."

"Till to-morrow," Robert answered sadly.

CHAPTER VII.

THE marquis now began to regret his promise, and when he received the portrait, which Robert declared he had destroyed by his rashness, he felt less surprised at what he considered a fair indication on the part of the chevalier, than satisfaction at the excuse now offered him for breaking that promise. He therefore did not hesitate to send for an interview with Cécile in the note he sent with the box containing the price of his portrait. The poor girl was too anxious to send an answer, and construing her silence in his favor, the marquis made his appearance the same evening in the Rue Platrière.

"You here, marquis!" exclaimed Robert, who was already on the spot, and gazing up at the house which hid her he had that very day almost renounced as unworthy of his love, but who, nevertheless, absorbed his thoughts.

"By my honor, chevalier, I find you have had as strong an attraction here as myself," the marquis replied, hiding his annoyance beneath a calm exterior.

"You swore never again to see Cécile."

"And if I remember rightly, were you not guilty of the same rash words? But come, chevalier, be frank with me, were you not watching the exit of my unlucky portrait, to avenge a second outrage upon it. But you are too late; the picture is perfectly restored, and has been two hours in my possession. I do not complain of the pleasure in order to revenge yourself upon a rival, but I do of the want of frankness you have shown. Only this morning you declared Cécile was not necessary to your happiness, that she was unworthy of your love."

"But she has been tradueed."

"Indeed! You believe she is true to you?"

"I have to claim upon her."

"You have then never avowed your love?"

"A thousand times; but love gives one no right over its object."

"You have discovered, then, that your love is not returned?"

"Has she told you so?"

"No; but, my poor friend, these strange visits she makes at different places, and at such late hours."

"It is false!"

"But you have proved this yourself, and acknowledged it many times."

"I know not then what I said; fool that I am!" he exclaimed in broken accents. "I love her, and you, marquis, you shall prove her not, she shall."

The Marquis de Mancombe, though a gay man of the world, and little accustomed to attach so much importance to *les affaires de cœur*, was touched by the sincere grief of his companion.

"Come, my friend," he said gently, "calm yourself, you take this too much to heart. I would not willingly cause the unhappiness of a man who has so lately declared his friendship for me. I renounce all claim to Cécile's love. To you I entrust her happiness. On the honor of a gentleman I withdraw from the pursuit, fully persuaded that your great devotion entitles you to success;" and he tried to draw Robert away from the house, but the latter was already at the door, and had rung the bell.

"Monsieur would see Mademoiselle Cécile?" enquired the portress.

"Yes," Robert replied, pale with emotion.

"She is not at home, sir."

"Are you sure she is not in?" Robert again asked.

"She went out at dark," the portress replied, "and I think has gone some distance, for she ordered a carriage and told me she would not return to-night."

Robert looked sad and disappointed. The marquis with difficulty restrained a smile.

"Well, my friend," he said, drawing away the chevalier, who no longer resisted him, "shall we go call on Damfreville?"

De Saintonge made no reply, but a deep sigh told the anguish he endured.

My Aunt Mary.

My Aunt Mary! Thoughts of her fill my mind this beautiful June morning. Thrice have I tried to fix my mind upon this delightful Euclid lesson, and second step by step to the crowning glory of his incomparable logic. Even Euclid has no charms for me; for the great God of reason and all good-grey has spread a richer feast. Glorious morning! indescribable beauty! Poets may write and rhyme of thee; but who can describe the delightful feeling, the deep sweetness, the all-pervading glory, resting upon and hanging over all the halo of beauty.

It seems as if I must write Aunt Mary's history. I have long contemplated this pleasant task, and have several times commenced, but have as often been interrupted, and obliged to lay it aside.

There at the foot of yonder blossom-laden tree I will resume the work. My Aunt Mary was the daughter of a wealthy farmer; at the same time the youngest, handsomest and the most admired of a family of six. She was petted and indulged so much by her injudicious parents that it is indeed surprising that it did not prove her ruin. Everybody said that she would be something or nothing; not because she manifested any extraordinary talent, but because she threw the whole being into whatever she attempted to do. She grew up proud, imperious and vain. Her wealth, beauty and talents had the attraction for her side many admirers, and, strange to say, one true-hearted lover—Ernest Ashley. It seems surprising that one with a noble spirit and cultured mind and heart should have been so entirely fascinated by a coquette.

But so it was; when he could not get near, on account of the multiplicity of her flirtations, he worshipped afar off. At length opportunity and perseverance prevailed. She condescended to pledge to him her heart and hand, and it became known far and wide that Mary Ashley and Mary Thornley were engaged. Two years were to elapse between the promise and its fulfilment. In the meantime were to be seen the wonders of the United States and Mexico. Being naturally fond of adventure, and too young to consider the hardships, privations and dangers of a soldier's life, he and his brother Egbert volunteered their services for a year, and left their homes in the month of June, 1846. A few days after the willow tree shook a shadow they bade adieu to the fair young creatures who had promised to be their affianced wives.

Had they have realised whit would be the anguish of that moment, neither the pomp nor glory of war, nor the love of adventure would have induced them to part even for so short a time from those dearer than life; but the sorrow of separation was mitigated by the sweet assurance that they would write often. During their brief absence many love-freighted missives passed back and forth. In the year, like all other years, the first days of June has again returned. The twilight of a lovely day is mantling the earth with sombre shadow. Mary Thornley and Mary Ashley sit under the old oak conversing deeply of the absent loved ones. They cast their eyes towards the east, and see two travellers approaching in the dim light. Both are lame, and both carry a staff. They seem very much fatigued. Now they have come to the old oak.

It is Ernest—it is Ebbert. Julia received Ebbert with the beautiful simplicity of undisguised affection; but alas! for Mary Thornley, she betrayed both disappointment and mortification. Certainly she had expected a more impassioned, and the warmth of true and unchangeable love was wanting in her greeting.

She slept but little that night. The bitterness of unsubdued pride was stirred from its depths. Shall Mary Thornley, the beauty and belle of Elton, have her maimed and sickly lover? Never! Never! The next day she sent him a very politely worded note, desiring to be released from the engagement.

Not long after she was walking out with her friend Julia; for though the bond which had drawn them so close together was now severed, they were still friends—when they heard a sharp rattle, but before they could jump back to avoid the deadly serpent, it had coiled itself around and it into the earth.

They looked up. Ernest Ashley stood before them, and Ebbert was coming up, but they appeared not as when they met them at the old oak. The bloom of youth and health was gone from their cheeks; their limbs were as strong and flexible as ever; they stood erect in manly beauty.

"Mary Thornley," said Ernest, in a voice never to be forgotten, "I have received your note. You are released from the engagement. I have written over against your name upon the page of memory, 'tried in the balance and found wanting.' I stay not here amid broken idols and crushed hopes. I could not breathe the same air with you. Farewell, friends! yea, more than friends, my sister Julia and brother Ebbert. Bear my adieus and best wishes to those at home." So saying he took the woodland path and disappeared over the same hill upon which he was first seen by Julia and Mary. Though gossip glutted itself upon this unhappy separation and its cause, Mary Thornley still moved in the circles of fash. She recked not that she had pressed upon her once-heart [illegible]'s love a wreath of mourning cypress—she still wore the myrtle and went forth "conquering and to conquer." To the great delight of those who envied and those who hated her, she was at last caught in her own net.

It was in the summer of 1856 that Henrique Woodworth first made his appearance in Elton society. He was a lawyer, standing high in his profession and in the literary world; but like too many of earth's children, self was the great centre towards which all his thoughts and aspirations tended. Brilliant in wit and beauty, his principles were like a spider's web. But oh! what fascination was there in his dark basal eye; what power in his rich musical voice to stir the depths of the heart, and lead it to pour out its richness and sweetness upon this unworthy shrine.

Mary Thornley thought that at last she had found her equal, and not doubting an easy conquest, she gave herself up to the pleasure and excitement of the chase.

The *élite* of Elton had planned a Leap year picnic, and were determined, if possible, to outdo in gallantry the "lords of creation." Mary was among the leading spirits, and the offered and accepted escort of the brilliant lawyer, Henrique Woodworth.

The summer swiftly sped with this gay circle, nor did the autumn leaves swiftly with my Aunt Mary and Henrique. They rode, they conversed, they walked together. His name became synonymous with the inspirations of the future, and sweet thoughts of him mingled with all her thoughts.

Her old coquettish pride had vanished, and she knelt to the god to whom she had caused so many before her bleeding, and for the first time she realised the anguish of seeing the heart's best and truest affections trifled with and trampled upon. She determined to confess to her the gay part in which she had so long been the bright particular star.

As for Aunt Mary, it seemed for a while as if the iron fingers of Despondency were feeling for the very springs of life. Bus affliction began to reduce and reflection to strengthen, and every new high purpose, "she sat at the feet of Jesus," and learned of Him. "Be still and know that I am God," and went about Life's great work, so long neglected. She found this work so great, so allabsorbing, that the sting of her self-inflicted immolation, to me to resign herself to the woes of hopeless love, so she was happy—happy in doing her duty, happy in making others happy, the highest kind of happiness.

Gently and lovingly she supported the steps of her invalid parents to the desolvity of life, and received their blessing as they closed their eyes in the sweet sleep of death. They did not forget to pray for her before they left her—they died. It was arranged that she should have Rose cottage, a beautiful home indeed, in sight of my father's dwelling, where she resolved when thirty years of age, bringing with her an orphan niece and adopted nephew, to those another had left in two years before and whose father had long since been numbered with the dead. It is five years since Rose Cottage was surrounded with their songs of joy and gladness. But come with me and I will introduce you to my Aunt Mary.

This, "the old oak tree," is just the time to visit Rose Cottage; it could not have received a more appropriate name. Twenty varieties of the queen of flowers in full bloom, and the old oak itself is nearly covered with running roses, the purse white beautifully contrasting with velvet red and crimson. Here is a rustic seat at the door smiling a welcome.

You would like a picture of her? I can describe her features, her complexion, but what are they without the expression, the true-soul beauty, the cheerful eye, the smile, the voice of sweet music. She is a Saxon beauty; her hair is a delicate flaxen, still curling in merry ringlets about her neck; her forehead broad and intellectual; her eyes are "blue as the summer heavens;" features, if anything, too small and regular; complexion, like the pure white rose in the garden.

But let us enter and glance at the interior. The first thing which strikes our attention is an exquisite bouquet of flowers in a white porcelain vase upon the centre table. The rich orange and black carpet contrasts elegantly with the white satin and gold papers upon the walls and the grey lace curtains.

Annie and Augustus have gone out for a few minutes, but here is the piano, which both play admirably, and Annie's guitar standing in the corner. Aunt Mary must see me the range of the house, perhaps she would not if she knew what I was doing. I find the kitchen, the pantry, the cupboards, as neat as the parlor; the unpapered walls, clean and white, and the floors innocent of a grease spot. She does not trust altogether to servants; her own head and hands contrive, plan and labor to make home cheerful, comfortable and unscrupulously neat. Annie's apartment is called the blue room, and is elegantly furnished with delicate blue and white hangings, carpet and furniture to match; but here is Aunt Mary's room. I know I shall "let the cat out," but the temptation is too great; the door is already open. What cream this bridal veil with its wreath of white rosebuds and emerald leaves? this snowy white muslin, and all the elegant paraphernalia of bridal costume! This is to be Aunt Mary's room no longer.

Come to the window! Yonder Ashley Hall rears its grand proportions where those aged elms and gloomy pines cast their deep shadows. To-morrow Aunt Mary will awake in a grander but not a lovelier home. Six months ago Ernest Ashley returned, and in that short time we have all learned to love the noble, manly, self-sacrificing proved to him an excellent teacher. He came back with higher and nobler purposes, to spend the remainder of his life in duty, and around the home of his childhood. He had long since abandoned the idea of marrying; but, finding the heartless coquette, whom he once loved, become a meek and true-hearted woman, he was so weak as to fall more deeply in love with her than before, and break his resolution and all.

But I must hasten home, for cousin Augustus and I are pledged to attend the bride the happy one, who will, to-night, more than realise that, though the star of love set, and the shadows of night fall upon our pathway, it may arise in tenfold brightness and glory.

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

Storming of the first Line at Baylor's Farm.

At one o'clock of the morning of the 15th June the column of Smith—consisting of Brannan's Brigade of Hinks's division—left our fortifications, Brannan's command having took the lead, and before daylight the entire command had crossed the pontoon bridge across the Appomattox, above Point of Rocks, and was in full march on the road city. Pickets pushed rapidly ahead, drove the rebel pickets before him until he arrived at their first line of works, turned to the left and moved to the fortifications on the other side of the city.

Gen. Smith had under his command two divisions of the new corps and a brigade of artillery, besides the cavalry division of Kautz. Following after the cavalry, the column arrived second on the battlefield, and were soon before the first line of rebel works, along the front of which the cavalry had passed some time before.

Gen. Hinks formed his command in line of battle, and advanced upon the rebel works, with Brannan commanding his right and Holman his left. The result of this charge was watched with great anxiety. The majority of the whites expected that the colored troops would run, but the subtle forces astonished everybody by their excellence. With a shout that must certainly have struck terror into the hearts of their foes, the 23d and 6th U. S. colored regiments, commanded by Colo. Riddler and Conner, charged, under a hot fire of musketry and artillery, over the rebel ditch and parapet, and drove the enemy before them, capturing a large force of prisoners, and taking entire possession of their works, its defenders, Carpenter's and Lewis's Carolina Cavalry and Graham's Petersburg battery, seeking safety in rapid flight, leaving their dead and wounded in the ditch.

When the negroes found themselves within the works of the enemy a cheer could be heard for miles off. Numbers of them kissed the gun they had captured with unbounded enthusiasm, while the whole scene was manifested to get ahead and charge some more of the rebel works. Another of the colored troops were wounded and a few killed in the first charge. A large force concentrated, with the idea of unmistakable annihilation, about Sergt. Richardson and Corpl. Wolsey, of the U. S. colored troops, who had taken the two colors of their regiment, and bore the first men in the works. Our rebel prize was a stake of the same nature, which can only be attributed, we suppose, to the Southern confederate breach of the rules of warfare as to our colored troops.

Gen. Smith, in his congratulatory order to his troops, says: "But the crowning point of the honor they are entitled to for this day was won at the front. In 1863, when a series of earthworks, on most commanding positions of formidable strength, have been carried, with all the guns and materials of war of the enemy, including prisoners and colors. The works have all been held, and the trophies remain in our hands.

"Soldiers, I thank you for your conduct. Since the troops have never been regularly organized in camps, where they have been gradually trained in the discipline and instruction of unparalleled *corps d'armee*, but they have been hastily concentrated and thrown into battle to take part in the trying campaign of our country's being. Such honor as they have won will remain immortal.

"To the colored troops comprising the division of Gen. Hinks, the commander commends the zeal and devotion of his command. With the veterans of the 18th corps Gen. Hinks stormed the works of the enemy and carried them, taking guns and prisoners, and in the whole affair added to the high reputation of good soldiers."

Gen. Smith gratefully remarked his line-of-battle along the whole rebel front, and about noon the rapid discharges of Kautz's howitzers announced that the officer was making desperate efforts to carry the works on the Baylor farm. Through the Appomattox Brook, on the centre, and Martindale and Hinks on the flanks, were simultaneously the commands that sprang to the formidable character of the rebel works, and the difficult nature of the ground. It was only with the utmost difficulty that the troops could be properly disposed for charging effectively.

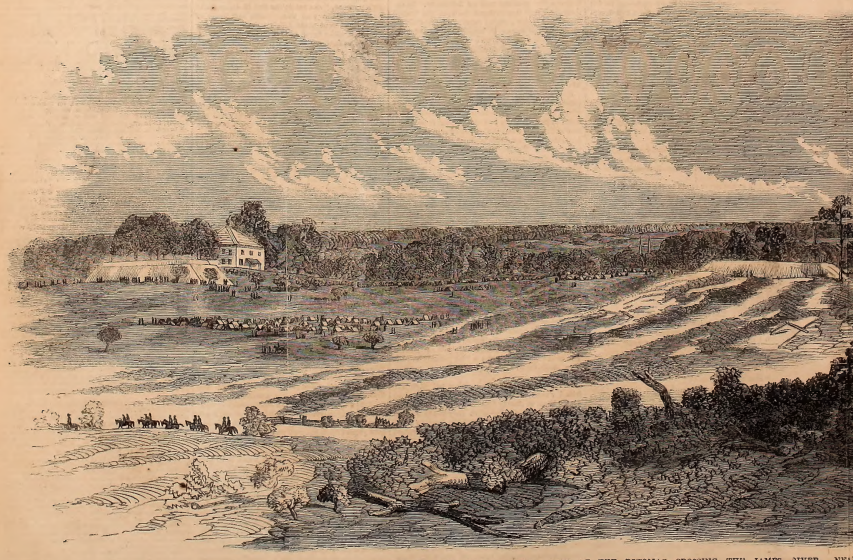
A simultaneous advance of three infantry divisions, after a desperate fight, carried the rebel outer line, and we succeeded in getting a good position on which to mass our artillery, and operate on the inner main works, which were descovered to be strong earthworks, flanked here and there by massive bastion forts.

The artillery was under the direction of Capt. Follett, of Thompson's, Turner's and Ellsworth's guns were soon in position on high ground, immediately in front of Avirett's house, on the City point and Jordan road, and commenced a succession of artillery volleys that drowned every other sound, and completely silenced the rebel guns.

Night was approaching when the charge was finally ordered by Gen. Smith. At half-past five P. M. Brooke advanced, and the assault was made. Martindale was, on the rebels right, a most important point. It was, too, the most difficult to be compassed, of which reason a large number of troops were massed to concentrate in a series of embrasures. It was held by Graham's battery of Carpenter's and Wise's brigades, and by dismounted troops, with Capt. Sturdivant's battery. Those kept up a continuous fire, but at half-past six the charge in advance was given, and under cover of the fire of the whole artillery, consisting of Burnham's battery, the enemy from their rifle-pits, and the 18th New Hampshire, 10th Connecticut charged across the open plain, and without wavering poured like a torrent over the walls, driving the enemy before them, taking six guns, a battle-flag, 300 prisoners, including Sturdivant's, two of his lieutenants, and Major Bake, and all in about five minutes. On the right Martindale swept over and through the rebel works, taking three guns, and Hinks took successively three lines, the chivalry fleeing from the ex-slaves.

We give on our double page a graphic panoramic view of the works taken. They are less than three miles from Petersburg, the spires of the city being visible, as will be remarked. Petersburg can be shelled at any moment. It might be occupied, but the enemy held ground which commands it.

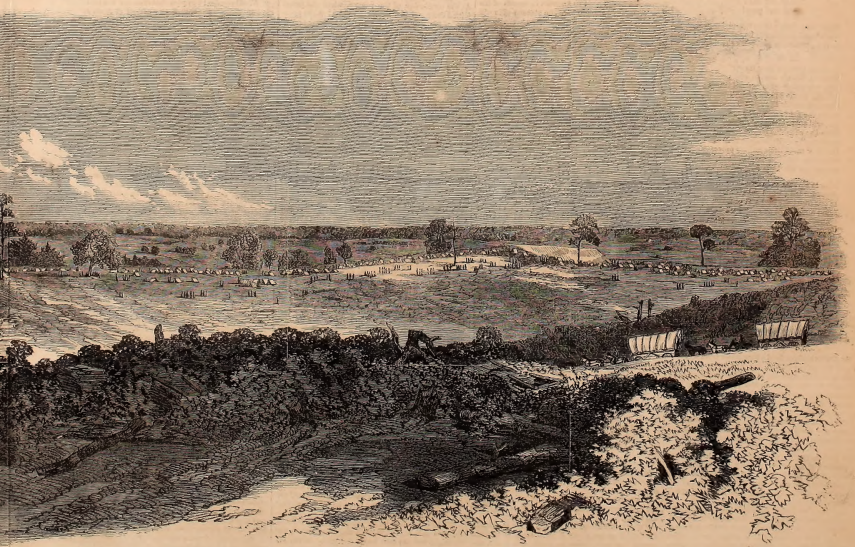




THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC CROSSING THE JAMES RIVER, NEA

THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE FORTS AND BREASTWORKS NEAR PETERSBURG STORMED BY THE 18TH ARMY





EAR FORT POWHATAN, ON PONTOONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 247.

MY CORPS (W. F. SMITH'S), WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 247.

WORK AWAY.

Work away!
For the master's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work away!

Keep the busy fingers plying;
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;
See that never thread lie wrong;
Let not clash or clatter 'round us,
Sound of whizzing wheels confound us;
Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm, that has to last so long!
Work away!

Keep upon the anvil ringing
Stroke of hammer; On the gloom
Set 'twixt cradle and twixt tomb
Shower of fiery sparkles flinging;
Keep the mighty furnance glowing;
Keep the red ore hissing, flowing
Swift within the ready mould;
See that each one than the old
Still be fitter, still be fairer
For the servant's use, and rarer
For the master to behold:
Work away!

For the Leader's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work away!

Wide the trackless prairies round us,
Dark and unsunned woods surround us,
Steep and savage mountains bound us;
Far away
Smile the soft Savannahs green,
Rivers sweep and roll between;
Work away!

Bring your axes, woodmen true,
Smite the forest till the blue
Of Heaven's sunny eye looks through
Every wild and tangled glade;
Jungle, swamp and thicket shade
Give to-day!

O'er the torrents fling your bridges,
Pioneers! Upon the ridges
Widen, smooth, the rocky stair.
They that follow far behind,
Coming after us, will find
Surer, easier footing there,
Heart to heart, and hand with hand,
From the dawn to dusk of day,
Work away!

Scouts upon the mountains peak—
Te that see the Promised Land,
Hearten us! for ye can speak
Of the country ye have scanned,
Far away!
Work away!

For the Father's eye is on us!
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work away!

Pray! and work will be completer;
Work! and prayer will be the sweeter;
Love! and prayer and work the fleeter
Will ascend upon their way!

Pear not lest the busy finger
Wears a net the soul to stay;
Give her wings—she will not linger;
Soaring to the source of day;
Clearing clouds that still divide us
From the azure depths of rest,
She will come again! beside us
With the sunshine on her breast;
Sit and sing to us, while quickest
On their tasks their fingers move,
While the outward din was thickest,
Songs that she hath learned above.

Live in Future as in Present;
Work for both while yet the day
Is our own! for bird and peasant,
Long and bright as summer's day,
Cometh, ye more sure, more pleasant
Cometh soon our holiday!

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER XIV.

If you can behold it,
I'll make the stolen story mine; indeed,
And take you by the hand.
Do you doubt me? Approach! Behold!
Stand with your eyes upon me!
Wonder's Tale, Act V., Sc. 3.

ST. CROIX had received a long letter from Marina, which the events of the day had prevented him from more than glancing at, but he was well pleased to retire for the night to the room Elfstone had assigned him, and enjoy a thorough and leisurely perusal of the lengthy communication with which his heart's idol had favored him.

The apartment he occupied had been fitted up to suit the taste of a wealthy female member of the Elfstone family, an enthusiastic Romanist, at variance with all her relativesin her religious views, and was in the most elaborate Gothic style. It contained a miniature oratory and a beautiful statue of the Virgin Mary, by an Italian sculptor of celebrity. Many other little evidences of the pious turn of the deceased, who had made it her asylum.

The mind of Julien St. Croix was replete with devotion now, but to a very terrestrial deity, and, with little sense of the sacredness of his surroundings, he seated himself in a richly-carved oaken chair and began the reading which he had for hours longed to devour to the last syllable.

The greater part of the letter consisted of the narrative of events already recorded in a preceding chapter, and its disagreeable conclusion, all that need be given, read as follows:

"And now, my dear friend, I know what your true heart is thinking: 'She has escaped a life of horror, is she any better for it?' Is she as innocent rigible as ever?' Julien, I am changed—a different being. 'Yes,' you say, 'but you are continually that.' The changes of which you are thinking were on the surface, but this is radical. Whether I am better or worse it does not become me to decide; but as many things have pronounced it an impossibility for me to grow worse, I argue that I must be improved. I am afraid I shall lose the love of all my male friends in consequence. Poor Jacques—where is his dreadful soul now?—thought hate more piquant than love, and I suspect your ex-gruesomely-suffering wickedness to virtue for the same reason. Am I not right? Fish up an answer from the deep well of your heart and tell me truly. Your dive of it with a gentle, placid and kindly enough, but sadly wants (what it can never have) the sweet sparkle, laughing mischief, sweet temptation, and soul-inflaming power of wickedness. Pray for me, dear Julien, pray for me, for I am beginning to backslide at the bare thought of daring devilry.

"It was with no little trepidation that I returned to my mother, whose estimate of me I knew would be frustrated. She seemed, however, to be more afraid of me than I was of her, but when I had told my story, which concluded with the death of Jacques Renvi, she caught me in her arms, kissed me a hundred times, and wept for joy, as she exclaimed:

"'Marina, you have saved me! For the first time in many years I breathe freely. While that man lived by my vow that of a criminal condemned to die, and only respited from time to time to prolong his suspense and suffering.'

"I had spent some weeks happily with my mother, when the Countess of Visadin called upon us, and insisted upon taking me with her to London. I am half-inclined to suspect that she was afraid to cross the Channel without me. Here I am, therefore, in the house of the Italian minister of the baronet. His health is failing, and he leaves town in a few days for Wilborne Hall, his country seat. I am invited to spend the summer there.

"Before I left Uberto's cave I invited its venerable occupant to visit Ellingford. I should like Bart and Elfstone to meet. The former is a grand old man—I have a passion for grand old men—and almost as inspired as the sculptor. He declines to quit his self-marriage; but I entertain a shrewd now that will surely drive him out of it.

"I shall run down to Ellingford as soon as the countess allows me an opportunity to escape. Has Bertram actually gone to America in search of his gay brother and the ghost of his mother? We will find one in the antipodes and the other in the moon. Tell father that his Serpent is coiling up for a spring into his studio, and that he will be locked in her folds when he next expects it.

"Julien, love me, pray for me, and believe me ever your affectionate

MARINA.

It was long past midnight when Julien St. Croix, having finished his answer to Marina's letter, was kneeling in the little oratory engaged in prayer and heard a nervous tapping at the door. He did not immediately reply to the summons, and the next moment the door was thrown open, Elfstone and behold a figure in an first deemed a spirit, so white and heavenly did it look, advancing towards him.

"Come! come quick!" it cried. "Bertram is—I don't know—I fear I have killed him!"

* * * * *

Notwithstanding the succession, of excitements through which Julien St. Croix had just passed, he was up betimes, and had been for half an hour in the room when Mrs. Berton ushered Muta into the room. The old lady had no sooner left the apartment, than Muta anxiously inquired:

"Have you seen Bertram this morning?"

"I stole into his room a while ago, and found him sleeping pleasantly, as though he had never been nearly frightened to death by the terrible semblance of life in a marble statue. Had I not been in a sense spiritual state of mind when you found me, I should have been no better able to sustain the shock you gave me than Bertram. I thought you an emissary from the infernal regions to my prayer. You must not indulge in many of these freaks, Miss Elfstone, or you will surely have to answer for the death of some of us."

"Twill never do so again; for when I found Bertram lying so lolligan, cold and dead, I thought I should die myself. When I raised him and tried to bring him to, he fell from my trembling arms so heavily that my fear began to turn with horror. I went to find some one, and if I had not seen the light in your room and found you there, I should have filled the house with shrieks."

"And driven your father raving mad. What is to be done about his statue, which you have shattered to atoms, I have puzzled my brain in vain to decide."

"I will take its place."

St. Croix shook his head.

"Why not? Am I not better for a bride than a cold stone?"

"Infinitely. The only difficulty is that you cannot make yourself look sufficiently like it to deceive the sight."

"Was it not like me? Did not Bertram mistake me for the statue? All I have to do is to make myself very pale, dress in white, look down, and hold myself immovably in one position."

Muta struck an attitude and looked so much like the statue that St. Croix was taken with her idea. Its novelty and boldness captivated him, and he consented to act as her accomplice in carrying out the innocent but impudent deception. The humorous offcenters of the scheme would, he hoped, divert the dangerous tenor of Elfstone's mind into a new and safer channel, and turn a mad farce into a genial and lasting reality.

The conspirators were impressed with the necessity of immediate action, and soon busy with their preparations for the execution of their plot. Muta retired to her chamber before Bertram came down to breakfast, and sent her excuses to him, made under the pretence of illness, for not appearing. St. Croix and Bertram were joined at the breakfast table by their host and a young clergyman. The latter, a tall, pale, and sour visaged Low Churchman, came summons, looked rather mystified, but the old sculptor was in high spirits and talked with sparkling fluency. Bertram was silent and nervous. St. Croix was anxious and watchful, and availed himself of his first opportunity to engage in a private conversation with the clergyman in the library. From him he went straight to Bertram, and said, bluntly:

"The sooner this idle ceremony is performed the better. I have little hopes of Elfstone's recovery till it is over."

"Yes; let us have done with this fantastic mummery at once, for I am beginning to feel more and more uneasy about it. I had dreams last night, as vivid as daylight, about the statue, and, womanish as you may think me, I confess that I am as nervous and full of superstitious apprehension as the veriest victim of the fortuneteller."

"Well, Bertram, if you have a presentiment of evil—"

"Of nonsense! Like Hamlet, I defy augury. No, Julien, when I feel a weakness, instead of yielding to it or wrestling away from it, I conquer it. *En avant! marchons!*"

* * * * *

Elfstone's studio was darkened, and, when the curtains concealing the statue were drawn aside it was found to be gracefully draped in tissue, wreathed about the brow and bosom with orange flowers, and covered with a very large, rich and beautiful veil. Elfstone, whose eyes were beginning to burn, was in the room as well as nothing, and would have taken the descent of a choir of angels through the ceiling as a matter of course. He was gratified with the propriety of the change, and felt happier than he had been for many a long year. Bertram wassurprised, received a vague impression that the statue was not exactly set up, but was so bewildered and nervous, and in such agitated haste to get through with the ceremony and rid of the companionship of Elfstone, that he paid little attention to the marble and its attiring.

The young clergyman, with some adroitness, adapted his service to the requirements of the occasion. Elfstone gave away the bride, and it was Bertram's, not the statue's, hand that trembled when the former put the ring upon the fourth finger of the bride's left hand. Still more agitated he grew when, at the minister's injunction of "Let us pray" the statue sank beside him. At the conclusion of the prayer, when the priest joined their right hands together, he felt the pressure of the warm, living hand, and all the horror of his dream came back upon him. The same frightning thoughts flashed, wild and dreadful, through his brain.

"What had he married? Not a woman. What then? A fiend. Who had tempted him? Amadman—perhaps a self-wished himself.

Every man has some latent superstition in his nature, and in the hour of his weakness and nervousness this strange reason may be surprised and paralyzed, and his self-possession lost, as were Bertram's, when he lifted the bride's veil and, through his hands shook violently, his eyes swam, and his brain reeled; but when his lips touched hips warm and moist, and his eyes met eyes of gleaming blue, his senses failed him; he neither saw, felt, heard nor knew anything more.

It was surprising how quickly Elfstone's shattered nerves, like those of Bertram, whom he had loved as if he had been his own son, restored the old man to himself. Julien and St. Croix, who came to his assistance to the aid of his friend, with promptitude and address. But when Bertram came to himself, and, finding the statue removed, began to question as to what had happened to him, Elfstone could only reply:

"What has befallen you I cannot explain. If it be not miraculous my reason wanders, and I hope somebody will make the matter clear for your sake and mine."

St. Croix looked round the room, and perceived that the bride had vanished. Having first asked pardon of Elfstone for Bertram, whom he whispered in his ear a few words that brought back the rich blood to the young man's cheek, the radiance to his eye, and the smile to his lip

"I will fetch her back and introduce her now," exclaimed Bertram, rushing out of the studio.

What does this mean?" demanded the bewildered sculptor.

"What your heart most wishes—no more, no less," responded St. Croix.

Bertram re-entered with Muta, confused, blushing, and more beautiful than ever, and he led her to her father.

"Father," said he, "the Lost Love is gone for ever, and the Found Love has taken her place. She thinks you made of marble is no more, but your Muta, made of your own flesh and blood, lives and stands before you."

If Muta could go backward or stand still for twelve years and more, I should call this lady my wife, but as it cannot, she must be my daughter."

"If you need proof—"

"I need proof! Who shall teach me to know my own daughter? Not all the witnesses in the world, if not my own heart and eyes. Muta, my darling child!"

"Father!"

Muta rushed into his arms, and the long-severed father and child were locked in the embrace of parental and filial love, the holiest of all.

CHAPTER XV.

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
As You Like It, Act I., Sc. 3.

I longed for thee, and sought for thee,
In all these agonies, and woke, and found thee.
Sardanapalus, Act IV., Sc. 1.

MUTA, one beautiful May morning, was wandering down a shady lane, plucking field flowers and singing from her heart, like a bird, deeming herself the happiest of mortals, when she was suddenly confronted by the last being, whom, of all mankind, she dreaded most, Gregory Grimgrip.

His look paralyzed and fascinated her in an instant, and she stood and gazed at him with her face assumed the vacant and half idiotic expression of her lonely childhood. Grimgrip saw his advantage in a moment, and was as quickly resolved to profit by it. He measured her with death on the spot if she did not keep silent, seized her hand in his, and led her away.

Muta felt powerless, as we sometimes do in a horrible dream, and in this moment of dire need her self-possession entirely forsook her. It was not till she found herself shut in a close carriage, and driven rapidly she knew not whither, that the spell which had fallen upon her, benumbing all her faculties, dissolved in a burst of tears, bringing home to her a full sense of her calamity, and plunging her into a paroxysm of inconsolable grief and despair.

Muta was soon missed at Ellingford Hall, and diligent search immediately made for her. Nothing was, however, ascertained that threw any light upon her sudden disappearance, but the fact that an extremely ugly man had, on the evening before, been seen prowling about the premises. This was, nevertheless, enough to convince Bertram (who had just made a second visit to Liverpool, accompanied by his first adventure in that town), that the author of Muta's abduction was Grimgrip himself. Week lapsed before any thing more valuable than her was ascertained. Bertram was nearly frantic, and Elfstone's great pity for him alone preserved his life and saved him from sinking into a state of lamentable condition. Bertram, after having hardly eaten or slept at all for a week and more, had just returned from a long and hopeless journey, fatigued and despairing, and had fallen from sheer exhaustion into an uneasy slumber in the library, when Julien St. Croix arrived at Ellingford. She sat by his side, and wept to view the sad alteration his bereavement and sorrow had made in the young man. At one time he seemed to be dreaming, and she heard her own name escape his lips. A delicious thrill quickened her pulse, and her tears ceased. Fear of what she was doing, she stooped down and kissed his now pallid but still beautiful mouth. He woke at the gentle touch.

"Marina," he exclaimed, with pleasure beaming in his eyes, "how have I longed to see you!"

"I have longed to see you, Bertram, but from a different motive. You need me, I suppose, for something you cannot accomplish yourself."

"Yes, Marina, I do, but not for myself."

"Would you dill but your father-in-law has told me all. I am as ignorant as yourself of Muta's whereabouts."

"Say not that, Marina! You are my last and only hope. Have you seen Grimgrip? You surely know where he is to be found?"

"All I know of Mr. Grimgrip, Julien took me in London."

Bertram looked incredulous, and Marina burst into tears.

"I see you still think me capable of deceiving you"

"Pardon me, Marina. My mind is disordered, and I know not what I do, and hardly what I think. I shall go mad if I do not find Muta soon. I would give my own existence to know where that demon, Grimgrip, is, for he has stolen her."

"I would accept no reward from Bertram Hapa though I had a realm to offer, but if Muta's captor be in England I will discover his hidingplace in a few days, perhaps in a few hours."

Bertram caught at their Frenchwoman in his arms, kissed her, and vowed that she was the noblest of her sex, and the loveliest, except his darling lost love.

Marina was absent from the hall about three hours. When Bertram espied her coming up Ellingford beautiful avenue, he ran to meet her.

"Have you succeeded?"

"You would never have seen me again if I had not. Here is Grimgrip's address."

Marina handed Bertram a direction, written with a pencil on the back of an envelope.

"That man," she continued," "is too ugly to find a hiding-place in any inhabited region. I had no sooner suggested my friendly services—to whom I always apply first for information—a guinea to tell me who and where the ugliest man in London was than there was but one, once shouted Grimgrip, and gave me his address. They give a very bad account of the old fellow, alleging that he is not only the ugliest but the meanest and most desperate old miser in existence. He has bought or leased an old house by the sea-side, where he lives by himself with no other company than that of his deaf and dumb old housekeeper, and takes great delight in refusing any beggar who ventures to apply to him for charity.

"Marina, you are infallible. I never knew another being at once so quick and keen. Had you been a man, what a politician you would have made. You are amazing, that calms, cribs and confines genius so much as prelicoats."

Bertram would have set out on his journey in search of Grimgrip alone, had not Elfstone insisted upon accompanying him. Bertram's haste was great, and it was not until they were seated in a railway car together, and borne on the wings of steam to their destination, that he found time or temper to talk deliberately on the business he had undertaken to accomplish. Between them, many suppositions, hopes, fears, menaces, doubts and devices were freely vanilated, and though they decided upon resorting to a legal authority and

a surprise, their sage consultations served better to kill time than to benefit them in any other way. They had a cunning enemy to deal with, and one who was now always on his guard. Their agents' measures and decided action proved therefore of no avail, and after ransacking Grimgrip's residence from cellar to roof, and thoroughly searching the neighborhood without discovering a trace of poor Muta, of whom he denied all knowledge whatever, they were obliged to relinquish their efforts, in spite of Bertram's longing to persevere.

When the last hope was gone Bertram walked up to Grimgrip, and said:

"I do not believe that you think you do or can deceive me. I know that you have stolen my wife, and have her concealed in some durance here about. You are guilty of this crime, but not convicted of it, and therefore I cannot kill you. But mark me well, if I find that you have so much as injured one hair of her head, or even threatened her with worse, during your imprisonment of her, I'll have your heart out, though I have to tear it from your body with my naked hands! For the last time, I demand my wife of you."

"I know nothing of your wife."

"That he shall yet sink you into the lowest pit of eternal despair. Remember—for every pang that Muta Hapswell suffers, you shall endure a thousand; so, the shorter you make her captivity, the better will your wretched self fare."

"Mr. Hapswell, you talk to me as if you were addressing some wild cannibal. Your suspicion shows a guilty mind; your threats, debased ire and your threats, a weak one. I defy you—do your worst!"

Bertram looked at the fearless, infuriated old man, his face inflamed and distorted with passion, and but for his white hair would have felled him to his feet.

"You are playing a dangerous game, old man," said he, mastering his wrath; "but boldly and freely as you venture you will lose, as surely as the wrong is on your side and the right on mine."

When the bereaved father and lover returned to Ellingford, they met Marina at some distance from the hall, and stopped their postchaise to take her up.

"Where's Muta?" said she, looking into the carriage. "You have not left her with old Grimgrip, have you?"

We turned his house and grounds upside down, but could not find her on the premises," answered Elfstone.

Marina raised her eyebrows for a moment, and for a moment a sneer curved her most beautiful mouth. She said, coldly:

"I'm glad you were so keen for you, eh? I feared as much. Drive on; I came out for a walk with Flora, who expected you to restore her mistress to her."

Flora was a pet spaniel of Muta's, a present from Bertram, but now following Marina. Bertram leaped out of the carriage and told the driver to proceed, as he intended to walk the rest of the way.

"And so you think that Muta was concealed in Grimgrip's house, after all."

"I do."

"Boy you have no idea how suddenly we pounced upon the old wretch, and to what a close scrutiny we subjected him and his belongings."

"I know nothing but what you tell me, Bertram."

"Then why do you sneer at our failure?"

"Bertram, all you have asked me to do I have done, and have therefore some right to your confidence. You may hurried away on this journey without affording me the opportunity of advising with you. How long had you been endeavoring to find Grimgrip, when, in despair, you resorted to me for aid and guidance? I succeeded in three hours."

"Well?"

"Well!"

"What shall I do?"

"When next you visit Mr. Grimgrip's castle take somebody of intelligence with you."

"Yourself?"

"I make no pretension to the character."

"Who, then?"

Marina walked to the little dog that followed her, which immediately leaped into her arms. She presented the little creature to Bertram.

"Take Flora!"

"By Jove, you are right, girl! Flora would have been better than an army. How inevitably you hit upon the only right idea. You make me ashamed of myself, and respect your sex more and more every time I meet you. What a brain you have for a general, a prime minister or an empress! Reinforced with Flora, I will return to the ghoul's den forthwith, and rescue Muta. She shall learn to love you as well as I do."

"Better, if you please."

"Ah, you flatter me now dearly I love you, Marina; I am myself afraid to think how much."

When Bertram reached the hall, he found a letter awaiting him of a most ominous exterior. The address was in his mother's handwriting, and Bertram, whose prescient nervousness at times proved to him more overwhelming than the saddest reality, let the letter fall in his tremulous attempts to break its seal.

"Marina, open it—read it—I cannot."

She complied, and read these words, all the note contained:

"My son, your father is dying. Come without a moment's delay, or you may be too late."

Bertram's color now fled from his cheeks and lips as if he had received a deathstroke, and Marina caught him by the arm to prevent him from falling. His grief and distress were extreme, enbled by each counter and imperious summons, the one of love and captivity, and the other of duty and death. He was bewildered, confounded, and torn by terrible and conflicting emotions.

"I must go," he muttered, almost inarticulately.

"Yes, Bertram; there is no alternative here; you must return to your parents without delay. Why do you pause?"

"I go, Marina; but what may not happen to Muta while I am watching by the bedside of my dying father? I will not a reckling horror that these crises should both occur at this moment? Is no effort to be made for her recovery from this monster? I shall go mad. Oh, Marina, dear—"

"Dear Bertram—"

"I cannot you from death once. Save me—rescue Muta now, and your debt shall be cancelled and my life for ever after at your service."

"You do not exact the fulfilment of a promise, Bertram, freely given, and to be religiously performed."

"Do you think you will succeed?"

"I am not apt to fail, Bertram, and in this undertaking death only shall balk me of success. You little guess what a sacrifice I must make to obey you, but were it a thousand times greater, for your sake it should be offered as freely as my orisons to heaven. Hasten to your father, and rest assured that when you return hither, if Marina does not give you back your arms, she will herself have departed whither your father is going. Good-bye, Bertram!"

CHAPTER XVI.

I fear
Her subtle mind, her awe-inspiring gaze,
Whose beams unstonize me, nerve by nerve,
And lay me bleeding, make me blush to see
My hidden thoughts.—*The Cenci, Act I., Sc. 2.*

As soon as Marina was fairly started on her journey, she said to herself:

"Now shall I see this pretty baby face of which Bertram is so much enamored, according to his ever glowing statements. She is half a natural, but he does not love her a whit the less on that account. Unless a man is a born fool or a boy or of an archangel, he prefers a pretty nonentity for a wife, and women of soul have to put up with neglect. Bertram is a fine fellow, but he is passionately nervous and sensitive, but true as heaven and brave as a lion in the hour of peril, and—and I love him—how much he will never know, unless he himself should need the sacrifice of my life. Alas! 'tis the curse of my powers to fail utterly where I most desire to succeed. Love, with Bertram I am powerless, for when with him passion melts my strength into weakness. Yet it will be best so, and something whispers, 'Hope,' Marina was not born to fail.' What she most longs for is only withheld a while that it may be the more welcome and the more enjoyed.

Towards the evening of that day Mr. Grimgrip was surprised by a visit from Sergeant Indy, whose cool countenance he failed to recognise, but which brought recollections to his mind that made him shudder.

"Mr. Grimgrip, I believe."

"Yes madame."

"My name is Marina Nitouche."

Grimgrip started. She lifted her veil.

"I am the daughter of Madame Nitouche whom you knew so well. Do I not resemble her?"

"Too much—too much!"

"I am satisfied. She has done me great wrong in denying me."

"But whom do you call Madame Nitouche?" demanded Grimgrip, turning pale. "Mathilde Nitouche I knew too well, but she was married, and died many years ago."

"I know you believe what you say, but she you speak of is living. You shall see her."

Grimgrip sank back into his chair, like one whose last hope of escape had been cut off.

"Do you wish me to bring madame here?"

"God forbid! is she so near?"

"She is still in France."

"Did she send you to me?"

"I come with her assent."

"What for?"

"Her daughter."

"Her daughter? Why, you just told me you were she."

"So I believe I am, but I mean her daughter Muta."

"Muta, her daughter?"

"Certainly. Would she were not so!"

Grimgrip laughed, and the devil himself could not have made worse merriment.

"I see it all," said he. "You are a spy in the employ of Elfstone and Hapswell."

Marina rose from her seat, and, towering, walked towards the old man, her eyes darting light at him like flashes from a gun.

"What am I?"

"The daughter of Mathilde, and as fierce a fiend your mother, I remember, and so, and so you, to talk of Muta's being a daughter of hers or mine. She may be a relative of yours, but as I am a gentleman and the son of a father, it is not likely that I will give her up to you."

Grimgrip, in the excitement and bewilderment of the moment, had let the sacred self-possession, and Marina smiled triumphantly as she observed it.

"I assure you I am not particularly anxious that you should restore her, for she is my successful rival with more than one, and I am right glad to find that you have got her safe. I have discharged my duty in demanding her, and for your own good remember that you had better take a hint and consider your reply. I will stop with you till tomorrow and take back your answer."

"The daughter of such a demon sleeps not under the same roof with me."

"Just as you please, Mr. Grimgrip. I have only one particular favor to ask—see more country in your address to me, for it is not worth your while to make me your enemy, as yet. I assure you, I have no personal spite. In that character allow me to inquire what madness impels you to conceal Muta? Whose daughter is she but Elfstone's? And what claim have you upon his flesh and blood?"

"An undeniable one upon his heart's blood. You are the right one to put this interrogation to me? Who is your father?"

"You, legally."

"Aye, but not truly. You are the daughter of the man who dishonored me, of the woman who attempted my murder; you are the fruit of my disgrace, and the sight of you whets my revenge to a sharpness that would cut my enemies off from all hope."

"I am sorry I have put you in so unenviable a frame of mind, Mr. Grimgrip, but hope you will pardon me for observing that much as you may be deserving of revenge, on account of the wrongs you have sustained, your method of revenge is truly despicable. Upon whom do you wreak your malice? Upon me, a perfect outcast, uncared even by her father and mother, and left to the mercy of a merciless world. Upon this innocent and ill-starred child Muta, who never harmed as much as a fly. Out upon you for a cruel dastard! I am glad you have told me your son—I should scorn such a father. Why don't you face your actual injurers and avenge yourself upon them?"

"I do not face Elfstone, who can be came hither backed by the police? He will not care to repeat to you what I said to him. As for Muta, she is my ward. Her mother gave me her guardian, and appreticed her to me till she becomes eighteen years of age. I paid Mrs. Elfstone handsomely for her discharge of her service, and am not going to be cheated out of them. The mother was perfectly sane at the time the agreement was made, and the child is dead as a March hare, and of course no fitting party to any compact. I have the documents in my possession and will show them to you."

"Save yourself the trouble, sir. This matter must be legally tested, and your rights to the minor and your unjustifiable detention of a ward admit your possession of the unhappy cause of dispute."

"I will."

"I am not in the habit of perjuring myself, and will therefore tell you what you first told me. But this is all beside the question. I am speaking of the sheer madness of your conduct in hiding Elfstone's daughter and Hapswell's wife in some dungeon or other. Do you not perceive the barbarous monstrosity of the deed? What will my mother say to your illicit concealment and detention of a young married woman? What would you say of anybody else who should shut up an innocent girl to be revenged on her father's love? You have as much right in this matter as you have to steal the first young bride you meet—no more. You are playing the part of Bluebeard in the wife's enemy's only daughter, the heiress of Ellingford, young enough to be your grandchild, to marry you; but Elfstone will never give you her wife, and your wife, my mother, is alive, in health, and not at all likely to quit it for the sake of your views. You must not, therefore, wonder at people for attributing to you the most diabolical intentions towards your guilty passions, rendered half idiotic by your neglect, and too innocent to understand what you are about. Really, Mr. Grimgrip, I think you should look upon matters in a mad, as you say Mordaunt Elfstone was, for even madness is preferable to baseness so vile and detestable. Do you not see that matters in a different light from what you did, Mr. Grimgrip?"

"I cannot believe my wife is living."

"I see that my statement must make no doubt she is so now, for I received a letter from her but yesterday."

"Show me that letter."

"I don't know whether I can or not. I may have burned it and it may be still in my reticule. Yes, here it is, sir."

Grimgrip took the letter, examined the address, postmark, seal and envelope; took out the contents, scrutinized the handwriting, and afterwards gave it back.

"It is here, indeed; no other woman could write a communication betraying in every sentence so much utter heartlessness."

"If you are convinced, Mr. Grimgrip, you will save a world of trouble by giving me the key to Muta's room."

Marina pointed to what appeared to be a dead wall, but at which Muta's pet spaniel had been sniffing and scratching during the interview between Grimgrip and Marina.

"Keen as your mother," observed he, contemptuously, but with considerable admiration, "keen as she, and still more beautiful. Take your sister, for she is half that at least. My game is up."

He rose from his seat, stiffly, as if lame, and, pressed hard upon a spring which caused the concealed door to open, revealing another hidden and locked, which, when opened inward, discovered a narrow stairway leading down into a sort of cellar, where Muta, guarded by the spaniel, was by the spaniel, descended. He led the way through a low narrow passage, and emerged into a broad and higher level of the cavern, partly lighted through crevices in the rock, and by a fire smouldering in the centre of the apartment. The den had formerly been used by smugglers as a place of concealment, but its mouth towards the sea had been long closed up, and its connexion with the house never known save to a few, forgotten, or rather the secret had died with them that knew it. Upon a rude couch near the fire by a female flask asleep. The little spaniel bounded towards the sleeper, leaped upon the bed, and commenced to lick her hand. Muta, for it was she, opened her large blue eyes, and her gaze encountered that of Marina, who was bending over her. Muta was fascinated by the black, dazzling orbs that seemed to be searching her soul, and she felt alarmed.

"Don't be afraid, Muta," said a sweetly reassuring voice, "I am Marina; I have come to take you back to Bertram and your father."

The tone and smile of the speaker carried ecstasy to the captive's heart, and Muta threw herself into the arms of her fair rescuer and wept and sobbed for joy. Poor Flora, who was doing her best to gain her mistress's attention, was hurried to attract it and vent her feelings. Her manoeuvres were at last crowned with success, and she came in for a full share of blandishment. It was a rapturous moment to both, but when Muta perceived Grimgrip, she trembled with fear, and her gladness vanished like a dream.

"Why, little one, do you fear him?" said Marina, contemptuously. "Why, tell me that he has abused you, and I'll stab him where he stands!"

"He hasn't been unkind to me, except in keeping me so much in this dark place, and in threatening never to let me out till I consented to marry him. But I love Bertram so dearly that I would rather die than have another husband."

The pang of heart Marina felt, and Muta's simplicity, brought a strange smile to her lips.

"You are a great baby, Muta. What do you think your teeth, nails, limbs and lungs were given you for, if you could not use them in preventing a feeble old man from tearing you away from the hearts and home you loved? I should like to see the man I did not love running away from and playing the tyrant over me!"

I would rather elope with a royal Bengal tigress," replied Grimgrip, bitterly. "You have all your mother's fatal fierceness, and the sooner you fall victims to your own pride the better. Come, the sooner I shall be rid of an intolerable nuisance."

Grimgrip was not long encumbered with such presence, but when Muta and Marina were gone, instead of experiencing relief, the sense of his loneliness, solitude and disgrace fell upon him with crushing weight, as if it had only been suspended till they were out of sight. The wretch who was to now felt himself to be, and it is a wonder he did not commit suicide under the oppression of his despair.

THE CROSSING OF THE JAMES.

THE crossing of a large river like the James, in the face of a large hostile army on each bank, is one of the most extraordinary movements of the war, and probably without a parallel in history. The engineers Gen. Grant justly alludes to it.

Those who witnessed the scene represent it as one of unusual grandeur, and our Artist, catching the spirit of the occasion, has transferred it to paper.

A correspondent thus graphically describes the crossing:

"I was suddenly came in view of a pontoon bridge, some half a mile in length, and black with moving men. A gray mist hung over the river, rendering boats and craft of all descriptions and colors crowd the river, both above and below the bridge. The noise of hauling altogether is very gay and animated.

"As we approached close to the pontoon bridge and our steamer halted, we saw distinctly the huge bodies of infantry, cavalry, wagons, artillery and beasts moving across the pontoon. They extend across the entire length of the bridge, and can be seen winding down from far away up the east bank of the James, enveloped in a dense cloud of dust, while on the opposite bank is a part of the great body which has already effected its crossing.

"To one to whom the grand army is a new sight and all the circumstances of war are fresh and novel, the scene is picturesque and splendid in the highest degree, and the imagination is carried forward over long spaces in far bygone history, over other such movements in the countries of the Old World, and even of late in the West. The mind grasps the real prime significance of the and at those who thought and planned it. Others see, but tries in vain, to reach forward and gain a glimpse of their object.

"The army has been steadily marching across here for 36 hours, and the crossing will not be over on Wednesday morning, and it is now mainly across. This has much very beautiful, martial and picturesque and supremely cheerful. They do not form a line absolutely parallel with the river, but rather in great irregular parallelograms. A brigade of infantry, with perhaps a thousand cavalry at the flanks and rear, moves on; then just as much artillery as can be massed, or seems massed, for the marching in units or couples across the bridge. Now comes a man leading a horse; now a caisson; now a dozen teamsters; now a battalion of negro soldiers; now a solitary horseman (probably a sick or wounded man). But a heavy body of troops of all arms is passing and repassing, filling up the interstices, and now they go marching over and along—not tramping in column, as it would be, for such a mode of order of march on crossing a pontoon. Besides the columns of infantry moving and massed on the banks, there are immense numbers of horses (mostly cavalry horses, I think) picketed, being led, fed, and marched by themselves, long trains of wagons, numberless pieces of artillery and caissons."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news is very unimportant. There had been a debate in the House of Lords on Federal Enlistments of Englishmen, and Lord Russell stated very strong speeches against the Union from Lords Chamberlayne and Brougham. The latter denied the charge of sentiments in the Federal Government to Lord Lyon's complaints, but added that the Southern Confederacy had been treated in the same manner than the authorities at Washington.

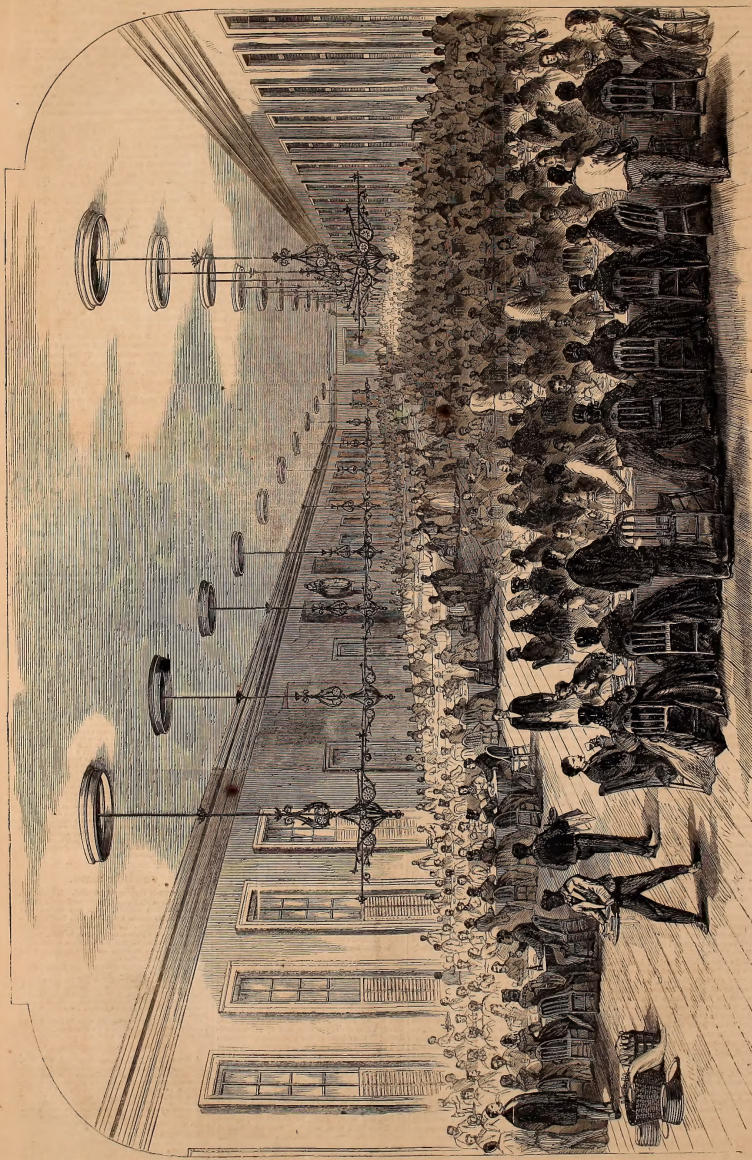
The armistice between Germany and Denmark had been extended a fortnight.

The Polish insurrection question had become agitated again, and Louis Napoleon had suggested to England the propriety of intervening in the war. Russia and the rebels—but the policy of England is decided, so say the London papers, and the neutrality will be preserved.

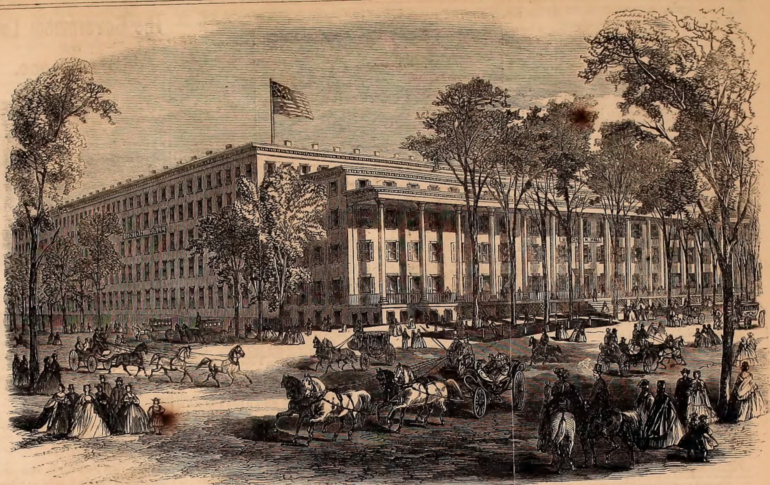
The Court of Europe is tranquil, with the exception of Turkey, where the question of the Danubian principalities threatens to become serious.

A KISS A VALID CONSIDERATION.—A Western Court has recently decided that a kiss is a valid consideration. Do you know that an old bachelor—these old bachelors, by the way, are useless institutions, anyhow you look at them—offered a young lady a pony for a kiss. The young damsel accepted the offer and gave the kiss; but the mean old curmudgeon, after receipt of the coveted salute, refused to stand by his part of the contract. A suit was therefore entered, and the jury decided that the pony, or its value, should be given to the girl.

Who finds all the umbrellas that everybody loses? Every man we meet loses the umbrella he buys, and we never see one picked up. Somebody finds them. Can any one answer the question before the next rain?



OUR SUMMER RESORTS—UNION HALL, SARATOGA SPRINGS.—THE DINING-ROOM.



OUR SUMMER RESORTS—UNION HALL, SARATOGA, WILLIAM LELAND, ESQ., PROPRIETOR.

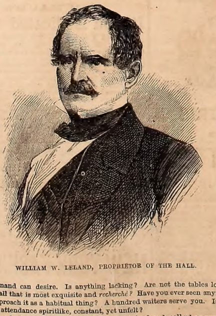
UNION HALL, SARATOGA.

Wm. W. Leland, Proprietor.

DESCRIBE Saratoga! Who will attempt it? The theme has been essayed by so many; yet American life is so volatile, so evanescent, so full of strange changes and stranger contrasts, that the well studied description of one season by the next excites the merriment of all, and when five years old has all the exquisite aroma of antiquity. All the world knows Saratoga, and whoever has enjoyed Saratoga, with its comforts and discomforts, its pleasures and its gaiety, knows Union Hall. But how long ago did you know Union Hall? Somewhere down in the year 1802, when Napoleon I. was Emperor—not Napoleon III.? Oh! Then Union Hall was a small affair, 200 feet by 36. We mean Union Hall as it is, with its splendid wing, its lodgings, its cottages, its magnificent lawn. Do you know this, and do you know that it is kept by W. W. Leland, Esq., one of that wonderful family who have achieved the greatest of modern experiments—men who can keep an hotel? Well, readers, you know it now. Need we say more—need we tell you that it is the largest hotel in Saratoga Springs—that the front is so long that when you have twice walked it to and fro you have nearly accomplished a mile? Look at the exterior, what can be more attractive? Do not suppose that you have here the old-fashioned four by nine rooms. These are built for comfort. Enter the dining-room. A thousand—yes, and half a thousand more are seated here; and, incredible as it may appear, seated comfortably, the tables being placed across the room at intervals of five feet, and a passageway down through the middle no less than ten feet.

At the tables themselves three feet is given to each one, so that you breakfast, dine and sup at ease, without fear of upsetting your neighbor's glass of wine, or, what may be worse, sending your own, in liquid wrath, along the costly skirt of the lady beside you. Not for the wine's sake do we say this, for choice as good wine is in these glorious days of taxes, Mr. Leland's wine-room represents a value of $50,000.

Then think of the substantial food provided here, and of the delicacies of every shape and kind that a finished caterer can supply, or the keenest



WILLIAM W. LELAND, PROPRIETOR OF THE HALL.

gourmand can desire. Is anything lacking? Are not the tables loaded with all that is most exquisite and *recherché?* Have you ever seen anything to approach it as a habitual thing? A hundred waiters serve you. Is not their attendance spiritlike, constant, yet unfelt?

Leland, the untiring, the sleepless, ever to be found, call when you will from six in the morning till twelve at night, is the mainspring of the great machine, and it moves not like a machine after all, but rather like the telegraph or something impelled by some new and imperceptible power.

You run from the cities for air, Union Hall welcomes you. Eight men ever stand at the door to receive your baggage and conduct you to your rooms or your cottage.

There you find comfort, and without its many acred lawn, with its secular trees, gives a shade to make an editor stop writing for the very thought of it, and pack off for the spot, having already in imagination dined there.

The scene from the piazza of Union Hall is most attractive. Being opposite Congress Springs you see all Saratoga there. From the hotel itself come forth the most distinguished of men, the most world-famed of women; from its porch dash off equipages that have no match. For a splendid turn out, Union Hall has great attractions. Your carriage and pair are well taken care of; your coachman has a room in the magnificent carriage-house. All is in good order. Your carriage rolls to the door in good trim when you need it to ride to the lake, the battle-ground, or where you will.

The Lelands are well-known, having conducted Clinton Hotel, and subsequently the Metropolitan, with a skill which the discerning public repaid by the boon of success.

William, who now alone assumes the management of Union Hall, and whose portrait we give, was at one time an immense stock raiser in Texas, where his realm was counted not by acres but by miles. He is here North; a Union man, certain the man for Union Hall, as all who are happy enough to enter his empire during the heated term will attest.

Old habitués, who knew and appreciated Messrs. Putnam and Payn, need fear no change that will disturb their conservative motions. Dr. Payn will remain there to welcome them warmly, and point out approvingly the improvements in 1864.

In the office, Mr. W. D. Harmon, who has had eight years experience in the house, will officiate as room clerk; Mr. James R. Marvin as bill clerk, assisted by W. G. A. Drake, as cashier, who speaks French and Spanish fluently. The bar will be under the charge of Montgomery Avery, assisted by N. S. May and others. B. P. Waling, the capable and wide-awake steward, will be assisted by J. R. Chapman. Miss Gilgore, the popular housekeeper for thirteen seasons, will continue to fill that position. Hans Shedd, the capable head waiter, who has been connected with the house for twenty years, is retained, as also his old assistant, Robert Jackson. The kitchen department will be under the skilful supervision of Monsieur Victor Comée, chief cook of the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, with Anthony Baden as confectioner.



OUR SUMMER RESORTS—LAWN OF THE UNION HALL, SARATOGA SPRINGS.

THE HARP.

AMONG the Hebrews the harp served as an accompaniment to songs of praise and gladness, and was never used in times of affliction. They hanged their harps upon the willows by the waters of Babylon, and refused to sing the songs of Zion in a strange land. In like manner Job's harp is changed into mourning whilst the hand of grief pressed heavily upon him. Its soothing effect was exemplified in calming down the furious spirit of Saul; and the gift of prophecy appears also to have been excited by its use. It is reasonable to suppose that the Biblical harps were of various kinds, as they were played while sitting, walking and dancing. The skill of the Jews on the harp is described as wonderful, and reached its highest point of perfection in the time of David. The number of its strings have varied from four to ten. In the Talmud is preserved a curious tradition, to the effect that, over the bed of David, facing his north, a harp was suspended; and that when, at midnight, the north wind touched the chords, they vibrated and discovered exquisite music.

By several writers it is considered doubtful whether the harp was known to the Greeks and Romans in any shape analogous to its present form; but we are told by others that the Athenians considered the instrument as an exotic refinement; and the Rhodian women, who played on harps at the marriage feast of Caxiope, were introduced to add splendor to the entertainment. Under the Roman empire, the harp appears to have been in use, and was played by both sexes.

Many are of the opinion that Europeans are not indebted to the Egyptians for the harp, notwithstanding their extraordinary identity. They believe that it was introduced into Ireland by pirates or Scots from the Baltic, in the year 1000, among some northern tribes as early as the 8th century. In the days of chivalry the harp was considered the most noble and majestic of instruments for this reason the romances placed it in the hands of their greatest heroes, as the ancient Greeks did the lyre. It then had 32 strings, to each of which the poet gave an allegorical name, calling one Consolatory, again Truth; a third, Happiness; a fourth, Beauty, etc., applying the living qualities to the inert and unconscious harp.

The Celtic bards held the harp in the highest honor. A Welshman named Jones, famous for his courtship, possession of a triple harp as early as the 5th century. The triple harp seems to imply that there have been at Wales three different kinds, the single harp, with only one row of notes, double, with two, and the triple, with three strings. In Ireland the harp was known from ancient to the Christian era, and from the great prevalence in that country it was adopted as the national emblem. One of a very early date, A.D. 1021, is still preserved in the University of Dublin, and really is the oldest harp now in existence.

The father of Guilbo, the great mathematician, tells us that the Italians, who were in possession of the harp before the time of Dante (born in 1265), had "had this most ancient instrument from Ireland, whose learned inhabitants practised on it for many, many ages." The strings were of brass, with a few of steel to sustain the higher notes—in all, 30.

In an important particular the Welsh differed from the Irish instrument, the former being strung with catgut. Here it is worthy to remark that the Eoff Christians made much use of the harp in their religious assemblies as an accompaniment in the singing of their Psalms; and that, until a comparatively recent period, Romish churches throughout the rural districts of Ireland considered it almost indispensable in the celebration of the sacrifice of the mass.

The history of the harp would be incomplete without more particular notice of the bards or minstrels who have constituted one of the most important parts of the ancient Britain, and in Ireland. They submitted by the art of poetry and music; and sang to the harp verses composed by themselves or others. Their skill was looked on as almost divine; their persons were held sacred; their attendance was solicited even by kings, and they were everywhere beloved with munificent rewards. In the poems of Ossian, we read of 100 bards, belonging to princes, playing on harps, and singing for his entertainment. At the period they are represented to be men of genius and of virtue, and enjoyed the honors which they enjoyed. They were oral historians of all past transactions, public and private, whose duty it was to preserve authentic records, and various kinds of knowledge, in the national memory, by means of tradition. Even Alfred the Great disdained not to assume the disguise of a bargrin, while he successfully explored the camp of the hostile Danes.

From the Norman conquest, down through a long ages of English history, these minstrels maintained their popularity and privileges, particularly during the reign of that brilliant and poetic crusader, Richard I., and the instances of favors bestowed upon them by subsequent monarchs are very abundant; but this was in an age when people "loved better to be pleased than instructed." However, during the reign of Henry VIII., the ministrels were degraded from the ranks of gentlemen; and so rare had they become in the time of Elizabeth, that Stowe, in his curious chronicles of England, A.D. 1575, that classical chronicler, Stowe, felt called upon to describe with painful minuteness, "the extraordinary man-of-the-harp." A single law was enacted, in the reign of the Virgin Queen, including them, with all the penalties, amongst beggars and rogues.

OLD ADVERTISEMENTS.

SOMEBODY who has been overhauling the back files of the English press in the British Museum and elsewhere, claims to have discovered that the earliest advertisement published in the English language was the offer of a reward for the recovery of a "stolen nag," inserted in the *Moderate*, a London newspaper, March 16th, about two months after the removal of the Charles I. From that primary paragraph what a multitudinous progeny has sprung. The multiplications of the human species has scarcely been so rapid as that of advertisements during the last two hundred years. From half a dozen to twenty lines sufficed in Cromwell's and Charles the Second's time to tell the world a story; but now columns, pages, sheets, are necessary to make an impression, or to speak more correctly a sensation. Quack medicine proclamations monopolize vast spaces in all papers. And yet the branch of the literature of imposture dates no farther back than the latter half of the 17th century. To one Mrs. Elizabeth Fulser belongs the questionable honor of originating it. Her advertisement in a treble column *Mercurius Politicus* lies some exhilarating cordial—in the London *Gazette* of 1658, and the Court Beauties of the "Merry" monarch reign patronised the publisc. The price was five shillings per bottle.

Could we but see the art of newspaper quackery then in its infancy, one finds some pretty smart examples of it in the journals of *James the Second's* reign. An example, a gazette of that era tells us that "about forty miles from London is a schoolmaster, who has had much success with boys, as there are almost forty ministers and gentlemen that were his scholars." Not very good grammar this, but in other respects very much like the announcements one sometimes sees that are learned in Law and Divinity will vouch for the excellence of some school, they or their sons have been educated at that institution." By the way, the schoolmaster who had such success with boys in the twentieth century had a helpmate who deserves mention. "His wife," says the paper-fabricator, "is excellent at making, plain work, raising paste, sauces, and cookery to the degree of exactness." Alas! why are there not schoolmistresses to teach young ladies such useful arts to the year 1864?

A WASHINGTON paper, in alluding to the recent search for a girl and her subsequent discovery, says: "She had a mark on her cheek, which neighbored a dimple, and over-face lips would be wreathed in smiles, and which showed itself perceptibly whenever the manifested contingent animation." That's word painting with a vengeance.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A LADY, paying a visit to her daughter, who was a young widow, asked her why she wore the widow's cap so long.

"Dear mama, don't you see!" replied the daughter, "it saves me the expense of advertising for a husband, as every one about me, by it, knows I'm private courtesel."

THE MODERN WIDOW'S LAMENT.

FLOW on, my tears—my tears flow on;
My husband low is lain;
Oh let me weep to ease my heart,
That I may—mate again.

Affection's cord, though now in twain
For life who prizes me dear,
If I may weep my sorrows off,
I'll very soon get—cheer.

Oh, bid me not control my grief,
Nor keep my feelings in;
Nor tell me, now, to calm my woe,
For I have got—his "tin."

That face of his I cherished dear
In mine no more, you know,
So let me drain my bitter cup,
And get—another beau.

The night winds moan around his grave,
And sing a requiem sad;
And, while he's sleeping peaceful sleep,
I'll catch another—lad.

Then let my tears flow on in peace,
And as they gently fall
I'll bear—to some new manly breast—
The—boodle of his stall.

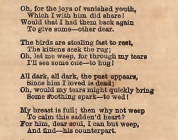
Oh, for the joys of vanished youth,
Which I with him did share!
Would that I had the power again
To give some—other dear.

The birds are stealing fast to rest,
The silence sets in;
Oh, let me weep, for through my tears
I'll see a—new husband.

All dark, all dark, the past appears,
Nine long years of—misery;
Oh, would my tears might quickly bring
Some floating spark—to wed.

My breast is full: then why not weep
To calm this sadden'd heart?
For him, dear soul, I can but weep,
And find—his counterpart.

Then tell me not to check my grief;
Alas! I cannot—will
Until within his lonely couch
I place my—other mate!



CHICKERING & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Grand, Square and Upright Pianofortes.

THALBERG'S CERTIFICATE:

"Since my arrival in America I have constantly used the Pianos of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and I can only repeat that which I have so often said before: The instruments are the best I have seen in the United States, and will command favorably with any I have ever known.
S. THALBERG."

Warerooms, 652 Broadway, N. Y., 246 Washington Street, Boston

Seaside Summer Resort

FAIRFIELD HOUSE, FAIRFIELD, CONN. This favorite and splendid Summer Resort was opened for visitors—either transient or permanent—on the 1st of May. The house is now and handsomely furnished—has all modern improvements—is lighted with gas throughout. The Beach for Bathing is the finest on the Sound. There is good fishing and shipped oysters. Parties making early arrangements for the season will be taken on favorable terms.
100 P. D. CARRIQUE.

Sportsmen, Tourists, and Army and Navy Officers.



Powerful and Brilliant Opera Glasses.

Portability combined with great vision. *Sportsmen, Tourists, Opera* and general out-door and night-glasses perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the finest and transparent power to strengthen vision to extreme old age, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Important Caution.
SEMMONS, Oculists-Opticians,
600 609½ Broadway, N. Y.

WESTWARD HO!

A HOME AND INDEPENDENCE

FOR ONLY $30

TO CITIZENS, FOREIGNERS EMIGRATING WESTWARD, OR THOSE DESIRING TO INVEST.

THE MISSOURI CITY ASSOCIATION

AND MANUFACTURING CO.'S

Lands are now for sale at TEN DOLLARS per share; each share entitles the holder to one Town in the Company's lands, embracing Building Lots and Farms, of 10, 20, 40, 60 and 80 acres each, which are located at, and adjoining the flourishing central town of KANSAS-TOM, CALDWELL CO., Mo., on the line of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. TEN DOLLARS payable at time of subscribing, and the remaining FORTY DOLLARS on the delivery of Warranted Deed. MAPS and full and reliable information obtainable at the Law Offices of Messrs. SILL & SWIFT, Solicitors for the Corporation, No. 320 Broadway, New York city, or sent to any address on application. Post Office Box No. 3,894.
E. F. LEWIS, Secretary. 456-9



HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS.

IS HEALTH WORTH HAVING? If it is, protect it. It is a jewel so costly lost as virtue, and in some cases it is difficult to recover. Impure waters, in our climate, and especially at this season, requires to be occasionally reinforced; but weighty reliance is upon the Stomach for the full purpose. The medicinal tinctures, all of which are powerful, should be taken with caution, for although everybody finds out who takes much or little of a good thing, the fact is not proved upon the healthy stomach—patients in search of health should use powerful corrective. HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS, a compound of the purest stimulants ever manufactured with the most effective tonics, alterants, and diuretics, and ingredients that chemistry has yet extracted from the botanical kingdom. Convalescents from fevers, and feeble from recent illness, will find the Bitters an incomparable restorative, not disagreeable to the taste and eminently invigorating. No other stimulant produces the same effect as this Stomachic. It does not excite or flutter the nerves or occasion any undue arterial action; but it cures soothes and strengthens the nervous system and the animal spirits.
Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY

HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURG, PA.

NEW YORK OFFICE, 69 CEDAR STREET.

The Government Loan

OF

$200,000,000.

This Loan is authorized by Act of Congress of March 3th, 1864, which provides for its REDEMPTION IN COIN, at any period not less than ten or more than forty years from its date, at the pleasure of the Government.

Until its Redemption, five per cent. interest is to be paid semi-annually IN COIN.

Subscriptions to the Loan are received by the National Banks in United States notes or in such currency or other funds as are taken by them on deposit at par.

Its Exemption from State or Local Taxation adds from one to three per cent. per annum to its value.

The Rate of Interest on this loan, although but five per cent. in coin is as much greater in currency as the difference between the market value of currency and gold.

As a Rule, the five per cent. specie securities of all solvent governments are always par or above, and currency now funded in the National Loan, will be worth its face in gold, besides paying a regular and liberal percentage to the holder.

The authorized Amount of this loan is Two Hundred Million Dollars. The amount of subscriptions reported to the Treasury at Washington, is over

$70,000,000.

Subscriptions will be received by the TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES at Washington, and by the SUBSIDIARY DEPOSITARIES at New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and by the

First National Bank of New York, No. 4 Wall Street.
Second National Bank of N. Y., 293 St. and Broadway.
Third National Bank of N. Y., 5 Nassau St.
Fourth National Bank of N. Y., 37 and 39 Pine St.
Fifth National Bank of N. Y., 338 Third Ave.
Metropolitan Bank of N. Y., 766 and 768 Broadway.
Ninth National Bank of N. Y., 383 Broadway.
Tenth National Bank of N. Y., 240 Broadway.
Central National Bank of N. Y., 71 Duane St.
National Exchange Bank of N. Y., 184 Greenwich St.

AND BY ALL NATIONAL BANKS

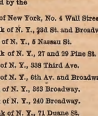
which are depositaries of Public money, and all

RESPECTABLE BANKS AND BANKERS

throughout the country (acting as agents of the National Depositary Banks), will furnish further information on application, and

AFFORD EVERY FACILITY TO SUBSCRIBERS.

457-8



Preserves the Eyes, avoids bending. No basting.

No Machine complete without it. Price $1 50, with directions, sent by mail. For sale for all Machines, at the Inventor's Principal Warerooms, WILCOX & GIBBS'S Sewing Machine Office, 508 Broadway, New York.
481-63 D. BARNUM.

GOURAUD'S

Italian Medicated Soap,

It is well known—cures Tan, Freckles, Pimples Ringworm, Scurfy Heat, Sunburns, Scald Heads, Chaps, Chafes and all cuticular deformities.

Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap is made from low forebeads or any part of the body, warranted, $1.

Gouraud's Lily Water for flushed red faces.

Gouraud's Liquid Vegetable Rouge.

Gouraud's Hair Dye for dark gracious bold accessories, found at the old established Depot of

DR. FELIX GOURAUD,

453 Broadway.

Also of Bayes, 126 Washington Street, Boston; Tuthill, South Eighth Street, Philadelphia; Kenyon, Fulsburg, Callender, Philadelphia; R. D. Rommoxy, Portland, and Druggists generally.

C. S. Sea, M. D., Baltimore, 25 years Professor of Female Therapeutics.
Important Cards Free.
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PARIS, LONDON

AND

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

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WITH THE LARGEST COLORED PLATE

Ever given in any Publication.

Price 25 Cents.

Ladies, Dressmakers, &c., can obtain this invaluable Fashion Record of any Newsdealer.

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THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELLERY AT LOW PRICES.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC.,

Worth $500,000 !

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

The 10th Army Corps Badge,

in Solid Silver, $1 60; Gold, $3. Also all the various kinds of Badges now worn, by the single one, 100 or 1,000. Send for a Circular. Address

BROWNE & MOORE, Manufacturing Jewellers, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de Visite, latest importations. Also, New Books and Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.
000 PIERCE BIDDN, 25 Ann St., N. Y.

The Confessions and Experience of an Invalid.

Published for the benefit and as a warning, and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, etc.; supplying at the same time the means of Self-Cure. By one who has cured himself, after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, single copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYHALL, Esq., Bedford, Bedford County, N. Y. 000

If you want to Know

A little of everything relating to the human system, such as marriage, etc., etc., send twenty-five cents for a copy of the Midical Common Sense.

MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.

Among the many subjects treated in this work are the following: Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Piles, Liver and Philosophy of Digestion, Constipation, Rupture, Salt Rheum, Cancer, Paralysis, Diseases of the Heart, Neuralgia, How to Recover the Sight and throw aside Spectacles, The Curious Marriage Customs of the World, Philosophy of Elopements, Philosophy of Childmaking, a Chapter for the Married, and a thousand things of value to the married and single never written before, making altogether, a curious book for curious people, and a good book for every one. 400 pages; 100 Illustrations. Contents tables sent free by mail to all applicants, or the book forwarded by mail, postage paid, on receipt of $1 00. Address

R. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, N. Y.

DISTILLED DEW.

Beautifies the Complexion and renders the Skin Clear, Soft and Smooth. Sold by all Druggists.
000 Depot, 715 Broadway.

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches?

MY OINGMENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of an order.

R. G. GRAHAM, 169 Nassau St., N. Y.

Photograph Cards for Gentlemen.—Samples and Catalogues sent for 25 cents. Enclose an envelope with your own name and address.

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Wanted Everywhere, good reliable Agents, for Season, Eighteen, lively business—permanent employment, and extra liberal inducements. Catalogue, with full particulars, and free on application. Address BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK,
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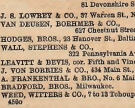
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No. 459—VOL. XVIII.] NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

The Resignation of Mr. Secretary Chase—Our Financial Difficulties.

THE startling—because wholly unexpected—announcement from Washington on Thursday last, of the resignation of Mr. Chase, as Secretary of the Treasury, and the appointment of Ex-Governor David Tod, of Ohio, to fill his place, instantly created a more painful and profound sensation in New York than any tidings for a long time of any disaster to the national cause. Men of all parties, and all classes, began instinctively to inquire of each other—why has Mr. Chase resigned at this critical period in our financial affairs? Has he abandoned the heavy task imposed upon him of sustaining the national credit and currency in despair? Or have political difficulties among the members of the Cabinet, which we had supposed were adjusted, broken out afresh, and precipitated this resignation? If so, may we not anticipate a general breaking up and reconstruction of the Cabinet, with every probability of more serious embarrassments than ever in the working of the Government machinery? And who is this Mr. Tod, of Ohio? Is he recognised anywhere as a statesman of the requisite abilities to assume at this crisis the management of the National Treasury? What does all this mean? With the present fearful depreciation and still downward tendency of our paper currency, are we not hastening to a sweeping financial collapse and revulsion?

These were among the many difficult questions suggested by this startling news of the official retirement of Mr. Chase, and the appointment of Mr. Tod, of Ohio, in his place. Nor were there any encouraging answers at hand from any quarter. There was nothing consoling in the statement that Mr. Chase had resigned, because Congress and the President had failed to support him; nor in the allegation that Mr. Chase did not expect his resignation to be accepted. Doubts, distrust and despondency prevailed, and gold, that invisible standard by which the grocer, the baker and the butcher make their advances, from day to day, went up with a new momentum that was positively appalling. Mr. Tod's declination of the Treasury, and the appointment of Hon. William Pitt Fessenden, Senator of Maine, to



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT IN A COUNCIL OF WAR AT MASSAPONAX CHURCH. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GARDNER.—SEE PAGE 203.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1864.

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ACCEPTED.—The Rebelds of Weightsburg—Bessie's Fortune—A Story of Two Cities.

DECLINED.—Olive Vesin—Hospital Life by a Soldier—The Mystery of Elmsdale—General Lee—The Dying Soldier—The Doctor's Lament—The April Day.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

The campaign has now, from the very necessity of the case, been reduced to a series of skirmishes, partial assaults on each other's works, and fruitless long manœuvres.

Grant presses steadily in on Petersburg, gaining slowly but surely, and the enemy endeavors, by sallies, to discomfit him.

On the 25th June they attacked the 9th and 5th corps, but retired, leaving their dead before our works.

On the 28th Gen. Ledlie, 9th corps, threw up a fieldwork for siege guns, on which the enemy opened a tremendous fire. They subsequently attacked him, but were repulsed.

On the 30th Gen. Smith attempted to take the Petersburg Road, near Petersburg, but failed, losing seriously.

Gen. Wilson has succeeded in destroying 60 miles of the Danville railroad completely, but on his return was met at Rosan's station by the enemy in force. He fought them all the night of the 27th, and was at last relieved by the 6th and 2d corps, and cut his way through. His command was, however, separated, and he is about 700 men.

Mosby's guerillas have begun their raids, dashing into and plundering Duffield's station, near Harper's ferry, and murdering prisoners.

Gen. Hunter, having accomplished the objects of his movement, and running out of ammunition, fell back to Meadow Bluff, Greenbrier river, and so against the heavy force sent down from Richmond. His total loss in killed, wounded and missing did not exceed 600, and he brought with him 400 prisoners, 7 cannon and 600 horses, and destroyed an immense quantity of stores. He lost some cannon in a defile by a sudden flank attack of guerillas.

ARKANSAS.

Gen. Carr, on June 27, defeated the rebels under Shelby, between Sheridan and St. Charles, taking 200 prisoners and 4 guns, with his loss. Gen. Marmaduke came up to aid Shelby, but they both retired.

LOUISIANA.

A large deposit of rebel archives has been found buried in the earth at Baton Rouge by John O'Connor, Jr., acting Provost Marshal Gen.

Gen. Banks has sent all his wounded North.

Col. Slemmer attacked our troops on the Red River, but was repulsed, and found his own camp captured and destroyed by the 7th Missouri cavalry.

On the 19th the 8th Missouri was attacked at Brownsville by Shelby, but they repulsed their assailants.

A cavalry force from Fort Smith, on the 26th, met a rebel cavalry force of 800, and killed or took the whole.

GEORGIA.

On the 24th Sherman made a diversion on each of the enemy's flanks, at 8 A.M., Thomas and McPherson attacked Kenesaw mountain, but, after sustaining heavy loss, including Gen. Harker, Col. Dan. McCook and others, gave up the attempt. In an attack on Schofield and Hooker the enemy were repulsed with a loss of 300 killed.

On June 24 Gen. Pillow, with 3,000 men, demanded the surrender of Lafayette. Col. Watkins, who had but 400, refused, and held out till Col. Croxton, 4th Kentucky, came up, when Pillow retreated, leaving 100 dead and wounded on the field.

Johnston has four corps, Hardee's, composed of Cheatham's, Cleburn's, Walker's and Bates's divisions; Hood's corps, comprising Stewart's, Stevenson's and Hindman's; Polk's corps, composed of Loring's and Tyrch's divisions; besides Wheeler's cavalry corps and the independent commands of Roddy and Lee.

On the 27th the 4th, 14th and Logan's corps attacked Kenesaw in three columns, but were repulsed. Johnston was, however, so straitened that on the 3d he evacuated Kenesaw and Marietta. Thomas at once marched on the Chattahoochee and McPherson on the mouth of Nicajack creek.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Foster has shelled Secessionville from Morris island, and on June 16th the rebels from Janes' and Sullivan's islands opened on Cumming's point.

NAVAL.

On the 19th June the U. S war ship Kearsage engaged the Alabama, off Cherbourg, and, after a desperate action of over an hour, so disabled her that she sunk. The English steam yacht Deerhound, which witnessed the engagement, took up Capt. Semmes and about 40 of his men. The Kearsage captured 68 of the Alabama's men.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 27th June, there was much routine business of little public interest, the principal subject being the Government's bureau bill.

In the House, the Foreign Affairs Committee reported a resolution, the consideration of which was postponed, asserting the right of Congress to an authoritative voice in declaring the foreign policy of the government. This is designed as a censure for the refusal and Mr. Seward for the explanatory diplomatic note of the letter to the French Minister of State in reference to the House resolution censuring the intervention of Mexico. A resolution in favor of giving to disabled soldiers such appointments as are in the gift of officers of the House was adopted. A resolution authorizing the extension of the Navy Department building was reported. The Senate's amendments to the draft bill were acted upon, and a large number of them adopted, the remainder being left for the adjustment of a conference committee. The bill to carry into effect the treaty with Columbia was passed. The Senate's amendments to the bill exempting from duties goods imported for the late Chicago Sanitary Fair were concurred in. The bill amendatory of the Internal Revenue law, on the subject of a repealed debate, the main point of discussion being, as on previous days, a proposition to repeal the $200 draft commutation, which, on being put to a vote, was again defeated, but this time by only two majority, showing that the opposition to the repeal is gaining strength. Different amendments and substitutes were offered; but a vote on no one entire bill was reached.

In the Senate, on the 28th, the House Enrolment bill repealing the commutation clause was received and referred to the Military Committee. The bill establishing a bureau for Freedmen's affairs was then discussed, Mr. Davis, of Kentucky, making a very severe attack on the Administration. Finally the bill was passed.

In the House the Senate's amendment to the Loan bill, excepting the $75,000,000 recently advertised from the operations of the bill, was agreed to. The Senate substitute for the Enrolment bill was passed by a vote of 82 against 43. It repeals the provision for exemption by hearing arms is exempted from military service by the payment of $300 for nine months' service, and shall also be paid a bounty of $100; for two years, $300; and for three years, $300, and stated intervals.

On the 29th the Tariff bill passed both Houses. Mr. Morrill said that he reckoned it would yield $400,000,000 a year.

In the Senate, Mr. Powell's resolution that the President be requested to recall Gen. Burbridge's order suppressing the Cincinnati *Enquirer* was rejected by 26 to 13. The House Enrolment bill was taken up, and several important amendments adopted. The period for receiving substitutes from the 1st to the 10th was shall recruit only in their own limits, and a tax of five per cent. on all incomes over $600 a year is levied to pay soldiers' bounties. The bill was then finally passed.

In the House, the resolution declaring that Gen. Schenck was entitled to a seat and Gen. Blair was not was adopted. The subject of the admission of the representative from Arkansas was laid on the table by a vote of 80 to 47.

In the Senate, on the 30th, the bill to encourage the telegraphic communication between the Atlantic and Western Continents was received from the House. Mr. Grimes called up the bill for the more speedy enlistment of guerillas.

In the House, Mr. Garfield made a report from the Select Committee to investigate the affairs of the Treasury Department. The charges against Chase were disproved, and the frauds were much less than expected. Trade and the business of colored vagrancies, the chief subject of private conversation being the resignation of Secretary Chase, which a variety of reasons was given. Gov. Tod, of Ohio, whose name was sent in to the Senate for appointment to the Supreme Court, declined the appointment.

In the Senate, on the 1st of July, the Hon. William Pitt Fessenden, Senator from Maine, was appointed by the President Secretary of the Treasury, vice Secretary of the Treasury, in place of Salmon P. Chase resigned.

Both Houses were occupied in considering and passing the act prohibiting speculation in gold and foreign exchange.

In the Senate the House bill reimbursing Pennsylvania for expenses in repelling the invasion of 1863, fixing out the militia during the rebel invasion of last year, and the bill for the appointment of a Commissioner of Internal Revenue in those districts. Finally the subject was resumed, and the amendments to the Enrolment Act, the bill, embracing a prohibition of the coastwise slave trade and the abolition of colored witnesses in the Federal courts was passed; also the bill regarding the Pacific railroads.

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TOWN COSSIP.

LAST week we grumbled and chattered about the heat, because the thermometer touched 100, and this week we are inclined to do the reverse, because the same marvellous little instrument has marked 40 degrees less.

Within 24 hours, between Sunday and Monday, the change was 40 degrees, an inconsiderable matter when we simply ascended, but a very serious matter when sertously considered. London physicians, and men of science, tell us that when the thermometer falls 10 degrees in that city it kills 300 people! We think there is little difference in the healthiness as to the effects, but in this city we have not weighed the matter very nicely. We realize when the thermometer goes up to 100 that some 40 or 50 deaths are announced as proceeding from sunstroke, to say nothing of all those unannounced. We do not calculate the deaths resulting from both.

But the thermometer fell, as it did the past week, 40 degrees in 24 hours, and we will venture to say, in spite of our acclimatization and familiarity with sudden changes, as many deaths will occur from it in the city as in London. Understand us; we do not mean to say that the heat was a benefit to anybody, but only the increase, but that the blow will have been struck, and those who are in low health, or who have been suffering from the heat, will succumb more readily than to the other world.

With the advent of really hot weather comes all the little excitements that naturally accompany it. Mosquitoes, for instance, those wretched little creatures on whom man has pronounced the direst curse that he can see fotto the wisdom of all things else that the Almighty has created, but on whom we bestow the sweetest nicknames. We think the city is partially exempt from their annoyance, but there are localities about us which just about this time we should be glad to inhabit, localities where the trees are green and waving, where the waters ripple and dance over the clean gravelly bottom, and where nature seems to have set a tantalizing repast before her hungry devotees, and all is spoiled by—mosquitoes.

The idea is too terrible to contemplate, and we must hurry on and go into something else.

What shall it be? The 4th of July! That is a theme already discussed, and, not so stereotyped, that we hesitate can be said new. The 4th of this time is not the 4th of 1776. We, very little more than a century of progress, we remember how the city was turned inside out, and New York and the entire country, and all the country flocked into New York. There were bonfires about the Park, at least 100 of them, and every conceivable thing that has been made to eat since the days of Adam was cooked, and spread on a ready to each booth. There was a military parade, such military as we have seen since, and never can—and we hope never see more—that marched up Broadway, and then marched down again. We have heard that the crowd was marvellously enjoyed themselves, especially the French and Irish element, and that upon the day and the night upon a revolution of some kind kept it up by firing in incessantly, and that the Police Force was very much occupied in preserving the peace.

We venture to say that upon this 4th we hope less will ask in New York city than ever before, because the people have grown more sober and virtuous, and because the spirit of patriotism has taken a more temperance shape has at last been applied in the shape of a tax upon liquor, and the people whose throats men crocked their elbows, or passed the rosy, have been compelled to pay handsomely for the privilege. The compensation claimed for a simple "whiskey straight," is 5 cts., but we would defy the bibulist in the future a punch must disburse the sum of 25 cents, which, even at the present high prices of liquor, will require a good deal of money to go at one opening and shutting of the throttle.

Which puts us in mind that just now a fearful excitement has been created in Washington, and all in reference to gold. Since the passage of the bill making a tax upon gold, and in the previous debate, the street has been terribly excited, and has had spasmodic attacks of fever, which have run through the whole system with weak financial heads. Gold is supposed to have reached 300 in the street, while several millions were quoted at that, and would have been glad to sell at such enormous rates. But the fact is that gold in such a market is nowhere. With the quotation of $2.60 staring us in the face, we will venture to say that no man could have sold the precious stuff for over $2.50. There is nothing in which the people are more apt to rush in a mass, like that of the quotation of gold, and yet the whole thing is very simple. By some it is argued that a rise of 50 per cent. in the value of gold when it has been quoted at $1.30 depreciates the currency 50%, it must do the same when gold is at $2.50, but that is an error. The depreciation is in the currency, and no one can back dollar to half 50/ cents more. To illustrate this we will take the following table of prices:

When gold is at	The greenback is worth
130	92 cts. 3 mills
140	89 "
150	86 "
160	83 "
170	80 "
180	77 "
190	74 "
200	71 "
210	68 "
220	65 "
230	62 "
240	59 "
250	56 "
260	53 "
270	50 "
280	47 "
290	44 "
300	41 "

And so on, ad infinitum.

Now, this table will lead into is to suppose that the speculation of prices arises from the depreciation of the currency. The fact is that the depreciation of the currency is the scarcity of labor and its consequent rise in value. A dollar a day is a good fee for more than one-half given by the laborer in a day's work at $1.50 day costs twice as much as the latter for day's work at $3 per day, in consequence of the scarcity of labor created by its absorption in the army.

To step into more serious subjects; it is announced that Dr. Hawks Squire, one of the Rectors of Trinity of the city, and endorsed by others, that the reign of high prices is at an end, and that the fall in gold will utterly repudiate the mountainous, hearty trimmed bills of fare that have been the order of the day, and that a small, roundish shape, sans curtain, sans flowers, sans cream, and sans everything except coffee, will take its place. We can conceive no reform in future dress that will be more acceptable to the fair sex than a reform in the fare upon the dinner table, and feels somewhat inclined to go for the reformer.

Without seeing the connection, only as the thing slips into our head, we will here mention that Dr. Hawks has within a few days obtained an upperclassman. It is the case of photographic letters. A young gentleman has already arranged to affix to letters on the spot where we receive them a small photograph, the size of a half dime, a stamp to the outside. Intend, therefore, of signing, for example, John Brown, he has a photograph of his ugly pug tongue over the wrong side of your visitate, and you have *in propria persona* John Brown. This is not a dreadful bad one.

And now, with a little touch of tragedy, as illustrating some phases of city life, we will afterwards endeavor to get on the subject of reform. It is a case of a boy, a rock and a hand. A few days since an early passer through Broadway, near the Park, saw a boy of 12 or 14 years of age, with a hand of the same, holding up his elbow. It was that of a woman, young and well-shaped, and had apparently been severed with the blow of a hatchet. There was little said about it, but the limb was wrapped in an old newspaper and conveyed first to straightening drug store and presently to the station-house, its history afterwards being, perhaps, an interment in any ground that could be got at, or a consignment to the waste tub of any dissecting room. Within two days after, Mr. R. D. Horton, a Sandy Hook pilot, while sailing through Bell gate, passed by a foot and part of the leg of a female, young and well-shaped, floating in the water, which he describes as having all the appearance of having

HORSES AND MULES.—During the year ending June 30, 1863, there were purchased 153,371 horses and 98,256 mules, and there were captured 7,183 horses and 6,413 mules, which, added to those on hand at the commencement of the year, made the number 197,457 horses and 110,068 mules. There were condemned and died or lost by captive during the year 97,676 horses and 11,770 mules. More than one horse out of every four was thus *hors du combat*, while nearly one mule in every seven was a used-up beast. For $1,626,131 we paid for veterinary surgeons, and $20,292 20 for medicines for horses and mules. This unprecedented destruction of horses and mules will have somehow to be arrested, or it will become impossible to mount cavalry and to provide animals for the artillery and wagon trains.

Barnum's American Museum.

IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS.—Colossal Giants, Diminutive Dwarfs, Albino Children, Japanese Jugglers, Living Fowl, Wax Figures, etc., etc., Aquaria. DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES daily at 3 and 7.3 o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 25 cents. Children under ten, 15 cents.

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N. B.—To prevent counterfeiting, each picture is accompanied by the proprietor's own autograph in four different languages, viz.: Turkish, Armenian, Greek and English.

Sickness on the Peninsula.

Our army before Richmond have suffered greatly from Chills and Fever, as well as Bowel Complaints. Some regiments have made a free use of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER, and have consequently suffered much less than those who have depended entirely upon the surgeons. A few doses of the Pain Killer taken in the early stages of the Diarrhœa have often prevented a long illness. Some are accustomed to use a little in water, preventing any injurious effects from its too frequent use during the hot weather.

been dissevered with the blow of a hatchet. What a terrible mystery hangs behind this hand and foot, and yet we will venture to say that no inquiry will ever be made. "What's everybody's business is nobody's business," and the hand and foot will go down the void of time with an unwritten history.

And now for something more pleasant; a recital of what New York is doing or going to do in the way of amusing itself:

There is little record to be made of the theatres. Literally nothing stirring but stagnation. Wallack's has closed the season, and reopens instantly under the management of Moss—being six of one and half-a-dozen of the other—with Avonia Jones in the new play of "The Winning Suit," and much of the old company. "Rosedale," the 125th dose, was the closing piece, which dramatic effort, to say nothing of other merits, has had that of putting $5,000 in Lester Wallack's pocket. In Boston it was played 77 times, to the utter confusion of dramatic critics and calculators on public taste, to say nothing of all minor successes.

Niblo's closed with Vestvali and "Bel Demonio" on Saturday, and opened with the "Duke's Motto" and Wheatley on Monday.

The Olympic, after a season in which nothing can be boasted of success, is given up to Borchard and English Opera, while the Broadway announces in mammoth letters "the last nights of the season" at the head of its bills.

Barnum keeps his auditors cool by action, everything just now exhibited on that stage having been seemingly got up for the largest amount of stirring about, especially that part performed by Mr. Collins, whose jumping is positively painful to witness with the thermometer at 100, every jump illustrating the possibility that the jumper might go off in a gush of perspiration.

Heller, after the most successful season ever made by any one in his line, closed on Saturday, to return when the days get cooler and the people return to the belief in packing. He has been the first to elevate his profession to the dignity of an art, and bring together audiences of taste, who went equally to see his magic and hear his music, such pianoforte playing as New Yorkers have heard but few times, even from those who make profession to high art in that line.

Among the items to be counted on for summer excitement is the arrival of G. V. Brooke, who is daily expected in this country. So far we believe he is without engagements, but will not lack them.

The Congress of New York Managers, of which we made mention last week, met at the house of Mr. Wallack, and organized themselves into a permanent institution by electing Wallack President and Stuart Secretary. The conclusion arrived at was to accede to the fearful demands of the musical Teutons, who demand $14 per week—an acceding that seems to us something like Hobson's choice—on condition that the said Teutons will sign an agreement for the whole season, a matter we much doubt, as in the present continued daily rise in all the necessities of life it is next to impossible for any one to tell what their labor may be worth in a week hence. The subject of raising the prices of admission for the coming season was mooted, but wisely dropped, after which an adjournment to the Maison Dorée and a feast of reasons, and a flow of soles—homeward—ended the performance.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A returned soldier of the 7th Mass. regiment was discovered the other morning, says the New Bedford *Mercury*, soundly sleeping under one of the trees, near the depot, in Taunton, with his cap for a pillow. On being roused and asked why he was reduced to such a necessity as that of sleeping out of doors, he replied: "It's of no use, I can't sleep on a mattrass; and so I came out last night, and in the old fashion have had a good rest."

—— The 110th commencement of Columbia College was celebrated on the 29th June, at the Academy of Music. President King took leave of the students, and introduced his successor, Dr. Barnard, to them. The exercises were of a very high order. The music was under the direction of F. B. Helmsmuller. Seldom has the Academy of Music gathered within its walls such a galaxy of beauty.

—— William Pitt Fessenden, the newly appointed Secretary of the Treasury, is a son of Gen. Samuel Fessenden, one of the ablest lawyers of the State of Maine. Several of his sons have already attained considerable reputation as public men. William Pitt was born in 1806, entered college at the age of 13, and graduated when he was 17 years of age. He then commenced the study of law with Mr. Charles Davies, of Portland, and entered into practice with brilliant prospects for the future. He was elected member of the Maine House of Representatives in 1832, and was repeatedly re-elected, until 1840, when he was made a representative in Congress from the Cumberland district of Maine. He served his full term, but declined a re-election, and subsequently returned to the Legislature. In 1854 he was made United States Senator, and was placed upon the Finance Committee, a position for which he exhibited remarkable fitness. He was re-elected in 1859, and since that period has been at the head of the Finance Committee. Mr. Fessenden had four sons; three of which entered the army. The youngest—Samuel—was killed at the battle of Centreville, in August, 1862. Another—Brig.-Gen. Fessenden—has achieved an enviable reputation on the field of battle; a third is a Colonel on Gen. Hooker's Staff.

Politically, Mr. Fessenden is a Conservative Republican. He is gentlemanly in his manner, affable in his demeanor, possesses talents of the highest order, and is undoubtedly well-fitted for the position to which he has been called.

Military.—Lieut.-Col. Bowman, who had charge of the West Point Academy, has been dismissed from his position, for permitting Gen. McClellan to deliver the battle monument oration.

—— Hughes, the guerilla, formerly one of Gen. Morgan's men, is making raids on the border of the Ohio river, and excites much alarm in Green river county.

—— During the fight at Swift creek Gen. Weitzel was sitting on a log, watching the skirmishing. Two stretcher-bearers came by with a soldier, one of whose legs had been entirely shot off, and whose face was disfigured by a ghastly wound. As he passed by Gen. Weitzel the man raised his head to eject blood from his mouth. In doing this he nearly soiled the General's boot, and at once made an apology for the accident. In such an extremity ordinary men would have been very apt to forget politeness. These little things tell, as much as any, of the heroism of the army.

Personal.—Charles Mackay, the "the Good Time Coming" man, not content with writing letters to the London *Times*, has written one to the N. Y. *Evening Post*, in which he denies that he received the pension from the British Government to relieve his necessities, but to commemorate his genius. The N. Y. *Daily News* calls the minnesinger Carl Mackay the greatest *lyeric* poet of the age.

—— Gen. McClellan was serenaded on the evening of the 26th June at Lake George, by a large and enthusiastic crowd. He made a short and sensible speech in reply to the compliment.

—— The Stevens, of Hoboken, gave a Strawberry Festival to the schoolchildren of Hoboken last week, at their "palace of Castle Point." Owing to the stupidity of some of the school officials, the poor children were marched around several "unnecessary blocks" under a scorching sun.

—— The heroic little surgeon, Miss Dr. Walker, who was recently captured by the rebels, appears to bear her imprisonment like "a man," for in a letter to her mother, dated Castle Thunder, she says: "I hope you are not grieving about me because I am a prisoner of war. I am living in a three story brick 'castle,' with plenty to eat and a clean bed to sleep in. I have a room-mate, a young lady about 20 years of age, from near Corinth, Mississippi (Miss Martha Manus). I am much happier than I might be in some relations of life where I might be envied by other ladies. The officers are gentlemanly and kind, and it will not be long before I am exchanged."

—— Mr. Lavender, of the *Home Journal*, has the following equivocal compliment to "Queen Mary:" "Our rosy Empress, charming Mrs. Lincoln, is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, preparing for her accustomed *séjour* at one of the watering-places. War may be 'disastrous,' but the 'Fashion,' of which this genial-hearted woman is now the controller, was never before so expensive, never so prosperously gay. The stranger must go to the Hospitals to find out that there is any sadness in the country!"

—— James F. Otis has returned to New Orleans in the hope of resuscitating the *Picayune*, recently suppressed by the military authorities for publishing Howard's bogus proclamation.

—— John Bright, the English Quaker and orator, has announced that when Parliament adjourns he intends to pay this country a visit. His advocacy of the Union cause will insure him a brilliant reception. He is not popular in England.

—— John Bell, of Tennessee, says in a letter to a friend, that he never would have joined the rebels had he not been told that if a person of his influence attached himself to their cause he would be the better able to control the movement. *Facilis averni!*

—— Gen. "Baldy" Smith is a Pennsylvanian, and a graduate of West Point. During the Mexican war he was a Captain in the regular army, and was noted for his "dash" and bravery. From some cause or other he lost most of his hair from his head when he was young, and therefore obtained the soubriquet of "Baldy," which has clung to him to the present.

—— *Punch* says that the reason Garibaldi so suddenly departed from England was because he was privately informed that Martin Farquhar Tupper was preparing to speak an ode to him composed for the occasion.

—— Mr. A. Gallenga, the correspondent of the London *Times*, better known as Signor Marcotti, has in the press "A Narrative of the Invasion of Denmark in 1864."

—— Mr. Tom Taylor has recently adopted a new dodge in regard to the stage, by writing against the sensation character of most modern dramas. His production was a play entitled "Mystery and Morality," and it does not appear to have been taken from the French. It was a failure.

Obituary.—John Clancy, the well-known Democratic politician and editor of the New York *Leader*, died on Friday, the 1st of July, at his house in 19th street, N. Y. He was born in this city, and in the old Sixth ward, which has given birth to so many prominent politicians, on the 4th of March, 1829. He served two terms in the Board of Councilmen, representing the Eleventh district in 1854 and 1855. The year after retiring from this Board he was elected to the position of Alderman of his native ward, and held that office for three years, part of which time he served as President of the Board, and *ex-officio* acted as Mayor of the city during the absence of the regular incumbent. In 1859 he was chosen County Clerk, and served out the regular term of three years. Previous to going into politics he was engaged at the law in the office of Mr. Peter B. Sweeny, and also occupied himself with commercial pursuits of various descriptions. It should be mentioned also that he was an active fireman for several years, and was foreman of Hose Companies 28 and 60. He was not a married man, but leaves behind two sisters and one brother.

—— Col. William Wilson, of the Wilson Zouaves, was killed by a fall from his horse, on Thursday afternoon, the 30th of June, while riding through his farm in Westchester county. Deceased was an active politician and served as Alderman of the First ward for several years. At the breaking out of the rebellion he raised a regiment of volunteers, and served his country for two years in the Department of the Gulf. During the stay of the regiment on Santa Rosa island the rebels surprised Wilson's camp, and it was only by dint of some terrible fighting that the Zouaves escaped being captured. The regiment subsequently served in Louisiana, and after an absence of two years returned to the city with the loss of about 400 men.

—— Mr. Smith O'Brien, the famous Irish rebel, died at Bangor, in Wales, on the 16th June. Mr. William Smith O'Brien was born in 1803. He was the second son of Sir Edward O'Brien, fourth baronet of Dromoland, in county of Clare, by the eldest daughter and co-heiress of Mr. William Smith, of Cahirmoyle, Limerick. His elder brother (better known as Sir Lucius O'Brien, long the Conservative M. P. for Clare), succeeded his father as fifth baronet in 1837, and became 13th Baron Inchiquin in 1855. Mr. O'Brien, after an education at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, entered Parliament in 1826 as the Tory M. P. for Ennis, and opposed Mr. O'Connell at the famous Clare election. He was member for Limerick from 1835 to 1849, and this was the important part of his senatorial career—the position of a Protestant Irish county member being his Archimedean standpoint, whence he could, as he thought, move the Irish world to O'Connellism. In 1849 he visited Paris with Meagher, and other noted Irish patriots to congratulate the French Republicans, but was very coldly treated by that French Harold Skimpole, Lamartine. The same year he got up the Irish rebellion, for which offence he was transported to a British penal colony. In 1856 he was pardoned. About five years ago he visited this country. He was an honest but unlucky man.

Accidents and Offences.—On the 29th of June an emigrant train consisting of 11 cars, and containing 354 persons, principally Germans, were precipitated into the river, about 19 miles from Montreal. The loss of life has been appalling, very few escaping.

—— At Hume, Alleghany county, David W. Sweet, a hotel proprietor, was taken into custody on a charge of selling, passing and having in his possession counterfeit United States postal currency. In the garrets of the house a cigar box was found containing about $400 in 50 cent and 25 cent currency, and also a large amount of counterfeit money on Albany and Troy banks. Some of the false currency was also found in Sweet's pocket.

—— Mr. Weston, a young man of excellent family, drowned himself at Chicago last week, in consequence of having lost a large sum of money by gambling.

—— Policeman Tyler has been recently tried by the Police Commissioners for assisting a conductor of the 8th avenue railroad to eject a colored woman from the cars. The company has now ordered that colored persons may ride in all their cars.

—— The Seneca mills at Minetta were destroyed by fire on the 28th of June. It was the largest flouring establishment in the State of New York. Damages nearly half a million.

—— As the Provost-Marshal's guard was escorting some deserters on the 25th of June through Morris street, near Greenwich, one of the latter made an attempt to escape, whereupon the guard fired at him so recklessly as to kill him, and wounded two passers-by very seriously. Such proceedings are infamous.

—— Jacob Griesemer, of Oley township, Berks county, Pa., was recently driving a four-horse team home, when three of the horses were killed by lightning. The fourth was stunned and stumbled. Mr. Griesemer had hardly dismounted when the lightning struck this horse also, killing him.

Foreign.—The pirate ship Alabama has been admitted to full pratique in the French port of Cherbourg. She was also permitted to enter upon large repairs in the Imperial dockyard. The pirate Semmes landed the crews of two Union vessels he had burned. He had also written a letter to the London *Times* stating that the action of the British Government in refusing him entrance to their ports compelled him to burn his prizes. The London *Times* ridicules his argument.

—— The Czar of Russia and the King of Prussia were to have an important meeting in Berlin; they would be attended by their chief diplomatists. The London *Times* says the closer the German powers go to Russia the stronger will be the alliance between England and France, who pause simply because their word could overthrow every throne and dynasty in Europe.

—— A foreign legion of about 20,000, consisting of Austrians, French and Belgians, and commanded by a French General, was on the point of sailing for Mexico. It is to receive orders from the Emperor Maximilian himself, and may be considered as a sort of Pretorian guard.

—— The Austrians are fortifying the quadrilateral in Italy with immense assiduity. The recent visit of Garibaldi to England has much disturbed the Italian question.

—— Louis Napoleon's banquets now are on a new principle—every guest has a servant in waiting, every five servants a superior officer to command them, and the Imperial Host insists that everything, including coffee, liquors and cigars, shall be over in 30 minutes. At this rate he could give two dinners an hour.

—— Louis Napoleon had fallen from his pleasure boat on the lake at Fontainebleau, but beyond a sound ducking he received no injury, much to the grief of the Red Republicans.

—— The *éclat* given in England to the marriage of the Comte de Paris with the Princess Isabella of Spain has annoyed and somewhat disturbed the French Emperor, as it foreshadows an alliance between the Spanish court and the Orleanists.

—— The recent crisis in Canada politics, which involved the assent of the Governor-General to a dissolution of Parliament and a new election, has brought out a plan of reorganization which seems to give great satisfaction. This plan proposes the confederation of all the provinces of British North America, embracing Canada, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and the Northwestern Territory into one system. The plan was the result of a conference between leaders of the Government and the opposition parties.

—— The ancient regime of France are very much scandalized at Louis Napoleon's conferring the title of Duke of Montmorency upon the Prince of Talleyrand.

Art, Science and Literature.—Foreign painters now very generally adopt the plan of photographing their model figures in their studios, and afterwards painting from them, as the draperies can then be more accurately copied.

—— In the Central Fair building, says the Philadelphia *Press*, may be seen, among other articles of merit, the first steamboat that split the waters of the Hudson river. It was built in the year 1804, by Mr. John Stevens. The boat is an open one, about eight feet beam, and 30 feet long. The engine and the boilers are very great curiosities when compared with the machinery of more modern finish for the same accomplishment. We also observe the boilers made for a locomotive in 1816, by the same gentleman.

—— The European naturalists are having a great time over an animal called the Aye-aye, recently brought alive from Madagascar, and now thriving at the London Zoological Gardens. Though the species was known to exist in the last century, but one specimen had been obtained, and this in the time of Buffon and still remaining in the *Cabinet du Roi*. It is of the size of an ordinary cat, with a triangular visage, and its peculiarity is in its combining the characters of rodents and quadrumana.

—— The breed of the once famous Shetland pony—shaggy as a bear, and not bigger than a Newfoundland dog—is fast disappearing. So say the English sporting journals.

—— One of our most eminent publishers is about issuing a volume of poems by C. G. Rosenberg.

Odds and Ends.—Capt. Barnaby, of the Royal Horse Guards, lately performed an astonishing feat of agility near Windsor, England. He undertook for a wager to run a quarter of a mile, to ride on horseback a quarter of a mile, and row a like distance on the river, all in a quarter of an hour. He executed the task, winning with four minutes and four seconds to spare.

—— A lieutenant of the 10th U. S. infantry recently met with a sad rebuff at Fort Kearney. The lieutenant was promenading in full uniform one day, and approached a volunteer on sentry, who challenged him with "Halt! who comes there?" The lieutenant, with contempt in every lineament of his face, exclaimed indignantly: "Ass!" The sentry's reply, apt and quick, came, "Advance Ass, and give the countersign!"

—— The Rochester *Democrat* quotes a telegraph dispatch: "The rebel papers declare that Lee is getting Grant just where he wants him; that Grant is really retreating, and Lee pursuing," and says: "This reminds us of the facetious Iowa editor who got a whaling in his printing office and described it next day, giving all the facts, but making himself the hero. The narrative ran thus: 'There was a blow. Somebody fell. We got up. Turning upon our antagonist, we then succeeded in winding his arms around our waist, and by a quick manœuvre threw him on the top of us, bringing our back at the same time in contact with the bed of the printing press. Then inserting our nose between his teeth, and his hands in our hair, we had him.'"

—— An exchange asks very innocently if it is any harm for young ladies to sit in the lapse of ages? Another replies that it all depends on the kind of ages selected. Those from 18 to 25 it puts down as extra hazardous.

—— Paris consumes 12,000,000lb of ice in a year, Boston 150,000,000.

—— The London *Times* says there has never been such fighting in the history of the world as that which has lately taken place in Virginia between Grant and Lee.

—— The *Medical Reporter* says that a consumptive patient, now under treatment, is taking cream with better effect than was experienced under the cod liver oil previously tried. Our advice is for all who have or think they have the consumption to adopt a cream diet; eat pure, sweet cream, as much of it as the stomach will digest well. Eat it alone, on bread, with baked apples, and at every meal. Eat it believing it will cure, and we doubt not that it will prove quite as effectual as the purest cod liver oil that can be bought.

—— Many wives are miserable, not from wanting the affections of their husbands, but from the absence, in that affection, of the quality of tenderness.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is said that the Alabama left Cherbourg in order seek a fight with the Kearsage, and that heavy cannonading had been heard in the direction of Flushing roads soon afterwards. *Galignani's Messenger*, of Paris, says that the Kearsage came into Cherbourg roads to watch the Alabama going out, and fight her if she afforded an opportunity.

The Paris *Moniteur* announces a series of French successes in Mexico, and anticipates an easy rule for the new Emperor.

The Danish question, of peace or a renewal of the war with Germany, was still the cause of much anxiety. It was pretty generally conceded that if the London Conference dissolved without effecting any result England would be involved in war on the side of Denmark. The Danes had occupied the Island of Sylt, by landing a detachment of troops from a flotilla of gunboats. All "German sympathizers" were either arrested or suspended from office. The Danish Minister in St. Petersburg had arrived in Copenhagen. The meeting of the Emperor of Russia, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia at Kissengen was watched with great interest, as likely to affect the subject materially.

It was thought in London that the Italian, Hungarian and Polish questions were all intimately blended by the diplomatists in the consideration and treatment of the Danish difficulty, and that the Polish one may in the end govern the Dano-German crisis.

The Palmerston Cabinet escaped a vote of censure in the House of Commons by the narrow majority of seven.

Visits of search had been made by the Paris police at the houses of MM. Carnot, Garnier Pages and other advocates, suspected of being members of an illegal association for election purposes.

The Liverpool cotton market was irregular and easier, with unchanged rates, on the 18th of June. Breadstuffs steady and firm. Provisions easier. Consols closed in London on the 18th June at 89⅞@90 for money. American securities nominal, without sales.

GREAT BARBERS.

The hairdresser, or barber, in France, as in Italy, is generally something of a character, *au fait* of all the gossip of the hour, knowing everybody, and seldom inclined to underrate his knowledge or skill. He takes the tone and color of his epoch to such an extent that, could we resuscitate the professor of these kindred arts in the past, we might reconstruct the history of each period from the airs or the *souvenirs* of its "capillary artists."

Leonard, the hairdresser of Marie Antoinette, wrote the memoirs of his unfortunate Queen; Plaisir, the barber of Charles X., was the favorite gossip and anecdote-monger of the court. Mariton, who had the honor of combing and shaving the "Citizen King," was staid, practical and commercially minded, like his royal patron. Oddly enough the Empress's hairdresser is named Le Roy, (the King), while the Emperor's rejoices in the name of Majesté (Majesty). The Master of France has no barber, he keeps to his old habit and shaves himself.

The two great reigning hairdressers of the day are Felix and Petrus. The former has been the Empress's hairdresser since her elevation to the throne until a few months ago, when he lost his post through having weakly yielded to the seduction of an enormous bribe, allowing a lady of the court to have a duplicate of the headdress made for the Empress, which duplicate the lady in question vowed, by all the saints in the calendar, not to let any human eye behold in Paris, promising to take it off with her to the south of France that very day, instead of which she wickedly postponed her journey, and made her appearance at the Tuileries, wearing the *fac simile* of the Empress's headgear.

Though Felix, by thus violating his engagement never to let any one have a copy of anything he should invent for her majesty until the latter had worn it, lost his place and the handsome emoluments attached to it, he is still the first artist of Paris in his own line. But he is an absolute despot, and suffers no customer to have any voice as to what he shall do with her hair. Being in attendance on the Duchess of ——, he entered her dressing-room as usual, with the air of an autocrat.

"What dress do you wear to-night, madame?" inquired Felix, leisurely drawing off his white kid gloves, as he approached the dressing-table, on which was laid out a magnificent set of coral ornaments.

"A white moire antique," replied the duchess.

"White moire," said the artist, with a dissatisfied shrug; "the moire is very commonplace. All the butchers' wives wear white moire."

"My dress is really very beautiful," returned the duchess, humbly, "and certainly you won't see many butchers' wives with such lace as that," she continued, with a wave of her hand towards the opening door, through which her maid was entering with the dress extended, its lustrous tissue almost hidden under the splendid overskirt of point de Venise.

"With the lace it may pass muster," deigned to say the artist, with a second shrug; "but as for the coral, it will not be becoming to your style of face."

"But, Monsieur Felix, I am so fond of it! I thought of asking you to dress my hair with double braids and these beautiful coral beads twisted in the braid."

"But, madame, your fancies are nothing to me. I can only dress your hair according to my own inspirations, not according to yours. It is I, and not you, who am your hairdresser. Coral is heavy, Anglican—fit only for Creoles. A wreath of promegranate blossoms would become you admirably."

"Nevertheless, Monsieur Felix," murmured the lady ——

"If you have not confidence in me, madame, call in another artist! I am responsible for the good looks of of my clients," returned the artist, haughtily, drawing on his gloves, and moving towards the door.

The moment was critical. In another minute the capillary autocrat would have re-entered his elegant coupé and have been on his way to the dressing-room of some more pliant "client."

"Justine!" said the duchess, addressing her maid. "take away these ornaments and bring the box of pomegranate flowers."

"And a few diamonds," added the autocrat, replacing his gloves in his pocket, and taking up a comb.

The only hairdresser who pretends to dispute the supremacy of Felix is Petrus, the hairdresser of the Grand Duchess of Baden, who passes his existence in a state of vibration between Paris and Baden. Petrus is, in reality, as autocratic as Felix, but he is the most adroit and delicate of flatterers, never assumes an air of command, but contents himself with leading instead of driving.

If Petrus is about to ornament the head of a brunette, he takes occasion to remark that all the great historic women were dark, and expatiates on Miriam, Judith, Semiramis, Lucretia, Rachel, Malibran, and so on, dwelling on their majestic brows crowned with a diadem of jet. If Petrus happens to be operating on a blonde, he admiringly remarks, "When God created a companion for Adam, he gave her your hair and lustrous tresses; and if any proof were needed of the superiority of your shade of hair, it would be found in the fact that among our old German ancestors the brunettes powdered gold dust among their dark locks."

If he be called to give the aid of his art to ladies among whose black or golden hair the silver lines are beginning to show themselves, he reminds them that white hair was the rage in the time of Louis XV., and prophecies a speedy revival of the same preference. "In a short time all the ladies will wear powder, and you will see how charmingly becoming this fashion will be for your smooth and graceful forehead." The inexhaustible flattery of the Grand Ducal hairdresser has an agreeable and acceptable comment for all his customers.

A Lady in Boston during the past year realized $1,600 from the sale of wax flowers. This fascinating art is becoming nearly as popular here as in England, where ladies of all classes practise it in common with painting, drawing, embroidery, &c. A new and delightful little guidebook in the manufacture of flowers and fruits, sheets of wax, &c., which will enable any person of taste to excel in either branch of the art, has just been published by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co. It is called "Wax Flowers, and How to Make Them," with new rules for sheeting wax, moulding fruit, &c. The same firm have just published an elegant little manual on making skeleton bouquets, and on the art of preserving natural flowers in all their fresh beauty.

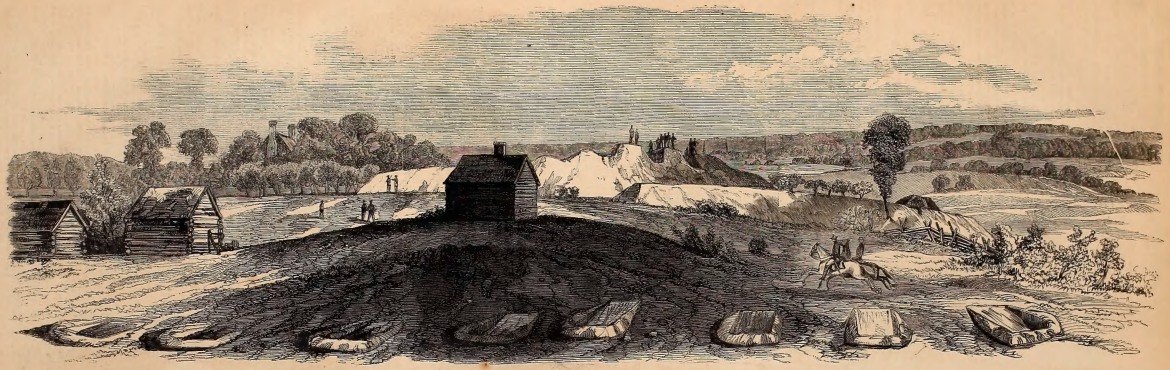
Massacre of Fort Pillow.—We have received from the Hon. J. A. Garfield a volume containing the Reports of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, relating to the Fort Pillow Massacre and the Condition of Returned Union Prisoners. Both of these Reports are important, as furnishing positive evidence of the malignity and barbarity of the enemy. In the case of the capture of Fort Pillow, the evidence sustains the charge of murder, as in that on Returned Prisoners it sustains the charge of cruel treatment, extending to the verge of starvation. The photographic pictures at the end, of the condition of some of the exchanged prisoners, are palpable proofs of rebel brutality. The general circulation of the volume would tend to awaken a little of that righteous wrath against the inhuman and infamous cruelties of the enemy which has strangely slept in the minds of the great majority of the Northern people.

Value of Early Rising.—The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the time he otherwise would, amounts to 29,000 hours, or three years 121 days and 16 hours, which will afford eight hours a day for exactly ten years; so that is the same as if ten years of life were added, in which we could command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds or the dispatch of business.

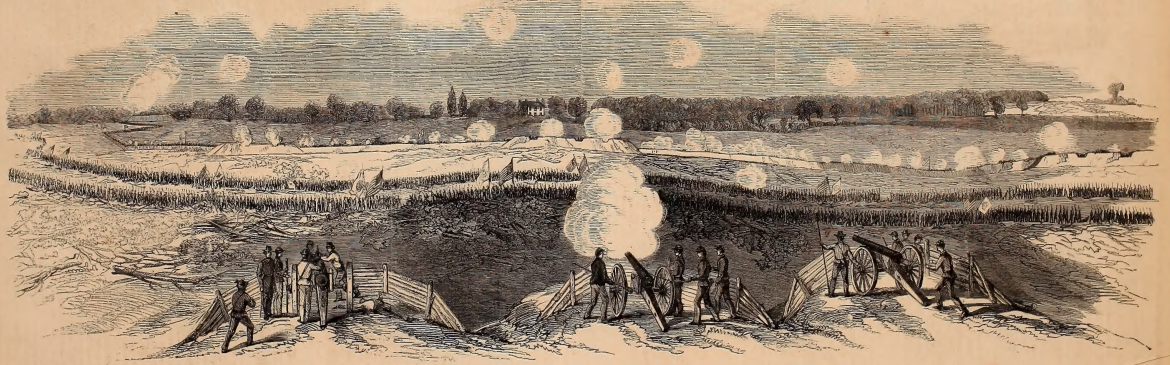
"No one would take you for what you are, said an old-fashioned gentleman, a day or two ago, to a dandy, who had more hair than brains.

"Why?" was immediately asked.

"Because they cannot see your ears."



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BATTERY ON THE LEFT OF THE ENEMY'S LINE IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, CAPTURED BY THE 18TH ARMY CORPS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.—SEE PAGE 263.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BURNSIDE'S CORPS CHARGING THE REBEL POSITION, ON THE RIGHT OF THE ENEMY'S LINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 263.

THE BALLAD OF THE SOUTH AND NORTH.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

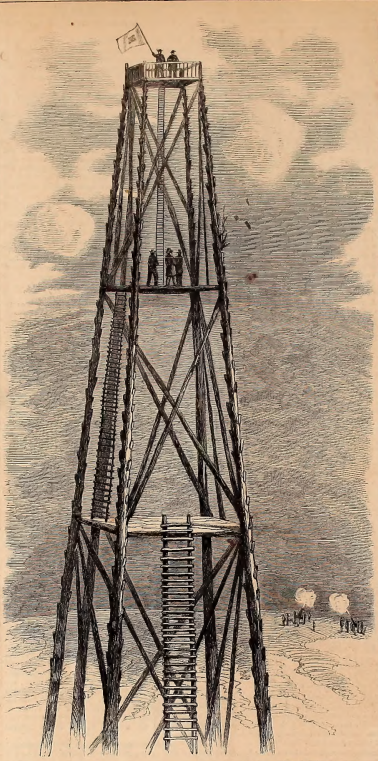
Oh, once the Southron's talk was bold;
He vaunted well his fair estate,
His faithful slaves, his mansion old,
His heart that burned for love or hate.
"But spare our rights?" the North replied,
"With equal worth ye have to deal!"
"Up! fire the Southern heart!" he cried,
"We'll teach these Yankees how to kneel.
The Southern heart begins to beat.
We'll drop the whip, we'll grasp the steel,
We'll take no rest till 'neath our feet
These coward Yankees kneel!"

Then brought he forth his stolen guns,
With boastful speech and daring oath;
He laughed to scorn our brawny sons—
"So gone to toil—to fight so loth!"
Our Northmen laid their tools aside,
And listened, listened all alert:
"Come on, oh, if ye dare!" he cried,
"But know our blades are sure to hurt.
The Southern heart begins to burn;
Our hardly nature well assert;
Come, Yankees, one and all, but learn
Our blades are sure to hurt!"

O braggart Southron, wail the day
When Treason thus in arms did start!
For flames that roared o'er Charleston bay
Swept on, and fired—the Northern heart!
Then flashed the sun on serried steel,
Then Northern words were proud to hear;
"Who dares to bid our Freemen kneel
Shall meet a foe who cannot fear!"
The Northern heart began to beat,
The Northern voice rang far and clear:
"Who bids our Freemen kneel shall meet
A foe who cannot fear!"

Uprose our glorious Yankee lads;
Our craft the rolling billow cleft;
Loud roared the grand Columbiads;
The rifles rattled right and left.
The slave went free; the fair estate
In gore was drenched, with fire was girt;
The vanquished Southron learned too late,
That Yankee blades were sure to hurt.
The Northern heart with courage burned—
Our freeborn rights we dared assert;
Too late the vanquished Southron learned
Our blades were sure to hurt.





Follett's Battery.

SIGNAL STATION NEAR POINT OF ROCKS, SHELLED AND STRUCK BY THE REBELS WHILE GEN. BUTLER WAS THERE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.—SEE PAGE 247.

CECILE;

OR,

THE YOUNG PORTRAIT PAINTER.

CHAPTER VIII.

HAPPY in the belief that the duel had not taken place, and still more happy in being able to take to her father a much larger sum of money than usual, which would better satisfy the wants of the old man, Cécile had gone to Vincennes with a lighter heart than she had known for a long time. The way had never seemed so pleasant to her; and, dressed with more than ordinary taste, as if to reflect the ray of sunshine within, she had never looked so lovely. It was the first time since her happy childhood that the poor young girl had possessed so much gold, and the thought it had been earned by her own labor made it of much more value in her eyes. Ye who toil for that which hardly satisfies the daily wants of life will surely sympathise with our young heroine, and will excuse the tears that fell over the gold coins as she counted them over and over, thinking how each will gratify some desire of her now childish but still beloved father.

Smiling and happy she arrived at the house, and scarcely observed the look of restraint and embarrassment on the face of the attendant who admitted her.

The old man's fall had not, after the effects of the first shock had subsided, been considered fatal, but it was followed by alarming symptoms, among which, as usual in such cases, the return of reason was the most significant.

"My daughter! my dear daughter!" he murmured, continually—"do not tell her—let her not know of this," he said, to his attendant. "To-morrow she will come, and I shall be well." Then looking towards the window he asked: "Is it known who fought the duel to-day near the forest, and what is the result?"

"Nothing very serious, sir count," the man replied. "Some of our people who heard the gentlemen talking say it was *une affaire de cœur*; these things are of everyday occurrence."

Those careless words touched a chord in the old man's heart, and reminded him of the cause of all his sufferings. He made no reply; but tears, big drops of agony, were seen slowly and silently chasing one another down his pallid cheeks for the rest of the day. As night drew near his fever returned, and he talked incoherently and without ceasing. His whole life passed in panoramic review before him—his experiences, his love and jealousy, the duel which caused the loss of his friend; then the death of his young, beautiful, gay but sinless wife; the ruin of his fortune, and the noble heroism of his idolised child—all were pictured in glowing colors to his fervid imagination, till exhausted by mental suffering, the old man's eyes gradually closed, and he seemed to sleep.

"He is very ill," the doctor whispered low. "His daughter should be sent for."

"Yes! I shall be very glad to see my daughter," he said, starting up suddenly; "but you need not send; for she is even now coming—she is here!"

He had not ceased speaking when a knock was heard at the outer door, and Cécile entered the house.

We will not attempt to describe the grief of the young girl on hearing of the fatal accident to her father. But the habit of self-control, learned in the school of adversity, soon enabled her to calm her emotion; and in a few moments she was alone with her father, sitting by his pillow, with a sweet, hopeful smile upon her lovely face, while his eyes looked into hers with inexpressible love and tenderness.

"God will surely bless my child and make her happy!" he said, laying his hand upon her head; "for has she not been to me an angel of light and love? Would that I could have left her in the keeping of some noble heart that would have cherished her as she deserves."

Her father's words took Cécile in imagination back to Paris; and she thought first of the marquis, then of Robert de Saintonge. Singular coincidence! the dread of a duel had, during the whole of that day, agonised her heart, while the sight of one had nearly caused her father's death. Could this be a presentiment of further trouble? What if the marquis had deceived her, and failed in his promise not to meet Robert? This thought seemed like an illumination. They have fought! Robert has been wounded, perhaps killed—poor Robert, who left her in anger—whom she loves as



Dr. Gousset giving Advice.

a brother—to whom she owes the few comforts and pleasures she has been able to give her father—whose love she could not return, as it deserved to be—Robert has been killed, and by the marquis! Did the marquis then really love her, that he could thus forfeit his word to rid himself of a rival? If so, can she ever acknowledge her love for him, and be ungrateful to the memory of her friend, her generous benefactor?

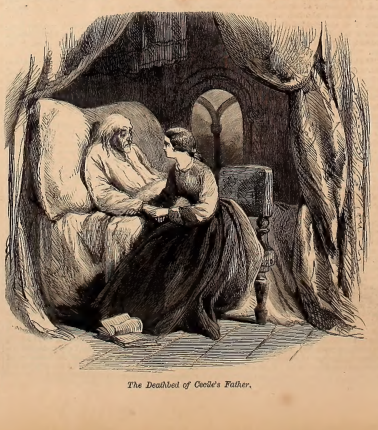
The greater part of the day was passed in these sad meditations.

"Speak to me, Cécile," said her father, when they were again alone. "Is there no one to whom your heart turns for sympathy in this season of trouble and sorrow?"

Cécile trembled violently, and knelt beside her father.

"My dear father," she sobbed, "of you alone I am now occupied; from you I desire sympathy; to you look for comfort. I have but you in this wide world."

"But, my child, I cannot leave you alone. God is calling me away from earth, and I shall very soon join her whose name you have so jealously guarded during my mental aberrations—my insanity. That has passed away, as the light of another world dawns upon my mind; and memory now brings back the form of one who, in the midst of all your sufferings, and during your hours of devoted labor, stood by you with unfailing devotion, ever ready to inspire hope and confidence in the future—ever near to cheer and comfort. To-morrow I will send for the Chevalier de Saintonge—for Robert, as he would have you call him—and,



The Deathbed of Cecile's Father.

having placed my child under his protection, I will die in peace."

Just then a letter was placed in her hand, and Cécile, recognising the handwriting of the chevalier, exclaimed with joy, "Safe! he is safe! I was not deceived!"

"Who is safe?" asked the old man, surprised at her emotion.

But the young girl, who had continued reading the letter, became pale as a statue—she shuddered—the paper dropped from her hands, and she fell fainting on the floor.

CHAPTER IX.

The marquis, occupied by many other objects of deeper interest, had nearly forgotten the events of the preceding night. Sleep is certainly "tired nature's sweet restorer," and renews our wasted strength after both mental and bodily fatigue; but it cannot remove the heart's secret sorrow. Robert, though calm outwardly, suffered, perhaps, still more than at the moment he heard of Cécile's departure. He passed the whole night in writing to her. He determined to see her no more. He would visit Paris, France, Europe, and fly to the end of the world; but first he would let her know that henceforth she was to the marquis and himself an object of pity, of contempt! These were terrible words to write, and he hesitated to put them on paper, but having once summoned courage and resolution to do so, he repeated them again and again.

At the first appearance of daylight he sought the marquis and rushed into his room, pushing aside the valet, who refused to admit him.

"I have come to beg a last favor of you," he said, throwing himself into a chair and holding out the letter in his hand. "I shall not go this evening to Vincennes; I will not accept the sacrifice you have offered me; I give up Cécile, and with her all hopes of future happiness; I am going away—where I know not, but go I must, and have written to Cécile to that effect."

"Well, throw your letter into the post, my dear fellow," the marquis replied, getting up in ill-humor.

"I have just come from the Rue Platrière," Robert continued. "Cécile has not yet returned; it seems she finds much to amuse her at Vincennes. Your friend Rieux knows the house she visits there; perhaps he will do me the favor to write the address on this letter, which, no doubt, will give her much pleasure and add greatly to the enjoyment of which she went in pursuit."

"That requires a little reflection," the marquis said, turning over the package placed in his hand.

"You need not fear, I have written nothing which will interfere with the amusement which you and Rieux anticipate this evening. I leave you to the enjoyment of it, for I am going. Adieu!"

"Stop! What the deuce are you about?" exclaimed the marquis, jumping out of bed and placing himself guard before the door. "You are truly a strange being!"

"You are right," Robert said, in a tone of deep sadness; "and yet I am far more wretched than strange."

The marquis looked earnestly at his friend, and was now surprised and pained to see the change which one night of intense suffering had wrought upon him. The two men, once rivals, now sincere friends, talked long and earnestly together, and the result was that Robert returned home to prepare for his departure.

The cruel letter was, however, sent, and we have seen its effect upon the unhappy girl, who, though wounded in every feeling most sacred to her, yet yielded but a few moments to the emotions of her tender, loving heart. She soon recovered, and her force of character sustained her.

"Will Robert come?" asked her father, who, in his anxiety for his child, about to be left alone and friendless, cherished the hope of placing her under the protection of one who would shield her from rude contact with the world.

"Yes, my father," she replied; "and he will not come alone. He will bring the Marquis de Maucomble, his friend and mine."

"Maucomble!" the old man repeated, as if the name was familiar to him. "I once had a friend of that name, but it was a long time ago—long ago," he continued to murmur, looking at his child as she leant lovingly over him. Then smiling upon her, he drew her to him, kissed earnestly her brow, her lips, then looking up to heaven, his hand gradually released hers, his eyes closed, a sweet smile settled upon his whole face, and the old man slept the calm long sleep of death.

The young girl stood and watched her father for some time, but, overwhelmed by the sad reality of her position, and unaccustomed to such scenes, she observed not the change that had come over him. Scarcely conscious what she did, she sat down and wrote three notes. The first, to the marquis, ran thus:

"Monsieur—The Count de Mamers begs the Marquis de Maucomble to call this evening, that he may thank him for the interest he has shown in his daughter, Cécile de Mamers.

"The Marquis de Maucomble will excuse the request made by the Count de Mamers, who is prevented by his great age from calling upon the marquis."

In a postcript was added:

"Do not refuse my poor father this proof of your friendship. He is extremely ill at Vincennes, at the house of M. Duchaume, near the forest.

"Cecile de Mamers."

The other notes were more easily written, and occupied less time:

"Chevalier—My father, who is dying, would himself reply to your letter with his last breath. Come this evening, without fail. To-morrow, perhaps, will be too late. Cecile."

"My good Doctor—Come to my assistance. Your poor friend, my dear father, had a terrible fall yesterday. M. Duchaume and the house physician declare him in great danger. My hope is in you alone. You, perhaps, can save him. Come to our relief. You, who have been so kind to us both, will not refuse my request. Cecile.

"Dr. Gousset, Rue de Babylonne,
Avenue des Invalides."

Having dispatched her notes, she again took her place by her father's side. How peacefully he sleeps! She cannot hear him breathe. She leans over him and gazes earnestly into his face; she takes his hand within her own, it chills her by its touch; calls upon him by the most endearing names, as in days of old, when a happy child, she had climbed upon his knee, and by her sweet smiles and innocent prattling had chased away the clouds gathering over his path, herself all unconscious of the storm so soon to break over her young life. But the old man can no longer hear the voice of his sorrowing child, he has already awakened, with restored and quickened intellect, in the full light of the higher life.

CHAPTER X.

The marquis, impatient of the many incidents connected with an affair in which he no longer took any other interest than that induced by a sincere sympathy for De Saintonge, at seeing Cécile's signature, read the note over carelessly, saying:

"I am really glad it was to see her father and not a lover that Mademoiselle Cécile took her evening walks. She now stands acquitted, and will again be reinstated in the most sacred niche of the *preux* Chevalier de Saintonge's heart, as the pure and saintly lady of his worship. But as to Monsieur de Mamers, he will have to wait for me this evening, for I shall be forced to deny myself the pleasure of visiting him till some future time."

The name, however, sounded familiar to him, and by degrees awakened old remembrances.

"Strange," he said, "if this Count de Mamers should be of the same family as my late uncle's old friend and companion of whom he has so often spoken to me. He was noblehearted, genial and truly magnanimous, and it was through him that my good uncle obtained the hand of my dear aunt, who was as a mother to me. Truly, if Cécile's father is a relative of his, or if it should prove to be himself, I should be grieved and mortified, for the nephew has made a strange return for the kindness and friendship shown to his uncle. This is worth following up."

We will now return to Robert, who had passed the whole day in making preparations for his departure, and at night found himself as little prepared as in the morning. Unwilling to go, every little obstacle was made a great cause for delay.

Never had he loved Cécile so truly, so devotedly, as now; and never had his love caused him so much suffering. It was no longer Cécile with whom he was annoyed; he was angry with himself; of his own conduct he was ashamed, and he would gladly have recalled that letter, every word of which he now felt was a cruel insult to her he professed to love, had not *mauvaise honte*, and a little lurking feeling of jealousy restrained him.

Just then Cécile's note, so explicit and yet so laconic, was brought to him. His letter had been received, and oh! at a time when she was in sorrow, keeping watch by her dying father. It was for that father she had labored, and desired wealth; it was with him she had passed the night, trying to soothe and comfort his last moments; to him were made those mysterious visits; and he, Robert de Saintonge, who should have understood and appreciated her character, had been the first to doubt and accuse her.

"How like a mean, cowardly wretch I have acted!" he exclaimed, as all these thoughts rushed with lightning speed into his troubled mind; "Cécile, dear, injured girl, can you forget my blind, unpardonable jealousy? But I must and will obtain your forgiveness!"

Doctor Gousset, notwithstanding his great distance from Vincennes, was the first to obey Cécile's call; but not in time to find the Count de Mamers alive.

The poor girl could not be persuaded at first to leave the chamber of death, wishing to remain alone with him who had been her only tie on earth. But she yielded at length to the good doctor's solicitations, and with great effort resumed, in appearance at least, her usual calmness.

"Doctor," said the young girl, looking up into the face of her friend with that affectionate trust so beautiful from the young to those of riper years; "will you let me now look to you as unto a second father, for the advice I so much need in this trying moment? I am resigned, but my heart is very sad."

The doctor, moved by this touching appeal from one so young and friendless, took the orphan girl under his protection; and having drawn from her the whole story of her life (her devotion to her father he already knew, having witnessed it), she proceeded with all the eloquence of grief to speak of her gratitude to the Chevalier de Saintonge, and the less absorbing interest, as she expressed it, she felt for the graceful and gallant marquis. Her old friend believing himself at once initiated into the mysteries of the young girl's heart, exclaimed:

"Well! my child, I understand it all; you love the Chevalier de Saintonge more than you think; more than you are willing to acknowledge to yourself."

"Not so, my friend," Cécile replied, while the color mounted her cheeks; "you are indeed mistaken."

"But I am sure of it," he replied. "Believe me, I am a very keen observer, and feel confident it is as I say."

Cécile made no reply, but with averted eyes and grateful heart, listened to the good man's expressions of sincere sympathy.

"And now, my true friend," she said, when he had done speaking; "my father's death has overflowed my cup of affliction. It has dispelled the last illusion of my life. I once believed myself esteemed, respected at least, by Monsieur de Saintonge; but read," she said, giving him the chevalier's cruel letter, and no longer able to restrain her tears.

The doctor read the letter twice, slowly, and as if taking in the implied meaning of every word; then suddenly and without speaking, tore it into a thousand pieces, which he threw to the winds; Cécile meanwhile staring at him in mute astonishment.

"Nothing is now left of that document," he said, when his work of destruction was finished.

"Oh yes, my friend, for every word is written here," she replied, placing her trembling hand upon her heart, "and nothing can efface the impression. Monsieur de Maucomble will perhaps be here soon; and it may be Robert, too, will come. Receive them for me, in my father's room; may they both regret their unworthy suspicions, but tell them, my friend, that to them both I am as one dead. They have dared dispute my love; they have even appropriated me as a piece of property to be bought and sold; and Robert, to whom I confided every sorrow but that which concerned my father, he has wounded my sense of delicacy, my refinement, my love of all which I have been taught intuitively to revere and cherish most. Perhaps in the future, I may rise before him as a memory of the past; something that has been, and is no more; or a strain of music heard in departed years. But Monsieur de Maucomble will forget me," she continued, in a lower tone, "no remembrance of me will linger in his heart; and as the light autumn leaf is wafted by the breeze, leaving no trace behind, so shall the memory of Cécile pass away, while she, having bid farewell to the outer world, seeks peace within the consecrated walls of the cloister."

"My dear child," interrupted the good doctor, I can well understand your feelings; but cannot listen to such a sad determination. You have asked my protection, and I therefore claim the right to advise—to change your purpose."

"Oh! my dear old friend, my mother's image is indelibly impressed upon my heart. She loved—even as I have—and, how cruelly she suffered? No! no," she continued, as if communing with her own heart; "I was loved as a young, nameless, unknown and unprotected girl, but as Cécile de Mamers I shall perhaps be shunned. No, no, God will soon reunite me to the loved ones who have gone before."

CHAPTER XI.

Few are my years and yet I feel
The world was ne'er designed for me.—*Byron.*

Eighteen months have passed since the day when the good doctor, over the remains of his departed friend, related to the marquis and the chevalier the noble conduct of his devoted daughter. It required no great oratorical effort to interest his two auditors. It was enough to speak the plain unvarnished tale. Cécile, when scarcely fifteen, had seen her mother die of grief, and her father suddenly become a confirmed lunatic. In his capacity of physician, he had watched the young girl in all her efforts to provide for her father; and he had, himself, advised the mystery with which she had surrounded herself, so as to elude the demands of the law against duelling. He ended by explaining why Cécile had been obliged to visit her father only at night, because that was the only time when he enjoyed lucid intervals. This recital made a great impression on his two listeners; one a passionate lover; the other, noble-hearted and generous, notwithstanding the gay life he led. The marquis, from accounts given by the doctor, of the Count de Mamers' early life, had no longer any doubt that he beheld the remains of his uncle's beloved friend.

"Since Mademoiselle de Mamers will not see me," he said to the doctor, "do me the favor to say to her that I claim, in my uncle's name and my own, the honor of carrying out all that your friendship would suggest for her."

"Mademoiselle de Mamers has decided to forsake the world and retire to a convent," the doctor replied with sadness.

"No!" the chevalier exclaimed, rousing himself from the stupor into which he had relapsed. "It cannot be! this must not take place, by all that is sacred!"

"But she is inexorable, my friends; she has declared it here over the remains of her father."

Cécile, protected, though against her wish, by the family of the marquis, had easily gained admission to the royal Abbey de Notre Dame du Val de Grâce. She refused to see both the chevalier and the marquis.

All the good doctor's discernment could not penetrate the secrets of that young heart. He still believed her wholly occupied by the chevalier, whose letter, cruel and unkind as it was, had, for a time, placed a barrier between them. Sanguine himself, he still encouraged Robert to hope, and the marquis, who now sincerely desired the success of his former rival, and had not the least suspicion that he held any place in Cécile's heart, or influenced her determination, did all in his power to inspire the chevalier with confidence in the ultimate accomplishment of his wishes.

"You will not surely remain inexorable," wrote the impassioned lover. Oh! Cécile, think of my long devotion—forget wherein I have erred—and above all, remember the double blessing that awaits the merciful. Believe me, the day on which I lose the hope that now sustains me will be the last of my life."

"God has decided for me," the young girl said to her old friend, after reading Robert's last letter. "I must fulfil my vow. In eight days the sacrifice will be accomplished. Let the chevalier remain ignorant of the fact as long as possible. I shall pray for his happiness—as for me, I accept suffering as my lot. Tell him," she added, with a look, the full meaning of which the doctor could never understand—"tell him to learn from the Marquis de Maucomble how to forget."

Dr. Gousset, still strongly convinced that Cécile loved the chevalier, advised him to wait patiently, and even succeeded in persuading him to leave Paris for a short time, and find relief in change of scene. The doctor then had an interview with Cécile's confessor, and obtained from him the promise that the ceremony of taking the veil should be postponed as long as possible, and that meanwhile he would try to discover whether she really felt called to the vocation she was about to enter, or whether it was a mere passing fancy of a youthful imagination. The good father confessor fulfilled his promise, and reported to the doctor that the young girl when asked again if any feeling lingered in her heart, which might cause her at some future time to regret the irrevocable step she was about to take, had appeared troubled, and asked if she could not at the last moment, without giving cause for scandal, renounce if she chose, the accomplishment of an act which she then felt fully disposed to ratify.

"Oh! woman, woman," soliloquised the doctor while waiting in the parlor of the convent, on the eve of the day appointed for the grand ceremony. "Who can fathom the mysteries of a woman's heart?" and the good old man walked the room in a state of excitement, muttering: "We shall see that Mademoiselle de Mamers will wait till she is covered to-morrow with the symbolic pall, before she returns to the world and accepts the love of the Chevalier de Saintonge."

He found Cécile restless and unhappy, and was almost tempted to make a last appeal in favor of Robert, but controlled himself, fearing to excite the spirit of opposition, which, according to one of his pet theories, formed the basis of the female character. He was about to leave, at a loss to imagine why Cécile had desired to see him, when she called him back, and said in a voice scarcely audible:

"I am told Monsieur de Maucomble is to be married soon."

"I have not heard of it; and certainly if it were true all Paris would know it."

The young girl bowed her head low, trying to conceal the joy that lit up her pale face, as we see the highest snow-capped mountains in Alpine regions suddenly illuminated by the first rays of the sun.

"Will he be present at the ceremony?" she asked, timidly.

"No! he feared his presence might cause unpleasant remarks—might not be expected—I mean," continued the old gentleman, embarrassed and scarcely knowing how to shape his reply. "I confess I requested him not to come. But his mother, his sisters and the whole family will be there."

"It is my wish he should be present," Cécile replied, with more excitement in her tone than she intended to express; then eagerly asked: "Are you sure Monsieur de Saintonge has quitted Paris?"

"Very sure!" replied the doctor, who now regretted it was so—"I accompanied him three days since on the way to Lyons."

"I thank you!" murmured Cécile, and holding out her hand to her old friend, "adieu!" she said, "to-morrow—to-morrow!"

Returning to her cell, the young girl sank on her knees in prayer:

"O God! let me read one regret, one look of pity, of tenderness in his eyes, and I would implore thee to restore me to happiness and life!"

And now the eventful day has come at last. The bells of the royal abbey gaily announce the mystic marriage of Christ's new bride. The large outer court of the convent of Val de Grâce is filled with splendid equipages; the candidate for the veil is young and beautiful; the officiating priest who will address her and offer the consolations of the church is noted for his thrilling eloquence, and the Maucomble family has left nothing undone to render the ceremony grand and imposing. It is mid-winter, and the snow is falling thick and fast. A traveller, wrapped in a large mantle, was walking with difficulty up the Rue St. Jacques. He stopped near the abbey, and listened to the solemn knell which mingled with the festal chiming of the bells.

"I have kept my promise," he said, speaking to himself, "and have now but one regret—which is, that I have deceived the good doctor in making him think I had faith in his friendly professions. One more effort and I will have forgotten all fatigue, and all my troubles will be ended."

The church of Val de Grâce—which now looks empty and deserted—was on that day filled with a gay and brilliant crowd. The narrow enclosure of the outer choir was occupied by the Marquis de Maucomble and the members of his family, who, with Dr. Gousset, represented that of Mademoiselle de Mamers. Sweet, solemn music was heard at intervals from behind the silken curtain hung over the gilded railing, which, even in our time, separates the outer from the inner choir. T traveller halted at the door of the church and shook the snow from his ample cloak. Meanwhile a carriage was rapidly advancing towards the broad steps at the entrance of the sacred building; when it stopped, a young man in a complete suit of black jumped out, and was met by our traveller, who stopped him at the door, and whispered:

"Many thanks, Monsieur Damécourt; you see I am punctual."

"No nonsense, remember, Monsieur le Chevalier," the young man replied. "I would not for the world have it known that I was fool enough to pity you, or encourage this romantic adventure. Maucomble would never forgive me."

"You need not fear," the chevalier replied quietly. "I would but see and hear for myself how far a woman's obstinacy will lead her."

"Very well. Now you are a reasonable man. I knew I should convince you. Besides, my dear chevalier, I know it from good authority that this affair will end in a scene. Mademoiselle de Mamers aims at producing an effect. When she is ex-

THREE SONNETS.

BY MRS. KEDDIE.

I.

SHE has gone down! They shout it from afar,
Kings, Nobles, Priests—all men of every race,
Whose lingering clogs Time's swift relentless pace,
Do shackle down!
She has gone down! Our evil-bodeing star!
Rebellion, smitten with Rebellion's sword,
Anarchy, done to death by Slavery—
Of Ancient Right, arrayed in mercy, Canard,
Beneath a helpless cloud of civil war
Strife such as heathen slaughterers had abhorr'd,
She has gone down!
The lawless band, who would call no man lord,
Spurning all wholesome restraint, all dreaming free
Her rabble rule's licentious tyranny,
In the fierce splendor of her insolent noon,
She has gone down—the world's eternal scorn!

II.

She has gone down! Woe for the world! and all
Its weary workers looking from afar
To the clear rising of that hopeful star,
Which was to herald in the golden day
Of Pow'r decrepit, and of Rule outworn;
Beautiful dawning of that blessed morn,
Which was to bring the right, and the poor to live,
To work and eat, to labor and to thrive,
And righteous cover all the throbbing earth!
She has gone down! Woe for the panting world
Back on its path of progress sternly hurl'd.
Blasted the promise of the Future's birth,
Home of all highest hopes—Time's richest birth!
Woe for the promised land of the whole Earth!

III.

Triumph not fools, and weep not, ye faint-hearted!
Have ye forgotten that the Christ was crucified?
Of Heaven had giv'n this people o'er to perish!
Have ye believed that God would cease to cherish
His elect?
This great New World of Christian liberty!
And that our light for ever had departed!
Nay—by the precious blood shed to redeem
The nation from its selfishness and sin,
By each true heart that burns to see it free,
Leaving its kindred hearts to break through life
By all the tears that will not cease to stream
For ever, every desolate home within,
We will return to our appointed place,
First in the vanguard of the human race.

Love's Martyr.

On the banks of the Loire stood a little cottage, half hidden in leafy vines and brilliant blossoms, a very paradise of bloom and fragrance. Milkwhite doves nestled in the eaves, and robins and rainbow birds flashed their bright plumage in and out among the tangled vines. From its square patch of garden could be seen the sparkling, rippling on through emerald-green meadows and stretches of shadowy woodland; but in all the fair scenery there was not a human habitation save this, so dainty a cottage as this one. It was spring; and all the pleasant fields of France were carpeted with flowers. Yet the hearts of the people were sad. It was the beginning of Napoleon's war with Russia; and already a presentiment of that unfortunate expedition had stolen into the public mind.

One bright day in early April the conscription commenced, and no sadder heart could beat than that of Clarice Fontenoy, in her cottage by the Loire. All that world interested her not by the open window, idle, for she could not work, gazing, with wistful eyes, down the road, by which those who should be conscripted must return. What if her betrothed should be among them?

She was not alone, opposite her, with a brow almost as sorrowful as Clarice's, sat Annette, the lighthearted village beauty, not gay to-day, since her lover's fate was also to be decided, for conscripts were regarded as lots, condemned for certain death, and very few were those who returned from Napoleon's campaigns. In silence they waited, quietly, sorrowful Clarice and weeping Annette.

At last the shrill tones of the fife and the monotonous roll of the drum announced that the villagers were returning, none of them too happy, since, if they themselves were free, their comrades were not. Then the cottage in which her mother died, and where she had just closed her uncle's eyes in death, would be hers; but of what use but she sold all, except a pretty green silk gown, in which Jacques loved to see her dressed, and a little of the money which her mother had round her neck when she died.

Then she collects all her gold together, and talks to the cow, saying;

"Holy father, here is all I have; now write and beg the release of my betrothed. Do not let him be one of the conscripts. Do not let me be left alone; will tell him. As for me, I shall work now with a light heart, and earn more money, so do not fear for me—I shall be happy, since to me my first and only love."

Then she was much touched—he blessed Clarice for her goodness, and wrote to Paris, to get Jacques restored to liberty, sending the money to the proper person to pay for his release.

Clarice tripped back to the little room she had hired, and having prayed, dreamt that she was standing at the altar with her Jacques.

Another six months passed. Clarice had worked and saved enough to furnish a little cottage—bonbon, her goodness had been noised abroad—though not by her—and she was more beloved than ever before.

Still her heart at times grew very sad; and one day when she was in her little bedroom it grew so heavy that she wept, and kneeling down, prayed, "Holy saints, grant me to see my Jacques once more before I die, for I now long for death, but cannot die until I have seen him."

As she rose from her knees she saw the priest hastening to her cottage, his face radiant with joy. As he came near he said:

"My daughter, the day of your reward approaches—prepare your heart to receive it; Jacques is free, and is now on his way to the village; to-morrow he will be here. When he hears that you have rescued him from his slavery, he will know what it is to be loved by a saint like you."

Clarice knelt down at the good priest's knees and thanked God with all her soul, the tears running from her beaming eyes, and bathing her face in the sunlight as though it were a glory from heaven.

Then came—the villagers, rejoicing with bell, and drum, and fife. They all assembled at the little triangular green which intersects the road that Jacques must come by.

They sang and danced and respectfully for Clarice, who approaches attended by the curé, to welcome her lover home. She is dressed in the green gown he loved so well—how fair it is; and although silent, she is very happy—her lips move, for she is praying. The villagers close around her—soon in advance of the rest—a shock—but nothing is visible except the shadows of the trees upon the road. Suddenly a black speck appears in the distance—it comes nearer—it is a horseman there are two—it is Jacques! But who is she? for it is a woman! Further ride up to where the priest and Clarice stand surrounded by the villagers. Jacques is strangely confused and avoids meeting the eyes of those around them.

Then the priest asks in a stern voice:

"Who is that woman?"

And the soldier replied in a low tone:

"It is my wife, holy father. I am married to her."

"Wretched man," said the priest, "better thou hadst not been born; for never again will you be happy; thou art cursed of God and man—for it was Clarice who prayed for thee—it was Clarice who sold all that she had—and it was Clarice who bought thy release."

Astonished at the word he interrupted by a wild, shrieking laugh; it was from Clarice. Her reason had fled forever.

That jocund laugh was the epitaph of her mind.

Silently the priest took her hand and led her away to his own home, while the villagers followed, shouting and looking scarcefully on the soldier and his bride. Then they left standing alone on the bare heath, monuments of shame and remorse.

SIGNAL STATION ON BUTLER'S ADVANCED LINE.

OUR ARTIST sends a sketch of a signal station in the Army of the James. Butler's reputation, by Foltz's battery, but so exposed that Gen. Butler, regarding it as too dangerous, ordered the here attracted attention, and shell came flying thick and fast, striking at last the slight but towering structure, and bringing down some of its most necessary supports.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

THE suddenness and celerity of Grant's movements have taken us all by surprise, a great General or a madman? Fertile in resources, unfettered out to obstinacy, his movements are seldom anticipated or met. In the present struggle at Petersburg he found no loophole. His splendid transfer of his army to the south of the James seemed to lay Petersburg at his feet, but he found himself met by all the scientific resources of modern engineering. The first line of rebel works on the right (see our last number, page 200 were carried by Burnside's corps.

The artillery duel which ensued in putting its steady shower of shot and shell on the enemy's line from the batteries opposite, and the rebel reply through the brush and fallen trees in double line-of-battle. The right line of battle holding a piece of ground, aligned by a belt of timber towards the city. Says a soldier:

"I was lying about five o'clock p. m. We opened our battery at once and commenced shelling the rebel fort. In five minutes we had their range. We kept on firing for about half an hour, when our infantry, Gruffin's brigade, made a charge and captured the rifle-pits and fifty prisoners. We had, we afterwards learned the rebels intended to charge us.

The rebel works on the left are shown in another sketch. These, too, were carried by Burnside's 9th Corps. Dunnan bears the glory of the achievement. This battery takes the right of Foltz's battery, and its space.

The sketch on our double-page shows the position of the rebel line of works. It winds up into the side of Cemetery Hill, and winds its tortuous way to the city from the captured fort now manned by our troops, and which we hold against destruction. Further on you may discern the line of rebel works extending around the city. The ground that held the fie reeling back. On the right an adventurous battery pushes on to its work.

BUZZARD'S ROOST—ROCKY FACE RIDGE—HOVEY'S GAP.

THERE never was probably since the world began a more terrible campaign than that now carried on by Sherman in the Atlanta region. We all know the difficulties of the field of Chattanooga, with its mountain barriers, and the heroic valor with Sherman, as he advanced, found still greater difficulties.

Buzzard's Roost, which no earthly power could take from the rebels, was the first point where our troops had a match score of men, became useless to Johnston, and he was forced to abandon it. Rocky Face, the next position, was also one of great natural elements as he drew back. Buzzard's Roost is a certain point, and a rising ground in front of Rocky Face ridge, a mile in advance from Rocky Face rises by a tremendous ascent to the height of 1,000 feet above the valley of the Connesauga. Here Johnston lay, his front protected by a dam and artificial lake, and his heavy overhanging cliffs. Sherman's troops tried to crush him, his men penetrated along the mountain side till they could talk to the enemy, but could neither see nor be seen. In the rear of our picture rises the bold form of Rocky Face ridge, a mile inaccessible height, almost as high as Lookout mountain and more precipitous, flanked in many parts by a perpendicular cliff 20 to 60 feet high.

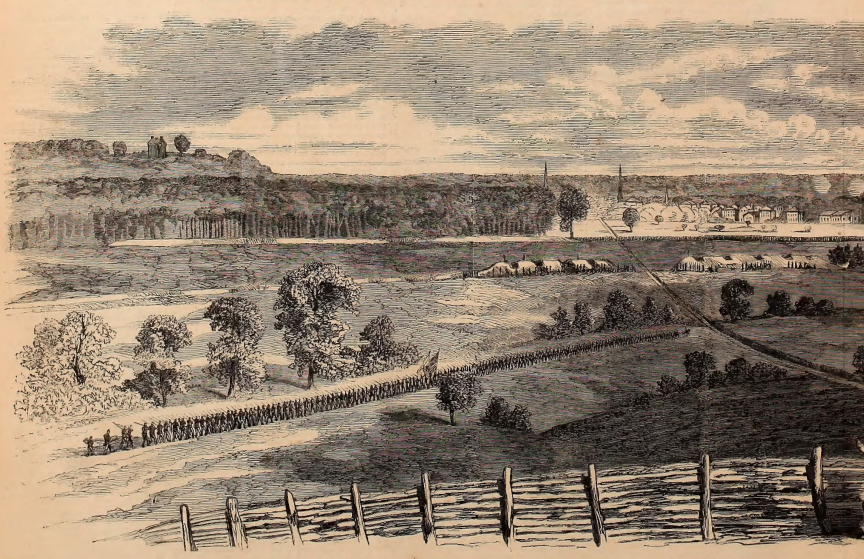
Such was the spot which Geary's gallant men, toiling up the rocky side, carried five successive times, but were destined not to hold. Our sketch finishes the a month-east view of the north pass of Hovey gap.

UNTOLD BELLES.

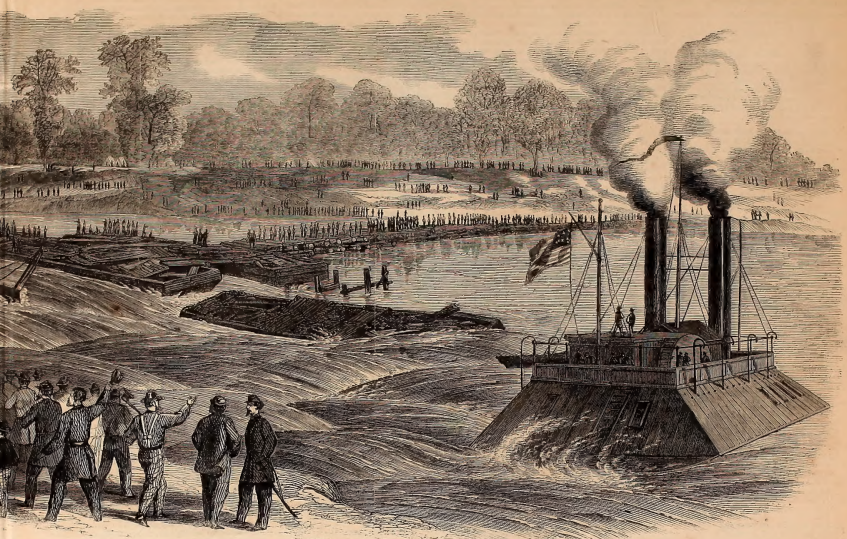
The bellman of Watertown, Massachusetts, announcing a temperance meeting, said it would be addressed by six women "who had never spoken before."



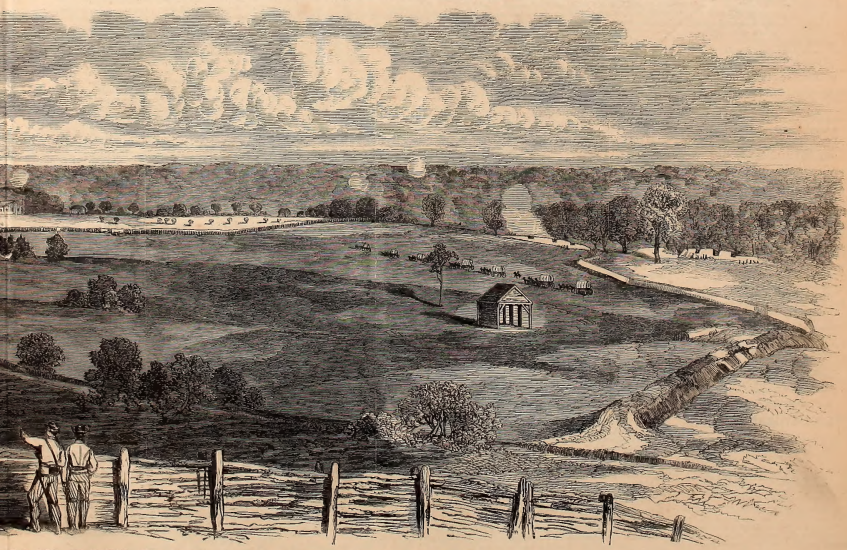
THE WAR ON THE RED RIVER—ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLEET PASSING THROUGH COL. BAILEY'S DAM ABOVE ALEXANDRIA, MAY, 1864.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—THE ADVANCE OF THE UNION LINES AGAINST THE



1864, AFTER SAFELY GETTING OVER THE RAPIDS BY ITS MEANS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 260.



THE CITY, ON SUNDAY, JUNE 19.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 263.

LINES WRITTEN ON SEEING THE Photographs of the Richmond Prisoners.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, No. 455, June 18, 1864.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord." *Romans* xii. 19.

Thro' the wide world, the sun's bright eye
Sees many a deed of sin and shame;
But there are crimes, so black in dye,
One shudders at their name.
Crimes, that the stricken soul appal,
That freeze the blood and blanch the cheek,
On which the searching sunrays fall,
And condemnation speak.

I wonder how God's sun could shine,
Nor tremble at the work his light
Was set to do, as each dread line
Of treason met his sight.
Oh, was the starving many a score
Of unoffending, helpless men,
The act of human beings? or
Devised by Satan's brain?

Starvation to the point of death!
The horror conjured by the thought,
Stifled the current of my breath,
As home to me 'twas brought.
I saw the wasted forms laid bare,
The fiend of war misery;
No false exaggeration there,
Sun pictures cannot lie!

Oh, what a sight for Christian eyes,
Those poor, pale skeletons! And oh,
The fearful load of guilt that lies
On men who made them so!
Grief, pity, horror, all will swell
Within our hearts at this great wrong;
And who that can dare forefell?
We ask Thee, Lord, how long?

Into Thy hands, great Judge of all,
Our righteous vengeance we commend;
Upon Thy mighty power we call,
This shameful sin to end.
Scarcely can we endure the sting
Of knowing more we do not share;
Then what must be their suffering,
Who the full sharpness bear?

How can we check these cruelties,
At which humanity grows pale?
When Christ's law fails to christianize,
Can Governments prevail?
We cannot of our rulers ask
That they retaliate in kind;
To work out such a devil's task,
No nation e'er they'd find.

What can we do? must we submit
To let the rebel leaders still
Destroy our men as they see fit,
At their own wicked will?
Weak, powerless to fold our hands,
And wait in shocked and dumb despair,
Till God enforce His own commands,
In answer to our prayer.

Nay, is this all that we can do,
God helps them who themselves will aid;
And in His favor we will go through
Our part, nor be afraid.
Push on our armies, and sustain
Our glorious leaders, Meade and Grant;
And give them of supplies and men,
All, all they ask or want.

While we, safe in our guarded homes,
Pray without ceasing for success
To crown our arms—for Peace, that comes
Thro' victory only can bless.
Let us strain every nerve to win
Their strongholds from our cruel foes;
Leave it to God to punish sin,
Who sin's full blackness knows.

He will, by our brave soldiers' hands,
Unlock the prison doors. His care
Will call to life and hope the bands
Of the sad captives there.
But for the Past, the agony,
The bitter anguish that has been
The measure meted—shall not we
Mete back to them again?

Oh, no! oh, no! "Vengeance is mine,
I will repay," declares the Lord.
Wisdom it needs, and power Divine,
To carry Judgment's sword.
Let us trust Him; even pray
That true repentance they may learn;
And from the snare of Satan, may
To righteous paths return.

Within our hearts let us not dare
Harbor revenge and angry hate,
But lay our wrongs and sorrows where
Justice and Power wait.
Give we our energies to those
Whose sufferings we may allay,
Leaving all vengeance on our foes,
To Him who will repay.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER XVII.

Oh, that we were on the wild, wild wave together,
With but one plank between us and destruction,
That I might seize him in these desperate arms,
And plunge with him beneath the whelming billows,
And see him gasp for life!—*Bertram.*

THE influence Marina suddenly gained over Muta was complete. The latter appeared to be passive enough in the hands of her rescuer to be moulded by her into whatever form she chose to make her assume. Marina preferred to infuse some of her own undaunted strength into her mind, and to render her as free-thoughted and independent as it was possible for her to become. She did much towards making the girl a woman and to fit her to fulfil the duties of a wife.

"Are you not afraid that Grimgrip will run away with you again?" she asked Muta one day.

"Not at all," answered Muta, laughing. "You have taught me to be brave and to use my hands and feet and lungs. I am strong and resolute enough to run away with so old a man, in spite of himself, instead of allowing him to capture me."

"You are a spit-girl, Muta. Look you out of you. It is just as easy to frighten danger as it is to allow danger to frighten us. Run from it in wild fear, and it swells to the size of a mountain to dash bodily at it, and the chances are nine to one that it dwindles to a bubble and bursts. It is cowardice, not weakness, that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred provokes injustice and oppression."

Some weeks elapsed ere Bertram Hapswell returned to Ellingford Hall. He appeared suddenly in the library, dressed in black. Marina and Muta were sitting in the corner of the apartment, the latter listening to the other's eloquent reading. She absorbed was Muta by her friend's attention, that she did not hear Bertram's approach till he almost touched her, when she turned and saw him. Forgetting, losing all difference and reserve, with a scream of delight she leaped into his arms and received and returned his caresses with all the innocence and eagerness of childhood.

So oblivionly in paradise were the lovers in one another's arms, that they did not at the time notice either the presence or the absence of Marina. A while afterwards, however, Bertram recollected her to whom both were indebted for their fidelity to each other. In vain. She had left the mansion, never to return.

A month passed away and Julien St. Croix paid Ellingford a visit, in his character of family friend to see Marina. During his stay Muta received a letter from her, containing, to her friends, the startling announcement that she was going away with Gregory Grimgrip (of whom she spoke with affection), and that death alone should part them. The knowledge of this step, and of the unexpected hideousness of his person and character, were qualities that even St. Croix could not associate with Marina in any relation without horror, had the pure-hearted young Frenchman returned to his native land, disgusted with life, penitent and sceptical, embraced the Catholic priesthood; and bade carnal love and joy farewell for ever.

During the cholera season that followed the ordination of St. Croix he was the most fearless and indefatigable of all in visiting the sick and administering to their bodily and spiritual wants, and among others to whom he rendered such acceptable aid was Madame Nitouche herself. A panic had seized those about her and they had fled from her side, leaving her to the mercy of the disease that has at one time and another made so many millions its prey. She despaired of herself, and was glad to make her peace with heaven. To St. Croix she confessed the secrets of her dreadful life, in order that confession might be to be learned from her what great injustice he had been doing Marina in his heart; for her mother said, it seemed, upon receipt of a letter from her concerning Grimgrip, solemnly assured her that he was after all her actual father. St. Croix, who was a skilful physician as well as a healer of the soul, not only saved the life of Madame Nitouche, but convinced her of the error and wickedness she committed in her attempt to murder Marina, to be her daughter, and of the atonement she owed her husband for attempting to take his life by poison, for this crime was the principal business of her confession. His eloquent exhortations wrought powerfully upon her, and after subdued and penitent condition, and he was enabled to exert sufficient influence over her to induce her to visit England and seek reconciliation with Grimgrip, still her legal husband. Their meeting was a strange one, constrained, conflicting and dubious, and would, but for the forgiving compassion and admirable address of Marina, have terminated in renewed hostility and bitterer hate than ever. But she pleaded with one and counselled the patience of the other alternately—imploring with tears, caressing and controlling both with the unwearied love of an angel and the firmness of a lover's tempter, so that, great as her victory was over their evil passions, it was no wonder she gained it.

At this painful meeting the mystery that had so long perplexed Marina was dissipated, and the remaining obscurity about her parentage was determined by her mother, and all doubt on the subject for ever set at rest.

She learned that her putative father, Gregory Grimgrip, had, many years before, carried on a trade between England and France, paying half a dozen or more visits to the latter country annually, and had met her mother, Mathilde Nitouche, in Normandy, with whose parents he was a friend. She was very beautiful and very poor, an orphan, and earned her scanty subsistence with her needle. Gregory paid his addresses to her, and by means of his rich presents and the dazzling illusions of wealth overcame her repugnance to his ugliness, and married her. Disparity of age, of looks, of tastes and feeling, rendered the match a very unequal, and, eventually, a very unhappy one. Mathilde endeavored to console herself for coupled deficiencies by dressing splendidly and surrounding herself with handsome young gallants, to whom she was suspected of granting favors incompatible with her marriage vows. Among her favorites were Monsieur Mirabeau and Victor Kingsland, senior, the former apparently enjoying her tenderest regard. To remove his wife from their society, Gregory took up his residence in France, but his frequent and necessary absence from home at once exposed his fair partner to temptation and aggravated his own jealousy. His temper grew intolerably sour, and his moroseness and sharp upbraidings rendered his presence to his wife a constant source of unhappiness, and made her at last wish for nothing so much as for an eternal separation from him.

Her antipathy to him deepened into the deadliest hate, and his suspicions of her tortured him worse than a purgatorial machine. She discovered at length that she was haunted by his spies during his absence, and grew desperate. More than once in his rage he threatened her life on account of her suspected infidelity, and she finally determined to forestall him in the work of death.

She procured a drug which would forever lower the potion which was to dispatch her husband on the journey which admits of no returning, and mixed it with the wine of his supper. Little did she dream that she had been watched and discovered by a spy in the pay of Grimgrip, who, hidden in the garden in which her conversation with her partner in guilt took place, overheard enough of it to put his employer on his guard. At the breakfast-table a servant brought word to Mathilde that a person was waiting in the hall anxious to speak to her. Mathilde stepped out of the room to listen to a pretended message from her lover, her husband emptied his cup of coffee into the coffee-pot, fell to the ground in convulsions, a few minutes afterwards, of seeing her pour out and drink a cup of the beverage she had been tampering with, died. Soon after, overpowered with drowsiness, and retired to her chamber. Grimgrip soon followed her, and found her lying apparently asleep on her bed, and her maid, in a fearful state of agitation, endeavoring to rouse her.

"Monsieur, what is the matter with madame?" asked the girl. "She said, 'My husband poisoned me,' and then sank into this state. I can't wake her, all I can do."

"Let her alone; she has been drinking too much, and will sleep it off," said Grimgrip, with affected indifference.

But he saw danger in remaining, more than he dared acknowledge, and left the house, taking Marina, his only child with him. At Dieppe he left her with Madame Pourpre, the widow of an old naval officer, whom he had been in his employ. To avoid suspicion and inquiry, he at once told the widow that the child was his natural daughter by a lady who was dead, and offered her the old lady a handsome sum to induce her to take charge of the little one. Madame Pourpre was too poor to refuse her request, and she soon disposed to do so, which she was not, and accepted the trust and the money.

Grimgrip left from Dieppe to England, hastily settled his affairs, and sailed for New York, in which city he lived for many years, and acquired great wealth and influence.

Mathilde, whose lover had given her a powerful narcotic instead of poison, soon recovered from the effects of the dose, and after much cogitation was enabled to give a near guess at the manner in which the deed which had been turned upon her. Her conjectures were confirmed by a letter she received from her lover, upbraiding her with her intended murder, and bidding her farewell for ever. As soon as she contrived to convert into money the means her husband had left, she removed from Rouen into Brittany, and bought a small property in Launion, Côtes du Nord, upon which she resided until prevailed upon by Julien St. Croix and Marina to live with Bertram.

Little Marina remained in Dieppe till she was accidentally discovered by Mordaunt Elstone in Madame Pourpre's shop, in which he was purchasing ivory trinkets, for which the town is celebrated. He was struck with an instantaneous fondness for the once loved Mathilde, and, upon inquiring into its history, was satisfied that it was her daughter. He felt a natural kind regard for Marina, and had her sent to a fashionable seminary and educated at his own expense. Her mother, at Elstone's instigation, left Madame Pourpre a short time before the latter's decease, heard her story, and persisted in believing that Grimgrip had lost her the truth, and taken her own child with him to his place of exile. Poor Marina was, therefore, left motherless by her mother, who refused to acknowledge her, and left her in a state of painful doubt as to her parentage.

But each misgiving no longer existed in the mind of the mother, who now treated her devoted daughter with affection and tenderness. Even Marina's husband her conduct was respectful, and she appeared determined to compel his inclinations to submit to her sense of her duties. Grimgrip, indeed, without reason, doubtful of Marina's blood relationship to him, was charmed by her attachment and gentle obedience, and received favorable reports from every personage Marina, who was anxious for her own and her mother's sake, to avoid embarrassing associations, had to board, had revealed upon her parents to visit America, with the view of making their home in it. In disposing of their property and in converting it into money for the purpose of removal, Marina was grieved to observe the keen suspicion with which her husband and the wife regarded each other, and could not but feel that hatred was still lurking in the depths of their hearts, and that each had been her pupil-like in childhood, and she spotted in its tiniest like a dolphin. To have expanded and expanding soul on the ocean, bounded but by the blending sky that only stooped to kiss its imaginary brim, was a sight that should have banished their enmities, and made her heart swell with the loftiest poetic emotion. The grandeur of desolation was dear to her lonely soul, and the wide waste of waters, restless as her own heart, or as deadly calm, sympathetically relieved her intense spirit, and lulled it into grateful repose.

Bold and staunch as was her heart, it was fluttered like a bird's one night when she was awakened by a fearful cry that sounded like the scream of despair and death. They know little of the "horror heaped on horror's head" who have not, in such a time and place, heard such a sound. She leaped out of her berth, dressed herself scantily and in haste, and hurried upon deck. She saw smoke and flames issuing from the steerage hatchway, and comprehended in a moment the awfulness of her situation. But her courage rose with the occasion, and she felt superior to its horrors. Grimgrip came on deck, and, hardy as he was, could not but be astonished at the tremendous emergency. His wife was overwhelmed by it. Her conscience was aflame, and, death in its terrible form it now appeared her, appeared to her like divine judgment and retribution. Marina believed that her last hour had arrived, but even in that time of wildness and terror her thoughts wandered far away to another than herself.

"Bertram!" she murmured. "Bertram, where are you now? Sleeping calmly and happily by Muta, while death stalks near us in his fiery agonies. Sleep on and wake only to joy. I, who am consumed with a more burning passion, fear not these devouring flames. Among these hundreds I alone am ready and right willing to die. Why should so many cowering wretches be sent shrieking into eternity? Would I might suffer and die for all!"

The flames mocked all attempts to subdue them, and spread with the rapidity of a winged demon. Death never looked more ravenous or reached more terribly for his prey than did they. Two boats were swamped in launching. As Marina was about to descend into the one in which her mother was already seated, Grimgrip hung about her neck some papers enclosed in an oilskin bag, telling her to hold the contents next to her own life the most precious of all things. The boat, however, did not live long in the sea, being quickly filled and sank. Marina, who boasted that she could dance and swim for ever, sustained her mother till she grasped a floating spar, which she exchanged for other parent. The shattered planks were insufficient to support both, and the husband and wife, in their deadly struggle between time and eternity, suddenly glared upon each other with the unquenchable hate of many years, for a while suppressed, but now breaking forth into fatal fury. The planks drifted with them away from Marina, who, appalled, with horrible distinctness, the fearful pair struggling for the possession of the little raft, each trying to throw off the other, and both succeeding. For in the desperation of their endeavors they allowed their support to slip away from them and both went down, never to rise again in life, clinging in one another's arms, not in the embrace of love but in the grapple of infernal hate.

Marina struck out for them, but she could not reach them before they disappeared. She never saw them afterwards. This was to her, although she had that night witnessed scenes that was frightful, the crowning horror. She felt almost reckless of life, but still swam with the ease of long habit. As the flaming vessel went down the sun rose, as if he had hurried up to witness this final catastrophe. Marina, who had availed herself of the support afforded by a large oar which had drifted towards her, beheld the awful catastrophe with emotions no words can describe, with something of the feeling which perhaps the astonished soul first contemplates the phantasmagoria of the eternal world. She sustained herself for about an hour in the water, till she was picked up by a boat from a brig, which had borne down upon the wreck of the disaster, and was instrumental in saving two boatloads of human beings and some few swimmers, who had managed, like Marina, to keep afloat as long.

The survivors from the wreck were taken to Boston, Mass., to which port the brig was bound; but as Mr. Gregory's agent lived in New York Marina hastened thither, and obtained the best legal advice in relation to her affairs. The documents entrusted to her by the deceased included, among other valuable deeds, a will which made her his exclusive heir. Her father's agent supplied her with all the money she required, and after visiting some of the principal cities and lions of the country, and settling her business satisfactorily, she received a letter from Mordaunt Elstone, which induced her to return to Europe. Prior to her departure from New York, while walking down Broadway, she was abruptly accosted by an ugly old man, who cried:

"*Oh, Cielo! Marina!*"

She gazed at the shabby little fellow in mute surprise.

"Don't you know me? I am Scoda."

Marina's kind heart was instantly overflowing with sympathy for her little old friend, although she could not help being, in spite of herself, much amused at the oddity of his appearance and with his employment, which consisted in roasting and vending chestnuts.

"Oh, what a fall is here, my Bohemian!" she exclaimed. "I thought you had a soul above commerce."

"So I have, Marina; but I find I need not put much soul into the business and the capital, which is very fortunate, as I left both on the other side of the ocean. But you must not laugh at me. What think you that your idol, Garibaldi, is doing for a living?"

"On my life, nothing unworthy of himself."

"He is making candles or Rushen lights."

"'Tis fitting; for he is a bright and shining light himself. And what can make you look?"

"Another of our old friends is here, worse off than either of us."

"Who?"

"Victor Kingsland."

"I have long been hunting for him, for I heard that he had returned from California. Where is he?"

Signor Scoda pointed to a rough stone building, with a green in front of it.

"That is an hospital. Is he very ill?"

"He is dying."

"Of what?"

"The delirium tremens."

"Take me to him instantly. Oh, never mind your chestnut furnace. I buy you out on the spot at your own price—business, goodwill, fixtures, and all, with the confident expectation of soon realising a fortune and winning fame as the most furious chestnut seller. Come!"

Marina would never have recognised in the bloated and raving idiot that Scods pointed out to her the once handsome and dashing Victor Kingland. She found him in a dreadful fit, and he screamed at the sight of her, calling her a red serpent with blazing eyes, and mistook Scods for the devil himself.

Marina left nothing undone that medical skill and unremitting devotion towards saving Victor Kingland's life, but without avail. She was with him in his last moments. Before he died, during a lucid interval, he recognised her, and charged her with messages to his mother and brother. Marina had him buried in Greenwood cemetery at her own expense, she as a manner befitting the position he had and ought still to have held in society.

She returned soon afterwards to England with little Stella, who like her heroic countryman, Garibaldi, has since risen from the depths of adversity and taken part in the glorious self-assertion of his beloved and beautiful Italy.

CHAPTER XVIII.

As thee to wanton boys are to the gods,
They kill us their sport.—King Lear, ACT V., Sc. I.

Yet not always on the guilty head
Descends the fatal flash.—*Thompson's Summer.*

THERE is always a bright spot in a man's life, enduring it a brief space, but while it lasts almost realising his ideal of happiness, and serving afterwards to comfort him in the possibility. Petrarch enjoyed his fleeting paradise, this oasis in the desert of terrestrial existence with Muta, and both were so happy that they did not, could not think they could be happier.

Muta had learned to talk well, but she did not say much, and that little was as simple as it was sweet and moving. Her eyes had, however, become illumined with lovely expression, and her angelic smile was often the most charming reply that could have been made to her lover's burning eloquence. Bertram was her tutor, and found much of her mind a blank page which received its impressions readily and retained them indelibly. Her progress was almost miraculous, and the young master was prouder of his pupil's rapid advancement than he would have been of her erudition had she been, when he first knew her, a profound scholar. His task was a labor of love, and one in which he took great delight.

But upon knowledge for its own sake she did not seem to set a high value. As far as her acquisition of it enabled her to gratify Bertram, it was of inestimable worth to her. Her task, then, was a labor of love, for love was her incitement, her light, her guide, her haven and reward. So absorbed was her whole soul by Bertram, that she felt as though the loss of him or of his affection would render her mind as blank, dark and ignorant as ever.

When Muta's education was deemed sufficiently complete to justify her introduction into society her marriage with Bertram was regarded with little form and propriety, and she assumed the duties and honors appertaining to the mistress of Wildenham, the hereditary mansion of the Hapsells. Lady Adele Hapsell, a very noble woman, received Muta kindly, and no sooner became convinced of the cordial innocence and truthfulness of her disposition than she took her to her heart and loved her as if she had been her own daughter.

Sir Bertram Hapsell, Bart.—for such was now our hero's title—received a magnificent dowry with Muta, all that Elfstone could bestow, for the old sculptor, driving that his days were few, and that her chance to Ellingford would be contested, provided her in advance with ample means to maintain them. After Bertram and Muta had left Ellingford, Elfstone found his condition very feeble, and he wrote to Marina, entreating her, if she was at all dissatisfied with her position in America, to return to England and live with him. He sent back to his studio, in which he spent the greater part of his day, and worked incessantly on a statue representing the fair one he was so anxiously expecting to hear from and again welcome to his heart. He "groped" his way through his last work, seemed likely to prove his greatest masterpiece, for it was not only very beautiful, but replete with wonderful energy, suggestive power and intense expression. It advanced rapidly, for he gave all his time and strength to it, and when away from it seemed quite absent and lost. Night ate and drank very little, overtaxed his powers, and evidently needed some one capable of exercising a wholesome control over him.

A venerable old gentleman who called to see him one day was told that he was engaged in his studio and could not be visible till five o'clock in the afternoon, his dinner hour, and that it would be actually dangerous to disturb him before. The visitor said he had come some hundred miles to see him, and would wait his appearance.

Mordaunt Elfstone had worked unusually hard that morning, and during the afternoon grew tired and sat down on a bench at some distance from the statue to rest himself and contemplate his work at the same time. The sky had become overclouded, and the room looked very gloomy. After the sculptor had gazed for some time at his noble creation, he saw, or thought he saw, a pale figure appear beside it, wreath its arms around the statue's neck and kiss its cold lips. When the face of the apparition turned towards him, misty and white as it was, he recognised it to be Muta's, and its pensive smile and look of heavenly affection for him sent a thrill of strange awe through his heart. As it disappeared it beckoned to him with graceful waving of the hands, impelling to the gazer that unearthly sensation which can only be awakened by supernatural presence. When it had vanished he gazed in every direction, surprised to find all wearing its wonted aspect, and exclaimed fearfully:

"I am going mad again!"

He made a great effort to compose himself, and to divert his mind from the apparition he had beheld; tried to read a book, but found he had brought with him from the breakfast-table, but neglected till now. For some time, however, the letters seem before him, and he grew tired and lonely solemnity of his spiritual visitant filled his sight; but as his vision grew clearer it was presented to him something more fearful far, large, mourning, horrible type, announcing the loss at sea of the steamer on which Marina had taken passage for America, and the perishing of every creature on board, with the exception of seven of the crew. Elfstone sprung to his feet like one wounded while sitting, and struggling to overmaster his fate, tottered towards his statue and fell lifeless at its feet.

At about four o'clock the patient visitor awaiting the advent into the library of Mr. Elfstone was startled by Julien St. Cloud.

"Where is he? have you not seen him yet?" demanded the latter.

"He is in his studio, I believe, but his servants tell me it is dangerous to disturb him before his usual hour of coming forth, and I have therefore been constrained to wait patiently as I could."

"They had little idea who you are, and doubtless took you for some clerical bore, whose visit to the studio would have been the matter never beyond endurance, or they would have treated you with more courtesy. I stand upon no ceremony now, however, and will take you up at once."

As Julien and his venerable friend were ascending to the sculptor's sanctum, the former observed:

"I think it is well you were not admitted before I arrived, for there is no telling what effect a sudden disclosure of this kind may have upon him."

Little did they divine with what impossibility Elfstone could receive the most astounding disclosure they could make to him, and little were they prepared for the silent and awful spectacle that met them. For a few seconds after they had entered the studio, they thought that the old artist had left the room, and Julien, catching a ray of the statue, exclaimed:

"Heavens! Marina in herself, and as like as life!"

"Your daughter?"

"I loved her as such. This is the beauty that was worthy of Elfstone's chisel. Oh, my God! my new life, like the visits of spring. She is no angel, but the Queen of Women."

He hurried to Nature's masterpiece, as this is Art's. Great God! here is Elfstone, lying on the floor. He has fa—no, he is no more."

"My brother dead!" cried the man falling on his knees before the sculptor, now as pale, cold and insensible as his own works.

"Yes, he is dead! He has gone as this we must all be parted, but, oh, how different! I thought I had murdered him in his crime, and I have felt like a fiend ever since. Perhaps he has prayed with me before me, though younger, but why precede me to the grave? His must have died while I was waiting for God's mercy! I thought that I should have been so near him, and have rendered him no aid in his last moments."

"He suffered little very suddenly," said Julien, who had taken the newspaper that the dead man grasped out of his hand. "Here is the false indictment of Marina Scods, which must have been a shock of grief for her loss killed him. She was always his chief solace, and latterly his only stronghold in life."

On the day on which these events transpired Bertram and Muta were sitting in their beautiful, charming scenery dressed in the full luxuriance of August, to the half ruined chapel of St. Wimeux. They were before him, and Bertram, who had hardly reached the chapel, which was undergoing a partial renovation, before they were overtaken by a violent storm. Muta, who had been much terrified from Grimgrip's housekeeper a habit of tacit piety, mingled with superstition, no sooner heard the first peal of thunder than she knelt down before the rude altar, which was of beautiful marble, and in strange contrast with the rest of the building, and knelt in silent prayer. Bertram had some trouble with the horses, and had just secured them against the impending violence of the storm when he was well-nigh stunned by a thunderclap that seemed to shake the earth and almost brought down the roof on his head. He ascribed the concussion that he was paralysed and paralysed for some seconds, and full a minute elapsed before he recovered his self-possession. He entered the chapel, congratulating himself that he had tied up the horses in time so firmly, for they had just reached most fearfully loud and near.

As he walked up the aisle his nostrils were saluted with a sulphurous smell, and he rushed forward to behold at the foot of the shattered and smoking altar the prostrate form of Muta. He raised her—she hung listless in his arms. Her ridinghat had fallen off; her hair had become dishevelled and fell over her face, her habit, down to her ankles, its steps in golden luxuriance. One side of the lightning that had struck her. He pushed her hair aside, gazed into her face of pure, deadly whiteness, its eyes and their wide blue stare, and frantically kissed the parted lips that showed the shining pearls behind them. He chafed her hands, called her by every name of endearment, and when he had tried every expedient he could think of to revive her and found that she was dead, he flung himself on the altar and besought heaven to strike him, too, with its lightning, lifeless by the side of the beautiful corpse of his young and innocent wife.

THE ARTIST'S LOVE.

BY WM. WIRT SIKES.

THUS spake to me a dreamer, some years gone,
Who bore the name of being loveless, sad,
And wedded only to his Art—a man
Who dwelt amid the beauty he begot
Before his easel. Warm of heart, and true,
But helpless, somehow, ever-more had still
Persistently. Thus once he spake to me,
In answer to a question I had put—

"In all my life, I never knew what 'twas
To sigh for love in vain—for from my heart
Grow dead within me, and the springs of life
Fainting in dearth of love-dews; and I keep
Death's watch over all that is blooming here.

"There's silver hair upon my head, for grief
And care have touched me, as they touch us all;
But if I'm sad, I've but to close my eyes
Upon a weary world, and turn within
Into my other world, my world of dreams.

"There I find love that changes not, nor pales
Its fires for ever—love that burns as pure
As incense on the altar of a saint—
That feeds me kisses from sweet virgin lips
Where none have been before, to brush away the
blooms
That calls me tender names no other ear has
heard,
And sings me into sleep with songs more beautiful
than any earthly siren ever sang her love.

"Loveless? Here's love to make a jealous world
envious, and I'm not alone in my loveless love—
And other lovers know how much of pain
Their love doth bring them. Oh, a wondrous love
Is mine, with passion, tenderness, and yields
Kisses that never cloy, joys that do grow
For ever richer, deeper, stronger. Who so blest
As this with love?"

None but the dreamer, sooth!

HINTS TO SOLDIERS FOR EMERGENCIES IN MARCH AND CAMP.

THE facility with which the American, above all others, adapts himself to any position and finds resources in any emergency is commendable, and the general familiarity with forest life gives him an experience not usual in Europe. Still a few hints of modes of encampment may not be amiss, and may give them with illustrations that may benefit not only the soldier in the field, but travellers and all in case of accident.

Water supply is one of the great difficulties which soldiers and travellers have to contend with. The use of the skin or pannch of an animal properly cleaned and dried has indeed been found of great service. Fig. 1 shows the mode of carrying it. This kind of bag is commonly used in Hungary and Asia for wine and water, is that referred to in the Bible, where the allusion is made to new wine in old bottles.

Fig. 2 shows a method of carrying water by means of a piece of looking-glass, which may be seen on mine.

Fig. 3 is a method of boiling water in camp.

In Fig. 4 an effective mode of securing a prisoner is shown. It consists in tying his thumbs as well as his feet. The method of making rush-bottomed chairs and seats is also represented. In Fig. 5, which may also be lashed firmly, and yet so as to remain flexible by a slight movement, is shown a method of securing.

Fig. 6 shows a mode of bridging over a gap, which is also represented in the illustration.

Fig. 7 shows a method of drying damp clothes, which is also represented in the illustration.

Fig. 8 represents an underground tent or hut, with a double entrance. The deeply-dug hole dug beneath the flooring of the tent, and serving, by the help of a rough bridge, as a bed, is also worthy of notice, as it secures a dry resting-place.

Fig. 9 represents often a difficult problem safely to descend in a steep hill or rocky place. This is best effected by felling a tolerably large tree and tying its roots to the limbs left standing on the branches to sweep the ground. Another plan is to unharness the leaders and hook the wheel horses behind the rear axle of the wagon.

Fig. 10 shows modes of securing straps, etc.; mending a broken tongue of a buckle; tying a pole to hold a kettle, and a method of making a spring.

Fig. 12 is a section of a tent pitched for a long stay, showing a stone wall, a bank, a bench, a fireplace, the seat and table being dug out.

Fig. 13 is a method of using baggage. It is made by cutting off a branching bough and laying slats across.

In sleeping in the open air the head is not so much a matter of difficulty as the feet. A piece of a wide turf thrown up or boughs make a good protection, as seen in Fig. 14. In Fig. 16 is shown a safe method of securing the musket in such cases.

Fig. 17 represents a mode of advance, it is necessary sometimes to resort to distillation. Fig. 15 shows how water can be obtained. Take any iron pot, fill it to it a thick wooden cover, inserting into the side the spout of a tea-pot, and fill the pot full of water. Let the lid be stem may escape into the barrel. A jug is next made into a cover for the barrel in lieu of the lid, and which, filled with water, acts as a condenser, the distilled water escaping at the nipple of the barrel into a vessel set there.

HOW THE RED RIVER FLEET WAS SAVED.

ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER'S official report to the NAVY Department, dated at the mouth of the Red river, May 10, gives a vivid account of the ingenious device by which the naval fleet was saved.

The following is the material part of the report:

"I am sorry to say that we have had no hope or expectation of getting the vessels out this season; and now the army has been withdrawn from the interior of the country, I saw nothing before me but the destruction of the fleet to prevent its capture. There seemed however to have been an especial Providence looking out for us in the person of Colonel Bailey, acting engineer. This Col. Bailey, acting engineer of the 19th army corps, proposed to build a dam, with a series of dams across the rocks at the falls, and raising the water high enough to let the gunboats step a golden luminance. Everybody looked like madness, and the best engineers ridiculed it; but Col. Bailey was so sanguine of success that I requested Gen. Banks to have it done, and he entered heartily in the work. Provisions were short and forage was almost out, and the dam was promised to be finished in ten days, or the army would have to leave us. I was doubtful about the time, but had no doubt about the ultimate success if time would only permit. Gen. Banks placed at the disposal of Col. Bailey all the force he required, detailing at once 5,000 men and 500 or 600 wagons. All the neighboring steam mills were torn down for material, two or three regiments of Maine men were set to work felling trees, and on the second day after my arrival in Alexandria from Grand Ecore the work had fairly begun. Trees were falling with great rapidity; frames were moving in all directions, bringing in brick and stone; quarries were opened; flatboats were built to bring down stone from above; and every man seemed to be working with a vigor I have seldom seen equalled, while perhaps not one in fifty believed in the success of the undertaking. These falls are about a mile in length, filled with rugged rocks, over which, at the present stage of water, it seemed impossible to make a channel.

The work was commenced by running out from the left bank of the river a wee dam made of the bodies of very large trees, branches and stones, crammed with other heavy timber, and strengthened in every way which human ingenuity could devise. This was run out about 500 feet into the river; four large coal barges were then filled with stone and sunk at the end of it. From the right bank of the river cribs filled with stone were run out, and sunk in the water. All of which was successfully accomplished, notwithstanding there was a current running of seven miles an hour. Trees were cut to sweep completely over the dam, and securely reached completion at eight days' working time, and water had risen sufficiently on the upper falls to allow the Fort Hindman, Osage and Neosho to get down and be ready to pass the locks. Meanwhile it would have been high enough to enable all the other vessels to pass the upper falls. Unfortunately, on the afternoon of the 9th inst., the pressure of water became so great that it swept away two of the stone barges, which was enough to blow the dam on one side.

The Lexington succeeded in getting over the upper falls just in time—the water rapidly falling as she was passing over. She was steered admirably by the steering in the dam, through which the water was rushing so furiously that it struck on a timber, but she protected, shaved her. Thousands of beating hearts looked on as she passed the rocks. The silence was as great as the Lexington approached the dam that a pin might almost be heard to fall. She entered the gap with a loud peal of steam on, pitched down the roaring torrent, made two or three apparent efforts to broach to, struck on the rocks below, was then swept into deep water by the current, and rounded to. Cheer after cheer of 10,000 voices rose in one deafening cheer, and universal joy seemed to fill the air. The Osage was next seen coming. The Neosho followed next, all her hatches battened down, and, with the exception of the steering apparatus, she did not fire as well as the Lexington, her pilot having become frightened at the water. She, however, safely stopped her engine, when I particularly ordered a full head of steam, and she started in the second time for a second trial, and disappeared from sight under the water. Every one thought she was lost, but she came up, however, swept over the dam with her engine stopped, and fortunately escaped with one hole in her bottom, which was stopped by the time she got to the Fort Hindman and Osage both came through beautifully, without touching a bar. The Fort Hindman was the last, and only fortunate enough to get up large vessels as well as small ones. She was not once seen until she struck on the Mississippi. The accident to the dam, instead of disheartening Colonel Bailey, only stimulated him and his exertions after he had seen the success of getting the vessels through.

The noble-hearted soldiers, seeing their labor of the last few days swept away in a moment, unwearyingly set to work to repair damages, being confident now that all the vessels would be finally rescued over. Three men had been working for eight days and nights up to their waists in water. They brought their provisions and wheeling bricks, and nothing but good humor prevailed among the men. On the whole it was very fortunate the dam was carried away, as the two barges that were sunk served as a breast-work to protect the vessels from the rocks on the left, and made a fine cushion for the vessels to rub against. Admiral Porter was prevented from running on certain destruction.

The Admiral concludes his report in the admiration I feel for the abilities of Lieut.-Col Bailey. This is without doubt the greatest engineering feat ever performed. Under the best circumstances, a private company would have required six months to perform the work, at a cost of $2,000,000. More, he has deprived the enemy of a vessel of war, and has saved the vessels of the navy. I understand that over two hundred vessels of the various of the army was a dead fact, and there was no doubt in the mind of any one that the enemy would not to destroy every part of the vessels, so that the rebels could not possibly get any use of them. The thanks of the Government can bestow on Col. Bailey can never repay the debt of gratitude the country owes him. Admiral To Gen. Banks, personally, I am much indebted for the happy manner in which he has forwarded my every request, giving it his whole attention night and day, and personally superintending the work. I consider it my personally to see that all the requirements of Col. Bailey were complied with to the letter.

The width of the river at the dam was 750 feet, and the depth of water from four to six feet. The current was from five miles an hour to seven miles an hour. Col. Bailey raised the depth at the main dam 5 feet 4½ inches, and the dam at Dwight 3 feet 6 inches, and the fall 6 feet 6½ inches.

Gen. Banks, in his report, says: "To Major-Gen. Franklin, who, previous to the commencement of the work, gave his hearty support and co-operation, and to whose energy and perseverance the most unceasing efforts cause the adoption, I desire to refer favorably. To Gen. A. J. Smith and his command the success of the Gulf and the Mississippi squadron in awarding to them the highest praise for their untiring energy in behalf.

Major-Gen. Banks promptly issued all necessary orders, and assisted me by his constant presence and encouragement. Lieut.-Col. Dwight Bailey, 19th Army Officer of Gen. Franklin's staff; to Lieut.-Col. W. B. Hinsey, 161st N. Y. Vols.; Lieut.-Col. D. Pomeroy, 130th U. S. (colored) Infantry, who was my assistant; to Capt. George H. Nettleton, 19th Army Corps; to Capt. Morton, Morrison and Harper, of 95th U. S. (colored) Infantry, and to various soldiers much knowledge and untiring zeal.

The following is a list of the troops who constructed the dam: Pioneer Corps, 19th Army Corps, under Capt. Morton; 95th U. S. (colored) Infantry, under Col. Lincoln Vols., Lieut. Kimball, Quartermaster, Lieut. Col. Pomeroy, and Lieut. Hinsey; 130th U. S. (colored) Infantry, Col. G. D. Robinson; and detachments from the 29th Iowa, 23d Wisconsin, 14th Indiana, 19th Kentucky, 16th and 33d Ohio, 8th Iowa, 97th and 130th Illinois, and other regiments.

Colonel Bailey worked patiently and enthusiastically by day and night, standing waist deep in the water under the heavy fire, and received the reward of success of having performed their duty as true soldiers, and they have the thanks of their entire countrymen.

Our Artist has depicted the scene with great care, that every remarkable feature of engineering skill may not be passed over amid the incidents daily arising. He has given us his sketchbook in the photographic form by Messrs. McPherson and Oliver.

The dam on the extreme right of the sketch was made of trees, with the branches up the stream, laid rows above row, the alternate rows at right angles. Next came the stone, sunk by means of bricks, railroad iron, engraved machinery, etc. The left of the dam, connecting with the Alexandria shore in the foreground, was made of square cribs filled with iron, etc., and sunk.

WHEN a man happens to speak with a quiver in his voice, is it right to think his speech is an avowedly?



1. WAVERSKIN AND MODE OF CARRYING.



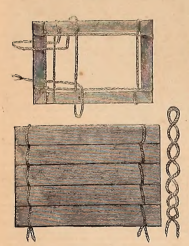
2. SIGNALLING WITH A PIECE OF LOOKING-GLASS.



3. CUTTING COARSE FORAGE INTO CHAFF.



4. EFFECTIVE MODE OF SECURING A PRISONER.



5. METHOD OF MAKING RUSH-BOTTOMED CHAIR.



6. BRIDGING ACROSS A GAP.





7. METHOD OF DRYING DAMP CLOTHES.



8. UNDERGROUND TENT WITH TWO STOREYS.



9. METHODS OF DESCENDING A STEEP HILL.



10. FRAMEWORK FOR SMALL TENT.



12. SECTION OF TENT WITH FIREPLACE.



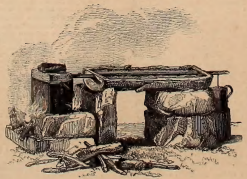
11. A BROKEN TONGUE MENDED. MODE OF FASTENING ROPES. A STRAP PADLOCKED.



13. SLED MADE OUT OF A BOUGH.



14. SHELTER AGAINST A DRIVING WIND.

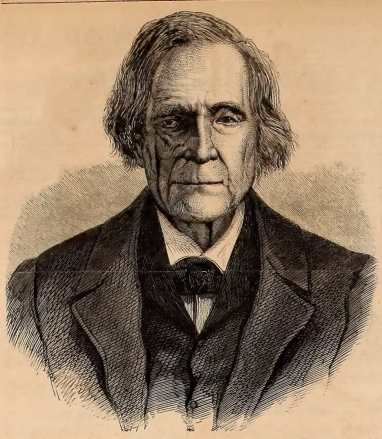


15. MODE OF DISTILLING SEA WATER.

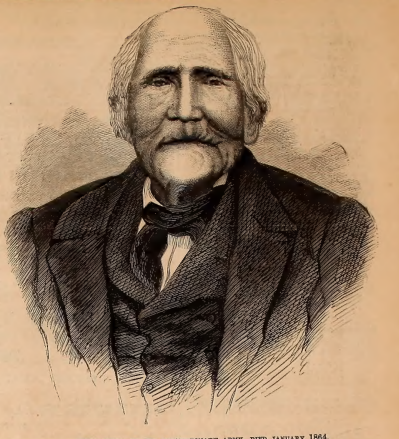


16. SAFE MODE OF SLEEPING WITH A LOADED GUN.

HINTS TO SOLDIERS IN THE CAMP AND ON CAMPAIGN.—SEE PAGE 267.



WILLIAM HUTCHINGS, OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY, NOW OF PENOBSCOT, MAINE.



JONAS GATES, OF THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY, DIED JANUARY 1864.

TWO CENTENARIAN HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION.

1764—1770—1864.

1764. THE LAST OF THE HEROES OF THE REVOLUTION. **1864.**

As an apposite illustration for a paper issued so near the anniversary of the birthday of American freedom, we give portraits of two of the last survivors of the Revolution, of the men whom Washington led, and by whose blood and toil the Declaration of Independence, now on the lips of grateful millions, became a reality and the cornerstone of a great republic.

William Hutchings, one of these, was born in York, in the county of the same name, in what or was then called the District of Maine, subject to the rule of Massachusetts. He saw the light in 1764, just at the close of the last struggle between the English and the French colonies, in which the last were subdued.

He was but 12 years of age at the commencement of the war, and did not of course enter the service till towards the close, but he made up by his zeal and courage for the short time allowed him to display it. After the close of the war he settled in his native district, and has seen it become a thriving State. He has voted for every President, from Washington to Lincoln, has seen the country pass unscathed through successive wars, and now, having outlived a century, would die happy if he could see it once more united.

Jonas Gates, whose portrait we also present, was born at Nantucket, Mass., and early joined his father, Capt. Gates, in the army, when only 14. His father, disabled by a severe wound, was compelled to leave the service, but his gallant son, desirous of taking his place, enlisted and fought stoutly on till the independence of his country was acknowledged.

When war was again declared against England Mr. Gates came promptly forward and was made 2d Lieutenant in the 31st Infantry, April 30, 1813.

After the war he returned to Chelsea, Vermont, and resided there till after he entered his 100th year, when he died amidst his family, Jan. 14, 1864.

THE BRIC VISION.

Visions is not a bad name for one of the most visionary attempts ever made. A brig of one ton register we more of a vision than a reality, but most visionary of all subluinary things is a voyage across the Atlantic in such a cockleshell. Yet Capt. Donovan—Donovan sounds Irish—may be a lineal descendantor those mad Irish sea rovers who in the early ages laughed at Neptune and Æolus, and made long voyages from their island in corracles or willow boats, covered with hides. They thus reached Iceland under good St. Brendan, plundered the coasts of Scotland, England and France, and carried on a pleasant trade with tuffir Milesian cousins in Spain.

Eve voyage, Viking Donovan, who, taking all favorable omens, made sail on Sunday afternoon, June 26, amid the greetings of thousands of spectators who broke the Sabbath stillness by their expressions of satisfaction.

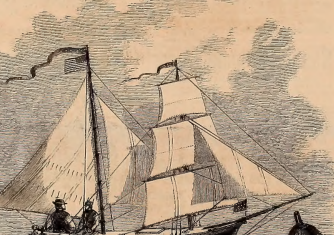
The Vision is but 15 feet in length, 4 feet 6 inches beam, and 2 feet 10 inches depth of hold. She is rigged as a hermaphrodite brig, and carries a large quantity of canvas. Her tonnage is about a ton and three quarters. She was launched at the foot of Grand street E. R., on the 17th June, and sailed with Capt. J. C Donovan, and Mr. Wm. Spencer of Providence, R. I., as Captain and crew. A lively dog Toby represents the passengers. The only provision for cooking is a lamp, the voyagers trusting mainly to corned meats for their fare and carrying 32 gallons of water to drink pure and in coffee.

When all was ready Capt. Donovan set his foresail and foresheet and mainsail, and, giving her the jib, she was headed for Governor's Island e'en the wind," and standing close in, he then "tacked ship" and reached over to Whitehall, when he again tacked, heading for Bedloe's Island, and making one more tack, he stood down the bay with a nice breeze, making at least eight knots.

Capt. Donovan intends to make the coast of England about Land's End, and proceed direct to London. There is no reason to doubt that the Vision will safely reach her destination. Capt. Donovan will be reported from time to time by passing vessels: so that we shall be enabled to hear of his progress over the Atlantic.

The pilot boat Wm. Bell was the first to give tidings of her, having passed her on the 28th, 47 miles east of Five Island.

It requires some nerve for such an undertaking, and we hope he will reach London in safety, and show to the Englishmen that, although they have sent the largest vessel to us, we can let them see that the smallest vessel can carry the Stars and Stripes across to them. If this is successfully accomplished, then let her make a note of it; for it would not be unlikely, in the event of a foreign war, that a fleet of our North river sloops might cross over and trouble her commerce, and perhaps destroy her coasting trade.



THE ONE TON BRIG VISION, CAPT. DONOVAN, NOW ON HER WAY ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—NORTHEAST VIEW OF ROCKY GAP, SHOWING JOHNSTON'S RESERVE CAMPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. RILLIER.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A YANKEE doctor has contrived to extract from sausages a powerful tonic, which he says combines the whole strength of the "bark," He calls it "sul-pastor's essence."

HATTIE HENPECKED.—Fancy a man nibbling an apple on the sunny side of a barn, for fear his wife should see him eat it in the house.

THE following dialogue is said to have taken place recently between a married couple on their travels: "My dear, are you comfortable in that corner?"

"Quite, thank you, my dear."

"Then there's plenty of room for your feet?"

"Quite enough."

"And he cold air from the windows by your ear?"

"Quite certain, darling."

"Then, my dear, I'll change places with you."

THE following lately appeared in the *Gospel Standard:* "The ministry: A few lovers of gospel truth are in want of a minister. One who understands gardening, hothouses and greenhouses, and who would be willing to employ himself in the summer, would have £40 per year, in addition to what might be raised by the friends. Apply," &c.

FOOS GARIBALDI must have had a hard time of late, for it is said that he had 367,000 applications for locks of hair from ladies. The calculation is that, after the complete exhaustion of the hero's own hair, including whiskers and beard, his wigs would not have met the demand.

SELLING AT HALF PRICE.—A shopkeeper, in a small town, one day, marked the handkerchiefs in his window with the tempting words, "selling at half price." Shortly after, a lady who had traded with him before entered the shop in a hurry, and having looked at the handkerchiefs inquired the price.

"Only seven pence," replied the shopman.

"Very well," said the lady, "you may do me up a dozen."

The handkerchiefs were cut off and delivered to the lady, who gave the shopkeeper a £3 bill.

"Bey your pardon, madam, but I—he—told you the handkerchiefs were 50 cents apiece; that is 6*d* per dozen."

"To be sure; I understand as much arithmetic as that; 6*d* is the price: half six is three—that is half price. I think they are cheap enough. Good morning, sir."

The lady shut the door. The shopkeeper opened his eyes. For five minutes he stood still as a statue, gazing vacantly at the window; biting his lips and looking very red, he quickly removed the card pinned to the handkerchiefs, and resolved to announce no more goods as selling at half price.

A NAVAL officer being at sea in a dreadful storm, his wife was sitting in the cabin with him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his serenity and composure that she cried out:

"My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a dreadful storm?"

He rose from his chair, dashed it to the deck, drew his sword, and pointing it at the breast of his wife, exclaimed:

"Are you afraid?"

She immediately answered:

"No."

"Why?" said the officer.

"Because," rejoined the wife, "I know this sword is in the hands of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me."

"Then," said he, "I know in whom I believe, and that He who holds the winds in his fists and the waters in the hollow of his hands is my fellow."

A GOOD-LOOKING fellow was arraigned recently before our police-court, charged with having stolen a watch. It was his first crime, and he was ready to plead guilty. The judge addressed him in very gentle tones, and asked what induced him to commit the theft. The young man replied, having been unwell for some time, the doctor advised him to take horseback exercise, he had accordingly done. The judge was rather pleased with the manner of the thing, and asked the doctor for him to select a watch.

"Why," said the prisoner, "I thought if I only had the time, that nature would work a cure!"

GRACE GREENWOOD said, in a little lecture in Philadelphia that she believed in Henry Ward Beecher and Charles Sumner. We wonder whether Beecher and Sumner are believers in Grace.

JEFF. DAVIS has appointed a day of humiliation and prayer. The rebels have probably very few days of prayer, but a great many of humiliation.

WE presume that Gen. Grant avoids sending any advices to Washington for fear of getting too much advice from it in return.

THIS cruel war will not be over till this cruel rebellion is under.

AN Irishman was employed to trim some fruit trees. He went in the morning, and, on returning at noon, was asked if he had completed his work.

"No," was the reply, "but I have cut them all down, and am going to trim them in the afternoon."

THE South should remember that, in Solomon's time, she was the false mother who wished the child divided.

A MILITARY leader shouldn't be all head or all heart. He should be at least half pluck.

THE last joke at the expense of the French Society for the Protection of Animals is to the following effect: A countryman armed with a monstrous club presents himself before the President of the Society, and claims the first prize. He is asked to state the fact of humanity on which he founds his claim.

"I saved the life of a wolf," replies the countryman. "I might have easily killed him with this bludgeon; and he owing the revenge as the air to the delicious comfort of the Protector.

"But where was the wolf?" inquired the latter; "what had he done to you?"

"He had just devoured my wife," was the reply.

The President reflected an instant, and then said:

"My friend, I am of opinion that you have been ruthlessly rewarded."

IN THE WRONG PEW.—At a railway sharebrokers' meeting, held in London the other day, a gentleman attended, and would insist upon making a very long speech, which he did. The chairman, when he had concluded, quietly asked the orator if he had finished.

"Yes, sir, quite," was the indignant reply of the ousted man.

"You will consequently permit me to answer you, sir?"

"Oh, certainly, if you can; but I defy you to do that!"

"Well, then," said the chairman, calmly and with exceedingly measured voice, looking round the room, "I think I can do so: I think I can do it to the satisfaction of yourself—I think I can do it to the satisfaction of all present—by informing you that you are in the wrong room, and addressing the wrong company. The brilliant speech you made should have been delivered at No. 6, first floor."

THE Newburyport *Herald* proposes to change Byron's cynical lines:

"Seek roses in December, grain in chaff,
Believe a woman or an epilogue—"

thus to suit the times:

Seek roses in December, grain in chaff,
Believe a woman or file—telegraph.

APROPOS of the Russians—a pretty young Russian demoiselle must be a Muscovy Duck.

LITERARY ECOTISM.

M. JULES JANIN told me recently an interesting anecdote of Dorat, which you must let me repeat to you, as I am talking of selfishness:

"There was in the last century a poet named Barthe. They still play one of his comedies: 'Les Femmes Confidences.' He was a friend of the poet Dorat. The latter, while yet young, died exhausted by every passion of debauchery and wit. There was nothing around his deathbed but forked tongs, old bibliotaphs, collectors of gems, misery, discretion, destitution. A decayed actress kept watch by his pillow endued with thorns; even the fine silken filament of a spider's web, that floats in the air, was not there. How rare are friends of the habitual! 'Woe unto those who are rich!' Nevertheless, a man—it was Barthe—made his appearance in this miserable solitude; he had a huge roll of paper under his arm. The dying man said to him, 'Is it your tragedy?' 'No,' said the friend; I had an the only one who has come to bid me farewell—and my good examples do not go for from Café Procope!'

"Barthe unrolled his manuscript and said: 'Let me read you, friend Dorat, my new comedy in verse; it is entitled 'The Egoist, or the Selfish Fellow.' I am persuaded that you will be pleased with it.' The invalid moaned from his bed: 'Pish, my dear friend, don't you see I am dying? For Heaven's sake, have compassion on me!' The other man replied: 'Get out! you are no half dead! Besides, my comedy is not long; in three hours I can finish the whole of it.' He smoothed his manuscript, and without pity read right on till he reached the end. After he had ceased to read, he waited, full sure that his work would be successful, for the invalid's compliments. Dorat said to him with his dying voice: 'Ah!, I pray you, a scene to pay! Egoist! depict him coming to read a comedy to his dying friend, and going away after having drank the last glass of the dying man's infusion.' So saying, he turned his face to the wall, and gave up his ghost, 'Gracieux soul, and his wretchless mind.' 'Oh! the egoist and envious wretch!' exclaimed Barthe, as he quitted the death-chamber, and went to carry his comedy to the playwhore."

THE FIRST STRIKING CLOCK.—In the time of Alfred the Great there was imported in England a machine which presented the first rudiments of a striking clock. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne from Abdellah, King of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem, in the year 800. Among other presents, says Eginhart, was a horologe of brass wonderfully constructed by some mechanical artifice, in which the course of the 12 hours of *clepsydræ* corbiculum with so many little brass balls, which at the close of each hour dropped down on a sort of bells beneath, and struck out the end of the hour. There were also 12 figures of horsemen, who, when the 12 hours were completed, issued out of the 12 windows, which, till then, stood open, and returning again, shut the windows behind them. It is to be remembered that Eginhart was an eye-witness of what is here described, and that he was an abbot, a skilful architect, and learned in the sciences.



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No. 460—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, JULY 23, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

The Late Rebel Raid into Maryland.

The authorities and people of the Maryland and Pennsylvania border, Baltimore and Washington, have just been favored with a surprise party, which will not soon be forgotten. Had the daring rebel invading column, which so unexpectedly streamed over the Potomac the other day, and over all the roads leading to Frederick city, come up out of the ground, or dropped down from the clouds, it could hardly have created more astonishment, confusion and alarm. There had been abundant and timely warning given of its approach, its strength and its purposes; but the facts were so intermixed with conflicting rumors and wild inventions, that until the sanguinary battle with and defeat of Gen. Wallace on the Monocacy river, it was impossible to tell whether the invading forces of the enemy fell short of 1,500 men, or exceed twice 15,000.

How is this mystery to be explained? How is it that neither the War Office at Washington, nor our several corps of observation scattered along the upper Potomac, knew anything definite of this daring and dangerous foray of the enemy until they startled Gen. Sigel from his fancied security at Martinsburg, and drove him down the river to Harper's Ferry, and thence across to the Maryland Heights for safety? Let us briefly answer these questions.

It was as but a few days ago that we were rejoicing over the capture of Staunton, 140 or 150 miles up the great valley of Virginia, from Martinsburg. Hunter had cleared the valley of the enemy to the very sources of the Shenandoah river, and was still pursuing them, scattering them from Staunton right and left, he pushed on, without a provision train and without depot or base of supplies, to Lynchburg. There he was repulsed; and from the heavy converging detachments of the enemy sent forward from Richmond to destroy him, he next discovered that his line of return, down the Shenandoah valley, was cut off, and that a retreat westward, to the Great Kenowha river and thence to the Ohio, was his only chance of escape. Accordingly he passed over the western mountain boundary of the great valley, and so to the rebel forces sent against him that valley was left completely open from Staunton down to the Potomac. The opportunity thus offered for a dashing surprise to the Marylanders and Father Abraham was too tempting to be resisted. Between Staunton and Martinsburg not a man, as it appears, had been left of our forces to watch and report the enemy's movements. And yet, from various sources, including Gen. Grant, timely warnings were given to our Federal authorities at Washington and our loyal border States directly concerned, to enable them to make the needful preparations for a decisive settlement with Early and company, with their landing on the Maryland side of the Potomac. Why this was not done it is needless now to explain. Nor would it mend the matter to discuss, in this connection, the responsibility of Gen. Hunter, the War Office, or Gen. Grant, or anybody else.

We turn, therefore, to the inquiries. Does not the Northern diversion of a large force from Lee's army afford a splendid opportunity to Gen. Grant to move upon Petersburg, or around the city upon Richmond, and why does he not act accordingly? Will our military



CAPT. JOHN A. WINSLOW, U. S. N.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BLACK, BOSTON.—SEE PAGE 279.



NAVAL VICTORY OFF CHERBOURG, JUNE 19—THE PIRATE ALABAMA (290), CAPT. SEMMES, SUNK AFTER AN ENGAGEMENT OF ONE HOUR BY THE U. S. STEAMER KEARSARGE, CAPT. WINSLOW.—PAGE 274.

authorities at Washington, and of Maryland and Pennsylvania, meantime, permit even a remnant of these invading rebel foragers to get back to Richmond, without at least despoiling them of their herds of cattle and horses, and their trains of plunder? We answer, first, that we expect soon to hear that Gen. Grant has struck a blow determining the issue of this campaign and of the war; and secondly, we entertain the hope that this invading rebel column, from its bold and desperate advance into the very heart of Maryland, will not only be despoiled of its plunder, but broken up and dispersed in its retreat for Richmond. In brief, we are inclined, with one of our daily cotemporaries of this city, to the opinion that, in this Maryland strategic diversion and foraging adventure, Gen. Lee has committed a grand mistake, which Gen. Grant will turn to the most decisive advantages to the Union cause.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Nothing new comes from Grant's army. His lines are steadily advancing, and a brisk cannonade goes on at times.

On the 7th and 8th the enemy made demonstrations against the position of the 9th corps. On the 8th, in the afternoon, an attack was made on Turner's division, and on the 9th another was made on Stannard's and Martindale's divisions of the 18th corps, but they were driven back with heavy loss in both cases.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Two expeditions, under Col. Claassen and Col. Jourdan, which left Newberne on the 20th of June and penetrated into the interior of the State, with a view to keep the enemy so busy as to prevent them from sending reinforcements to Petersburg. About six miles from Kinston Col. Claassen surprised a rebel force, and took Brig.-Gen. Foulk and some other officers prisoners.

An expedition under Gen. Vodges also left Portsmouth on the 3d inst., destroyed the ferry at South Quay, together with 50,000 pounds of bacon and other stores.

MARYLAND.

The usual summer raid has come off. Grant's operations having become a siege, Lee was enabled to detach a force to scour the Shenandoah valley, just as the crops were being harvested. As usual, we were unprepared. Half a dozen Generals, with as many distinct commands, were scattered about, and the rebels, passing all, strike through Maryland to Greencastle, Penn. Meanwhile Gens. Hunter, Wallace, Mulligan, Sigel and Stahl bestir themselves.

Gen. Mulligan on July 3 engaged the rebels at Leetown, and held them in check till Sigel had ithdrawn from Martinsburg. He then joined at Shepherdstown, and both fell back to Maryland heights.

Detachments of the enemy pushed on, plundering as th y went, and rapidly driving off cattle, horses, ded wagons, etc.

Hagerstown was evacuated on the 6th, our troops falling back to Greencastle.

The rebels have destroyed all the railroad property at Harper's ferry, and greatly injured the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

On the 6th they were driven out of Middletown by the 7th Illinois and Cole's Maryland cavalry.

Ewell's corps, two brigades of Hill's corps, and all Breckenridge's command are said to have left Lee and are operating in the valley.

About 5,000 rebels were on the 8th in Middletown valley, with two guns, in the gap of the Catoctin mountains, and at the same time the rebel Gen. McCausland's brigade was at Williamsport, but they evacuated Harper's ferry the same day.

Gen. Sigel has been superseded by Gen. Alvin P. Howe.

The rebels in this invasion are supposed to number about 25,000 men, under Gens. Early and Breckenridge. Breckenridge crossed above Harper's ferry and operated west of South mountain. Early, after expecting to take our forces in the rear, crossed at Edward's ferry and joined Breckenridge near Frederick.

Gen. Lewis Wallace, finding a superior force in his front, fell back on Monocacy Bridge. On the 9th, at seven A.M., two Ohio regiments, thrown out as skirmishers, were driven across the bridge, but there held the assailants in check till three o'clock, when four rebel regiments, who had crossed below, took them in flank, and they fell back, having lost 1,000 men in killed, wounded and missing. Brig.-Gen. E. B. Tyler is among the missing.

The rebel cavalry are meanwhile operating in Pennsylvania, to gather plunder and draw off what forces they can. They also destroyed the bridges on the Northern Central and Philadelphia and Wilmington roads, capturing two trains and taking Gen Franklin prisoner. They next burned Gov. Bradford's house near Baltimore, and also Gen. Cadwallader's.

LOUISIANA.

Gen. Dick Taylor has resigned command and gone to Richmond. His successor, Gen. Walker, and Gen. Kirby Smith are conscripting without mercy to meet Gen. Canby's new campaign.

MISSISSIPPI.

The guerillas are very active, and are scouring the country between Vicksburg and Natchez, besides attacking steamers.

NAVAL.

The privateer Florida was spoken off Cape Henry on the 7th, and has already burned five vessels.

CONGRESS.

THE Senate met at 9 o'clock on the 4th of July, and assented to the Special Income Tax Bill, by 29 to 7.

The bill from the House for the relief of the publishers of the *Globe* was then considered and passed—yeas, 27; nays, 8.

Mr. Wilson called up the bill to increase the compensation to Matrons of Hospitals. Passed.

At 11½ the Senate went into Executive Session, and the doors were again thrown open at 20 minutes past 12, when it was learned that a postponement to 12½ had been made in the hour of adjournment, in which the House concurred.

The hour of 12½ having arrived, Mr. Clark, the President *pro tem*, said:

SENATORS: The time fixed by the concurrent votes of the two Houses of Congress for the adjournment has arrived. I now, therefore, wishing you, Senators, a pleasant return to your homes and families, and expressing the hope that before you again return to this Chamber the clouds that have been lowering upon our beloved country may be lifted, that the storm may be receding, that peace may again be returning, I do declare the Senate adjourned without day.

The House met at 10 o'clock, when Mr. Washburne offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That before the adjournment of the present session of Congress on this day, the 88th Anniversary of the birth of our National Independence, it is becoming and proper for the representatives of the people to renew to our officers, soldiers and seamen engaged in the present struggle for the suppression of the rebellion against our Government, our profound and heartfelt thanks for their servicess, and our sympathy for their sufferings, and to congratulate them on their successes and their triumphs, and to express the hopes of a speedy termination of the contest, and their return to the peaceful pursuits of life.

Messrs. Stevens, Washburne, of Illinois, and Dawson were appointed a committee to wait upon the President and inform him that the House, having completed its business, was ready to adjourn if he had no further communications to make.

Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, from the joint Committee to wait upon the President, reported: "We have performed that duty. He has no further communication to make; but says, 'God bless you all!'"

Mr. Fenton, of New York, suggested that the Declaration of Independence be read.

Mr. Cox, of Ohio, said that was a revolutionary document, and the Republicans were revolutionists. The document would give aid and comfort to the rebels, which the Republicans sought to do.

The Clerk then read the declaration of Independence.

Mr. Whaley, of West Virginia, asked that the Inaugural Address of Thomas Jefferson be read.

Mr. Amos Myers, of Pennsylvania—And Jefferson's Notes on Virginia.

Mr. Eldridge, of Wisconsin—And Abraham Lincoln's Inaugural Address.

Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, introduced a resolution to increase the pay of the House clerks and employés 20 per centum, which was agreed to.

A message was received from the Senate, extending the time of adjournment till 12½.

The yeas and nays were taken on agreeing to this, and the time was thus consumed, when the Speaker arose and said:

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives:

The hour of adjournment has arrived, and I wish you one and all a happy re-union with family and friends in the charmed home circle. Thanking you for the kind and generous manner in which you have sustained me in the administration o he difficult and responsible duties of the Chair, and hoping and trusting when we reassemble in these halls next December, Providence may have so crowned the endeavors of our heroic defenders in the field, that we may be permitted to rejoice over the full realization of the prayer of so many millions of our constituents, "God save the American Republic." I do now, in accordance with the concurrent resolution of both Houses, declare the first session of the House of Representatives of the 38th Congress of the United States adjourned, *sine die*.

AN old Indian, who had witnessed the effect of whiskey for many years, said a barrel labelled "Whiskey" contained 1,000 songs and 50 fights.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE London Conference for the settlement of the Danish question has broken up without having arranged anything. The people of England seem strongly inclined to take sides with the Danes, but the Queen and German party are very strong, and would appear to have persuaded Palmerston to remain neutral. The Derby party were on the point of testing the question in the House of Commons, and should they carry it, the ministers would be obliged either to resign or appeal to the country for a new Parliament. It was, however, expected that the ministers would have a small majority. Despite the warlike enthusiasm of the people, and the desire of the Tories to embarrass Lord Palmerston, it was not thought that England would go to war with Germany, which has been for centuries her traditional ally against France. Should, however, such a contingency happen, it must inevitably lead to a general war, since England would, with her usual unscrupulousness, arouse Poland, Hungary and Venetia. She would also assist Garibaldi to collect and set in action the revolutionary element, which would compel Louis Napoleon to decide at once between allying himself with the despots, or assisting England to fight Germany.

The recent destruction of the Alabama by the Kearsarge is much commented on by the French and English press. In Paris there is only one journal that takes a fair view of the case, the others sympathising with the pirate, and belittling the victory. Semmes had left England and arrived in Paris. It is openly boasted that there is a superior ship to the one he has lost nearly ready for him in a French port. It is said that our Minister, Mr. Dayton, has made strong representations to the French Government on this question. It is very certain that in France we have even fewer friends than in England.

The war between the Danes and the Germans was to recommence on the 27th of June. Both parties were deeply exasperated. There was some expectation of the Swedes giving material aid to the Danes, but without France or England interfered, the numerical superiority of the Germans must necessarily overcome all opposition. The largest force Denmark could raise was 40,000, and even if Sweden sent 70,000, as talked of, these would be no match for the overwhelming numbers of the Germanic Confederation.

In the House of Lords, on the 27th of June, Lord Russell laid on the table the protocols of the Dano-German Conference, and after entering most minutely into the circumstances which led to the convening of the Conference, and the various proposals made there, announced that the British Government seeing all the propositions had been rejected by both Denmark and the German Powers, had decided not to take up arms for Denmark unless the integrity of the Danish Islands proper was threatened. He declared that they had done everything in their power to preserve peace, and their efforts having failed, they could rest satisfied that they had done everything possible for the honor and interest of the country. Lord Derby did not share the confidence the Government seemed to have felt in the Conference and its negotiations; thought it was impossible that anything but failure should ensue from such a Conference, and believed the Government would have to defend itself against the charge of having displayed feebleness and vacillation.

In the House of Commons, on the same day, Lord Palmerston presented the protocols relating to the proceedings of the Conference, and recounted the circumstances which led to the war. The question of the policy pursued towards Canada was discussed at considerable length. Official dispatches state that the Prussians commenced attacking the fortifications on the morning of the 26th inst., and that German steamers had passed the canal of the Eider, and were moored under the cannon of Fredericksort. The Allies no longer consider themselves bound by the concessions made by them at the Conference. Austria will henceforth fulfil her duty as a German Power without regard to her special interests. An engagement is expected to take place in a few days between the Danish and German fleets. The Copenhagen Rigsraad was opened June 25. The speech from the throne has the following: "We have recently learned for how little the clearest right reckons in Europe, and how isolated we are. We therefore acceded to the painful sacrifice of the country south of the Schlei. The enemy demands more, but we reply negatively, being convinced that the people agree with us." A telegram from Dantsic, of June 27, says: "Three Danish ships-of-war, which came in under a flag of truce, have announced the removal of the blockade. Twenty days have been allowed to neutral vessels to leave the port." The new King of Wurtemberg declares that he will maintain the constitution. Negotiations have been entered into between the Porte and the Viceroy of Egypt for the conclusion of a treaty to replace the garrison of Tunis by Egyptian troops.

TOWN GOSSIP.

NEW YORK city is but a reaction of the nation!

Whatever agitates the country is felt far more forcibly in New York than in any other part. She is the pulse of the nation, the financial and political centre; the spot to which all the operators, from the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, down to the smallest lobby member, looks for endorsement and success. Should Wall street shake its head ominously, down go our national securities, and the wire-pullers at Washington and elsewhere tremble in their shoes. If there is commotion among the politicians, all the country stands still until the matter is settled and they see what New York is going to do.

And yet with its immense wealth and great importance, this great city suffers itself to be overslaughed and trampled on in a way perfectly marvellous to behold. In the distribution of favors from Washington she is always overlooked and snubbed. Disbelievers on this point have only to look about them at the numberless places of honor and profit within the gift of the people and the Government, and see how seldom the name of a New Yorker fills one of them. Even in our local patronage, strangers are thrust upon upon us, and the chances are very small that if there is an office of exceeding goodness to be given away, but what a Jersey man or New England man gets it.

With our State Government this rule applies still more forcibly. In all our connections with the State, we are positively snubbed and browbeaten, until the matter becomes perfectly unbearable. Country members from the Western and Northern parts in the State Legislature, who know as little about the wants of New York as a pig knows about a hoopskirt, and who have never been to the city except upon their yearly spree, when they are so absorbed in vice and dissipation that they can see no virtue, make our laws, and enforce upon us restrictions and annoyances that they would not for an instant think of imposing on themselves. New York, they say, is one charnel house of corruption. Gentlemen, we answer, the corruption of New York is made by yourselves and your like. Go to any disreputable place in this city and question the proprietors, and they will tell you that their living depends on their "country trade." Ask hotel-keepers, drinking-shop men, who are the most reckless of their visitants, and they will answer, "Members of the Legislature, country merchants and country people, who, having a little money, come deliberately to the city to have a good time," and they have it regardless of all consequences.

We did not begin this with the intention of making a lecture, but as the matter has gone into that line, we shall only follow it by saying, that we believe the country to be far more vicious than the city, and that the country sends all her rogues—for whom the rural districts are too hot—to us. We believe that, left to itself, New York would be the most moral population on the face of the earth. She is too busy to be wicked.

To rectify this matter, we see but one remedy, and to that we must come, sooner or later. That is, that New York must be a free city. She is becoming so great that she must be a State within herself. She must have perfect freedom from all law but Federal law and law of her own making. At this moment her connection with the State demoralises her and keeps down her growth and commercial importance.

Think of it, merchants, politicians and people, for it must surely come!

Of late years it has become the custom for those who are rurally disposed to await the going by of the 4th of July, and upon the 5th, or as soon thereafter as possible, to hurry into summer quarters. In the olden time August was the month for ruralization; but now, under our superior wisdom, July is selected, and it is not uncommon to see families go out for that month, and return to the city in the following—the most unhealthy of the year—to occupy close, unwholesome quarters, with a family of young children. Those who go with children to the country should stay there until the first frost, which kills the summer miasma of the town, and once more makes it habitable.

Talking of the country brings us naturally to the means of getting there, and a disgusted survey of the means of travel. At this season, more than any other, it seems to us that those who are entrusted with our lives and limbs grow more reckless and brutal than at any other. We cannot go a hundred miles upon car or steamer that the fact is not thrust at us in the most startling way. As illustration, we will give one or two experiences of the past week.

The Thomas Collyer and Mary Powell are rival boats on the Hudson, and start out the same hour of the evening. A few nights since the Collyer ran close to the Powell, and managing to get in her suction, kept up with her for half an hour. During this time the boats came several times into collision, and the passengers of both were terrified beyond measure, the Powell having nearly 2,000 on board. The officers of both boats knew of the panic they were creating, and yet nothing suited them better than this same reckless racing. At last, whether by threats or an awakening to his danger we do not know, the captain of the Powell was induced to haul off and stop his boat, allowing the other to go by.

Of such material is a terrible accident made.

Again, on the Erie road, we have frequently seen a train come down, loaded with passengers, and so great a scarcity of cars, that hundreds of people, ladies as well as men, have had to stand for hours; but we counted the climax capped when we saw, last week, a woman, with a child in her arms, standing from Elmira to Binghampton, while a burly conductor was seated within six feet of her, comfortably reading a newspaper! This is a fact, and not an uncommon one, and if farther instances of the impudence and brutality of the employés on this road are wanted, we can give them from personal experience, backed by undeniable proof.

As we are just now in the mood for grumbling, we will take one more turn at a violation of the sovereignty of the individual, and wonder how it is that New Yorkers bear the annoyances they have put upon them every hour of their lives. As though it were not enough to be obliged to live in a city anyhow, they allow every selfish, money-grubbing wretch to add to the discomfort by creating stenches and noises in their very midst. At this moment we are writing in what is termed "a good neighborhood," which signifies that respectable families occupy all the dwellings of the street; and yet, in the very next street, between ourselves and the soft, outhern wind, is what is called a packing-house, and the said soft, southern wind comes laden with the aroma of pork drying and fat smelting, to the utter discomfort and ill-health of a hundred families; while not a hundred yards farther is a factory, the roar of whose escaping steam destroys the peace and quiet of twice as many more of its neighbors.

Now this would not be tolerated in any first-class city of Europe, and we have only to point to London and Paris, and their laws for the suppression of such nuisances, for verification of the assertions. London does not even allow a workshop in its midst to belch out smoke, though that is a small annoyance, but compels it to use a smoke-consuming engine. When will New York grow sensible?

The ladies having partially recovered from the effects of the Sanitary Fair, are naturally looking about for a new sensation, and flatter themselves they have found it in the idea of Naval Fairs—not affairs. There is just now a movement on foot among the lady workers in benevolent projects to do something for the sailors. They propose to lead off in New York with a gigantic fair, managed and attended solely by their sex, and by so doing to lay the foundation of some permanent aid to Jack.

We do not wish to throw cold water on anything having a good motive, but we really think that Jack is above charity just now. We fancy that the sailor has had the cream of this war. He has suffered little or no exposure, a very small per centage of loss of life, and has realised plenty of prize-money. A United States seaman has just 500 per cent advantage over the soldier in every way, and therefore we contend that whatever our citizens have to bestow should go to those who are suffering in the field. At all events, if the ladies do go on in their praiseworthy efforts, they will do it by themselves, and not call in aid from the other sex to encourage all the petty swindling and disgraceful proceedings that were connected with the Sanitary Fair.

How strange it is that a false pride should keep so many thousands of the young girls of New York, who are now suffering from insufficient wages, out of domestic labor. While at this moment the female workers in factories are barely earning enough, by long and steady labor, to keep body and soul together, the domestic servant is waxing fat and independent, dressing expensively and saving money. The difference simply is that the working-girl, with her four or five dollars a week, cannot more than pay her board, washing and provide herself with the most economical of wearing apparel, and at the end of the year come out without a cent and without having enjoyed the luxuries of life. The house-servant, on the contrary, receives from seven to twelve dollars a month and board, and, in many cases, gifts of clothes, bonnets, etc., that, if she is disposed to be economical, do away with all necessity for buying, and allow her to save her entire wages. When will our thousands of half-fed, half-clothed working-girls look on this in sensible light?

From all these solemn subjects let us, with one spring, alight amid something more merry, and talk of how New York is amusing herself.

There is a farce among managers of late years, called "closing for the season," which has got to mean a cessation of performance one, or possibly two nights, and a reopening with something new. This farce most of the theatres have been playing, and, though they are supposed to be closed, are grinding away on new plays to tolerable houses, which at this season must be reckoned as good.

Wallack's re-opened with "The Winning Suit," a translation from an old German play by Raupach, called "The School of Life," and rendered to the English stage by a Mr. Filmore, a sub-editor on the London *Times*. It lacks originality, and the language is poor, running from prosy prose to blank verse and back again.

The story is that of a Princess Orelia (Miss Avonia Jones), who refuses to marry the King of Arragon (Fisher), whom her uncle, the King of Castile (Mr. Morton), has selected for her, though she has never seen him. Partly for this, and partly from being compromised by some foolish flirtation with the Marquis De Villa Nova (Mr. Williamson), she is imprisoned by her uncle, from which she is liberated by Count Roderic (Mr. Davenport), who is also plotting, though with what design is not very clear, for her marriage with the King of Arragon, and from the prison flies, as a place of refuge, to a wayside inn, and takes service as a waiting maid. Here she meets with one Don Pedro, a wealthy goldsmith, and on 10 minutes acquaintance—a very imprudent act—goes off with him. The princess being in search of true love, and not caring particularly who gives it, finally on slight compulsion chooses to marry the goldsmith for protection, though we don't exactly see it. The result is that the goldsmith turns out to be the King of Arragon, and the princess has turned trumps. We can only say that the piece is cloudy and improbable, and not calculated to keep the stage; nothing but the superior acting of Miss Avonia Jones and the company, combined with its superior setting-up, saving it from utter condemnation.

At Niblo's Lucille Western, a pretty woman and clever, produces "The Sea of Ice," a cooling affair for

the sea-on. We shall have more to say of her next week.

At the Broadway Theatre appears her sister, Helen, another pretty and stylish woman, in that wonderful piece of semi-nudity, "The French Spy."

The Olympic has the main portion of Harrison's company in English opera. The dresses and scenery are excellent, the leading members good, the orchestra small and bad, and the chorus wretched. "Fra Diavolo" next week.

The Winter Garden is still closed, and no annoucement made for its opening.

Barnum is putting in a few astonishers for this week, the most prominent of which is a box four and a half feet high, three feet wide, and two feet thick, from which its maker, Herr Nadolski, takes 200 pieces of household furniture, such as tables 12 feet long, dozens of chairs, desks, fancy boxes, a throne, candelabras, with lighted candles, a dinner service for 24 people, and various trifles of a like kind. There is something so really wonderful in this box that we hardly trust ourselves to give a truthful description lest it should seem too utterly away from truth. It must be seen before it can be believed, and hardly then.

With the exit of Heller, another deft handler of the magical wand has sprang into the public arena, having the advantage of youth, beauty, and being a woman. Senorita Isabel Salados, a full-blooded, dark-eyed Spanish girl of about twenty, made a quiet advent at Hope Chapel, Broadway, opposite the New York hotel, during the past week. She is very clever, does all her tricks without apparatus, and manages to please her audience by a naive, pleasant way of speaking, with just the least touch of old Spain's silvery music in her tongue. The Senorita gives us all the new ideas, including Davenport-ism.

One the finest actresses ever seen on the New York stage—Madame Ponisi—is about leaving us for a starring tour through the States. Madame Ponisi, through a series of years, has justly earned the estimation of every playgoer, and will certainly have a success wherever a true artiste and and a beautiful woman is appreciated. It will be many years before New Yorkers will see a better Lady Macbeth, or a finer melo-dramatic actress.

A meeting of the profession has been called by somebody styling themselves "the committee," at the Astor House, to strike, as it is supposed, for higher wages. We shall report progress, and wish for their success. If they are so, we advise literature to take the same step.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The President, in accordance with the joint resolution of Congress, has issued a proclamation appointing the first Thursday in August next as a day of humiliation and prayer for the people of the United States, recommending them to confess and repent of their manifold sins, and implore the compassion and forgiveness of the Almighty; and to pray that, if consistent with His will, the existing rebellion may be speedily suppressed, and the supremacy of the Constitution and laws of the United States be established throughout the States; that the rebels may lay down their arms and speedily return to their allegiance, that they may not be utterly destroyed; that the effusion of blood may be stayed, and that amity and fraternity may be restored and peace established throughout our borders.

—— It is understood that, as a matter of justice to himself, Mr. Fessenden will immediately announce to to the country the exact condition of the public finances on the 30th of June last, including all outstanding indebtedness. It is said to be his desire to relieve the stringency of the money market, in order to facilitate investments in Government bonds, and as there is now due to the army about $60,000,000, it is believed that the printing of this amount of Treasury notes without delay will effect this object. From the embarrassed condition in which the public finances have been transmitted to his charge, Mr. Fessenden finds it impossible to enter upon a contraction of the currency for many months. It is estimated that it will require the issue of $200,000,000 more currency to attract conversions into long bonds; but when contraction is undertaken it will be done gradually, and so as not too suddenly to disturb trade in commercial circles; and these movements towards contraction will not be confided to a few, but made known to all at the same time.

—— Gold on the 8th of July reached 269.

—— The 4th of July was celebrated in San Francisco with great spirit. Dr. Bellows delivered the oration, which denounced the Mexican monarchy and announced the death of slavery.

—— The Tammany Society of New York celebrated the 4th July, listened to a patriotic address by Gen. Hiram Walbridge, and resolved, "that whoever, under any circumstances and under any pretext, advocates the separation of the United States and the consequent overthrow of the American Union, is a traitor to constitutional liberty and deserves a traitor's doom."

—— The New Bedford *Mercury* says that the boys of that city, having passed through the coin fever, the postage-stamp fever and the hen fever, are now in the very crisis of the bird-egg fever. One little fellow has a collection of eggs of more than 100 different birds.

—— "Spooking Around," is the name of a new crime which the Chicago police have invented. A man who was arrested last week for "spooking around" a west-end doorway, and refused to move off, was fined $4.

—— Daniel Werley, of Weisenberg township, Lehigh county, Pa., drafted last August, was discharged by paying commutation money. He was again drafted on the 1st of June, when it was decided by Major Haddock, Provost-Marshal, that he was again liable to service. Application being made at Washington, Provost-Marshal-General Fry decided that the person's payment of commutation exempted him for three years, and that the last payment must be refunded.

—— The Philadelphia papers complain that the deer given by that city to the Central Park of New York have been so cruelly treated that all have died except eight. They also allege that all the animals are infamously neglected.

—— The New York Free Academy had their prize speaking at the Cooper Institute, on Friday evening, July 8. It was remarkable for the numbers, beauty and respectability of the audience, three-fourths of which were ladies. The two best speakers were George W. Birdseye and Charles M. Hibbard, the latter of whom possesses every element of the orator, being impassioned and natural in his action, and managing his voice with great skill. Mr. Birdseye spoke his own translation from Schiller, which was excellent. Luther M. Fuller's war speech was well delivered, and drew marked applause. Dodworth's band attended, and played between the parts some beautiful selections from Rossini, Verdi and Gounod.

Personal.—Capt. J. A. Winslow, of the gunboat Kearsarge, who distinguished himself by destroying the rebel steamer Alabama, was born in Wilmington, N.C., in 1811. His father was from the old Plymouth stock of Winslows, his mother was a Southern woman. At the age of 14 years, through the influence of Daniel Webster, John entered the Navy as midshipman. He frequently advised the Navy Department to strengthen the blockading force off Cherbourg. He said he would do his best, and he certainly has done well.

—— Hon. D. S. Dickinson has written a letter to Secretary Seward, declining the position offered him, as Commissioner on the part of the Government of the United States for the settlement of the claims of the Hudson's Bay and Puget's Sound Agricultural Companies, on the ground that its acceptance would conflict with his established present and future purposes.

—— The gentleman who saw Gen. Harker fall at Ressacca, thus describes it: "With his cap in his raised hand, cheering on his men, who wavered beneath the withering fire that swept their ranks, fell Brig.-Gen. Charles G. Harker, shot through the side. Gen. Harker was a native of Mulligan Hill, New Jersey. He was a graduate of West Point and a Captain in the 15th Regulars. At the commencement of the war he was appointed to the Colonelcy of the 65th Ohio, and was commissioned as Brigadier [illegible]r, 1863, for his bravery at the battle of C[illegible] two horses at Chicamauga; was wounded and had his horse killed at Mission ridge; was also wounded and had his horse killed at Ressacca. By the death of Gen. Harker the country has lost a brave soldier and efficient officer; his men an officer whom they gloried in following, and who was always foremost where duty and danger called him. He has fallen in the prime of manhood, being but 27 years of age; but he has left a name that history will record with pride. He was a fine, handsome-looking young man. Brave Harker! Little I thou ht, when I saw you proudly lead on your men that I would so soon see your corpse!"

—— Garibaldi has been elected Grand Master of the Italian Freemasons.

Naval.—A very daring and hazardous expedition, which proved quite successful, was undertaken by Capt. Cushing, of the U. S. Navy, in the vicinity of Wilmington, N. C., on the 24th June, in a cutter with only 16 men. He ran ashore, concealed his men by day, and made a regular reconnoissance of the suburbs of Wilmington. He captured a courier with a valuable mail, took several prisoners, and ran the gauntlet of the rebel gunboats in getting back, which he did safely, after an absence of three days and two nights.

—— The recent fight between the Alabama and the Kearsarge is a pretty convincing proof that the American sailors are as famous for their gunnery as they were in 1812.

Obituary.—Ex-Gov. Andrew H. Reeder, died at Easton, Pa., on the morning of the 5th of July. He was a native of Northampton county, Pa., and was brought up as a lawyer. On the passage of the Kansas Nebraska bill President Pierce appointed him Governor of the former territory, of which he did much to develope the resources. He was a very able and honest man, and for a politician was remarkable for single-mindedness of purpose.

—— Geo. P. Morris, the well-known author of "Woodman Spare that Tree," died in New York on the 6th of July. He was born in Philadelphia, Oct. 10th, 1802, but removed at a very early age to this city, where, when in his 15th year, he commenced his literary career by writing verses for the New York *Gazette*. In August, 1823 in conjunction with Samuel Woodworth, he commenced the publication of the New York *Mirror*, a journal which employed some of the best literary talent of the country, and was one of the most prominent periodicals of its class, until Dec. 31, 1842, when it was discontinued under the financial disasters of the times. In 1843 he associated himself with Mr. Willis in the publication of the New York *Mirror*. In 1844 he established a daily paper called the *Evening Mirror*. At the close of 1845 he commenced alone a weekly journal called the *National Press*, the title of which he changed in 1846 to that of the *Home Journal*, and from that time until his death he and Mr. Willis conducted it. Though well-known as a journalist, he was much more widely-known as a song-writer, and as such was one of the most popular of his day. Millions of copies of his "Woodman Spare that Tree" are said to have been circulated, and, with others, as "We Were Boys Together," "Land, Ho!" "Long Time Ago," "The Origin of Yankee Doodle," "My Mother's Bible," &c., proved sources of great profit to their publishers. The melodies for many of his songs were written by Balfe, Sir John Stephenson and other distinguished English composers, and have been sung in public by Malibran, Russell, Madame Anna Bishop and many other celebrated vocalists. Various editions of his poems have been published, including one in 1840 with illustrations by Weir and Chapman. In 1853 he published a volume entitled "The Deserted Bride and other Poems," and he afterwards edited a volume of American melodies. In 1837 he produced a successful drama, entitled "Brier Cliff," founded on incidents in the American Revolution. In 1842 he wrote the libretto of the opera of "The Maid of Saxony." He has also published a volume of prose sketches, entitled "The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots." Mr. Morris was for some time a Brigadier-General in the New York State Militia. For many years he resided at Undercliff, a country seat on the Hudson, nearly opposite West Point.

—— King Wilhelm I., of Wurtemberg, whose death has just occurred, was the oldest of the monarchs of Europe. He was born in 1781, and was therefore, at the time of his death, in the 83d year of his age. He was the second King of Wurtemberg, having succeeded his father, Frederic I., in 1816. He took, in 1812, and the following years, a prominent part in the war of Germany against France, and distinguished himself in several battles. In 1819 he granted to his subjects a constitution, which is still in force. In 1848 he opposed, like all German princes, the Federal Constitution. More recently his Government gained some popularity by its attitude in the question of a reconstruction of Germany, and in the Schleswig-Holstein question. King Wilhelm is succeeded by his son, the Crown Prince Charles Frederic Alexander, who is married to the Russian Grand Duchess Olga, a sister of the Emperor of Russia.

Accidents and Offences.—A couple of miners at Washoe fought a duel recently, with pickaxes for weapons. They were placed a rod apart, and advanced on a given signal. One hurled his pick at his antagonist and buried it in his eye. The wounded man lingered some days in horrid agony.

—— A school-teacher in Newport has been complained of to the authorities for resorting to a new and cruel style of punishment. She abolished the birch and cowhide, but compelled her refractory pupils to hold aloes in their mouths for a number of hours. Several children have been made severely sick by the operation.

—— Abel Stearns, of Los Angelos, California, is the largest cattle and landowner in the United States. This year his stock consisted of 48,000 cattle, besides 9,000 calves. He lost 7,000 cattle last winter through want of food.

—— Robert J. Walker is reported to be suffering from feeble health, caused by the effects of an amateur balloon excursion, taken in London in October last. The balloon went up very suddenly, and the rarefaction of the air affected Mr. Walker severely. He has gone to Egypt to recruit.

—— On the morning of the 5th July a fire broke out at the water-cure establishment, Saratoga, and despite all efforts of the firemen was destroyed. The patients made their escape. Two or three stores and one boarding-house were likewise destroyed.

—— Gurney & Sons' store was robbed on the 4th July of about $1,000 worth of property.

Foreign.—There are 188 political journals in Switzerland, and 157 devoted to literature, art, &c.; 9 journals appear seven times a week, and 31 six times; there are 75 weekly, 57 semi-weekly, and 22 tri-weekly papers. The press is unmuzzled in this model republic of the world.

Odds and Ends.—There is a good sense of drollery in the fact that the prisoners of Clichy returned Alex. Dumas's works, of which he had recently made them a present, with the remark that the effort to read and be amused by them would considerably enhance the severity of the punishment they were already suffering.

—— The female operatives of the Waltham Watch Company struck for higher wages the other day. One of them said it was almost impossible to live in these times on the wages she was paid. She appeared to enter her complaint in a dress that cost $60!

—— A most brilliant ball was given lately at Buckingham Palace, the number of invitations to which were between 1,800 and 1,900. The Princess of Wales wore a rich white satin dress, covered with tulle, bouffants of tulle and ruches of white crape; a veil of tulle over the dress, ornamented with jet, with lilies of the valley, and with large white lilies. Head-dress, a tiara of diamonds; necklace, brooch, and ear-rings of pearls.

—— Two Parisians recently married, one a beautiful the other an extremely frightful woman. They were discussing the merits of their wives. Said the one who had espoused the beauty, "Your wife is so very ugly!" "Ah, yes," replied the other, "if not externally beautiful, she is beautiful within." "Then," answered the first, "why don't you turn her inside out?"

—— At the drawing-room held by the Princess of Wales on behalf of the Queen, on the 14th June, Mrs. Adams presented Mrs. Lloyd Aspinwall, of New York, Miss Wilson, niece of the Secretary of Legation, and Miss M. Viall, of Rhode Island. Mr. Adams presented Col. Lloyd Aspinwall, of New York.

—— A schoolmarm, in England, has adopted a new and novel mode of punishment. If the boys disobey her rules, she stands them on their heads and pours cold water into their trousers leg.

—— The term "bully boy," that has been regarded as too slangy for refined ears, is a coinage of the late Washington Irving, who applied to Ready-Money Jack, in one of his delightful Bracebridge Hall Sketches, and does not seem to think how he is to offend the fastidious by it.

—— The bicentenary of the capture of New York city by the British is rapidly drawing near, occurring on the 3d of next September. The metropolis has borne its present name nearly 200 years.

—— It is the most momentous question a woman is ever called on to decide, whether the faults of the man she loves will drag her down, or whether she is competent to be his earthly redeemer.

—— Late Paris fashions say bonnets are worn much lower in front, and, although still very much ornamented with various styles of trimming, are worn very narrow at the sides. The curtains are now worn exceedingly large. The materials are straw, or tulle and rice. Wheat ears, crape, crystal drops, all kinds of flowers, leaves and buds form ornaments now in fashion, as a great scope is given in the variety permitted for selection.

—— It has been stated that Dr. Grusselbock, of the University of Upsala, lately restored to activity a snake which had been frozen to torpidity for 10 years. It is also reported that he proposes to the Swedish Government to experiment on criminals. He proposes to reduce the individual to complete torpor by the gradual application of cold, and to resuscitate him after a year or two.

—— During the war of 1812 Mr. Madison called Petersburg the "cockade of the Union" in one of his annual messages, on account of the patriotic spirit displayed by its citizens.

—— An ancient Roman sword, having a gold hilt, set with precious stones, was found lately at Heiligkreuz, near Treves. The blade was nearly destroyed by rust, but the hilt was in perfect preservation.

—— The following paragraph appears in Meyerbeer's will: "I leave to the Association of Musical Artists in Paris, presided over by Baron Taylor, and of which I have been a member for many years, the sum of 10,000 francs. This money to be invested for the benefit of said association, and the interest to be expended on indigent musicians."

—— The British Government has directed the stoppage of work on the capital buildings, at Ottawa, Canada, until the termination of our war.

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

WE have been wishing for rain for a good while. Direful prognostications of the state of "crops" and orchards in case the drought should continue have been uttered—and people fanned themselves and shook their heads, and signified by various wise hints and glances their opinion that we were never to have any more rain, or at least not until the want of it had brought famine upon the land.

Now as I write the clouds gather and a shower seems close at hand, and how many are thankful for it I should like to know? There will be plenty of frowns and gloomy faces.

"Just to-day, when we were going on a picnic," murmur half-a-dozen.

"This morning, of all others, when I intended to call on Miss Smith in my new bonnet," pouts Miss Brown.

"Always so," fumes good aunt Mary, "just as the wash was hung on the lines."

"Raining, when I am out shopping, without an umbrella."

"Raining when Miss Angelina is to be married in church. When Tompkins and his party are out with their yacht. When the Sunday School are having their excursion!"

Every one wanted rain. But not to-day—no one ever does. It's a fixed fact that human beings are never contented with the weather. Rain or shine, cold or heat, calms or gales, some one always grumbles.

Travelling Companions.

Newspapers are just now boasting of the fact that the colored ladies and gentlemen are admitted to all the public conveyances. We suppose we ought to rejoice also. But somehow we never could bring ourselves to enter those cars of the Sixth Avenue line which bore the placard—last week banished for ever—"Colored persons allowed in this car," and our prejudices will not vanish at any one's bidding. There are white folks, we admit, who are not more agreeable fellow-travellers than the negro, and unless you know exactly beside whom you are seated and are certain he has not just come from a dwelling afflicted with the smallpox, yellow fever or hoopingcough, it is not pleasant to be crowded up against him as the victims of stage and railroad companies are now crowded.

If we had a vote we should say—admit the man and brother by all means—but for the sake of humanity, afterwards refrain from jamming passengers together like pigs in a box. We cannot all keep our own carriages, and there are no sedan chairs in these days, therefore, if the negro is "allowed" in any car, we petition the stage companies to divide the seats as they are divided in places of amusement—so much room for each person—and no one admitted after the vehicle holds the allotted number; otherwise, we fear that if the colored population increases we must walk or have recourse to cabs, which are expensive.

The Song-Writer of America.

General Morris has gone—he will write no more—his last verse is penned, unless, indeed, the spiritualists are right, and that which we loved and did in this world we shall love and do in the next.

How fast they fall, those who filled the pages of the periodicals which were new when the old men of the day were young—one after the other—greater or lesser—lights on the literary horizon. This year has seen very many pass away. Ere it is over, how many more shall go? Who can answer?

Pretty Women.

Beauty is a matter of taste. Of all things in the world it is most difficult to discover whether a woman you have never seen is pretty or the reverse. You may ask every one who is acquainted with her and receive such different replies from each one as will only serve to puzzle you the more. Your friend Brown will go into esctacies over her, and pronounce her "Charming." Miss Smith, on the contrary, will ejaculate, "Pretty! dear me, no! who ever thought of calling Kitty Jones pretty!" Other female friends will declare the same with variations.

Tompkins will think her "passable," and collecting all the evidence, you will find the same girl called "lovely," "a fright," "sweet," "a little nobody," "fascinating," "common place," "plain," and "distinguished." Other girls absolutely cannot see her charms, if she has any. Some men worship at other shrines, and do not admire "her style," while others still are taken by a smile or soft whisper, and forgetting what fascinated them call it beauty. Therefore though you may look in the glass, and pronounce a favorable verdict on your own countenance, remember half your world will not agree with you, and though you may bemoan a lack of good looks, somewhere under the sun you have at least one admirer. Beauty after all is only an idea. No two pair of eyes agree perfectly.

Gallantry.

Do you know what we saw a gentleman do in a Fifth Avenue omnibus the other day? You'll hardly believe it when we tell you. But on the word of a scribbler it is true.

It was a sunny day, just at the hour when the sun's rays are strongest, and the shady side of the "bus" was full while the opposite was empty. A lady stopped the stage, and approached, and a gentleman, absolutely, positively in these degenerate days, left his shady seat, and bestowed himself in the sun that the new-comer might be comfortable. Did it before she entered too, in the quietest and most unobtrusive way, so that we fancy she never noticed it.

We have ridden in omnibuses often, but we never saw such a thing done before, and never expect to again.

That man was certainly a descendant of Lord Chesterfield, and ought to be put in Barnum's Museum as the last chivalrous man.

Music at the Park.

We are going to have music in the Central Park once a week on moonlight evenings—pleasant evenings we should have written, for we cannot have a moon every week. Whoever originated that idea deserves a vote of thanks. Music in the afternoon is very well, but to enjoy it you must dare the beams of the broiling sun, and suffer all the little annoyances consequent on a warm day. In the evening it is pure pleasure, without a touch of pain, the rose without a thorn.

And music and moonlight always accord with each other, and you can indulge in all sorts of dreams and fancies as you listen.

The starch of decorous indifference necessary by daylight is required no longer in the evening. You may look as you feel; stand or sit as you choose. No one sees you. In the mysterious shadow you are only one of a crowd, and no one can tell whether your bonnet is straw or crèpe, white or *cuir* color.

We wish there could be music in the Central Park every evening.

A Good Tax.

One thing we are delighted to hear, they have taxed liquors so that "drinks" cost more than they ever cost before. We hope they will continue to do the same, until no one but a millionaire can afford to imbibe. So that Pat, the carpenter, cannot swallow a sufficient quantity of the liquid fire to lead him to beat out Biddy's brains with a poker; and that poor Mrs. Smith may not be obliged to sit up all night for Smith, who now returns zigzag home at one, and tries to unlock the nightlatch with his lead pencil. Tax away, good gentlemen, if you only tax liquors.

AMERICAN VS. FEDERAL AND UNION.

IT was, we think, a sad mistake in our press not to have adhered to the title American, our true distinctive name, as the appellation of the loyal people of the United States. For a century we had been known as American, our government as the American Government, our flag as the American flag. Only this last has been allowed to retain its true name. No one has yet ventured to call the Stars and Stripes the Unionist or Federal flag; but if it is the American flag, the Government which uses it is the American Government, the people to whom it belongs the American people, the army that fights and bleeds and conquers under its folds the American army. To throw this noble title aside and take up a party name is to degrade our gallant men from patriots to mere tools of a faction. Let our antagonists adopt new flags and new names; but let us tenaciously cling to the old.

The weight of this will be seen in the English articles which uniformly talk of operations between the Federals and the Confederates. By this the whole question is put on a false ground, and we are not a government putting down a gigantic rebellion, but simply one of two parties contending for the reins of government.

The use of these terms misleads. A contest between Federals and Confederates implies that one is contending for the Federal form of government, the other for the old Confederation; but in reality, as is evinced by the tricky correspondence between Governor Vance and President Davis, and by the trouble with Georgia, the rebels adopt precisely the views of those who give least extent to State rights.

Discountenance the use of Federal, employ where possible our own proper designation of American, typified by our flag.

THE Howard Soldier's Money Belt is now so decidedly improved as to be, beyond all competition, the most successful thing of the kind ever invented. It is really a travelling va[illegible], without the annoyance of being separate, since its lightness enables all persons to carry it around their waists without inconvenience. Howard Belt Co., 436 Broadway.

THE PIANOFORTES OF BALTIMORE.—Many persons labor under the mistaken idea that there are no pianos of any consequence made except in New York and Boston. These places are of course the great centres of the trade, but Baltimore, Md., can boast of producing some of the finest pianofortes manufactured in the United States. William Knabe & Co., have been established there for very many years, and have sustained a first-class reputation for the Grand and Square pianos. In beauty of tone and touch, in elegance of form, and in thorough workmanship they are surpassed by none. Their instruments are endorsed by the greatest pianists of the age, Thalberg, Gottschalk, Strakosch, etc., etc., who have used and approved them. Their business extends all over the country, and none need fear to purchase their instruments, for they are entirely reliable.

PIUS IX., now 72, is the youngest surviving son of his family. He has still two brothers, Count Gabriel and Gaetan, who are 84 and 80 years of age. His sister, the Countess Benigni, is 77. His father, Count Jerome, died at 84, and his mother at 82. His grandfather, Count Hercules, lived to the age of 96. The Mastai family is very numerous. The Pope's eldest brother, Count Gabriel, has two sons, one of whom is married to the Princess Del Drago, the other to the niece of Cardinal Cadolini. Count Gaetan is a widower, and has no children. His deceased brother, Count Joseph, who was a captain in the gendarmerie, died without issue; but his four sisters, of whom only one survives, have left a numerous progeny of sons and grandsons. It must be said to the honor of the Pontiff that his brothers, sisters and their descendants have not cost the State a single penny. None of them have ever been in office or employed in any mission, so that it cannot be said that the elevation of Cardinal Mastai to the supreme dignity has made any addition to the fortunes of his family.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—A REGIMENT OF THE 18TH CORPS CARRYING A PORTION OF BEAUREGARD'S LINE IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLER.—SEE PAGE 283.

APRIL DAYS.

BY AMBROSE T. JOYCE.

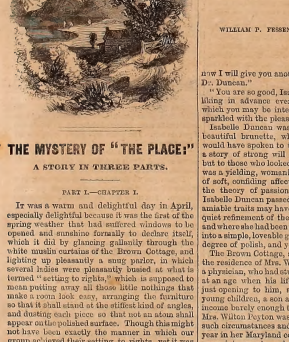
Break the season's crystal chain,
April days, April days;
Bid its snowclouds melt in rain,
Touch the snowbird livelier lays,
Deck with verdure wood and plain,
April days, April days.

Years are long—the years are three,
April days, April days,
Since my love went f orth from me,
Carving neither gold nor praise,
But free scope for valor free,
April days, April days.

Sunbright flags for marshalled men,
April days, April days,
Swung from heaven o'er hill and glen,
All your minds sang battle-lays,
Southward soared your eagles then,
April days, April days.

Flaunt your sunbright flags once more,
April days, April days,
For the ship is near the shore,
And he comes whom all must praise—
Northward doth my eagle soar,
April days, April days.

Gaily shine, oh, brightly shine,
April days, April days!
Wounded in the vanward line,
Victor of a hundred frays—
Welcome home this love of mine,
April days, April days!



WILLIAM P. FESSENDEN, OF MAINE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 279.

THE MYSTERY OF "THE PLACE."

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.—CHAPTER I.

It was a warm and delightful day in April, especially delightful because it was the first of the spring weather that had suffered windows to be opened and sunshine formally to declare itself, which it did by glancing gallantly through the white muslin curtains of the Brown Cottage, and lighting up pleasantly a snug parlor, in which several ladies were pleasantly busied at what is termed "setting to rights," which is supposed to mean putting away all those little nothings that make a room look easy, arranging the furniture so that it shall stand at the stiffest kind of angles, and dusting each piece so that not an atom shall appear on the polished surface. Though this might not have been exactly the manner in which the group achieved their setting to rights, yet it was clear that the care bestowed upon the ceremony was in honor of some occasion of more than ordinary import.

An elderly lady was one of the party, who did not seem to be an active participant in the labor, but sat upon a sofa watching them, as the younger ones dressed the pleasant room with fresh flowers, evidently plucked from a conservatory, and the gift of the elder lady, who held them in her lap.

"Indeed, you have shown great taste and have succeeded in making our sober old room look quite gay. But you will make me jealous to think that you should take so much more trouble in your decoration to-day than you have ever done before."

"Oh, mamma, you must not say that! You know that it is seldom that we have anybody of consequence to prepare for," was the quick answer of one who was busiest among the busy hands.

"Upon my word, Marion, you are not saying much to dispel my jealousy. Do you mean to say that Wilton is of no consequence?"

"No, indeed! I think he is of great consequence; but, then, you see, mama, he is only our brother."

"And so, darling, you think my uncle is of consequence, even though you have never seen him? I cannot see how I can take this as anything less than a pure compliment to myself. Is not that so?"

And the speaker, a beautiful girl of nineteen, came across the room and laughingly took the face of Marion between her hands and kissed her forehead.

"That kiss is for the compliment to me; and now I will give you another on behalf of my uncle, Dr. Duncan."

"You are so good, Isabelle, that one cannot help liking in advance everybody and everything in which you may be interested," said Marion's eyes sparkled with the pleasure she felt in her speech.

Isabelle Duncan was tall and dark, a clear and beautiful brunette, whose dazzling brown eyes would have spoken to the chance reader of them a story of strong will and intensity of purpose; but to those who looked far into their depths there was a yielding, womanly desire to be led, a mine of soft, confiding affection that utterly destroyed the theory of passion and will. Perhaps, had Isabelle Duncan passed a different life, these unamiable traits may have come forth, but under the quiet refinement of the home where she now was, and where she had been for ten years, she had grown into a simple, loveable girl, not without the highest degree of polish, and yet as innocent as a child.

The Brown Cottage, so called from its color, was the residence of Mrs. Wilton Peyton, the widow of a physician, who had studied himself into his grave at an age when his life should really have been just opening to him, and left, beside her, three young children, a son and two daughters, with an income barely enough to support them in decency. Mrs. Wilton Peyton was not a woman to sink under such circumstances and vegetate on from year to year in her Maryland cottage, letting her children grow into man's and woman's estate with only such education as could be afforded them by the neighborhood in which they dwelt. She saw that a bold push must be made for them, and she made it by an effort to enlarge her family to the capacity of her house, and was so far successful as to obtain four young ladies to educate, by which means she was enabled to add such assistance to her own accomplishments as to give them benefits they could have had nowhere but with the earnest, kind woman, who was at once a mentor and a true friend.

Upon this day there was a certain excitement in the little household, for it had been received that Dr. Alexander Duncan, who was Isabelle's uncle and guardian, would be with them before night. To Isabelle especially this was indeed exciting news, for nearly five years had elapsed since she had seen her uncle Alexander, and her knowledge of him was made up wholly of the remembrance of that time, as a tall, dark man, with a somewhat pleasant way, who invariably petted her, and by so doing led the little Isabelle to believe that he must be looked upon entirely in the place of both that father and mother whom she could not remember.

All that Mrs. Wilton Peyton knew of Dr. Alexander was that he was the agent to whom she looked for the yearly payment of the sum that covered Isabelle's expenses, and from his yearly letter to her, in few words, responding to the business report of his niece's welfare and progress. Isabelle had a few thousand dollars of her own, an inheritance from her mother, enough, invested as it was, to pay for her schooling, but beyond this she was entirely in the hands of Dr. Alexander as far as regarded her future.

It was some hours yet to evening, and the doctor was not expected until nightfall; and, consequently, the "setting to rights" went on. Within a few minutes after the preceding conversation Wilton Peyton entered the room. He was a fine-looking, tall and aristocratic man, of about twenty-five, with a quiet assurance of manner that could only have come to him through travel and contact with the world. He spoke first to Isabelle:

"What faith you have, Isabelle, in promises! Now, I'll be bound, you really believe this uncle will be with you punctually at the hour set down."

"Certainly I do," was the response.

"The watched pot never boils. Do you remember that, Isabelle?"

"Now, I declare this is too bad, Wilton! You are seeking to discourage us without any gain to yourself. You shall forfeit for it, sir; and the forfeit shall be an enforced attendance on me. Come, you shall walk as far as the landing with me, that we may meet uncle Alexander and welcome him to Brown Cottage."

"The punishment is a temptation to commit another crime, lady fair," answered Wilton, laughingly and opening the door for the exit of his fair companion.

The landing at which the steamboat touched expected to bring Dr. Alexander Duncan from Baltimore was a full mile away, and almost before half the distance was traversed they saw her round the point and drop alongside the wharf, and from her gangway emerged three passengers. Isabelle strained her eyes over the distance that she might recognise her uncle among the trio, but there was an evident look of disappointment upon her face. Two of them went the opposite way, and one only, a tall man, in a loose sack and travelling cap, came towards them.

"It cannot be possible that uncle intends to disappoint me," she broke out, in a voice of real vexation. "I shall begin to think, Wilton, that you have indeed been a bird of illomen."

"Wait a moment, Isabelle, you have not given time to know whether this may not be him coming."

"How can you be so absurd, Wilton, or do you imagine I cannot see? Why that is a great, lank man, dressed in a sack coat, and uncle always hated those coats."

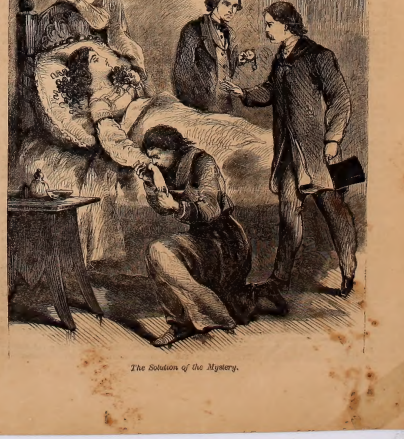
They stood, nevertheless, straining their eyes towards the solitary traveller, who was coming up the road, until at last he was within a few yards of them, when Wilton spoke again.

"Are you sure, Isabelle, that this is not your uncle? Remember, it is five years since you have seen him, and your remembrance may not be perfect."

Isabelle was staring by this time with all her eyes full in the stranger's face, who was returning the stare heartily. He was a man of nearly sixty, one who had been well kept up to within a few years, and then, possibly, just discovering that he was growing old, dropped off the care, and grew suddenly from youth to age. He had harsh gray hair and mustache, both looking as if they had once been familiar with the dye bottle, and had not yet been able to shake off the rusty green left behind by that article when once it is discarded, and cold gray eyes that almost matched his hair in color.

Perhaps something came to Isabelle's memory as the stranger got within a few feet of her, for, without moving a step from her place, she said, almost as if asking a question:

"Uncle?"



The Solution of the Mystery.

The man came instantly to her side, and said:

"What is your name?"

"Isabelle Duncan."

"Ah, Isabelle, I'm glad to see you," and he stretched out his gloved hand, shaking hers coldly, and then continued: "This is a plaguey long walk up to your house. It would have been a pleasant attention on the part of your Mrs. What's-her-name, if she'd had a carriage at the landing for me."

Isabelle blushed to her temples at this style of greeting, and Wilton by to hear it, but she came to the rescue with:

"Oh, indeed, uncle, I know that Mrs. Peyton would have sent a carriage for you in a moment, if she had thought you cared for the distance. It's such a little step."

"Little step! Um! I should say it was a mile." And then, suddenly dropping his voice and making a motion with his thumb over his shoulder towards Wilton, who had fallen a little behind, to give the uncle and niece an unrestrained interview, he said: "Where did you pick that chap up, Isabelle?"

"Why, that is Wilton Peyton, uncle—Mrs. Peyton's son."

"Oh, is it! Um! What's he doing here? I thought he lived at Baltimore?"

"So he does, uncle, but he's here now on a visit."

"Visit, eh! He'd better be attending to his profession. He's a lawyer, ain't he?"

"Yes, uncle, and one of the——"

"Oh, well, no matter. I hate lawyers, they're a bad set!"

And Dr. Duncan turned his head, and took a quick inquiring look at the young man lingering behind, and then again at his niece.

"By-the-bye, Belle, you've grown handsome since I saw you. Does any one ever tell you so, child?"

"Oh, uncle!" said Isabelle, forcing a smile. "You are trying to flatter me. Indeed you must not come here to a poor country girl, trying to turn her little foolish head with your city compliments. Mrs. Peyton will not allow it, and I shall certainly complain to her."

They had reached the house, and Dr. Duncan had been introduced and bidden welcome, but there was an uneasy look about the eyes of Isabelle, and a nervous silence. It was plain to be seen that the uncle of the present, to the refined and accomplished girl, was not the uncle of the past as he was treasured in the memory of the child, and that she awaited almost in fear and trembling every word that fell from his lips, lest something would come out in his harsh way that would touch the hearts of those whom she accounted as her best friends in all the world.

There was a prescience on the mind of Isabelle of some coming evil, a prescience for the realization of which she had not long to wait, for Dr. Duncan had not been an hour at the Brown Cottage before he announced that the object of his mission was to carry away his niece and transplant her to his own home in New York.

"You know, my child," he said that evening, when they were alone, "I must do my duty by you, and I shouldn't be doing right to leave you to live your life out in this stupid place, and having that lawyer coming down whenever he pleased from Baltimore to make love to you."

"Oh, uncle, how can you talk so. Why, Wilton is one of the best fellows in the world, and he never dreams of making love to me, never!"

"And I don't intend he ever shall then," said the doctor, with a rub of his hands that sounded like the filing of a saw. "You're old enough now to think of getting a husband, and one that amounts to something at that. I've got my eye on the one that'll suit ye, I'll bet a trifle. A fine fellow, Isabelle, a fine fellow with plenty of money," and the doctor gave his hands another filing rub.

Isabelle cast one quick glance into his face, and the tears started to her eyes.

"Oh, uncle! I never can leave Mrs. Peyton so! She has always been so good to me."

"So! so! what do you mean by you can't leave her so? Haven't you got to leave her at some time, and isn't now as good as any other time? You don't expect to stay with her for ever, and live an old maid, do you? Or what is worse, marry that penniless, Baltimore lawyer. No! no! I understand myself too well for that. I don't intend that you shall ever have a poor husband. I'm getting old myself, Bell, and I hope that when I see you fairly settled in life, you will remember the care I have always bestowed on you, and make me some return for it. Hem!" and the doctor coughed sharply behind his hand.

Isabelle had no answer for this affecting speech, for her mind was running back through all the past to alight upon something wherein Dr. Alexander Duncan had ever shown any of that care of which he had spoken. Of certain child petting she had some memory, but that was all, and to balance this she could recall only how he had always been glad to get all care of her off his hands, upon that of her nurse, or attendant of the time, and how, for the last five years, this was the only visit he had made to look personally into her welfare.

There was no protest that could be entered against Dr. Duncan's resolve that had the least effect, and consequently in three days Isabelle was on her way to New York, with a heavy heart, to find a new home amongst those who were to her perfect strangers, while she had left behind her all her little world.

"I do not know where to tell you to write to me, or to come and see me," she whispered to Wilton, as they were leaving. "Uncle has not told me, yet, where he is going to take me, but I shall write to you all, God bless you, and do not forget me!"

On the second day Isabelle was installed in her new house, a fashionable boarding-house, looking out upon a fashionable square, and in a fashionable neighborhood. She could remember enough of her uncle to know that this was not his usual style of living. That when as a child she used to visit him at his own rooms, they were dark and dingy ones in the lower part of the city, and nothing about them to show either taste or a desire for society. It was, therefore, undoubtedly for her use that Dr. Alexander had secured these sumptuous apartments, and Isabelle had a shadow of thought that it was not without a purpose.

Dr. Duncan was a widower. Ten years he had lived married, and twenty, since, alone. There were always whispers floating concerning his married life, all of which, summed up, amounted to the fact that the doctor had been anything but a good husband. One thing was certain, which was that, without being what is commonly known a spendthrift, Dr. Duncan was always poor, and in difficulty financially. This arose partially from idleness in his profession, and partially from a grasping desire to rush into every ephemeral thing offered to his notice as money-making, and as a consequence, putting him prominently up as a mark for swindlers.

Yes, there was certainly something on the mind of the doctor now, and Isabelle was the power behind the throne. He was taking more pains with his personal appearance than ever before, and had donned an entire new wardrobe. With the cultivation of the personal, the doctor was also cultivating the mental, by improving his courtesy, and seeking society, not such society as Isabelle would have chosen for herself, but such as Dr. Alexander chose for her.

Her correspondence with her old friends of the Brown Cottage was to Isabelle a great comfort, and still a greater one when a letter coming from Wilton announced that he was about to change his residence to New York, that he might accept an opening there of great profit. The few weeks intervening between the announcement of this event and his arrival flew rapidly, and Wilton Peyton was a visitor at the apartments of Dr. Alexander.

It was a few days after Wilton's arrival in the city, and after one of his daily visits to Isabelle that Dr. Duncan came into her rooms. There was something the matter with him, a fidgety, nervous manner, that at last induced Isabelle to ask.

"What is the matter, uncle, you seem disturbed?"

"Disturbed! yes, I should think so, and quite enough to disturb me too. See now, the idea of this Peyton coming all the way to New York just to disturb everything, and ruin your happiness!"

"Ruin my happiness!" exclaimed Isabelle, in a voice of astonishment.

"Certainly! Isn't he coming here to do just what he did in Maryland, make a fool of you, and the next thing we'll know, is, that he'll be wanting to marry you!"

"Marry me!" cried Isabelle, with a laugh breaking out all over her face. "Wilton Peyton marry me! Why, uncle, how can you be so absurd. We've been acquainted ever since we were children!"

"And is that going to prevent you from liking him enough to marry him, eh?"

"No! not—that," answered Isabelle, slowly, "but he is already as good as married. He has been engaged for a year, and is to be married this summer."

"Hem!" said the doctor, drawing a long breath. Are you sure of that?"

"Sure of it, uncle! Why it's a well-known thing, and even if it were not so, there's no fear of Wilton ever thinking of me for a wife, and if he did it would be useless. I like him very much, but not for a husband."

The doctor "hemmed!" again into his handkerchief, and then abruptly asked:

"Has he got anything?"

"Got anything?"

"Yes! yes! you know what I mean. Is he worth any money."

"Oh! yes I believe he has been fortunate in some business operations besides his profession, and hopes to be more fortunate in something of the same kind in New York."

The doctor's eyes twinkled, and immediately visions of how he could make this lucky speculator of use to him, floated through his brain. At all events the conversation had determined him not to attempt the dismissal of the young man, a course that he had fully resolved on when he came into the room. There was now a new point to discuss with Isabelle, and it came out in this way.

"Well, Isabelle, the sooner it's off my mind the better, I have had an offer for you, and have accepted."

An offer! Accepted!" exclaimed Isabelle, breathlessly.

"Yes! a most excellent offer. A man of position and wealth. A man who can do all for you that can be wished, Col. Swinton."

"But—but—uncle, I have only seen him three or four times. He surely can't want to marry me! Why, we don't know each other!"

"Ha! ha! ha! Well you are an innocent little country girl! What difference does that make, child, as long as he likes you, even though he has seen you only once?"

"Oh indeed, uncle, I cannot marry him. He would be always like a stranger to me."

"Can't marry him! Can't!" exclaimed the doctor, with a vehement rub of the hands; "oh, you'll soon get over that idea. Marry him first, and get acquainted with him afterwards. That's what I say. I've taken good care to arrange everything satisfactorily, and you are to have $5,000 a year for spending money! What do you think of that? eh!"

Isabelle did not say what she thought of that, nor could she urge any farther objection, simply because she did not know what to say, and from that moment, therefore, she was passively in her uncle's hands, and upon the next coming of Wilton the engagement was announced to him by the doctor.

"Why, what's the matter?" was the gentleman's question to Wilton, "you look astonished."

"I should think I might well be astonished," was Wilton's response; "why she hasn't known the man three weeks."

"Well, what of that? Will that hinder him from making a good husband? The fact is Peyton you don't like Swinton."

"Perhaps so," drily answered Wilton.

"I don't know what the deuce is the matter with him," snarled the doctor. "He's rich, isn't he? He's not young to be sure, but I don't see that he's too old for Isabelle. Moreover he's had his experience in the world, especially with—"

"Women, you were going to say, doctor. Why not out with it."

"And that don't hurt him as I see," returned the doctor. "Reformed rakes make the best of husbands." And the doctor walked up and down the room with his hands in his pockets, and whistled, then suddenly stopping before Wilton, he said:

"Now here comes Belle. Don't for heaven's sake say anything that will discourage her. It will be of no use any how, because I've made up my mind for the match, and it has got to occur, if all the world opposes," and with that parting injunction the doctor ran out the room just as Isabelle entered.

"This announcement astounds me, Isabelle," Peyton said, rising, and taking her hand as she entered; "is it by your own will?"

"Oh indeed, Wilton, you must not question me. I hardly know anything. Uncle says it must be so, and I cannot oppose him."

"But do you like Swinton?"

"I must learn to like him. I see more of him now every day, and he does seem to like me very much. Indeed, he does everything that uncle suggests."

Wilton closed his teeth with something of a spasm over this artless confession, and then said:

"And when is the wedding to be?"

"Very soon, though I do not exactly know. They are hurrying up my wardrobe now. We go immediately to Niagara, and from there on a westward tour. That's what uncle says."

"And does the doctor accompany you, Isabelle?"

"Oh, no! the arrangement is that we go alone."

"Led to slaughter," was Wilton's thought, as he pressed the hand of the fair, young girl, and rose, in spite of her persuasion, to go. As he left the room, another entered, it was Col. Swinton, a large, florid-faced man, exquisitely dressed, and smiling-faced, but with something in the smile not calculated to win. The gentlemen bowed as they passed, though without speaking, and Col. Swinton advanced towards Isabelle with both hands outstretched, and with an air of great joy, while Isabelle returned it with a smile of welcome, that did not strike Wilton, as his glance met them when he was passing through the door, as being real.

It was the last interview he had with Isabelle alone, until after she was Mrs. George Swinton, for within two weeks she was married, and after a *fête*, arranged under the doctor's supervision, at the house of Colonel Swinton, the pair departed on their tour.

CHAPTER II.

WE must, at one jump, take ourselves over the void of time, and become an inmate of a certain quiet hotel, so called by courtesy, in a certain quiet country town, or rather village, about one hundred miles from Philadelphia. The spot was beautiful, and to one who would retire from all the bustle and noise of life, nothing could be found to equal it. In the parlor of this hostelry a discussion was going on between the landlady, on the one side, and a gentleman and lady, whose carriage was at the door, upon the other.

"I am very sorry indeed, sir, but you see we can't kalkilate on any sitch chance as this. A New York lady has taken the best part of the house, or rayther her husband did for her, until the middle of next month, and I couldn't for the world ask her to give up any of it."

"Perhaps she would allow us to have one room for to-night only!" was the gentleman's pressing request. "You see we cannot go on in such a storm. I don't know the roads, and the thing would be simply impossible."

"I can ask the lady," was the hostess's rather unwilling assent, "but I do declare to ye that I don't b'lieve there's any chance, none whatsomever," and the landlady went away to return in a few minutes with a smartly-dressed, flippant Frenchwoman, who talked very loud before she entered, and said:

"I am astonish, Madame Snyder, dat zou so request such ting from de lady. What for shall she do give up her room to strange peoples. Non! non! non! she do pay zou for de house, what for she give it up?"

"But, mademoiselle, it's only for one night, and if you just saw the pretty little, delicate creetur inside, I dar say you'd give up your own room to her, you're so good-hearted, you know!"

"Vat! give up mine room, Madame Snyder. He! he! he! you choak, madame; dat is a little funny choak of yours. Non! Madame, I do not give up my room to none personne," and the pair came into the room where stood the lady and gentleman, the Frenchwoman, with a glance of contempt towards to slight, pale but beautiful figure before her, while the landlady, with genuine marks of regret on her face, said:

"I am sorry to say, sir, that I cannot be successful for you. I'd give ye up my bed in a minute, but it's already gin up to the squire and his wife, who was over visiting to Stageville and kain't git home to-night. I don't know what I kin do for ye!"

"Did you go to the lady?" asked the gentleman, casting a rather deprecating glance at the Frenchwoman.

"De lady is out," answered that person, returning the glance with an impudent toss of the head.

Just at this moment the rattle of carriage wheels was heard, and a light pony chaise drew up to the door. The windows of the room did not command the road, and the landlady and the Frenchwoman at once hurried out of the room.

"Yes, indeed, I have been very fortunate in escaping the storm," said a soft, womanly voice, in the entry. "I have driven quite fast, Mrs. Snyder, and the horses should be blanketed directly. Will you see it done?"

"Of course, ma'am!" was the landlady's response; but before another word could pass her lips the door of the parlor was thrown open and the gentleman emerged hastily, with the word "Isabelle" on his lips.

"Oh, Wilton, how glad I am to see you. How in gracious name did you come here?"

"As you just now came, hastening away from the coming storm, and begging for shelter, which I believe is refused."

"Refused!"

"Indeed, my lady, Madame Snyder did not know dat dey was friend of yours."

"Oh, get out. Guess you need'nt lay the blame on Mrs. Snyder, any how!" was the landlady's rejoinder.

"Well, well!" said Isabelle, seeing through the whole thing at a glance, "you may go, Pauline, and now, Wilton, are you alone?"

He took her by the hand and gently drew her into the parlor.

"There is my companion."

"And, oh! so you are married!" and Isabelle caught the young wife in her arms and kissed her warmly.

"And she is twice prettier than when she was only Nelly Clark, is she not, Wilton?"

"In my eyes," was the response, "and I am glad you see her the same, Isabelle."

Isabelle, showing her delight at meeting them with all the openness of her heart,

"You shall share my rooms," she said, "and oh, how long are you going to stay?"

"You must not appropriate us in this way, Isabelle," said Wilton, laughing. "You know we are only storm-bound for the night, and are going on in the morning."

"Indeed you shall do no such thing. You shall stay with me if it is only for a week. Indeed you must, Wilton, for I am so lonely here."

"Why!" exclaimed Wilton, in surprise, "is not Swinton here?"

"He has not been here in a month," was the reply of Isabelle, with her eyes turned away as she spoke.

"Where is he?" was Wilton's next question.

"In New York."

"In New York, and you alone here at this country inn. Why, what does this mean, Isabelle?"

"Oh, don't ask me any questions to-night, Wilton. Come," she cried, lightly taking the arm of Mrs. Peyton and clasping it in her own, "let us leave this man and you go with me into my own room," and so she hurried the wife away, leaving the husband alone in her own sitting-room. Here she hovered about her guest, attending her as though she were a child, unshawling and untying her bonnet, brushing and smoothing her hair, and holding the towel for her until she had washed her hands. At last she broke out with:

"But you must not go away to-morrow, will you? You must plead with Wilton to stay here awhile with me. Indeed I shall die of loneliness if you do not. The place will seem more dreary to me than ever."

"I will ask Wilton to stay, Mrs. Swinton. It seems so kind of you to desire it, that I must be churlish indeed if I could refuse."

"I knew you would say so," she answered, in a grateful tone, "but you mustn't call me Mrs. Swinton. You must call me Isabelle. The name of Swinton seems so strange to me."

"Strange to you!" said Mrs. Peyton, looking up at her in some astonishment.

"Oh, yes! but don't let us talk about that. You love your husband, do you not?"

Another astonished look greeted Isabelle's question.

"Of course you do, and you are happy. Wilton is so good. I knew him when he was almost a boy, indeed, quite a boy, and I was a great favorite of his."

Mrs. Peyton looked inquiringly, as though she would know some hidden meaning to Isabelle's words, but still Mrs. Swinton went absently.

"It is so good to have some one to really love, Nelly, some one in whom you have real confidence that cannot be shaken. Is it not?"

Mrs. Peyton was before the glass, and made a response to the question by a nod.

"I hope you are as good as you are pretty. Indeed you must be good to Wilton, for he is so good himself. It would break my heart to know that he is not happy. He is like a favorite brother to me. Come now, Nelly, you see I call you Nelly, let us go into supper."

And so they did, Isabelle talking in the same absent way all the time, sometimes of matter that was vital, and sometimes lightly of such viands as the cuisine of Mrs. Snyder had afforded them upon the supper table.

The story of Isabelle to Wilton was very simple. When she had started upon her wedding tour four months before, it was with the belief that a few weeks would end it. They had gone to St. Louis, and from there eastward again by easy travel, until they got into this Pennsylvania village, to which they had come ostensibly that Colonel Swinton might enjoy some trout fishing. The trout fishing palled in a week, but still they staid, and Isabelle pleaded to be taken back to New York; she was wearied of the dull monotony of the place. At last one day the colonel received letters that seemed to agitate him greatly, and he abruptly announced that he must leave instantly for New York, and that Isabelle must await his return there. Entreaties, tears or argument were useless to prevail, and at last, almost in anger, he went away, leaving Isabelle, and charging her to remain

until his return, or until he sent for her. He had written short and cold letters, each promising in a few words that he would soon return, but a month had passed, and still he was away.

"I declare to you, Wilton, I shall die if I stay here. I wrote, begging to let me come to the city alone, and I received for a reply a command, absolutely a command, to stay here, without assigning any reason for it whatever."

It was impossible for Wilton to say anything in defence of Colonel Swinton. There was something in his conduct that could have no other explanation than that he was tired of his fair young wife, and was only anxious to escape from her, perhaps, to renew the life for which he had once borne a not enviable reputation.

An hour later than this conversation, a messenger rode over from the post-office with letters, and among them was one from Colonel Swinton to Isabelle. There were but few words. It was another apology for not coming to her, and an excuse made that he was sick, but promising to join her in a few days unless he became worse.

"Wilton, have you determined to go to New York to-morrow?"

"Indeed, I must, Isabelle. You know I told you how accidentally it was I came to this part of the country, and how necessary it is for me to be back in New York."

"That is enough. If you go on to-morrow, I will go with you. You will certainly not refuse me your protection on the road, even though I am rebelling. If you do, I shall go anyhow, unprotected," and Isabelle rang for Pauline to announce her intention, and order her to commence packing.

"I hope you think well of what you are doing, Isabelle," was all Wilton said.

"Read that letter, and tell me whether a wife's place is not with her husband when he is ill. I do not care what opinion any one has of it, I shall join him. The matter may as well be brought to an understanding now as at any time," and Isabelle rose from her seat and paced up and down the room hastily, and then suddenly stopping at the window and looking out in the old absent way, she went on as though talking to herself. "Uncle tells me that I must bear everything, that a wife's first duty is obedience to her husband, but he does not say anything of the better sense of the wife when she is neglected and treated with so much contumely that the world sees it and remarks on it. Is not the wife's place always with the husband, unless there can be some very good reason shown for their being separate?" And then as she said these words, she started back quickly from the window as though some repulsive thing were upon the sill. Wilton stepped forward quickly to see a frightened look upon her face.

"What has happened, Isabelle?" he asked.

"Look!" she said; "do you not know that man?"

Wilton looked to recognise a Mr. Gordon Ward, once an intimate of Col. Swinton's, and a man of notorious character in the same line in which Swinton had borne honors. From the recognition he looked to Mrs. Swinton's face for an explanation.

"That man has followed us like a sleuth-hound. He has taken every opportunity in Swinton's absence to breathe his poison in my ears, and to thrust himself on my notice. Since my husband has been away from here, he has been an intimate of this house three-fourths of the time. Last week he left, as I thought, not to return, but he is here again, posted, as you see directly in front of these windows. Is not this enough, Wilton, to drive me away?"

"You shall hear no argument from me, Isabelle, to prevent your going. If you can get ready by to-morrow you shall go with me, if not, I will wait for you; and as to Ward, as long as I am here, he shall not annoy you. When you rejoin Col. Swinton, your duty will be to tell him what you have already told me."

"Get ready by to-morrow," was Isabelle's answer, as though she heard only this part of his words. "Indeed I could get ready to-night and start even in this coming storm. Anything! anything! to get away from this dreadful place."

The next morning Wilton, walking out to smoke his cigar in front of the inn, met Mr. Gordon Ward, and would have passed him with only a bow, but that gentleman would not permit it. He hailed Peyton with an intimacy not warranted by their past, and said:

"Ah! how are ye, how are ye? How do ye happen in this out of the way part of the country?"

"Travelling for pleasure, and seeking the most retired spots," was Wilton's short answer.

"By-the-bye, do you know that our old friend Mrs. Swinton is here. An elegant woman!"

"I am aware of it," Wilton answered, looking Ward full in the face, "and received from her the same intelligence as regards yourself."

"Bless me, you don't say so! Why it's excessively kind in her to remember me to you. I appreciate it highly. Where's Swinton?"

"In New York, where his wife will immediately join him under my protection."

"Ah, Peyton, you're a lucky dog. Charming woman, Mrs. Swinton. Too good for that fellow Swinton, 'pon my word."

A voice came at that moment from one of the inn windows:

"Ah, monsieur, Monsieur Peytone, Madame Swintone do wish to speak wis you one moment."

And Wilton left Mr. Gordon Ward to his reflections, while he went to join Isabelle.

"I am all ready, as you see. Now shall the carriages be ordered out?" And then seeing a look of astonishment on Wilton's face, she went on. "I don't want to hurry you away, Wilton, but I do so long to be on my way from this place, and to have this terrible act brought to a close. If I am to die for my misdeeds, let me die at once, not be tortured by inches under the eyes of all the world."

An hour afterwards the carriages were in the road in front, and the packing was done. Mademoiselle Pauline had completed her adieu with Mrs. Snyder, and everything was ready for a start. Mr. Gordon Ward walked restlessly up and down the piazza, and Wilton stood by the carriage door waiting for his wife and Isabelle. They came, passing quickly from the door to the carriage—Isabelle closely veiled. Peyton jumped in, the door was slammed, and away they went, Mr. Gordon Ward making a sweeping bow, which was entirely lost on the departing group, except Mademoiselle Pauline, who, riding alone with the baggage in the second carriage, returned it by an impressive kiss of her hand and wave of her handkerchief.

Two days after they were in New York, and drove directly to Dr. Duncan's rooms, according to Isabelle's orders. The doctor had been telegraphed to and was on the spot. His face did not wear a very pleasant expression, it was flushed, and his eyes were excited. His first greeting was:

"What the deuce does all this mean? In heaven's name Peyton, can't you leave other men's wives alone. Hain't you got business enough on your hands to manage of your own without meddling with what don't concern you?"

"Doctor, you are surpassing your boundary of addressing a gentleman," was Wilton's answer. "You would not dare to address me so, sir, if it were not in your niece's presence."

"Well, well!" responded the doctor, dropping his snarl, and speaking in a querulous tone, "what do you interfere in families for? This is my niece, and if it was necessary that she should fly in the face of her husband, I am the one to assist her in doing it."

"Mrs. Swinton will uphold me in saying that I did nothing more than accompany her to the city. If she has really done what is wrong—which I do not believe—she has done so without my persuasion in any way. She certainly has the power to do as she pleases without any one's persuasion or interference."

"The devil she has!" broke out the doctor, with a tremendous swagger. "I think both you and she will find out your mistakes if you try it. See here, Peyton, I'd advise you not to cross Swinton; he'll break every bone in your body if he comes to know that you are aiding his wife in opposition."

"See here, Dr. Duncan, you know me to be a quiet man, but if Col. Swinton were to say one half to me that you have said in the five minutes I have been in this room, I'd break every bone in his body literally. I must apologise to Mrs. Swinton, whom you have not yet seen fit to notice, for the use of such language, but she sees that I am driven to it."

"Uncle, you shame me indeed, when you talk to Mr. Peyton in this manner. I have only to repeat his words to you, that he had nothing to do with my coming but to escort me."

"Well, why in heaven's name did you come here?" whined the doctor; "you seem to be bent on getting me into trouble with Swinton. Why didn't you go to a hotel?"

"Because I saw fit to bring Mrs. Swinton to the protection of her only relative, rather than leave her in a hotel," was Wilton's answer.

"Now then, uncle, listen to me," said Isabelle, rising from the chair where she had seated herself, and advancing towards the doctor with a dangerous flash in her eyes, "you hardly know me, but I think Wilton will tell you that what I am about to say I will do. You and my husband have trifled with me long enough. There is something hidden in all this, of which I have no knowledge. If Swinton is tired of me let him declare it so and we will separate, but I will no longer live a husbandless, unprotected wife. Now then, where is he?"

"I don't know; I won't tell you," snarled the doctor.

"Very well, then. To-morrow I shall advertise for him in the public prints."

"Good heavens, Belle, you certainly wouldn't do such a monstrous thing as that?"

"I will, as truly as I am an injured woman, unless you instantly tell me where he is."

The doctor walked gloomily about the room for a minute, and then turning to Wilton, he said:

"Peyton, can't you do anything with this girl? I tell you she cannot go to her husband now. She seems to listen to you."

"I have already told you, Doctor Duncan, that I will not attempt to influence Mrs. Swinton. But if there is any reason of reality that she should not join her husband, and you are afraid to communicate it to her, tell me, and I will advise Mrs. Swinton to the best of my ability."

"Reason, reason!" muttered the doctor. "Why the devil should there be reasons. Isn't it enough that it is Swinton's wish."

"Uncle, am I always to be treated as a child, and told blindly to obey, when my better sense tells me that I am wronged?"

"Wronged! how the deuce can you be wronged. Is it because Swinton wants now and then to go back to his young days and be free? Is that any reason that you should make all this fuss, and come rushing after, perhaps to find him among a lot of bachelor friends trying to forget his bondage? Bah!"

"He has no right to forget his bondage, as you term it."

"Belle, you are perfectly crazy; you don't know when you are well off. You have everything that a woman can wish for in the world."

"But happiness!"

"And you don't have that, eh?" he said, sneeringly.

"No!" broke forth Isabelle with more vehemence than before, and drawing the shawl that had fallen off close about her shoulders as she stepped towards the door. "Now uncle, listen to me once more. We have left Mrs. Peyton in the carriage at the door, and it is not courtesy, to say nothing else, that I should wait here. Therefore, once more I ask, will you give me my husband's address?"

"Oh, lord! oh, lord!" groaned the doctor, "how violent you are! Well, if it must be so, he is up at the place. And now I have only to warn you not to go there, and for the Lord's sake don't tell him I told you where he was."

"The place, the place!" said Isabelle, thoughtfully, "what place?"

"Heavens! how stupid you are. Why, his place at Stanfield. There now, for gracious sake, go away from here, I wouldn't have anybody see you here that would tell Swinton for the world."

And so they went out and joined Mrs. Peyton again in the carriage.

Isabelle had entirely forgotten the place at Stanfield. She had never been there, and had only heard her husband speak of it casually, more as an old ruined homestead that he had inherited from his grandmother, than as a spot that he would retreat to rather than stay in New York. She had always understood that the house was untenanted, and now to hear that her husband had gone down there to stay for any time, there was something of the mysterious in it. For half the distance to the hotel at which Peyton had intended to stop, Isabelle was silent, thinking over this, until at last, as it were breaking forth from her own thoughts, she exclaimed:

"I shall go to Stanfield to-morrow morning at all risks."

"I am sorry to hear you say so," was Wilton's answer.

"I appreciate your advice, but cannot take it, Wilton. I know that whatever you say is for my good, but I must go."

"Then you will not stay with us and write to Swinton?"

"No!"

And then she turned to Mrs. Peyton, and said:

"I ask you, Nelly, whether you would not act as I am now acting. Would you not, if placed in the same circumstances, go to your husband?"

"Yes, indeed!" returned Mrs. Peyton, "and nothing that anybody would say could keep me back."

Wilton laughed a small constrained laugh, and then there was entire silence for the rest of the ride, and quiet, sad faces over all the evening talk.

And the next morning, without a word of remonstrance, Isabelle went away, not even accompanied by Mademoiselle Pauline, to Stanfield, to—but let that be told hereafter.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

BY REV. S. G. BULFINCH.

Date of my country's glorious birth,
  Like Pallas from the brain of Jove,
In gleaming arms surprising earth,
  A form to worship and to love!

Date of a loftier age for man,
  When, riven oppression's ancient chain,
From land to land the tidings ran,
  Astræa visits earth again!

We hail the day; but vain our mirth,
  Unless we know the joy it gave
To those who felt that God's bright earth
  Was far too sacred for a slave.

High were the hopes that warmed our sires,
  Through sorrow's chill and danger's gloom,
Unless our bosoms feel their fires,
  In vain our sculptures deck their tomb.

Theirs were the triumphs of the field—
  On us a milder charge is laid;
Truth be our sword, and love our shield,
  Freedom our cause, and Heaven our aid.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

William Pitt Fessenden, who has just been confirmed as Mr. Chase's successor as Secretary of the Treasury, was born at Roscowen, N. H., on the 16th of October, 1806. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1823, and was admitted to the bar in 1827. In 1829 he removed to Portland, Maine, and in 1831 was elected to the State Legislature. The youngest member of that body, he greatly distinguished himself in a debate on the United States Bank. He rose rapidly in his profession, and in 1840, as Whig candidate for Congress, outrun the strength of his party. In 1843 he was nominated for re-election, but declined, preferring to return to the practice of his profession. In 1850 he was again elected to Congress, but through an error in the returns, his seat was given to his competitor. He was a member of the National Convention which nominated Gen. Harrison for the Presidency in 1840. He was also a member of the Convention of 1848, which nominated Gen. Taylor, in which he supported the claims of Mr. Webster, and of the Convention of 1852, which nominated Gen. Scott. In 1854 he was, as a Whig, elected to the United States Senate, and on the night of March 3 made a strong and thrilling speech against the Nebraska bill which had a decided effect, and established his reputation at once as one of the ablest members of the Senate. In 1859 he was re-elected as United States Senator for six years by the unanimous vote of his party, without the formality of a previous nomination, it being the first instance of the kind in the history of the State. Mr. Fessenden, as Chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, has had abundant experience, and has proved himself to be a thoroughly worthy and competent man.

TIME-RECKONING.

The sundial seems to have been the earliest expedient for reckoning time known to the historical antiquary. Holy Writ mentions its use in the book of Isaiah. By the ancients it was called *Sciathericum*, being marked by a shadow. Among the Romans it was in general request, and an account is given of one being placed in the Court of the Temple of Quirinus. The first sundial used at Rome was about 300 years before Christ. Before this, there was no division of the day into hours; nor does that word occur in the Twelve Tables. The only distinctions of time were, then, sunrise and sunset, before and after meridian; and Pliny says that even the term mid-day was not inaugurated until several years later.

Our own familiar abbreviations, "A. M." and "P. M," for *ante meridien* (before noon) and *post meridien* (after noon)—therefore date back to this old Roman observance and expression. Herodotus informs us that the Greeks borrowed the invention of the sundial from the Babylonians.

Even at this civilized period these denoters of time are sometimes seen in Europe. "I count only the hours that are serene," is the significant motto on an antiquated sundial near Venice; and in the Temple, London, there is a dial upon which is inscribed the admonitory line, "Begone about your business."

The Chinese, as early as the ninth century, detailed men to watch on the towers, in order to announce the hours of the day, by striking on a board, suspended for the purpose. A similar custom is still observed among the Russians. Alfred the Great, it is said, measured his time by the continued burning of wax tapers, with notches denoting the respective hours. Another crude method is seen in certain portions of the East. Should you ask a native the "time of day," he would stand erect in the sun, and measure his shadow. An allusion is made to this in Job: "As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow," &c.

Succeeding the sundial came the hourglass. It was invented at Alexandria, 150 B. C. In the year 157 B. C., the *clepsydra*, or water-clock, was introduced at Rome. The nature of its mechanism is enveloped in historical quandary. A meagre description, however, of the one presented by the king of Persia to Charlemagne is to be found in the *Annales Francorum*. The author says: "Likewise a timepiece wonderfully constructed of brass, with mechanical art, in which the course of the twelve hours was turned towards a clepsydra, with as many brass balls, which fall down at the completion of the hour, and, by the fall, sounded a bell under them."

About the 11th century a monk—the Abbot of Hirsham—with no other design than the beguilement of his tedium, constructed a timeteller somewhat similar to our clocks, it materially differing from the sundial and the water-clock. The ingenious machine not only measured the time, but at certain intervals produced a peculiar sound, for the purpose of admonishing the sacristan to matins and vespers. Little did the ecclesiastic suppose that his exertions to relieve the lassitude of the hours had given to the world an invention than which none could be more useful and important. Clocks, moved by weights, began to be used in the European monasteries about the same century.

In 1232 the Sultan sent to the Emperor Frederick II. a most curious clock, "of wonderful construction," and valued at 5,000 ducats. "It appeared," writes an old author, "to resemble internally a celestial globe, in which figures of the sun, moon and planets, formed with great skill, moved, being impelled by weights and wheels, so that, performing their course in certain fixed intervals, they pointed out the hour, night and day, with infallible certainty."

About the close of the 15th century watches were introduced.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

In Paris, lately, a duel was nearly the consequence of two gentlemen asserting their rival claims to the smiles of a beauty in a basket-carriage at the races of La March.

"You are an impertinent fellow," said A.

"Sir," replied B, "you shall give me satisfaction."

"I shall ask it of you, sir," was the reply of A.

"I shall remain at home all day to-morrow."

"I shall also remain at home," was the indignant response of B.

The fruit of this mutual determination must be peace.

"Pray, my lord," said a gentleman to a late respected and rather whimsical judge, "what is the distinction between law and equity courts."

"Very little in the end," replied his lordship; "they only differ as far as time is concerned. At common law you are done for at once; in equity you are not so easily disposed of. The former is a bullet, which is instantaneously and most charmingly effective; the latter is an angler's hook, which plays with its victim before it kills it. The one is prussic acid, the other laudanum."

"Have the jury agreed?" asked the bailiff of a lock-up set of 12, whom he had left under care of his man, Denny Garry, and whom he met on the stairs with a can in his hand.

"Oh, yes," replied Denny, "they have agrade to sind out for another half gallon."

"Mr. Smith," said the counsel, "you say you once officiated in a pulpit—do you mean that you preached?"

"No, sir; I held the candle for a man who did."

"Ah, the court understood you differently. They supposed that discourse came from you."

"No, sir; I only throwed a light on it."

A Maltese offered his services to a dragoman at Alexandria.

"Know English well, sir," said he; "I have served many English gentlemen. I'm English subject, sir; I get drunk, sir—get drunk."

An old woman in Yorkshire crossed a bridge that was marked as "dangerous," without seeing the sign. On being informed of the fac on the other side of the river, she turned about and immediately recrossed.

An unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity?"

"Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me!"

"Are you the fellow what's going West?" inquired a cabby of a gentleman, the other evening; "'cause I'm the gentleman what's to drive you, if you be!"

A correspondent says: "I was not a little amused the other day as I was crossing the Hudson in the Jersey ferryboat, at a little incident. A genuine Cockney, who evidently only just arrived here, hearing some one say, 'There's one of our gunboats,' naturally looked out for her. Unfortunately for Mr. Cockney there was a grain elevator in the same direction, which John Bull naturally took to be the object. Holding up his hands he cried: 'My hise; these Yankees have the queerest inventions in the world; what a queer thing for a gunboat.'"

Genuine Cologne Water.—One of the Farinas has published the following formula for this celebrated perfume, which we copy from the *Zeitschrift des Norddeutschen Apotheker-Vereins*:

R Benzoini (purified) 2 ounces } by weight.
Ol. Lavandulæ 4 " }
Ol. Rosmarini 2 " }

Alcoholis fortioris 9 gallons. To this solution are added successively:

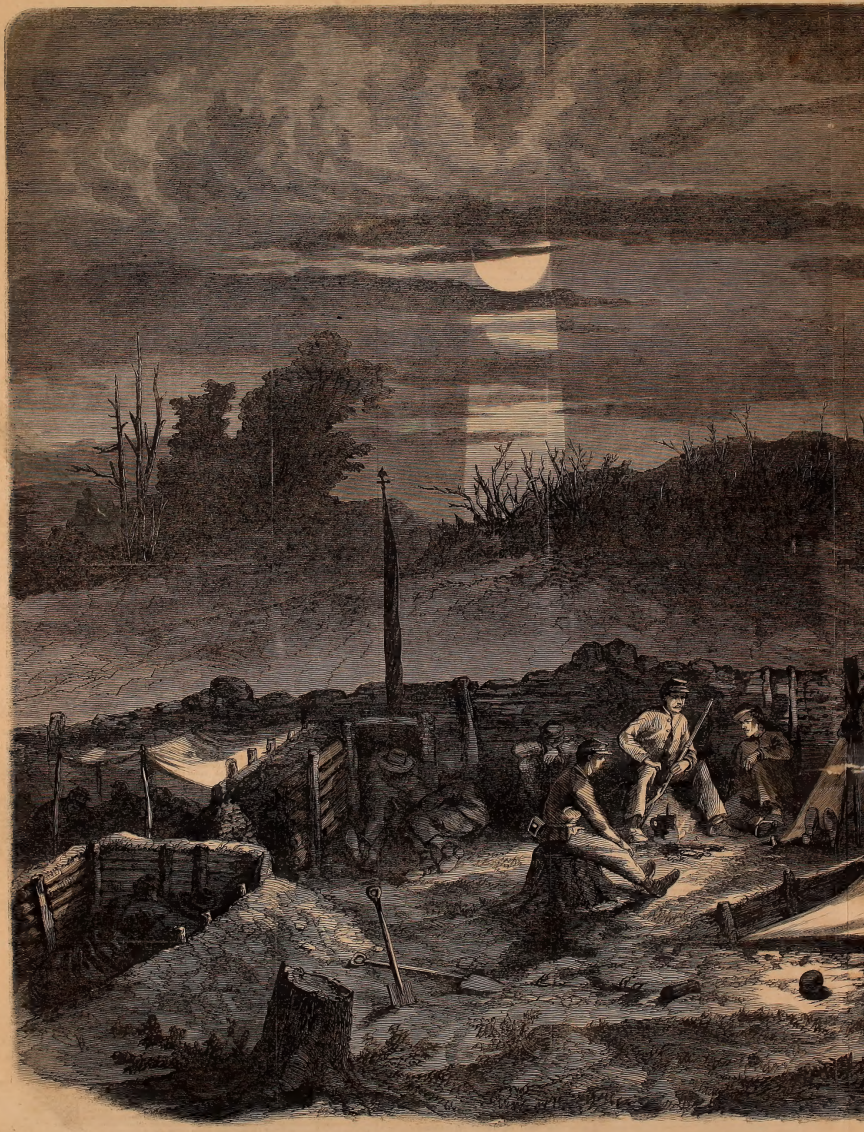
Ol. Neroli,
Ol. Neroli petits grains,
Ol. Limonis, of each 10 2-5 ounces,
Ol. Liranti Dulcis,
Ol. Limettæ,
Ol. Bergamii, of each 20 4-5 ounces.
Tinct. Flori geranii rosei q. s. Macerate for some weeks, then fill into flasks.

A little girl who was walking with her mother was tempted by the sight of a basket of oranges, exposed for sale in a store, quietly took one; but afterwards stricken by conscience, returned it. After her return home, she was discovered in tears, and on being asked the cause of her sorrow, replied, sobbing:

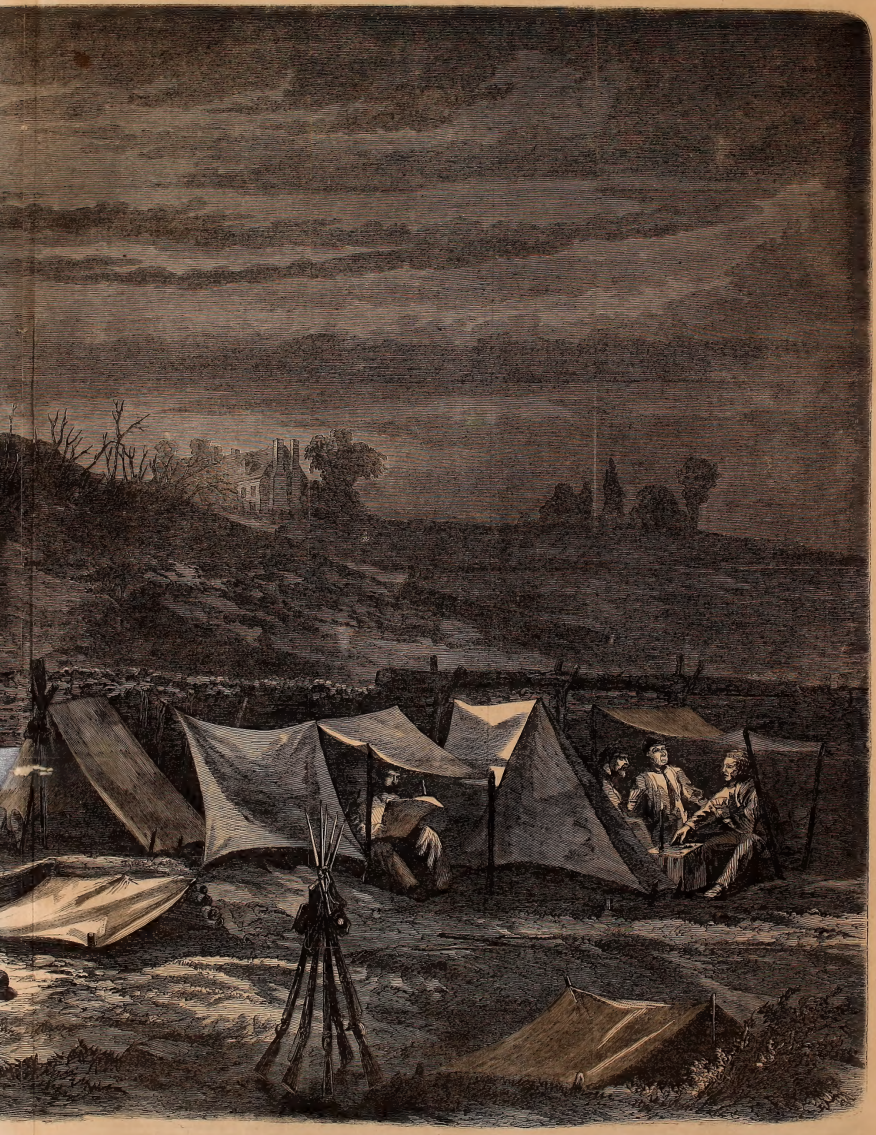
"Mamma, I haven't broken any of the commandments, but I think I've cracked one a little."

She was forgiven.

Attached to the dress of a little baby, left before a New York doorstep, was a note from its mother, stating that the father of the little one was a Union soldier, killed in the late battles of the Wilderness, and she being unable to provide for its support, was therefore obliged for the present to leave it to the charity of strangers. She, however, pledged herself to call for the little waif within a year, when its parentage would be made known.



NIGHT IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE PETERSBURG.—FROM A S



.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.—SEE PAGE 283.

LONG EXPECTED.

To expectation, all the year,
I watch and wait, I watch and wait;
I keep within a court of state;
Perchance, e'en now, the time is near.

For who can tell the very day
When he shall sail love's tropic seas,
Borne on by sweetest fantasies
To golden regions far away?

The spring-time comes, and hope is high,
For winter's snows are past and gone,
The summer seems to call me on,
The violets whisper "She is nigh."

Sweet summer cometh, crowned with flowers,
And then my heart of hearts is gay,
For to myself I often say,
"If love will choose the summer hours."

But to summer fades to autumn's gold,
Yet still I watch and still I wait;
I think—"My love, she cometh late,
The days are short, the nights are cold."

Then winter follows, dark and sere,
And thus I turn my beacon-light,
To guide her through the darkest night,
And so I measure out the year.

And thus the rolling years pass by:
At times I think "She will not come,"
Perchance in her way is wearisome
And dark, beneath a wintry sky."

But yet I know she comes from far,
As surely as the silver light,
Flashing for ages through the night,
From some far, undiscovered star.

And so I keep my court of state,
With all my heart in solemn dress;
With everything in readiness,
I watch and wait, I watch and wait!

Gazing towards the eastern sky,
Waiting the coming of the morn,
The first faint flushing of the dawn,
Waiting and watching—till I die.

The Serpent-Woman.

BY Z. W.

CHAPTER XIX.

She is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eye be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like a wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.
Merchant of Venice, Act II., Sc. 5.

MARINA returned to England, to find her father (for such Mordaunt Elfstone doubtless considered him) and her sister dead and buried, and Bertram sinking into the grave beneath a load of grief which he was unable to support. She had brought rich incomes, but her wealth enabled her to bring no good tidings from America. Victor's death, which had to be told, must, soften it as she liked, prove another dreadful blow to his relatives, and as much if fell upon the hearts of Bertram and his mother.

Alfleda's grief, flowing with theirs, afforded them some relief. Her devotion to the mother and son; the soothing and magic influence of her powerful nature, and the subtle and impenetrable art and protean flexibility with which she could bend them unconsciously back to life and contentedness, were all greater in their final result. Lady Adela yielded to the fascinations of the "Serpent" long before her son submitted to her gentle but resistless power—indeed it was the mother who, more than either Marina's return, first roused within a year after the nature and depth of his sorrow for Mordaunt Elfstone's natural daughter, regard for Mordaunt Elfstone's natural daughter.

"Those Elfstones," said she to her son one day, "are the strangest people I ever knew. Could you ever have imagined that the conduct of Mordaunt, whose has, after an unaccountable absence of many years, returned to England and resumed possession of Ellingford, as if he had only been absent on an ordinary tour? He had only been absent more eccentric than his brother, that we may more, made sad havoc with the hearts of his own young, and he will be the ruin of his daughter. Dearly he paid for his triumphs, poor Alfleda! For a temporary loss of reason, ten or twelve years imprisonment in a madhouse, the obscure perishing of her he most loved, left to the world, and a death caused by excessive grief—how sufficient expiation for the offence of loving her stepdaughter too many, he certainly atoned for by his double. Alfred seems to be a noble old gentleman, but lacks his brother's brilliancy. Mordaunt was Mordaunt in the prime—he was incomparable. What a splendid fame he might have achieved had not his personal attractions and his passionate nature ruined him."

"He made a magnificent wreck."

"His wreck, and a melancholy one, was all you could see, was you know, the misfortune of those of whom it was the ruin, the misfortune of the brothers to be ensnared of the same lady, a fatality that proved disastrous to the three. The infatuation of Mordaunt in her time considered object of their worship was in her time considered by company to be the greatest beauty in England; but I must confess I did not admire her. Her daughter Marina, daughter Muta's, all softness and beauty and grace, and lacked expression, and had playful innocence, and lacked expression. I could not like Marina in my style. There is, to my mind, more beauty in one of her impassioned statues, than in ten thousand of the bland smiles of mere prettiness. Alfleda Elfstone seems to be to remain with him? I miss her very much. She is the only woman I ever knew whose companionship supplies the charms of both male and female society. No pretty fellow, when I was a girl, could have robbed me of my heart in a more delightful manner than she has stolen mine now. I am positively in love with her—isn't you?"

"I love her! Why, yes, as a sister, certainly. How could I help doing less?"

"Doing more, you mean. I know she is actually your deceased wife's sister, but not in the view of the law, civil or ecclesiastical, so that makes little difference. Muta was a lovely creature, but a mere child incapable of becoming much more. Marina is superior to say woman I know in beauty and intellect, in tenderness and constancy of feeling. She is very rich, but neither of us is, I trust, likely to be influenced by that circumstance. You do not, however, know, as I do, that she has many wealthy, titled and eligible suitors. Now she is at Ellingford, where she is mistress. She will have many more, and if one of them should prove successful (and why not?) I shall never forgive [illegible]. No, I don't exactly mean that; but the truth is, her kindness to Victor and others has endeared her so much to me, that I now feel I shall never know another woman I could tolerate as my daughter-in-law. She is worthy of a king, and I know a noble lord who is smitten with her. What a superb countess she would make! But if a certain event [illegible] I am resolved to favor does not win her hand, I hope she will be a duchess yet."

Bertram looked thoughtful, but did not reply. Presently he arose from his seat, kissed Lady Adela, and left the apartment without saying a word. The next morning, however, he informed his mother that he was going to Ellingford. She smiled, and, taking a superb bracelet off her arm, bade him present it with her maternal love, to Marina.

Bertram reached Ellingford about two hours before sunset, and found Marina in the summer-house, in the garden. He thanked Fortune for the opportunity she seemed to afford him. Marina had, however, a little French boy and girl with her, who were busy helping her to decorate with flowers a mended statue, which Bertram recognized as a replace by Elfstone's "Lost Love," the image of Muta.

"How is it," said he to himself, as he watched her proceedings, "how is it I have been so little the sensible of the incomparable superiority of this enchanting beauty? What an exquisite loving grace is displayed in her every motion! How full of tender life and love her whole being seems to be! How those little ones rejoice in her sympathy sphere with which it surrounds her! What an infinity of delight must such a soul as hers is capable of imparting! Beauty a spell is on me, or I have been blind till now!"

The adorning of the statue being completed, Marina kissed it, and her little companions followed her example. As Bertram presented himself the color deepened in Marina's cheeks, but she received him with her usual cordiality and affection of a sister, for with such feelings she had been schooling herself to regard him. They exchanged pleasant and [illegible] topics; at last Bertram abruptly demanded:

"Who mended this statue?"

"Myself. Muta was my only sister, and her memory is dear to me. She was an angel even on earth, and must now be one of the very brightest of the heavenly choir. She was very different from me; for what in me was not woman, was wrong. There was none of the angel in me, but I do not think I am quite so bad as I was. Even you are not afraid of me now?"

"Yes I am, more than ever. Whose children are these?"

"Mine."

"Yours!"

"They have no father, no mother but Marina. Their father threw himself from the column Vendome. Their mother, a Parisian, died of fever in cholera. I have adopted them, and feel infinitely happier now I have something of my own to love. Bertram, why do you look so sad in me, but more than ever afraid of me?"

"I will, as soon as I have sent your little family away for awhile."

"You receive the children half-a-crown a-piece and told them to return for more when that was spent. As soon as they were out of hearing, Bertram drew from his pocket and displayed his mother's magnificent bracelet, and clasped it round the beautiful arm of his friend.

"Welcome you beyond expression," he said; "it is my mother's free gift. She sends her maternal love to you, and has so much to say in your praise you are to be called on to receive me."

"I have coveted this bracelet. The body, so thickly set with emeralds, and these two diamond clasps so like to serpents' heads, giving the little serpent the semblance of actual animation. I am very thankful for so splendid a gift; but why did you send it to me by me? Shall I never be rid of my serpentine suggestiveness?"

"I hope not; for the human serpent Moses lifted up in the wilderness had not a more lovely significance or more grateful effect."

Marina, who had been gazing upon the bracelet, looked suddenly round her eyes to Bertram's.

"What a world of thought and feeling looks from her deep, dark eyes," said the baronet to himself, as he shrank shrinking from the glory of her glance. Again she looked down; his arm stole around her slender and flexible waist; he drooped his head upon her bosom, and continued aloud, in a tone of irrepressible emotion:

"Marina, I feel that your nature, more potent than mine, is also more pure, but while yet I may struggle with its magic influence—while yet I am free—answer me one question truly. Do you love me?"

"How can you ask that question so late of one who has ever shown herself ready to sacrifice everything for your sake?"

"Friendship makes great sacrifices, Marina, but I speak of love."

"Bertram, long ago, you heard my confession of true love, and for each burning syllable you dropped an icicle upon my heart. What fresh humility have you in store for me?"

"The humiliation of accepting me for your husband. Will that be too great for your endurance?"

The radiance of joy flashed from Marina's eyes, and the triumph of her life illumined her face. Tears followed, and fell bright and fast as she said:

"Bertram, I was always yours, and should have died husbandless for your sake."

"I fear I am unworthy of you, Marina," exclaimed Bertram, as he embraced her and kissed away her tears; "but your love will exalt me, and, in loving you, I cannot shun the way to heaven and its infinity of [illegible], for where can they exist, if not in so glorious and inexhaustible a nature as yours?"

Bertram was not mistaken or disappointed. A generous woman always transcends our ideal, albeit she may differ from it, for God can make a better woman than can any poet, however sublime, in the highest flight of his imagination. If man studied rather to call forth the actual, though often obscured, virtues of woman, instead of fretting over the absence in her of the particular features that distinguish his fancy picture, she would not disappoint him, nor he, both would be better and happier, and marriage an actual blessing, if not unremitted bliss.

Our heroine as a wife realised her lover's fondest hopes, and, as Lady Marina Hapswell, the most sanguine expectations of her mother-in-law. Her rank was on her like a perfectly fitting robe, gracing, and graced by, the wearer. The ease and dignity of her manner, the elegance proper to the time, place and circumstance, whatever they happen to be, which others acquire from study, art and tuition, are intuitive in her—nobility like hers, and always equal to the occasion. As an English titled lady, she is as self-possessed as she was when enacting the part of Queen of the Fire Bohemians, and it were hard to tell for which part she is best fitted. She now seems as full of sparkling life as ever, but her husband's love for her continues unabated, because she does not allow it to perish by dying out herself, as she may even do, but would not every morning fresh to the wonders of existence, and its exhaustless variety.

THE END.

LOST.

BY JULIE LEONARD.

Ir haunts me even yet, the sad, sad look
Of her I loved and lost,
The tears are trooped wet, the foaming brook
Over the rocks is tost.
'Twas here we parted—here by this old tree
All garnished and bedecked,
Her eyes sweet lustre shone their last on me
And then—she went.

Oh what care I for rain or rushing storm!
The hopes I had
Their sweet, sweet promise, never can perform
Let my heart bast.
Torn from my clinging arms, my fond embrace
Was she I loved;
Even the memory of that dear, pale face
My torment proved.

Let the storm rage, its fiercest wrath
Is nought to me;
She that I loved sits by another's hearth;
I cannot see.
The fading splendor of those mourn[illegible] eyes;
Never more hear
Her voice's music, in low-[illegible]reples
Sound in mine ear.

Cold strike this breaking heart, oh, chilling wind
As I may go,
And in the deep grave, I that rest may find
Long for rest.
That I may stand, waiting her soul to greet
In Paradise;
Is that their smile of welcome she will meet
Will be my eyes.

HITHER AND THITHER.

BY A. BROCK.

JOHN GILMEY and William Eaton were close friends from early childhood; in fact, so sincere was their affection for each other that the two were almost generally called Damon and Pythias. None wondered that William Eaton was loved, for he was of a genial disposition, winning his way to all hearts, but John was cold and taciturn to outsiders, turning only on the proffers of friendship and the smile of beauty, and it was thought that William's good disposition was the bond that held them, but it soon transpired that it was John's nobility and excellence of character, on that he never hoped to reach the standard of perfection which his friend had arrived at.

This, however, was supposed to be the partiality of affection, and William was still supposed to be the favorite one. As time wore on their regard for each other seemed to increase, and the social circle never met without either John or William in their midst, and the latter, with his cheerful and [illegible] disposition, was welcome to all.

It was in a gathering of this kind that they first met Emma Wilby. Sweet and loveable, Emma won the hearts of both friends. William pushed his suit with impetuous eagerness, and John, discovering, as he thought, the hopelessness of his own wishes, stood aside in gloomy silence.

For the first time a feeling of estrangement crept between the friends; William's whole attention being taken by the object of his passion, he had no opportunity of noticing the many pangs John was endeavoring to hide in his own bosom, and as Emma's conduct was at times so uncertain as to keep him in an agony of suspense as to the final termination of his suit, he poured out his doubts to John; when receiving, instead of the sympathy he had expected, a cold tone and an averted look, he pride took offence, and he determined in the future to keep his troubles to himself.

It was at this period that William was called on a matter of business to the town of C——, on the seashore. Few days' travelling on horseback was necessary to reach it, the road was a lonely one, and William expressed great aversion to the going. A few hours before starting John expressed a determination to accompany him, saying that in the present excitement he was better than one, and William joyfully accepted his company.

Calling first upon friends to bid the farewell, they started, expecting to be gone a month. During the first day's travel little was said by either, William regretting his absence from Emma, who's side and fading a strange repugnance to expressing it to (as he supposed) his unsympathising friend, while John, in ignorance of the cause, felt deeper pangs of his disappointed love. With his natural lightness of heart, however, William soon recovered his gayety, and deeply engrossed in wild scenery through which they were passing, commenting enthusiastically upon it during the day, and laughing heartily at the meagre and awkward accommodations they were forced to put up with at [illegible].

The sublime and the ridiculous hand in hand again, John," he said, the night before reaching C——. "Who would have thought of it? Here we are, and that splendid house, we were building our air-castles so high, that to-night we would have designed to be happy and contented in a hovel. But one bed for both of us [illegible] was neither long enough or wide enough for one. What a difference!"

The difference, Will, is between the works of of the Creator and those of the creature. As to the air-castles, I think I see them still, and as well as you do, no more good to-night than they."

"Well, let us be away to it. And now I think of it, shall we not have a bet on it? Come, for me, that aerial architecture not seeming to come within your line. But, seriously, John, you never speak on any of your plans for the future. You remember a few years ago, how eager you were to try your fortune in America. I am glad you have up that idea, my boy; for, otherwise, I should have gone with you, and never have met Emma."

John turned hastily away and walking to the window gazed intently from it, while William, still rattling on carelessly, got into bed and was soon fast asleep. As soon as the heavy breathing of his friend assured him of the latter fact, John took a pencil from his pocket, and writing a few lines on a piece of paper, placed it on the table and left, and softly opening the door went down to the landlady and settled for their entertainment, saying that as he was going on business very early in the morning he would not disturb the house. Returning to his room, he lay down on the bed without removing his clothes and was soon asleep.

Morn was just lifting the veil of night when he again arose, at the from the house, and, saying his horse, mounted and rode away. Four hours after William turned in his bed and first discovered the absence of his friend. Jumping up he saw at once the note from the table, and eagerly read it to the last line and signature, and then burying his face in his hands he allowed the tears to fall unchecked.

"John, if you had only told me," he groaned, "what would I not have sacrificed for your sake. Did you think I could not be as generous as yourself? But, perhaps, 'tis not yet too late."

And springing up he began to make preparation for his departure, and in half an hour was riding away from the house at full speed.

The speedy return of the absence of John and William passed away, and they had not returned. Another, and another, and still they came not. At the commencement of the [illegible] Emma started on the search. At every place the tidings was straightforward and clear. They had remained at all night, and started away together the next morning until they arrived at M——. There it was discovered that John had left, and that William had been sad hearts in the village that day, and sad hearts in the village that day, and some bitter ones. Those who knew the friends by the character of each thought misfortune had befallen one had been shared by the other. Those of the gossips who were not well acquainted with the characters of the former men were free in their remarks, some saying that "it was very strange that two friends should quarrel," and others strange John should have left without saying good-by, and believe the story of his rising and going away early, and no doubt William would easily be found after a few days' search was over. Others "John would not have gone away so easily without some sinister motive," and even went so far as to hint the possibility of that one had been going to waylay William and thus rid himself of a rival to Emma's favor.

The weeks and months came on and neither returned. The circumstance had become an old story, forgotten almost by all save the relatives begged on a friendship, when one day a letter came, postmarked America, and directed to William [illegible].

ngs immediately opened it in the hope of a thread by which to trace his brother, when what was his amazement to find it to be from John Gilmey, whom all thought dead. From the tone of the letter it was evident he knew nothing of the mysterious disappearance of his friend, as he begged in immediate reply, saying something the depth of his loneliness and misery on that morn-

ing, when, giving a last look to his sleeping companion, he had hastened on his journey to be in time for the steamer which was to start at noon that day. His friend was the only one who would sincerely mourn his absence, for his uncle, with whom he resided, was too much immersed in business to miss him, and the note which he had left would explain all. He could never have remained in England to see Emma the wife of another, though the other was William. Then he closed his letter by hoping that his friend had been happy with the object of his choice; for himself, he should never marry.

An answer was directly sent to John, telling him that William had never been heard from since his departure, though search had been made for him, and also of the supposition of his own death.

Once more the mail brought a letter from John. Grief was in every line, while it firmly expressed the writer's determination to find the missing one if possible.

Remembering to have seen in the harbor on the day of his departure a vessel, which from its name (The Emma) had attracted his attention, he had inquired whither it was bound, and discovered that it was also going to America, but while the vessel he was aboard was going to stop several days at Halifax the other was only going to touch for passengers.

Thinking now that perhaps the impetuous William might have attempted to follow, in hopes of again seeing him at that port and inducing him to return, John made diligent inquiries, and after much trouble found that a gentleman had got aboard at C——, but that a violent storm had arisen in which the vessel had been so badly injured as to make it necessary to put back for repairs, and that in one of the heavy lurches of the vessel three men were washed overboard, among them the stranger. Two of them were picked up by the Martha, bound for China, and there the thread was lost, The Martha had returned since, but no such person was on her.

Weary and disheartened, John now began to despair and to consider the death of his friend certain. Plunged into gloom which seemed to become heavier and blacker as the thought grew upon him, that he was the occasion of William's misfortunes, it was with eagerness he accepted a commission to France from the firm he was with. New scenes he hoped would lighten the load from his heart and teach him partially to forget.

With haste he prepared for his departure, and was soon again on the broad deep. The passage was a stormy one, but a stranger in a strange land he safely arrived in sunny France. Giving his earnest attention to the business which had called him there, he still had a few hours each day unoccupied, and these he employed viewing whatever was worthy of his attention. Each day found something. Once a thought struck him. He would like to visit a court of justice, see the manner in which trials were conducted, and note the difference between the French and American methods. Passing with a quick step into the building, he took a seat just as a cause was being finished. The crew of a small French vessel had mutined, and the stringent arm of the law had seized the transgressors. But what has effected John? See! he is pale as death, and large drops of perspiration stand like beads upon his forehead. Three times he attempts to rise; at last, with a desperate effort he gains his feet, and then with renewed strenght pushes his way to the passage through which the prisoners are being led, and clasps one in his arms.

"William!" "John!" And tears stood in the eyes of the long-severed friends so singularly reunited. The judge seeing the commotion inquired the cause. Stepping up to him, John explained as much as he knew, and the judge, with a smile and wave of the hand, told him his friend was free, the court having just decided that he was not a participator in the mutiny. Arm-in-arm they proceeded to John's lodgings, and then came the explanation. He had been one of the fortunate two saved and conveyed by the Martha to China. Arriving their, he had taken the first returning vessel, feeling unwilling to wait for the Martha. When a short time out, a portion of the crew, headed by the second mate, had connived together and mutined. Some of these being averse to cold-blooded murder, they had, upon conquering, placed the captain, first mate, and two of the crew in the long boat and set them adrift, and then undecided as to what course to pursue, they had cruised about, going in one direction one day, and the reverse the next. William, for some unknown cause, they had kept with them, refusing to place him in the long boat with the others as he had urged, and keeping him in close custody. The captain having by chance fallen in with a man-of-war, stated his case, when they immediately commenced searching for, and after considerable trouble found the vessel, seized the mutinous crew and brought them prisoners to France. There he had been detained, awaiting trial up to the present time. Long the friends conversed, happy in each others society, and when they seperated for the night, William laughingly made John promise not to disappear before morning.

A few days after, William returned to England, loath to leave John, but eager once more to see home. Brown with exposure, and travel-stained, he again entered the village. Many and hearty were the welcomes he received; but his first pleasure was in sending a letter to John, begging him also to return, "For," said he, "I find it was not I—as I was vain enough to suppose—but yourself that Emma loved. But do not be unhappy for me on that account, for I am not inconsolable. I have met in my travels a pair of black eyes, quite as effective as Emma's blue ones—that is to me—and I hope soon to have the pleasure of introducing you to them. So come home immediately, if not for mine, for Emma's sake.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

THE interest still centres at Petersburg, where Grant is pushing his siege lines forward with all the dogged obstinacy of his character, bombarding the fated city and the rebel position with incessant and fatal resolve Continuing our series of illustrations, we give a nearer view of the gallant charge of the 18th corps on first line of rebel works, which they took splendidly, and of which we gave in our last a distant view. Our readers will also admire a spirited sketch by our Special Artist, "In the Trenches before Petersburg," showing the life in our army as gradually and steadily the trenches are run up towards the enemy's positions, till the long, anxious awaiting is broken by the order for the assault, when the bold push is made by thousands of gallant men, who breast the storm of bullets, shot and shell poured on the advancing line.

NAVAL VICTORY OFF CHERBOURG,

June 19, 1864.

THE last steamer from Europe brought the welcome tidings of the summary defeat and destruction of the Alabama, off Cherbourg, and near the historic Cape La Hogue, on the 19th of June.

Our readers are but too well acquainted with the history of the Alabama and her commander. Yet it may not be out of place to recapitulate the facts.

She was built at Birkenhead, opposite Liverpool, England, by Messrs. Laird, under a contract made by Capt. Bulloch, and said to be in behalf of the rebel Government. She cost, when complete for sea, $255,000. She was launched in April, 1862. She was fitted with shot racks, pivot gun sockets and breeching bolts before she left Liverpool. She sailed from Liverpool on the 29th of July, having gone down the river on her trial trip—the English Government making a feigned effort to stop her—but in ten days thereafter she arrived at the Azores. Here she took on board her armament, which was furnished by the English house of Fawcett, Preston & Co., of Liverpool.

From the time of her departure from Liverpool she was under the command of Capt. M. J. Butcher, of the Cunard service. The rest of her officers were as follows: Chief Officers, John Low, England; Second Officer, C. S. Tullam, Hull, Eng.; Surgeon, D. H. Llewellyn, Easton, Wilts., Eng.: Paymaster, C. R. Yonge, Savannah, Ga.; Chief-Engineer, J. McNair, Eng. She had a crew of 70 men and boys, two-thirds being English.

On the 24th of August (Sunday) Capt. Raphael Semmes took command of the vessel, and in a formal manner hoisted the rebel flag at the peak and the English flag at the fore, and fired a gun.

She then started on a cruise, with a commander, 26 officers and 85 men. For nearly two years she has been employed in sinking, burning and destroying American commerce and shipping.

The following is a list of the vessels he has destroyed, and which in due time her Majesty's Government will be obliged to pay for:

Name.	*Where From.*
Ship Ochmulgee	Martha's Vineyard.
Schooner Starlight	Boston.
Barque Ocean Rover	New London.
Barque Alert	New Bedford.
Schooner Weathergage	Provincetown.
Brigantine Altamaha	Sippican.
Ship Benjamin Tucker	New Bedford.
Schooner Courser	Provincetown.
Barque Virginia	New Bedford.
Barque Elisha Dunbar	New Bedford.
Ship Brilliant	New York.
Barque Wave Crest	New York.
Brigantine Dunkirk	New York.
Ship Tonawanda	Philadelphia.
Ship Manchester	New York.
Barque Lamplighter	Boston.
Ship Lafayette	New Haven.
Schooner Crenshaw	New York.
Barque Laurietta	Boston.
Brigantine Baron de Castine	Castine—ransomed.
Ship Levi Starbuck	New Bedford.
Ship Thomas B. Walles	Boston.
Barque Parker Cook	Boston.
Schooner Union	Baltimore—ransomed.
Steamer Ariel	New York—ransomed.
Steamer Hatteras	United States gunboat.
Barque Golden Rule	New York.
Brigantine Chastelain	Boston.
Schooner Palmetto	New York.
Barque Olive Jane	Boston.
Ship Golden Rule	New Bedford.
Ship Washington	New York—ransomed.
Ship Berthiah Thayer	Rockland—ransomed.
Ship John A. Parks	Hallowell.
Ship Punjaub	Boston—ransomed.
Morning Star	Boston—ransomed.
Schooner Kingfisher	New Bedford.
Ship Nora	Boston.
Ship Charles Hull	Boston.
Ship Louisa Hatch	Rockland.
Brigantine Kate Cory	Westport.
Barque Lafayette	New Bedford.
Barque Nye	New Bedford.
Ship Dorcas Prince	New York.
Barque Union Jack	New York.
Ship Sea Lark	New York.
Ship Gildersleeve	New York.
Barque Justina	Baltimore—ransomed.
Ship Jabez Snow	Bucksport.
Barque Amazonian	Boston.
Ship Talisman	New York.
Barque Conrad	Philadelphia.
Ship Anne F. Schmidt	Boston.
Ship Express	Portsmouth.
Barque Sea Bride	Boston.

This record brings the Alabama's career up to her arrival at Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, in September, 1863. There is no complete record of her subsequent proceedings. She sailed for the East Indies, and, in the Straits of Malacca, near Singapore, she burned two ships. Off the coast of Burmese, India, she burned the barque Texan Star, from Moulmein for Singapore. Sweeping around Cape Comorin and up the eastern shore of the Bay of Bengal, she burned the ship Emma Jane, of New York, and landed her crew near Ojeova, in the southern part of India. Her next appearance was at the Cape of Good Hope, in March last, from whence she cruised about until she entered Cherbourg, early in the month of June, having just previously burned two more American ships, the Rockingham and Tycoon. These were her last depredations.

Our ambassador had remonstrated firmly against the advantages given to these pirates in French ports, and at last effectually. Almost at this moment the Alabama ran into Cherbourg, amid the sympathetic cheers of the French people, who like Europeans generally detest us heartily, and exult in the hope of our speedy overthrow.

Capt. Winslow, of the Kearsarge, was at once notified, and proceeded towards Cherbourg.

The Kearsarge is a third-rate screw steamer, of eight guns and 1,031 tons measurement, and of the following dimensions: Length, 250 feet; beam, 34 feet; depth of hold, 18 feet. She was built at the Portsmouth, N. H., Navy Yard, in 1862. Her engines and boilers were built by Woodruff & Beach, Hartford, Conn. She belongs to a class of vessels represented by the Ticonderoga, Lackawana, Tuscarora, Wachusett and others. She has no remarkable rate of speed, and possibly can make 10 knots under full steam when in good order. She is bark rigged and looks man-of-war like. She has been employed on special service in the western Atlantic, and on the coasts of England and France since she was put in commission, and has had no opportunity for repairs, not having been permitted to enter any foreign port to remain over 24 hours.

Kearsarge, whence our victorious ship is named, is a mountain, half a mile high, near the centre of New Hampshire, one of the sentinel outposts of the White Hills, but not connected with them. The Unionists of the Granite State will henceforth regard this noble eminence with a prouder affection, since its name is indissolubly blended with one of the happiest exploits of our navy.

Capt. J. A. Winslow is a native of Wilmington, N. C., where he was born in 1811. His mother was a Southern woman; his father was from the North, and descended from the old Plymouth stock of Winslows. John Winslow was educated at Dedham, in this State, and at 14 years of age entered the navy as Midshipman, being indebted to Daniel Webster for his place. His family reside in Roxbury.

Semmes, who is a miserable poltroon of the John Morgan order, valiant only in warring on the defenceless, was now in a corner. His vessel was a match for the Kearsarge, of heavier tonnage and heavier metal. But he was conscious that he must fight at great advantage or lose. He never but once before faced an American war vessel, and that was on the night of Jan. 11, 1863, when announcing himself to be the British gunboat Petrel, he ran up to the ferry boat Hatteras, Capt. Blake, and sunk her. Conscious therefore of his coming fate, he handed over to the Brazilian Consul 60 chronometers, his will, his money and the bills of ransomed vessels, and got the English yacht Deerhound to follow him. He then instructed his men when to jump overboard, and steamed out. As soon as he got to the point where the French vessel Couronne left him he began to fire at the Kearsarge, hoping to be able to retreat within the line. Capt. Winslow's report tells the rest.

UNITED STATES STEAMER KEARSARGE, June 19—P. M.

SIR—I have the honor to inform the department that the day subsequent to the arrival of the Kearsarge off this port on the 14th inst., I received a note from Capt. Semmes, begging that the Kearsarge would not depart as he intended to fight her, and would not delay her but a day or two.

According to this notice the Alabama left the port of Cherbourg this morning at about 9½ o'clock.

At 20 minutes past 10 A. M. we discovered her steering towards us. Fearing the question of jurisdiction might arise we steamed to sea, until a distance of six or seven miles was obtained from the Cherbourg breakwater, when we rounded to and commenced steering for the Alabama.

As we approached her within about 1,200 yards she opened fire, we receiving two or three broadsides before a shot was returned.

The action continued, the respective steamers making a circle round and round, at a distance of about 900 yards from each other.

At the expiration of an hour the Alabama struck, going down in about 20 minutes afterwards and carrying many persons with her.

It affords me great gratification to announce to the department that every officer and man did his duty, exhibiting a degree of coolness and fortitude which gave promise at the outset of certain victory. I have the honor to be, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN A. WINSLOW, Captain.

HON. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

ARMAMENT OF THE VESSELS—THE FIRING AND CASUALTIES ON BOARD THE KEARSARGE.

UNITED STATES STEAMER KEARSARGE,
CHERBOURG, France, June 20, 1864.

SIR—I enclose herewith the surgeon's report of the casualties on board this vessel in the late action with the Alabama.

Although we received som 25 or 30 shots, 12 or 13 taking effect in the hull, by the mercy of God we have been spared the loss of any of our lives, whereas in the case of the Alabama the carnage, I learn, was dreadful.

The ships were about equal in match, the tonnage being the same, the Alabama carrying a 100-pounder rifle, with one heavy 68-pounder and six broadside 32-pounders, the Kearsarge carrying four broadside 32-pounders, two 11-inch and one 28-pounder rifle—one gun less than the Alabama.

The only shot which I fear will give us any trouble is a 100-pounder rifle shell which entered our stern post and remains at present unexploded.

It would seem almost invidious to particularise the conduct of any one man or officer, in which all had done their duty with a fortitude and coolness which cannot be too well praised; but I feel it due to my executive officer, Lieut. Commander Thornton, who superintended the working of the battery, to particularly mention him for an example of coolness and encouragement to the men while fighting, which contributed much towards the success of the action. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN A. WINSLOW, Captain.

HON. GIDEON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy.

Report of the Surgeon of the Kearsarge.

Surgeon Browne reports:

John W. Dempsey, quarter gunner, has had an arm amputated, owing to a fracture.

William Gwin and James Macbeth, ordinary seamen, severely wounded.

Capt. Winslow does not mention the fate of Semmes. When he struck his flag and sent his boat to surrender the Alabama she was sinking, and went down almost at once. Then the Deerhound appeared, and steaming up to the Kearsarge was asked by the officers of the Federal ship to try and pick up the scores of the Alabama's crew and officers who were floating and swimming about. He lowered his yacht boats, and one of them, commanded by a man named Adams, was steering his boat into a group of a dozen struggling persons when he passed a drowning man at some short distance with an officer's cap on.

One of the men in the boat cried out: "That's Semmes," and the drowning man cried out: "I am the captain; save me; I cannot keep up any longer."

Adams went and dragged him into the boat. Semmes then said: "For God sake don't put me on board the Kearsarge, but put me on board your yacht."

Adams promised to do so, and laid Semmes down in the bottom, and covered him with a sail to conceal him from the Kearsarge's boats, which were evidently anxiously searching for him. When Adams had saved a boatload he took them on board the yacht, and Semmes was at once placed below. As soon as all that were seen in the water were picked up, the Deerhound steered to Southampton, where Semmes and his officers were at once fêted.

Such is the close of the poltroon's career with the Alabama.

The English naval officers, having a fellow feeling for any one well drubbed by the Stars and Stripes, are subscribing for a sword to be presented to Semmes, as a mark of their appreciation for his getting beat. We suppose it is to be presented by representatives of the captains of English men-of-war, who have, from time to time, struck to the Stars and Stripes.

BARNUM,

AT HOME AND IN HARNESS.

THERE is no desire so strong in the human mind as that curiosity which prompts us to inquiry into the smallest matters appertaining to those in whom we have interest.

Let a man once become famous, and his whole inner life is public property. How Tennyson lights his cigar, and how Dickens sits, or how he holds his pen while creating Dombeys and Skimpoles, are subjects of the deepest interest.

With an editorial privilege that allows us to walk invisibly into homes and houses, we are about to seize bodily upon a man whose name at this moment, we will venture to assert, is better known over the entire civilized world than any other American, and serve up that inner life for the benefit of the public.

The man to whom we allude is Phineas T. Barnum, one whose name for quarter of a century has been more continually prominent before the people than any living specimen of his notoriety-loving countrymen. We have read about him, we have heard about him, and we have talked of him, but yet how little do we know of him. He has biographised himself, and all the world has read it, but there is still an unsatisfied something: it is not the Barnum the public want to know.

There are some men who do not adopt a calling or profession in life, but are born to it. They are identical in their instincts with a celebrated surgeon who once told us that he really had learned nothing since he was a boy, and amused himself in his father's barnyard by catching the chickens, putting their legs out of joint, and then setting them. Of this nature is Mr. Barnum. He was born a showman, and could we follow him into the infantile days, we should doubtless find his first passion lay in getting up some puppet-show to gather in the pins of his less inventive and unbusinesslike companions.

This passion is shown in his daily life. He opens a place of public entertainment and offers his patrons a dramatic performance of three hours' duration, a full range of an immense building stored with half a million of curiosities from every part of the earth, the finest aquaria ever seen on this continent, giants, dwarfs, Albinos, and a dozen of minor things, any one of which would make a country show. The public are satisfied, they come, are more than pleased, and go away after six or eight hours of amusement or instruction; but not so with Barnum, he is not satisfied. The old insatiate spirit that was born within him is always rampant. Nothing must pass his hands. Has he six giants on hand, and another is heard of, he has him. If a dwarf is whispered about, the acquisitive is at work, and Barnum scents him in the far corner of the land, and secures him before any one else has rubbed the sand out of his eyes. A strange fish is heard of in Africa that encases itself in hard clay nine months in the year, only coming out with the falling of the rains, and directly our showman is seriously unhappy unless he can have some for his aquaria. The object is accomplished by sending a messenger to the river Gambia, and half a dozen specimens ornament his collection. He thinks that a whale would not be a bad thing for the rising generation to see, and straightway pipes are laid to the river, almost half a mile distant from the Museum, at a cost of $8,000, and a vessel is dispatched to the coast of Labrador to return with a monster, the flap of whose tail would knock a good-sized boat to atoms, and his fishship is to be seen disporting in a glass tank, built for his reception, considerably larger than an ordinary-sized dwelling-house. Scarce is his whale housed when a horned woman is heard of in Turkey, and away goes a messenger from Barnum with a plethoric purse, and gold at 200, to secure her. His agent in London, for he has them everywhere, writes of a wonderful box that is about to be exhibited there, and the grasping Barnum, with a golden hand, seizes the treasure, and shows to the puzzled Museum visitors a simple box, not larger than an ordinary travelling trunk, from out of which its constructor takes 200 pieces of house furniture, ranging from a dining table 12 feet long down to a dozen of garden chairs.

If we were writing a sketch of fiction, nothing that imagination could supply would equal the tale we are relating, but we plead guilty to telling nothing but simple facts. The unthinking public may, at first glance, say that no business could stand this recklessness of outlay, and that any man must fall before such a multiplicity of acquisitions. We beg to differ. The practical exemplification has been that as Mr. Barnum extends his efforts he extends his audiences, and enlarges his building, until from the year 1841, when he first took the Museum, and his daily expenses were only $40, he has increased them to $700 per diem, and still advances. During this time he has made several colossal fortunes, and scattered them by an open, genial nature, that stands ready to believe all men truthful, and yet at this moment comes out of the fire worth a couple of millions, and an increasing income that bids fair in a few years to make him the richest man in America.

The acquisition of wealth has not acted upon Mr. Barnum as it would on most men, made him desirous to seek ease. His heart is in his Museum, he was born to it, and as long as his physical powers will let him, and he looks good for half a century yet, so long will he be found at his post, with a busy head, stretching all over the world, himself, as the Prince of Wales, who, strange to say, made the Museum the only place of amusement he visited during his American tour, remarked, the most extraordinary curiosity in the establishment. In the details of his management he is assisted by his son-in-law, but had Mr. Barnum 50 such aids it would not induce him to give up the personal supervision of everything, and a daily presence. Before we close this part of our gossip we must give praise to one matter that deserves especial mention. We allude to the refinement of the performances in the lecture-room. While there is a continued succession of original plays, written expressly for him, and a production of everything that makes a success upon the English stage, not one word is ever heard, or an action permitted, that could not meet the ears, or eyes, of the most fastidious. At the rate of admission charged, no theatre could afford to give a performance that so rivals everything in the metropolis, and the only way that it can pay is by the great numbers who attend, and the fact that three performances are given daily, and on holidays five or six.

We now come to Barnum in his home, and, as a first point, cannot help expressing an astonishment that the owner of Lindencroft can wean himself a day from its fascinations for anything the city and business can offer. For the solution of this riddle there is no answer but the passion of an eccentric man whose life is in his profession, and who can see nothing beyond it.

Lindencroft, the home of Barnum, is in Bridgeport, Conn., a city that owes a large portion of its celebrity to his enterprise, and is at this moment half owned by him. Since the burning of Iranistan, which came nearer a palace than any building ever erected in this country, its owner has been seeking to recover at Lindencroft the lost beauty of the former home. All that wealth, art and industry can bestow, is lavished with open hands, and here the showman, who has cultivated by travel and association a fine taste, spends his Saturdays and Sundays, surrounded by a refined and affectionate family, and, fed full with the beauty of nature and the luxuriousness of wealth, gathers fresh energy for the week, and enjoys the prosperity of neighbors he has helped to make.

For almost a quarter of a century Barnum has labored in Bridgeport, and has seen his labor bring it from a country village to a fine city. He has founded and built up the town of East Bridgeport, and has bridged the Housatonic to bring it into the original city. He does not speculate, but he buys all the land that offers, builds houses, plants fine trees, beautifies every spot that comes under his hands, and then sells when he can get a good neighbor. The result is that Bridgeport can show some of the most beautiful villas on the continent, and for miles over its well-kept roads the scene is one of continued natural loveliness, enhanced by architectural graces.

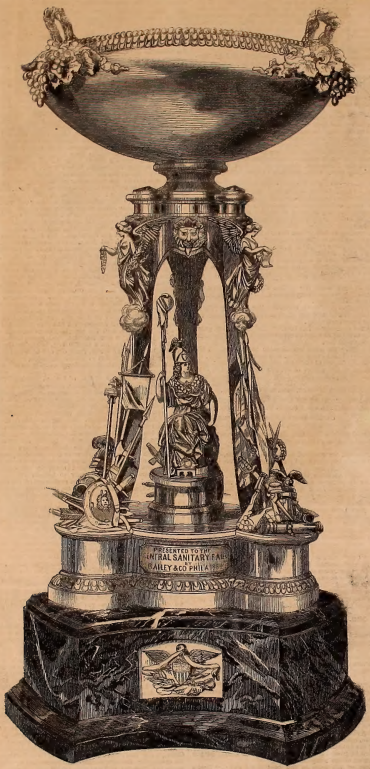
Among his neighbors Barnum is regarded as few men are. He is the friend and benefactor of both rich and poor, and no worthy cause appeals to his purse in vain. Whatever his humbugging propensities may be—propensities of which he seems to be personally rather proud—with the public humbugging, which seems to consist in promising them a quarter's worth of amusement and giving them a dollar's worth, there is none of it in private life; the word of Barnum is as solid as law, and the man does not live who can say truthfully that the great showman ever forfeited it.

In person Barnum is about 5 feet 10 inches, and weighs about 170lb. He is always quick and energetic in his movements, and his sharp gray eye sees more at a glance than can be performed in a month. His complexion is light, and about his face there is a perpetual smile, which, when it breaks into a laugh, carries everybody with it *nolens volens*. He is never happier than when, surrounded by friends, sending out the scintillations of anecdote and experience, of which he is full, and which a peculiar talent for story-telling makes gems. For many years he has been strictly a total abstinence man, setting it forth not only by his own example but by lectures before thousands, and stands a very good living instance of his creed.

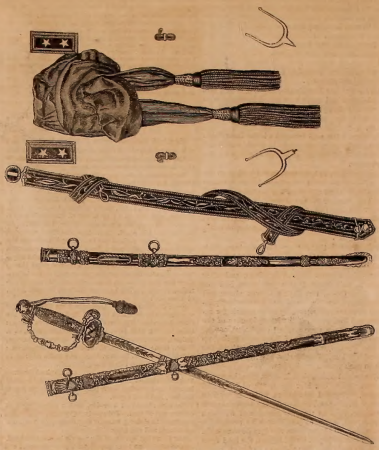
We believe that Barnum is 54 years of age, the very flush time of his life, and as Tennyson says:

"With ruddy health and boundless wealth,"

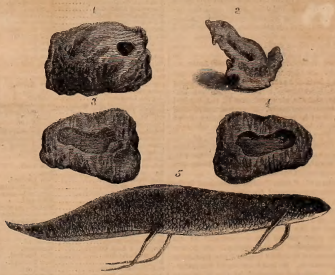
may yet live to make some farther mark upon the age that will add to the reputation he already has of being one of the most extraordinary men of the time.



THE UNION VASE PRESENTED TO THE CENTRAL SANITARY FAIR, PHILADELPHIA, BY MESSRS BAILEY & CO., PHILADELPHIA.

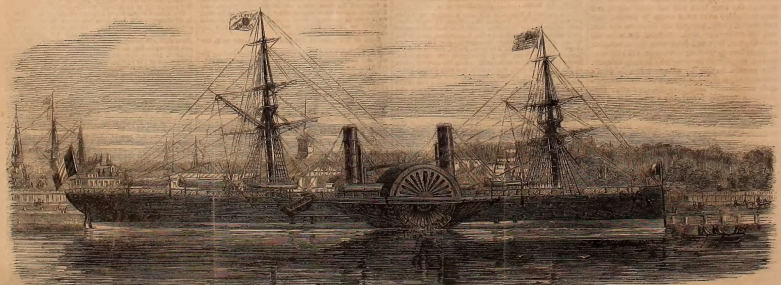


PRESENTATION SWORD, MANUFACTURED FOR THE CENTRAL SANITARY FAID, PHILADELPHIA, BY MESSRS. EVANS & HASSALL, PHILADELPHIA.



Lump of clay as taken from the river. 2. Lump opened showing cyst. 3 & 4. Lump opened showing mould.

THE LEPIDOSIREN ANNECTANS.—SEE PAGE 285.



THE WASHINGTON, CAPT. DUCHESNE, THE FIRST STEAMER OF THE NEW FRENCH TRANSATLANTIC COMPANY'S LINE.—SKETCHED WHILE LYING IN THE DOCK OF THE BASIN AT HAVRE.—SEE PAGE 286.



PHINEAS T. BARNUM, ESQ., THE WORLD-KNOWN PROPRIETOR OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

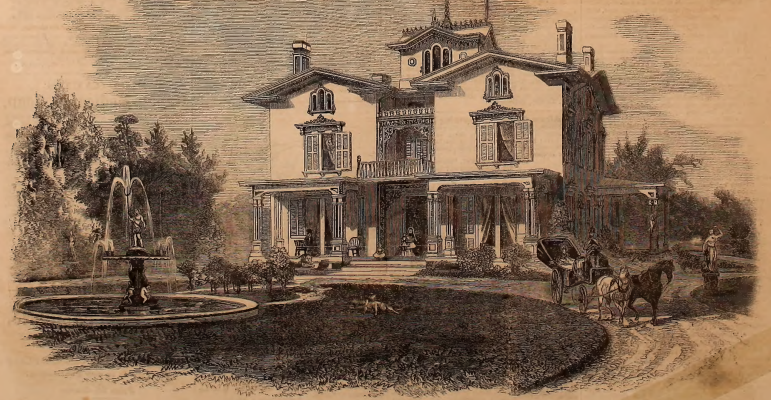
THE TESTIMONIAL SWORD.

THIS elegant presentation sword was manufactured and donated to the ladies of the great Central Fair, Philadelphia, by Messrs. Evans and Hassall, manufacturers and military furnishers, 418 Arch street, Philadelphia. The sword is, without doubt, one of the most elegant and expensive ones yet produced in this country. It is a straight Damascus blade, artistically etched, but no lettering appears, except the simple initials U.S. The grip is straight, and carved out of solid silver, with helmet head in gold. In the grip diamonds to the value of $1,000 are set. The guard is an elaborately wrought wreath, which is also embellished with gems. There are two scabbards, one of silver, heavily plated with gold, and the other of oxide; they are both elaborately sculptured with appropriate designs. On the former, in three different places, are the arms of the United States, richly enamelled in gold, and with the appropriate colors. The sword-case is also a beautiful piece of workmanship. It is made of rich satin wood, with metal bands and ivory ornaments; the inside being lined with silk velvet. The belt is of the finest quality of Russian leather, embroidered richly with gold, which all the clasps and catchers are heavily gilt with the same metal. There is also a very heavy buff-silk Major-General's sash, also the regular epaulet shoulder-straps, and an elegant pair of solid silver spurs. In fact the whole fit-out is complete, and was richly worth its valuation of $3,000.

This sword was composed of in precisely the same manner as the one presented by the Messrs. Tiffany at the New York Fair. The canvass resulted as follows: Gen. Meade, 3,442; Gen. Hancock, 1,900; Gen. McClellan, 207; Gen. Grant, 177; scattering, 119. Total, 6,841.

THE UNION VASE.

THIS remarkable work of art was donated by Bailey & Co. to the great Central Fair of Philadelphia, for the Sanitary Commission, with the understanding that it should be awarded to the individual or organization receiving the greatest number of votes at $1 each, the party becoming a candidate to be put in nomination by paying a fee of $20 for that purpose. The vase is solid silver, and 40 inches in height; the base, a fine piece of verd antique marble, triangular in shape;



LINDENCROFT, THE COUNTRY SEAT OF P. T. BARNUM, ESQ., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—SEE PAGE 283.

is surmounted with a tripod stand, each leg of which is ornamented with sculptured arsenal emblems and devices, one each representing the sabretash, mortar and present arms. The various advancements in the construction of the implements and trappings of the period designated, are truthfully and faithfully delineated. On the upper side of each column are masterly designed and executed winged female figures, representing respectively Fame, History and Peace. Surmounting the whole sits the bust, which is 42 inches in circumference, and has an elaborately wrought border, representing a wreath of vines with large clusters of grapes hanging down from the handles, which are three in number. Between the columns, seated on a pedestal, is an exquisite statuette of Liberty with shield. On one angle is the inscription "Presented to the Central Sanitary Fair by Bailey & Co., 1864." On the angles of the double base are richly wrought medallions in silver, one being the arms of the United States, another the arms of the State of Pennsylvania, and the other a design of the eagle strangling a serpent. Excepting the lower base, the whole affair is of solid sterling silver, over 60 pounds weight of which was used in its construction—the whole vase weighing 160 pounds. It is, without doubt, one of the most massive and beautiful, as well as the largest piece of silver ware ever produced in this country, reflecting the highest credit on the donors, and every way worthy of the remarkable event it is intended to perpetuate.

Although a number of distinguished names were early entered for the contest, it was not to mount a applied use until near the close of the Fair, three days previous to which considerably less than 3,000 votes had been polled, leaving the Union League of Philadelphia and President Lincoln with decidedly the best chances. At this time some person presented the name of Edward N. James, Esq., the well-known and popular former President of the Corn Exchange, and from that moment the vote began to increase with great rapidity, and during the vase became one of the principal features of the Fair. The Managers observing that the votes were evidently coming forward to express their preference for Mr. James, at once determined that the contest for him should not slip from their grasp, and from this time forward every effort was made to secure the necessary votes, and success would undoubtedly have crowned their laudable exertions had not the Union League, in order to prepare for a grand banquet, speakers were secured and a general publication was expected. The friends of Mr. James, observing how matters at his nomination approved with the masses of the people, thought it only just and proper to note the courts evinced in his behalf, and although no great efforts were employed, it was found that just enough was elicited to secure the donations of the Leaguers, as the following result of the canvass gives evidence: 2, G. James, 4,959; United States, 4,003; Abraham Lincoln, 810; John Welsh, 161; Gov. Curtin, 113; Dr. Bellows, 77; Admiral Farragut, 57; Mayor Henry, 34; Bishop Simpson, 34; John Bright, 10; Gen. 36; Gen. H. Smart, 34; Gen. Meade, 34; Lincoln, 33; Bishop Wood, 30; Gen. Grant, 17; Gen. Sherman, 17; Gen. Hooker, 14; Bishop Potter, 13; Gen. H. Stanton, 9; Gen. Sherman, 6; Union Vol. Refreshment Saloon, 4; Admiral Dupont, 4; Total, 10,456.

The recipient of this valuable testimonial is a partner in the banking house of Thos. Biddle & Co., and for many years has been one of the most popular members of the Corn Exchange. Although a strong Republican and Union man, owing to a determined opposition to arbitrary arrests and also overt acts, he has been led to oppose the re-election of the present Executive, and is now firmly believed to the political fortunes of Gen. Fremont. Since the commencement of the war, Mr. James has been almost unceasing in his efforts to lend men to suppress the rebellion, as well as money to alleviate the sufferings of the victims. In recognition of his exertions in the direction, a public dinner was given to him at the La Pierre House, about two years since. Mr. James has ever declined the many offers of his friends for political preferment, as he has also refused to have any connection with Government contracts, which his position in the financial world would have enabled him to secure. He is eagerly pressed at the present juncture men of the present day, and is constantly engaged in stupendous enterprises for getting welfare. Among the works of magnitude which he has been engaged in during the last twelve months are the extension of the Girard House, and the erection of 370 buildings in the immediate suburbs of the city. Mr. James is a native of the State of New York, now in the 43d year of his age. He has long been one of the leading members of the Government of Philadelphia. He resides on his superb estate at Greenhill, Bucks county, New Jersey. On presentation of his friends on this occasion was but a just appreciation of his valuable and disinterested services for his fellow-men.

THE STEAMSHIP WASHINGTON.

THE new French steamship Washington, Capt. Barbour, the first of a line designed to run between this port and Havre, France, arrived at this port since 20, after a passage of 11 days and a half.

She encountered adverse winds and rough seas, with frequent fogs. These mishaps, coupled with a deficiency of coal—the incident of putting into Halifax for which landed what would otherwise have been an unusually speedy passage.

On her first trip the Washington ran 16 statute miles with ease. She is a splendid vessel, one of the best ever built by Mr. Scott, the Clyde, and during the entire trip was admirably managed.

She left Havre at high tide on Wednesday, June 15, at five o'clock in the evening passed the lights safely, getting ready to sea before six o'clock. The quarters and accommodations of this new ocean racer were duly inspected, and elicited their joy at seeing their port again directly connected with New York by steam. Big tonnage and salubrious of cannon.

The new steamers have been so well christened by the French Government that there is no anticipation of their loss sustained. The Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, by whom they are owned and managed, receive from the Imperial treasury several thousand francs for every voyage.

Among her officers will be recognized many who served upon the Fulton, the Arago and the Vanderbilt. Her captain, M. Barbour, is an experienced French officer, and all her chief officers have passed examinations before the French Naval Board.

She sailed again for Havre July 9th.

THE LEPIDOSIREN ANNECTANS.

THE animal shown in our illustration on page 285 is one of the greatest curiosities in the range of natural history, and the public—especially the scientific portion—are under an slight obligations to the authorities of Mr. Barnum for enabling them to see this animal alive as well as in an torpid state.

It is a remarkable creature from the position which it occupies in the animal kingdom, for it stands between batrachians and fish, the purest type of an amphibious animal, possessing both lungs and gills, and breathing both air and water. It resembles in form, as well as sense, the family of eels, but is furnished with two pair of limbs, which are not fins, but are used like feet, supporting it on the bottom, and aiding it in its motions. It has on the head a row of sensous pores, as some fish and batrachians have.

This curious animal is still more curious from its habits. It is found in the river Gambia, in Africa, about 300 miles from the sea, and during three months of the year sports around in the water with the fish, and during this brief term most propagate and continue the breed. Nature has provided for the transformation of the watch, after three months dries up, leaving the clay bottom bare, soon to be baked by the African sun into a regular adobe. But before the water recedes the lepidosiren plunges into the soft mud at the bottom to the depth of about 18 inches, and laying his tail and tail together, makes a mucous covering for himself, and breathing away a hole through the end awaits the course of events. Time protected, he lets the river dry up, and remaining for three months buried in the mire, he have not dug him up for food—he comes forth again when the returning water have reformed the hardened clay to mud again. Mr. Barnum succeeded in getting one of these animals in his torpid state in the hard clay, over the river bed. He was out of the city when they arrived, and although the animal was in his own museum during his absence, but a large company gathered a few days after at the Museum to see the curiosity, and with a shake off his long lethargy. Mr. Barnum was very much disappointed at the result of other some animals, as he had the lump of clay carefully saved through. It was placed in a tub of water, and in a few hours after the water was all gone, and not seen at first very active: the power of his sudden change to new ground is proof of what enduring, but he soon recovered from its pains as his companions, whose power has been plunged at once into the water and dissolved around them.

Our readers will easily see the character of the strange animal. He first will with the mouthpieces opening, its flat pectoral and round ventral limbs, its mucous pores, its gills and blunt pointed tail. The mouth is firmly closed by the overhanging upper lip, except in front where the lower lip projects like a dark olive green.

From observations made, they are said to be very voracious, eating raw meat, worms, frogs and even each other, a point which Mr. Barnum will do well to note.

Our illustration shows the lump of clay with the hole opened and the animal partly exposed, the same lump cut open with the mould of the lepidosiren; another shows one opened containing a dead animal in his cyst.

ROMANTIC MARRIAGE.

THE father of the late Viscount Ashbrook, when very young, and residing with his family in the county of Limerick, became acquainted with a young and pleasant girl, named Elizabeth Hodge, who was in the habit of visiting a farmyard across a stream, in the vicinity of Castle Durrow. The lovesick youth took every opportunity of enjoying the society of his beloved one, and they had carefully concealed from his parents the impression she had made upon his bosom.

One day he left home, and commenced a some regiment which was quartered near the castle; but he was not long to think of matrimony, as was the object of his affection either old enough or sufficiently educated to become his wife. She had been reared among the Irish peasants; had been unused to shoes and stockings; was always accustomed with the English language, and was wholly uninformed in matters of the world; but the young cousin found that, in spite of these disadvantages, he could perceive an aptitude of mind and soundness of intellect, united with great artlessness of temper, in addition to her personal perfections.

Under these circumstances, he conceived the romantic idea of submitting her to the superintendence of some respectable female, capable of rendering her, through the influence of education, an associate suitable to his station in life.

The lovely furry-girl was accordingly placed under the charge of a lady, at whose house English Flower occasionally visited her; and where he marked from time to time, with the enthusiasm of a romantic lover, her progress in various polite accomplishments.

Elizabeth Hodge remained in this situation about three years, when the office of time, as well as some domestic circumstances, rendered it necessary that she should return to her parents. Accordingly she decided to the second union. And the first person she met at the Ashbrook Hall for ultimately the Viscountess Ashbrook, and lady of the castle, beneath whose walls her early chastened lad, the spy of the rising sun, learned for a time unnoticed, only to become more effulgent and more admired. By the Viscount she had several sons and daughters.

THE FAMOUS TURQUOISE MINES OF PERSIA.—Rubut Zahrund is the nearest stage to the famous turquoise mines of Nishapur. The way to them lies through the mountains four miles north of Rubut, and the whole distance to be traveled about six farsakhs to the mines, and six farsakhs back, or eight farsakhs to the Nasshapur, supposing the traveller to be going to Meshed. These mines are the property of the Government a year. But the Government now receives but little profit, the principal revenue which is included in the general farming Revenue for all the Persian Empire. As soon three miles of the hill in which the mines have been worked, are encumbered with rubbish, the expenses of carrying increase every year. The rubbish, however, is sifted, and sometimes in valley of five tumans will bring in 40 times that sum. The two principal mines are called Abadar Hajda and Abdullah, and some places the works are stopped by water, and the stones procured from near those spots are of inferior color. The turki, or dark blue is the hue preferred. The inferior stones are made into rings with the epigrams, and are taken by the pilgrims going to Mecca, who again find a ready sale for them among the Arabs. The more valuable stones are bought by the Persian grandees, or are taken to Europe by the Beshi and Armenian route.

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No. 461—VOL. XVIII.] NEW YORK, JULY 30, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

The Late Rebel Raid—What it Was—What it Came For—and the Results.

THE surprise, the panic, the smoke and dust, the clamor and confusion, attending the late daring, destructive and dangerous rebel raid into Maryland having subsided, we are enabled to scan the field of its operations, to see what it was, what it came for, what it accomplished, and in what it failed.

Its main object was the surprise and capture of Washington, and the plan of operations pursued to this end was well considered and promising. The Army of the Potomac, on the south side of James river, could be held in check before the fortifications of Peters-



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THE INVASION OF MARYLAND—CAPTURE OF A TRAIN ON THE PHILADELPHIA, WILMINGTON AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD AT MAGNOLIA, NEAR GUNPOWDER BRIDGE, JULY 11.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 295.

burg, by half the army of Lee, during the time required for this expedition; or if Gen. Grant should swing round again to the north side of Richmond, he could be held there for several weeks before the forts encircling the city by a comparatively small force securely. The Union forces of Gen. Hunter, driven westward from the Shenandoah valley, had left open the door to the Maryland border, and likewise the country east of the Blue ridge, between Gordonsville and Manassas. In the next place, the enemy were well informed of the comparatively unprotected condition of Washington; that the defences were thinly occupied by troops, and that these were mostly inexperienced militia, or raw 100 day volunteers. Putting all these inviting facts together, a less vigilant, skilful and daring soldier than Gen. Lee would have seen and seized the opportunity for a bold movement against our national capital. There was some risk; but there was a fine opening for a success which would secure at once to the rebellion the intervention of France and England.

The occasion and all the advantages suggested were not lost upon Gen. Lee. The forces of Early and Breckinridge, at least 25,000 men all told, mainly detailed from Richmond to head off and capture or disperse the army of Gen. Hunter, after his retirement from Lynchburg, were already on their journey towards Washington, when they had driven him away. Hunter's army, meantime, moving off for the Ohio river, had become as useless to us in this emergency as if it had been removed to Oregon. There appeared to be every prospect of success to this daring, rebel enterprise. The only chance of a failure was in the probability of relief to Washington from Grant's army, but there was also the probability that even this relief might come in too late. In any event it would give at least a temporary relief to Richmond.

The grand design against Washington was promptly put into execution. Breckinridge, and his column of infantry, artillery and cavalry, 20,000 strong, wholly unobstructed, swept rapidly down the Shenandoah valley to the Potomac, driving Sigel from Martinsburg to the northern heights overlooking Harper's Ferry, and sweeping broadcast into Maryland without further resistance. Early, meantime, moved across the country east of the Blue ridge, and crossing the fords of the Upper Potomac, some 25 or 30 miles above Washington, was, with at least a portion of his forces, advancing upon the city, while Gen. Wallace was engaged with Breckinridge on the Monocacy. Wallace, borne down by overwhelming numbers, and checked on his left, retired upon Baltimore, and thus another body of troops were detached from the defence of Washington. This was on Saturday evening, the 9th instant, 40 miles north of the city; and yet, on Monday evening, it appears Breckinridge, with his main column, had joined Early in front of the city's northern defences. This was a rapid marching, after a day's fighting, for infantry that had been making such forced marches for many days. It appears, further, that Gen. Early was urged by some of his subordinates to try the experiment of dashing into the city on Monday evening, and that, from failing or declining to do so, he was constrained to confess the next morning that he had lost his golden opportunity.

The events which have followed we need not here repeat. It will suffice that, in feeling the pulse of the Washington defences, Early, Breckinridge and company were convinced that in the main object of their mission they had failed, and that the only alternative left them was to gather up their scattered commands, detachments, and return to Virginia with their plunder. By a lucky succession of advantages on coming in, they were enabled to reach the heart of Maryland without much resistance; but for the check they suffered on the Monocacy, they might have succeeded, as a surprise party, in getting into Washington. In that battle on the Monocacy, though defeated, Gen. Wallace rendered, in our judgment, incalculable service to the country. He delayed in that fight the enemy's advance upon Washington a whole day, and gained such conclusive information of the enemy's strength and designs, as to be enabled to give to the War Office a reasonable and explicit warning of the impending danger.

We have escaped a great disaster; but neither the Government nor the Border States of Maryland and Pennsylvania can put it even a plausible excuse for neglecting those precautions whereby this destructive foray might have been crushed on the banks of the Potomac. We have the right, in behalf of the loyal masses, and take the liberty to demand of the Administration and of the States directly concerned, that this late disgraceful rebel invasion shall be the last adventure of the kind in history of the war.

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DECLINED.—One Enough; or, Two Lovers Too Many.—Changes.—The White Lady of Hohenzollern.—Ashy Mayland's Fate.—The Maid of the Mountain.—For the Christies.

Summary of the Week.

THE INVASION.

The invasion of Maryland was really an attempt on Washington. It was made by a column 20,000 strong, under Gen. Early. Breckinridge commanded the infantry and Ransom the cavalry. They were to concentrate at Frederick and move upon Washington. Wallace's division of the Monocacy destroyed their hopes of carrying Washington, and they scattered to plunder and destroy. In obstruction of the defences of some public men near Baltimore and Washington will be found to have been the work of resident rebels, who doubtless aided in the destruction of the railroad bridges, as they did three years ago.

The greatest point was their capture of Gen. Franklin and Tyler, who both escaped.

They carried off 10,000 cattle and 5,000 horses but left their dead and wounded.

On the 13th they were attacked at Rockville by the 6th corps, and retired, leaving their dead and wounded in front of Fort Stevens, which they had threatened.

On the 15th our troops crossed the Potomac at Edward's ferry in pursuit.

VIRGINIA.

Grant is pushing his works steadily before Petersburg.

Sheridan has set out on a new expedition.

On the 9th an expedition, under Col Dismond, 1st U. S. volunteers, started from Portsmouth, and drove the rebels back from the Nansemond county across the Blackwater.

On the 12th the 2d corps moved to the front to meet the enemy, who was in force.

On the 14th a rebel field battery at Wilson's landing fired on the steamers George Weems and United States, injuring both seriously.

The rebel raiders have made good their escape with all their plunder, no part having been recaptured. Quiet is restored around Washington and Baltimore, and travel resumed.

GEORGIA.

After dislodging Johnston from the Kenesaw, Sherman made a flank movement, by which he reached the Chattahoochee, and captured 2,000 prisoners. Johnston, finding his splendid works of no avail, fell back on Atlanta.

On the 4th Stanley's division, 4th corps, and King's 14th corps carried a rebel position, losing about 300 men.

Sherman has since driven the enemy into his works at Atlanta.

MISSISSIPPI.

An expedition, under Gen. Dennis left Black river on the 3d, and being joined at Chamption hills by Gen. Slocum, moved on Jackson. On the 5th the enemy, numbering less than 3,000, came up with the enemy on the east bank of a creek, three miles from Jackson. Col. Coates, 13th Illinois, flanked their position, and they retired. Our troops escaped Jackson, and repulsed the enemy in an attack made the next day. The rebels made another attack on our rear guard near Clinton, but were repulsed.

LOUISIANA.

An expedition started from New Orleans northward about the 15th.

NORTH CAROLINA.

An expedition, under Col. Wirk, on June 27th entered Morganton from Tennessee, captured a rebel camp, a train of cars and drew on the bank-

SOUTH CAROLINA.

An expedition started from Hilton Head, July 1, and landed on Seabrook island. They then ran up the Stono river, and on the 2d a sharp action with a rebel battery, which, however, they could not take.

On the same day, Gen. Schemmelpfennig, with the 33d U. S. (black), 103 N. Y. and 55th Mass. landed on James island, and carried a rebel battery at the point of the bayonet.

In the evening the 127th N. Y. and 55th Penn. crossed from Morris island and surprised battery Simpkins. They failed to carry Fort Johnson, losing over 150 men.

On the 4th a sharp artillery fight took place between Fort Pringle and our gunboats Pawnee, McDonough, Lehigh and Montauk.

NAVAL.

The Florida continues her depredations, but a number of vessels have been sent after her, no doubt as usual limited as to the extent of their pursuit.

A blockade-runner worth $70,000 was captured on the 2d by the Keystone State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

HOSTILITIES between the Danes and the German Powers were renewed on the 26th of June, the 29th the Prussians succeeded in capturing the island of Alsen, and over 5,000 prisoners. Two months after the Danish vessels were blown up to prevent capture, and the ironclad Rolf Krake injured. Austria and Prussia have had a serious misunderstanding about the conduct of the war. They will propose conjointly to the Federal Diet to withdraw the Lauenburg contingent, which, as Germans, it is said, will occupy the whole of Jutland as a pledge, will keep the keys, "and employ the proceeds to meet the military expenses." It is stated, moreover, that Schleswig and Holstein united would be placed under the administration of the great German Powers—that is, Austria and Prussia—until the Federal Diet decides on the sovereignty claims of the Augustenburg and the Oldenburg dynasty.

Two boarding-house keepers—one residing in Liverpool and the other in London—have been committed for trial on charges of having violated the Foreign Enlistment Act, by engaging men in the service on board the Confederate steamers Georgia and Rappahannock. The prisoners have been admitted to bail.

Mr. Dayton has been appointed Minister to Capt. Winslow of the Kearsarge and all the officers that could be spared from duty.

According to a correspondent of the *Independence Belge*, an interview took place at Bordeaux two days after the defeat of the Alabama, to take the place of the letter to the House of Commons, on the 1st of July, the Oxford University Test Bill was rejected by a vote of 171 against 141 votes, the Ministry standing by the Government.

The Chinese newspapers give full accounts of the repulse of the Anglo-Saxon contingent under Col. Gordon in Kiangsu (Gordon's Ever Victorious Army). It is said, however, that Gordon will surely take the city, and is consulting over with the Taotai. The Taeping rebellion will come to an end. In the assault no fewer than 2,000 rebels were killed and 21 wounded. The Chinese did nearly all the fighting when the storming was to be carried.

The Emperor Maximilian and the Empress had entered the city of Mexico in grand style. Arrangements had been perfected for the entire payment of the loan, and outwardly everything was *couleur de rose*, but the Emperor had been forced upon the people by the French military, who compelled the Republicans to disband their forces and submit to fight it out in the field of imprisonment. The new Emperor is in reality under the influence of Bazaine and Almonte, the chief men of the new empire, but the ex-President had declared, and declared his intention to fight it out to the last. The Emperor had appointed ministers to the courts of Russia, Prussia and Brazil. Bazaine was not appointed, and as yet not been organized, nor had the policy of the Emperor been published. It is asserted, however, that D. J. Fernando Saniirez had been invited to open, as a ministerial organ, the first paper after that the public opinion was not in favor of the empire. The financial condition of Mexico is not very discouraging, for, notwithstanding the contracts entered into between Maximilian and Hoppin, Hall & Co., the former is not being able to pay the expenses of the French expedition. The latter firm have been compelled to borrow from the funds of the French army 1,000,000 francs, to be applied to the expenses of the expedition, and this happens in its first month of existence.

The letter from Zapata, as of the usual character, the native princes being anxious to put an end to all foreign interference and to the Empire. Maximilian met the enemy, and repulsed the proceedings of the Princes who had gone to Europe. The French and British Governments have, during the present troubles, taken advantage of the troubled state of international affairs, and forbidden several portions of the coast. It is said that some small encroachments that they took forward to taking the whole country.

TOWN COSSIP.

If we were but gifted with second sight!

If we could but tell out in some far country spot and tell our gossip of the town, how all that is transpiring upon Broadway while were

"Chasing the wild deer and following the roe"

on the Adirondacks, or pulling out scores of those six pound trout that perpetually do inhabit the streams of John Brown's tract!

Some day we shall build a country and a city to suit ourselves, and the first arrangement we shall make in the town will be that upon the 1st of June it shall be shut up, and all the population retire to soft, secluded spots, where Newports and Saratogas reign for ever, where deer and wild turkey disport themselves in every wood, and trout and mackerel cry aloud to be caught. There shall be no newspapers published and no news sold, and from that time until the 1st of October all shall be oblivion and peace and the cooler world.

Any person wishing to join a society of this kind can find in their vague imaginations.

Broadway has lost its bloom, and during these hot days of July looks only like a flowerbed parched under a drought. The pavements, pulverized into dust beneath the pave, and if not already ensconced in summer quarters, examine the best for shutting the front shutters and living in the back of the house, while the bellpull and knocker are muffled to go unheard, and the front stoop to accumulate dust.

How strange it is that during these three months the "Can't get away" class are so numerous in our city. Why not picnics, numbering not over 40, and organized? was repelled from, by those whom a fellow-feeling should make wondrous kind? We know of no plans discussing friends, as there are social dancing-parties ad nauseal meetings of a score of acquaintances, and yet we will find that every one of these dancing and musical associates can enjoy a day's pleasing, beyond anything else when they have an opportunity. Let some either thrown upon the necessity of getting up such an affair, or the last comer only "get up" a picnic and everyone, or are forced to partake of public picnics, which are no picnics at all.

Another point at which we wonder is the want of nerve to make a night sail upon the water. Should the tired citizen desire to take his wife or children for a breath of air off the beautiful bay when the day's labor is over, at a moderate cost, he is disappointed. In all the myriads of boats swarming at our wharves, there is not one which we know have sufficient courage to announce that for one month they will start from one certain point in the day and take the heated evening sail, with or without the accompaniment of a little music, simply the water, and unimpeded breeze, and cool order and protection, for half a dollar. In olden times there were coaches, with seats outside, which would start and running far into the small hours of the morning; but they were failures. Was the fact that they became only lawless, drunken scenes, gathering the very refuse of the town, and ending with the whole train being upset in an attempt of the officers of the boats to restrain them. We propose something different from this. In the first place, no liquor to be sold on board; and in the second, the passengers to be limited to the number upon the New York. These points attended to, with proper police regulations on board, with inscription of names at the bay and waters of New York, so arranged that every person could be accounted for, and we could get with as much certainty as the street cars and the cyrbsats, would be a decided and largely paying success.

Thinking of sandbars makes us think of law and of lawyers, and, as a consequence, of Will and Walter, without giving name, but which is true to the letter, and written as such by the principal party himself, from whose exposure the affair never would have been known.

Will, who had come into possession of ——thin the last two months an eminent member of the New York Bar, of considerable wealth, has espoused a rather good-looking orphan of a widow, not bad, but fair and fifty, with a handful of children, and a large share of forgiveness, a big grand portion, and a million, unencumbered. Will was a widower, and had long indulged a secret love for the man of quiet, and quibbles, until at last,

"Slumbering with a sound heart,"

he was on the point of stepping into the next world, when, lo! the lawyer sometimes do leave up the will. Quickly she dispersed of half a million in a week, and the widow, with a sigh of relief, thought her husband was dead, but to the utter amazement of all interested in the affair, turned out to be a weak or else a wicked man. Legal adviser could not a less than call and congratulate on the happy meeting, and all said good-by, and returned to entire health. In less than three months from the date of this marriage Will began from the bench to be overcome, and the fair widow was transferred to a sumptuous establishment, by the by, to the very house in the vicinity of the attorney, it is revealed that the widow is the daughter of the lady, the brain wandering of which is supposing herself possessed of sundry medicines of which nothing remains only in the imagination. This, perhaps, is the most charitable construction that can be given to a little matter that has caused many a moment of delight in that particular set cognizant of the whole affair.

One would hardly suppose upon dropping in to any of the fashionable exhibitions of Broadway that summer was in its meridian and all New York out of town. For the managers, relying upon the fact that the people put up with unventilated houses, bad seats, dearth of fans and ill-conducted matters, do not even accord punctilio disgusting.

The Winter Garden, New York is given up to the leg drama. The flowery has broken loose and invaded Broadway, and is still coming, notwithstanding Edmund the innovation, but never for an instant anticipated the form in which it has arrived. Lovely, lovely, and all paraded proportions, have spread themselves over the stage in the leg drama. Manager Wood is encouraging engagements to legs. Dramatists rack their brains for leg situations, and the public, with its usual fickleness, find a delicious no longer gets an engagement on her legs, and that the symmetry of the female form divine will no longer be shown to the most unbecoming advantage.

Leg dramas are not new. Years ago when Madame Ponisi, the first operatic dancer who ever visited this country, was here, the Park Theatre was for a display that was mockery itself when compared to the leg drama of to-day. Would not our managers do well now to the leg drama? Would they get stuffed, and—to use the slang phrase—get "stuffed with it." The "Marseillaise" pedal beauties of "Oparia," or the enticing nudities of "Black Crook" would be nothing to the leg drama of to-day. Thank heaven, we did not write forty years ago, and that our memory therefore was not spread on leg.

And of such is the leg drama! These phases may not last, but they are now the rage, and are being nightly classed with the Mazeppa school, but female pedals of more than ordinary action are so interesting that even as a prima donna in an opera. At the moment three theatres in New York are running the leg drama with a fair prospect of two more opening in the same line within a week or two, although the daily rate of these extremities will stand public criticism. We hear it whispered that positive scandal has been collected against, who keeps ready-made dramas always on hand, is now most actively engaged in altering a popular comedy into a first-class leg drama, and will introduce new legs and new scenes into it, and commence building up for himself a popular leg drama for next season. Our dramatists, are in other hands, will spread into expression.

Barnum has made a hit with "Marumia," and with the aid of ventilators keeps full houses in spite of hot weather.

At Wallack's "The Winning Suit" proved a losing one, and is replaced by such novelties as "Romeo and Juliet," "The Lady of Lyons."

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EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A Boyle county, Ky., farmer recently had a talk with his slaves about freedom. Largely to a question afraid that they would leave him. In reply to a question from one of them, the owner said that he supposed the colored men would all be free by the end of the war, and that he would be glad to hear on this; for we think that one "is going to make us free we ought to fight. But if it is for this Union and Constitution as they was, we think, reason, you ought to fight."

—The steamer Pacific, from Oregon and British Columbia, with $250,000 in gold, has arrived at San Francisco. Another expedition against the Indians is reported. The massacre of 32 whites by the Indians in Queensville county is reported.

—The verdict of the coroner's jury in the matter of the terrible railroad disaster at Michigan Centre, Canada, is a model of its kind. It censures the engineer-driver for criminal carelessness; the locomotive foreman for playing cards a driver; the very general neglect of the rule requiring trains to stop before crossing a drawbridge; the guardians of the bridge for not reporting such neglect, the conductor for not having posted a brakesman on the train in question; and, finally, they recommend that the drawbridge where the slaughter took place should be abolished altogether.

—Count Gurowski has been found on the Cottonwood river, about 100 miles from St. Paul. The ravin is 80 feet below the surface, and is six feet in thickness. The discovery is of very great importance to the manufacturing interests of Minnesota.

—A recent omission of spurious 50 cent notes (the new plate has been put in circulation. They can be easily detected by observing the following marks: They are all with or on such another than the genuine. There is a "fifty cents," which surmount the head of the woman; the eye-ape and indistinct in the counter-sign; and the letters are very black and distinct in the feet, while those in the reverse circle around the face counterfeit can barely be seen, while the genuine is a clear color. The reverse, though indistinct in all the outlines, is darker than the original.

—The Boston *Transcript* says: "One way the New-Yorkers have of expressing people with their greatness, is, keeping in Broadway their policemen who are six feet or more in height! No one under six feet is allowed in the Broadway squad.

—The Academy of Music was crowded from pargeuite to dome on Thursday last, July 14, by a brilliant and fashionable audience assembled to enjoy the entertainment exercises of the Free Academy. The stage was filled by a well-selected company, among whom we recognized the President and Members of the Board of Education, Professors of the Free Academy, Colonel Milton Peter Cooper, Esq., James W. Gerrard, Esq., Brig.-Gen. Stephen Vincent Benet, of Columbia College, Dr. Wm. Hobard, Judge Sutherland, Judge Allison, Edward Prime-Stevens, Esq., Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, Professor Porties, of Dartmouth College, and others. The exercises were opened by a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Chambers, the programme was then carried out, by the young men who were graduated that night being Bull, Fuller and Jacob, but if one can be said to have excelled all the rest, it was Mr. Edward Lauterbach, who won an enthusiastic recall. After the completion of the exercises the medals and manner in which they are awarded. The gold medal for the greatest general proficiency in all the branches of study was awarded to Charles H. Hilbout, latter and the silver medal to Gilbert Holmes Crawford of the introductory class.

Personal.—Jesse Sheldon, a worthy and venerable citizen of Highgate, Vt., died suddenly on July 4. The inhabitants of the town were holding a picnic for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, when Mr. Sheldon, Mr. Stedman had just read some patriotic sentiments, prepared by himself. When he was seen to drop and fall forward, dying immediately. He was 83 years of age, and had been for a number of years a consistent and champion of liberty for all.

—Dr. Dix, only, the well-known writer on the family, has been appointed Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum at Northampton, Mass.

—H. H. Char-berlin, jun., a student in Harvard College, has returned to his home, at the Parker House, Boston, July 15. His father is a highly respected resident of Worcester.

—Count Gurowski, whose certificate was suspended in connection with the accident to the Council-steamer Minnesota, at Duluth, has been restored to the command of that vessel.

—Capt. Semmes has taken a temporary residence at Millbrook, about three miles from Southampton. His wife, daughter of Mr. Evil, resides with him. Capt. Semmes's hand is getting better, and his general health is improving.

—George Brown, editor of the Globe (Toronto), and President of the Canadian Ministry under the late Government, was re-elected to the colonial Parliament from South Oxford, on the 11th of July, without opposition.

—The Rev. Crammond Kennedy, known throughout the country for over 30 years ago as "The Boy Preacher," and late Chaplain of the 79th Highlanders, N. Y. Vols., has died for preaching to Rebel Regiments. His lectures, which he proposes to deliver in Hungaria, on the Tuscan colonies, one-descriptive of its warlike aspect, the colonies, the romance and suffering of the Scotch Irish, and the heroic devotion of the East Tennessee rebels. Mr. Kennedy is a native of Edinburgh, Scotland.

Naval.—Among the wounded men of the Alabama who were conveyed to the Marine Hospital at Cherbourg there were two American born—both from Massachusetts.

—The first English monitor, the Royal Sovereign, has been launched, and made her trial trip. She is considered a splendid vessel, and the most powerful of all the royal navy. Cut down from a freeside man-of-war, she is over 300 feet long, and draws 24 feet water. She has four cupolas, and is armed with the heaviest artillery yet constructed in England. So fine a vessel do they have put one vessel of this kind, may boast that it is the largest in the world.

—Orders have been sent to Cherbourg to change the armament of the ironclads Magenta, Solferino and Gloire. They are henceforth to carry rifled 32-pounders, 9-inch guns, and four rifled 6-inch howitzers.

Obituary.—Chevas Brainerd died on July 1 at East Haddam, Conn., aged 96 years. He had been a Presbyterian for 70 years, and is believed to have been the oldest member in the State of that Order.

—The Rev. Sydney Smith has lost an eccentric and the advanced Liberal party in England one of its most eloquent champions by the sudden death of Mr. Macaulay Stuart, one of the principal writers of the *Morning Star*, on Wednesday while addressing a meeting at Leeds, and died in a few moments of serous apoplexy. The manager of the hall should be a caution to public speakers, who should never attempt to address an audience immediately after a meal. Mr. Stuart had delivered a lecture powers after a full meal. Brain and stomach cannot both do hard work at the same time. The consequent result is dyspepsia, the occasional one apoplexy.

—The funeral services of the late Rev. Dr. Tuckerman took place at Trinity church on the 14th July. Window was present. The military bearers of the day. There was 50 present at Alexandria, Va., the place of his death. Mr. Winslow was built by Capt. Ericsson, and entered the volunteer service as a Captain in the 5th New York regiment in May, 1861. Previously he had been a private in the 71st regiment (American Guard), his business occupation at that time being that of a salesman in the house of Cattin, Leavitt & Co. It will be remembered that his father, Rev. Gordon Winslow, lost his life about a month since, by falling overboard, while crossing on his wounded son, the Colonel, to Alexandria. One other son remains—Capt. Gordon Winslow, of the same regiment. Owing to the late hour on Saturday when the arrangements for the funeral were completed it was impossible for the necessary orders for a parade of the 71st regiment to be issued—a circumstance which is much regretted by that body, who would have been proud to honor his remains.

—Hon. James F. Simmons, a prominent citizen and politician of Rhode Island, and at one time United States senator from that State, died at his residence in Johnston on the 14th inst.

—The Albany papers announce the death of Marcus T. Reynolds, who has for the last few days been one of the confidential members of the bar of this State. Mr. Reynolds was born in Florida, Montgomery, in the received a liberal education—graduated in 1808 at Union College—studied in the office of Hon. Ambrose Spencer, and in the office of the late Attorney-General Hildreth and Judge Harris, the latter of whom still survives. In 1811 commenced the practice of the law at Amsterdam, then in the same county. At a large meeting of citizens held on Saturday, Daniel Parris and most of that class, he soon rose to distinction. On Saturday previously he married a daughter of Dr. Samuel Dexter, of Albany, he removed from Amsterdam to that city, and for the last period of a century he occupied the very first rank of his profession—had a large and lucrative practice, and was engaged in a large proportion of the most important cases that came before the Supreme Court of the State.

Accidents and Offences.—A little boy, son of Rev. Mr. Bell, of Bellefonte, Pa., was drowned a recent visit with his parents, playing with a large dog when it threw him into the water, and instantly sank, dropping it upon the floor.

—The recent fire in the lumber districts of Wisconsin destroyed no less than $150,000 worth of an bark, lumber and cord wood. Many villages were destroyed, as well as other property.

—The depot of the Norfolk County railroad, at the Waterford junction, was destroyed by fire on Monday morning, railroad, at Providence, was burned on the 12th, with its cars and much freight. Loss about $50,000 worth of wool.

—The New Albany *Ledger* reports the following tragedy: A young lady, by the name of Miller, went to the church, wearing her mother's hoop skirt for a dress. This created a considerable feeling among some of the congregation, and the disturbance was the result. The services were over, Mrs. Timberlake, wife of Henry Timberlake, applied to Miss Miller, who refused to take it off and take away the emblem. She rushed towards Miss Miller, and struck her a severe blow across the face, and put her hand to a side pocket, and drew a pistol and fired at Miss Miller, who fell to the floor, and the mother, both shots taking effect. She then put the pistol to her own head, and sent a ball into her brain, the second entered her side and pierced her heart. She survived about two hours. Miss Miller, as may be imagined, caused great excitement. Mrs. Timberlake was insane, and had been for some time. Timberlake was formerly Lieutenant in the Indiana Legislature, and was a man of more than more than ordinary intelligence. He is one of those who feel the loss of their wife the most keenly. Mrs. Timberlake was a sister to Gordon, where he surrendered himself and was put in jail.

—Mr. Augustus Bowerper, correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*, came on board the U. S. hospital steamer Connecticut, at Fortress Monroe, July 14, and delirious. On the 13th the steamer started down the river, and on the 14th, on reaching Newport News, off of Newport News, Mr. Bowerpen walked overboard, and was drowned. His body was recovered a few days later but in vain.

—A most half-past twelve noon, on the 15th July, fire broke out in the warehouses of Jackson & Robinson, and Wm. Wright & Co., on the corner of Front and Wall streets, which resulted in the destruction of the warehouses, a large part of the stock of Wright, Hall, and a large quantity of stores of various kinds. The warehouses were of wood, and contained a large amount of stock which exploded with great violence, scattering fire and destruction in every direction, the burning timbers throwing down chimneys in the vicinity of the fire. No lives were lost and no serious accidents occurred. Several persons were hit by flying fragments. The total loss is about $1,000,000.

—Mr. Henderson, one of the proprietors of the *Governor's Post* and *Sentinel*, has been arrested and committed for trial on a charge of defrauding the Government.

Foreign.—The following advertisement has been published a few days since in the Belfast *Mercury*, by the proprietor of a menagerie exhibiting at the north of Ireland: "Wanted, for the Zoological Gardens, a man handling a beetle with sufficient skill and courage to stop a lion's head tooth for tooth. Any one to apply, regardless of expense, as the lion suffers greatly from the loss of his companion."

—The President of the Aix-la-Chapelle Police, and many English authorities, have received anonymous letters to the English papers denying the alleged intention of Napoleon to invade England, and crushing the English people residing in Germany. Some of them are written in newspapers at Paris, and others in Belgium, but the report on foot.

—During a recent visit of the Princess of Wales at Cambridge, a student, named Mr. Walter Robinson, threw himself on the ground before her in order to walk on. The young gentleman was fined 40s. and costs, which he refused to assent, and that the student was not insane, alleged in order to show that she did so, and bowing to the carriage of the Princess of Wales.

—The Queen's laborer has been keeping a 1,600 franc note pasted up on the wall of his room for 15 years. He has known it to be worth 1,600 francs, but he has no friends.

—It is stated that the proprietor of a London theatre is about to produce the Peninsula tragedy, and that the performance will be under the immediate patronage of poor Maximus Faye, the victim.

—The Government of Dunphy Davy is to be erected at a cost of £10,000 at his birthplace, Penzance, Cornwall, England.

—There are in England 1,765 peals of church bells, and 1,000 chimes in Ireland and 7,324 sheep during the 1863.

—The *Gazette de France* say that the late Sixth O'Brien died in exile "at Bangor, in the East Indies."

—A kind of fungus has been found in Canada, which, when dried and ground, looks exactly like a cuttlebone—when it issues from the ground, it "makes a noise like a pistol shot."

—The English public were astonished at seeing the Queen's carriage, on Wednesday, driving through the rear the Prussian decoration of Queen Louise at a time when the Government is at war with Prussia.

—Afflicting news has been received in Brussels of the death of the widow of Napoleon I. Queen Hortense was present at the marriage of his daughter with the Count de Flahaut, in 1837, and was the youngest wife of the Duchess, to join the newly married couple at the country seat where they are passing the honeymoon. The Duke, who had previously complained of severe headache, was there seized with erysipelas, followed by delirium, and a dispatch which passed through Paris, June 24, to-day announced his state exceedingly serious. The *Gazette de France* states that the Duke received the last sacraments on the 24th ultimo.

—American rhododendrons are the pride of the Belfast botanic gardens. The scarlet variety is being prized, and is now the greatest attraction at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park.

—The Levant *Herald* says the Circassian slave-trade has received of late an immense impetus. At Trebizond and Tamsoun, boys and girls go off in large numbers at low prices. Prime samples bring about $100 each.

—The real value of all the imports into the United Kingdom in 1863 was £748,989,043, and of the exports, £180,874,779. So that the balance of trade, according to the prevailing theory, was £63,057,—against Great Britain the last year—as much as $315,000,841! Yet she was never more prosperous.

Literary and Literature.—Two people in London were lately looking at Sir Edwin Landseer's picture of the polar bears in the Arctic regions growing over the broken mast, when one of the gazers remarked, "I say, Bill, what a lot of bears they have down the North Pole!" On Whit-Monday several people in the Regent's Park admired Haydn's picture of "Curtius Leaping into the Gulf," under the full impression that it was a picture of the Serpentine "on one of it's swells" hailed before Delarche's "Boating Martyr," from the Seine, "Come, old gal, we'll have a lark in it again! Oh dear, how sick I am of this Colleen Bawn!"

—The model of Mr. Ball's equestrian statue of Washington, which is to be erected in Boston, and which has occupied the sculptor for three years, is completed, and said to be a very fine work. Some few years must elapse before the casting in bronze can be accomplished, as the model must be divided into numerous portions, to be cast separately and afterwards welded together.

—Paper has been successfully manufactured from pine leaves in Germany. Industrial manufactory at Vienna.

—A new light from magnesium wire has been discovered and patented. It is not dear, and is of great brilliancy.

—Macetek has engaged his chorus for next season from the Swedish Opera House, Stevens.

—M. Bousseignin, in a communication to the French Academy of Sciences, gives an account of experiments which he has made with a view to paint in the dark is supported entirely at the expense of the seed.

—The Duke Buccleugh, when passing through Thornery, during a drive in the environs of Fontainebleau, stopped at the door of the house of Rousseau, and requested to see her studio. The artist at once acceded to her Grace's request, and showed her the different paintings on which she is at present engaged, as well as many others executed by her celebrated father, bearing a step leading a herd of lambs along the summit of a rock, which was especially admired by the mother of her Majesty. After passing an hour in the studio, the Empress and her suite, first obtaining the consent that her private collection should be enriched by a picture by Madame Rousseau.

Odds and Ends.—An old lady requests us to urge upon fathers to have their children's feet measured by cobblers of them to put on their beds in the cold weather.

—The Empress of Russia is very fond of music, and between musician and singer, and she assures us they are both very fond of her. She is also very fond of bathing.

—A young married lady, travelling a few day since, from New York to Syracuse, and suffering from constant vomiting, was asked by a gentleman who was struck by her husband, while her little girl reminded by her mother that she was sick, and the child commenced fanning her, saying, "Mama is sleeping." A gentleman sitting near by, overhearing the remark, put her lips, and, on looking closely at her, discovered that she was dead.

—The Deseret *News* contains a doleful account of one Walter M. Gibson, well known in this city, who from 1853 to 1858 was a Mormon Elder in Canada, and there established himself as a great landowner, ordained himself a bishop, and made high priest, and also, while ruled over a large number of wives after the Mormon manner. He returned to Utah, and has been sent to investigate his conduct, but he told them to clear out, and he would do as he pleased.

—Nine months ago a Sun Francisco man bet an apple—the loser to be compelled to swallow the fruit in 30 days, the bet to be doubled every succeeding 30 days. The stake has grown to over $1,000.

—Mr. Lowen, a Swede, who has been several years in the service of the Russian Government, is now attending the sick in hospital, says that he has cured numerous of the cholera patients by the use of the following remedy:

—Since the late robbery of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, on the Mississippi, when $61,000 were taken, and other robberies of a like character have taken place at other points, it is said that Wells, Fargo & Co. have decided to preserve first stolen, which was heavy gold coin, and the numbers of which the highwaymen buried it. Gen. McDowall has ordered a detachment of troops to be stationed at the principal stations between Sacramento and Virginia City. The depression in mining stocks, consequent upon the late, has been considerable. The paying mines of Washoe are retrenching. The Ophir has lately made a considerable reduction.

—An Australian paper says that five grains of the extract of belladonna, dissolved in one ounce of cinnamon water, and given to a horse of 15 hands, will cure it in three a day to children of 10 years of age, and to others in proportion. Cures of cramp colic from spasm sunk tink.

—On the 8th of July a party of young ladies and gentlemen had a picnic near Falls Church, Va., and in the course of the afternoon were surprised at the appearance of Mosby and about 26 of his men, who took them all prisoners. Mosby paid his respects to the young ladies, after which they went to the wagons and devoured the cream and sundries provided for the occasion.

—Mr. Pemberton, of Albany, suffered with epilepsy for 9 years, and was completely restored to health by the use of Ayer's. Great credit upon the skill and treatment of Dr. Lockrow, of this city.—*N. Y. Home Journal*.

—Glazed jars are unfit for the keeping of sweetmeats, because they harm the feet of active little persons—cake of lead—being combined in the glazing. Stoneware is the best. The mouth of a child in Pennsylvania from eating apple butter kept in a vessel with this glazing, and the child was poisoned and nearly recorded incident.

—Dr. Eby Early Tuttleton.—Mrs. E. D. Kendall, of Maryland, thus writes to the *Southern Field and Fireside*: "A large family physician, and I have used your preparations in my practice. Cutoff the top, and scrape off the yellow face specimen of all the inside of the cavity with rich mould, plant half a dozen seeds in the centre, and cover with a flower warm, sprinkle with tepid water every day until the plant has come through and grow the fresh, then return the turnip to the outdoor bed, and thin out all but the strongest plant. Keep the ground well loosened them off, and the shell will soon rot, affording a fertile bed for the roots of the plant will feed it about wonderful. A dozen turnips transferred will afford an abundance of salad for a family of ordinary dimensions.

—An Incident.—An affecting scene is described as having taken place at a crossing Chatham street, New York, on the 15th inst. A woman and a couple of little girls were sweeping a path through the mob, when a gentleman standing pulled her commodious person. As a lady was crossing the street one of the children fell down and was run over, and whom she had given up for dead, and bailing a carriage she at once took the little one home. There a process of bodily purification and change of garments soon restored her child to recognizable condition. She had been stolen by one of the wandering female vagabonds that infest the city, and devoted to the wretched employment in which her mother found her in order to earn a few pence for the miserable creature, who has eluded the officers of justice, although vigorous efforts were made to trace her out for the purpose of punishment.

BOOK NOTICES.

Poems. By Alice and Phœbe Cary. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1864. 12mo.

This novel of American life comes from a Western press, and is a touching and well conceived work of fiction. The plot is well managed, the characters well drawn, and the denouement unexpected. The authoress need not fear the public, she has power, skill and talent, and her writings may well claim the attention of publishers in our seaboard cities.

FAITH AND FANCY. By JOHN SAVAGE, author of "Sibyl," a Tragedy. New York: J. S. Eicher, 1864. 12mo.

The volume of poems from the pen of one so well known as a dramatist and a journalist as Mr. Savage needs no more of flattery from the critic. The publication is a handsome one, and the author's friends in the public has already stamped the merit mark of favor upon the productions being issued in book form. "He is Starry Flag," and the "Master of the North," can never be forgotten by the lovers of literature.

THE PUTNAM AND THE RAPIDAN. Army Notes. From the Rapidan to the Chickahominy. By the Correspondent of Rebellion, 1861-3. By ALONZO B. QUINT, Chaplain of the 2d Mass. Boston: Crosby & Nichols, 1864.

This is a history of the gallant 2d Massachusetts, which we are happy to see Mr. Quint promises us, but which was written during the active campaigns in which it did its duty nobly. They are a most interesting and valuable contribution to the war literature, and to all who can appreciate the writings of a genuine scholar, a devoted clergyman, a sincere patriot.

ANECDOTE OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

THE Duke of Buccleugh, in one of his walks, purchased a cow from a person in the neighborhood of Dalkeith, and ordered it to be sent with grass the following morning. According to agreement the cow was sent, and the man happening to be in dockyard, and walking in the avenue, spied a little fellow intellectually attempting to drive the animal towards the back portion. The boy not knowing the duke, bawled out to him:

"Geh, man, come here and give's a han' wi' the beast."

The duke saw the mistake and determined on having a joke with the little fellow. Pretending, therefore, not to understand him, the duke walked on slowly, the boy still crowing and threatening; at last, after a few more apparent distress:

"Give ower, man, and help us, and as sure's ony thing I'll give you the half o' what I get."

This last appeared to have the desired effect; the duke went and lent a helping hand.

"Now, my man," said the duke, as they trudged along, "how much do you think you'll get for this job?"

"Oh, I dinna ken," said the boy; "but I'm sure it's something, for the folk up by at the house are gude to their servants."

As easy approached the house, the duke called from the boy, and went to fetch by another way. He called a servant, put a sovereign into his hand, saying:

"Give that to the boy that has just driven the cow."

The duke returned to the avenue, and was soon relieved by the boy.

"Well, how much did you get?" inquired the duke.

"Oh, I got a sovereign, and I'll have the half o' 't'yes."

"I'm sure you got more than a shilling 1?" said the duke.

"—o," said the boy, with the utmost earnestness; "as sure as death that's a' I got; and d'ye no think it's plenty?"

"I do not," said the duke; "there must be some mistake; and I will myself accompany you back to you'll return with me I think I'll get you more."

The boy, nothing loth, went with the duke ramp the bell and ordered all the servants to be assembled.

"Now, my boy," said the duke, "point out the person that gave you the shilling."

"It was that chap there wi' the white apron," pointing to the butler.

The gentleman confessed, fell on his knees, and attempted to apologize, but the duke interrupted him, and bade him forthwith quit his service. The boy, to his sovereign forthwith, and quit his service instantly.

The boy, by this time, recognized his assistant in the duke, and was not a little astonished to find himself in the sterling worth and honesty of the boy, that he ordered him to be sent to school, kept there, and provided for at his own expense.

A FOP OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

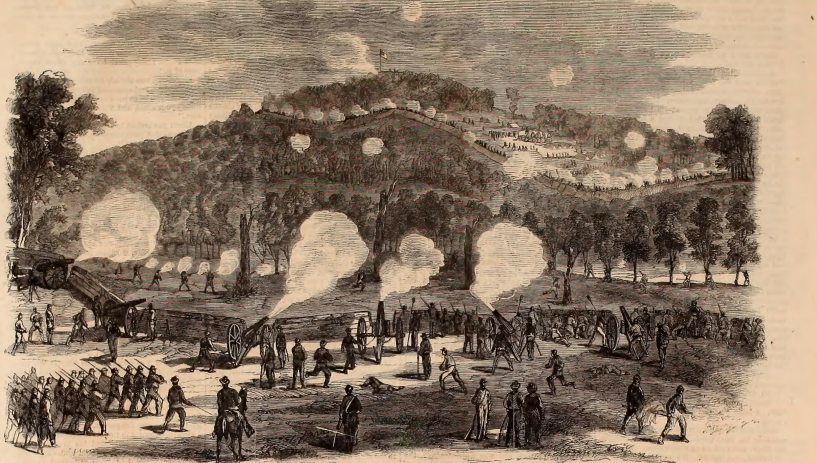
I was then taken to the celebrated Lord Viscount Peterham's apartments, where we found his lordship—one of the chief dandies of the day—employed in completing the toilet of a short fat gentleman, who would eventually supersede every other. The room in which it was now adorned was more like a shop than a gentleman's sitting-room; all round the walls were shelves, upon which were placed tea-canisters, containers, bags of powder, pomatum, sponges, perfumes, Russian and many other teas, all the best of the kind; on the floor were a large assortment of articles, referred to names in gilt letters, of innumerable kinds of snuff, and the mantelpiece was covered with all sorts of pipes. Lord Peterham's manners as still well known to all connected with the fashionable world. His hands were covered with a great number of magnificent snuffboxes, which he perpetually kept handling. The entire collection in England, and was supposed to have a treat number of them. He was the first to start the fashion of a delightful old-fashioned Sèvres box he presented to the Prince Regent, which is now in the possession of Peterham. In person Lord Peterham was a little above the middle height, and somewhat unwieldy in size. He very much resembled the picture of Henry VIII. by Holbein, which he was very proud of, and like that of the celebrated French monarch. His carriage were unique of their kind, they were entirely brown, with brown horses and harness. The groom, a little boy, was dressed in a livery of the same color, as to his hose, and a glazed hat with a large cockade. If, through any accident, Peterham's orders were not executed by having been despondently in love with a lady who had jilted him, he would fly into a rage, and to his other eccentricities Lord Peterham never remembered a single day of his life. He was extremely decidedly affected, and he spoke with a kind of lisp; but he was a man of noble bodies, liberal, generous, a thorough gentleman, and was beloved by all who knew him.

THE cost of the National Monument to be erected at Gettysburgh in commemoration of the Union dead was fall upon that field, will be $50,000. It height is to be 80 feet. The design consists of a shaft or marble crowned with a colossal bronze statue of the goddess of Liberty, 15 feet high. The base, or entire white marble, has four buttresses, each supporting a statue representing respectively History, War, Peace and Plenty.

"MARIA," said Sambo, "one of your open is dead: 'koder too. 'Fraji to tell you of bed at once for fear yen couldn't here it."



THE WAR IN GEORGIA.—CAPTURE OF LOST MOUNTAIN BY GEN. HOOKER, JUNE 15.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. E. HILLER.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—KNAPP'S PENNSYLVANIA BATTERY SHELLING PINE KNOB, AND KILLING THE REBEL GENERAL POLK, JUNE 14.—FROM A SKETCH BY S. A. H.—SEE PAGE 295.

SPRING SONNETS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

I.

The birds sing merrily; the streamlets shout
With gleeful voices; tones are all around,
The air is filled with a pervading sound
Of happiness; bright creatures flit about—
Slight spears of emerald glitter on the ground,
And many flowers, the stars of earth, are found:



And from the invisible array of fair things
Flows a murmur, like a far-off sea;
I hear the clarions of the insect kings
Marshal their busy cohorts on the lea.
Life universal; 'tis all music—all,
From the rejoicing cry of children free
To the swift dash of waters, as they fall,
Released by Spring to perfect liberty.

II.

The virgin, May, young, coy and blushing, trips
Along the fields with downcast, modest eyes,
And, looking round her with a sweet surprise,
Smiles to behold the delicate, green tips
Of tender leaves, and buds that ope their lips
To the moist kisses of the amorous air,
Whose rival is the bee. Oh, false and fair—
To yield your honey-dew to wanton sips.
The sky is angry with ungrateful May
That she her blooming favors thus bestows,
And so sharp darts from misty quiver throws,
And the Spring's darling weeps the morn away.
Capricious nymph! at eve no more she sighs,
nd the bright sunset flashes fr om her e yes.

HER SECRET.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

"WHY, Grace, you sly little puss! I protest I shall keep a lookout for your doings after this. Oh, you needn't look up so innocent, I know you;" and Mary Lee pinched her friend's shoulder and kissed her cheek.

Grace gave a little scream at the pinch, and then asked with a puzzled look:

"What in the world do you mean, Mary?"

"Oh, very well, my dear—that's right; put on your little airs of mystery, but you can't help my knowing that you're going to be married."

"Oh!" said Grace, with a laugh and a blush.

"Don't deny it, Gracie."

"I don't mean to; furthermore, if you put me in the confessional I'll acknowledge to being wife-elect of Albert Edmonds, the best, dearest, handsomest—"

"Rum! interrupted Mary, prolonging that dubious remark to indefinite lengths. "You vain little puss. I suppose she thinks she has secured the pearl of men. There! Don't fly into a fit of indignation—he's all your fancy painted him—I am ready to acknowledge it; and, joking aside, I congratulate you with all my heart, and wish you every joy in the world. I declare she's crying! Grace, my dear!"

"Hush, Mary; I'm just so happy that if I'm not laughing I must be crying. Albert's coming to-night; won't you stay and see him?"

"I hope I have a little more common charity and understand the etiquette of lovers a little better. No, thank you; happy to spend the evening with you any time after the honeymoon."

"You and Albert always were such good friends, you know," pursued Grace, pretending not to understand.

"Yes; and that we may remain so I'll not bore him with the presence of a third party when he wants to say pretty things to the girl of his heart. Good-bye."

Albert paid the promised visit to his pretty betrothed that evening; and though perhaps it required the eye of love to see all the perfections boasted of by Grace, it was plain to any disinterested observer that he was a young man of comely looks; that his curling hair was black and glossy; that his steel-gray eyes were frank and bright, and that his whole appearance was calculated to awaken enthusiasm in the heart of an admiring maiden.

The young lovers passed the evening as that class of the community generally do, and talked over their little plans for the future till a late hour; and when at last they separated Grace found that she was too full of projects, to be executed when she became Mrs. Edmonds, to think of retiring just then. So she pulled up her windowblinds and sat down to look out on the quiet street and the bright cold stars in the dark blue sky. She had a faint hope that she might catch another glimpse of Albert; she knew that in story-books lovers often walked past their mistresses' windows just to catch the glimmer of light through the shutters, and why shouldn't Albert? He was certainly as much in love as the most romantic hero could be; but after looking out on the still night, and thinking how very quiet the street was, for something more than half an hour, she was going to pull the curtain down and go to bed when—



Albert's Double at the Depot.

Heaven and earth! Yes, that was certainly Albert. She never could be mistaken in that face and figure, and the walk she knew so well. But, alas! though she had hoped with a warm and beating heart that he might pass up or down the street just for the pleasure of looking across at the window, now when she saw him her heart turned icy cold and stood still within her. Yet she could not take her eyes from that sight. It was Albert; that she could not doubt; but he never looked near the window, and on his arm a woman was leaning who was looking up in his face and listening eagerly to what he said. Grace had just strength enough left to draw the blind and leave a small loophole to look through. She had no wish to be seen then, but she would watch them. Her false lover and his companion stopped right opposite her window, and then glancing up and down the street retired into a gateway and were hidden in the shadow. With strained and agonized gaze Grace followed them, but could not see them. Presently she saw a third party come along the street, and at the moment when he was opposite the gateway Albert darted out—her head swam, and millions of stars seemed gleaming before her eyes, but still she beheld with fearful distinctness all that followed; and then, with a groan of anguish, she fell fainting on the floor.

When Grace recovered from that painful swoon her first thought was that she had died and awak-



"Our Engagement is at an End."

ened in Hades. Surely, oh, God! this could not be the happy world in which she had seen not one cloud but a few short hours before. She rose and tottered over to the bed, and there she lay for the long weary hours before the dawn, cold, heartsore and sleepless.

And this was the man she had so tenderly loved? False to her and—

She dared not think of the rest; her brain whirled, and she felt like madness when that scene returned to her. Vainly she tried to think it was all a hideous nightmare. She would have given worlds to have proved—to have even believed it so. Impossible! It was a crushing reality. The gas still burned, never having been turned down since she entered her room; and she lay, dressed as she had been all that happy evening before—the rose-colored dress he had admired all crushed, and the pretty head-dress he had himself brought her crumpled and spoiled. But the bright, happy heart she had carried up with her from the little parlor was ruined worse than all—never, never could it come back to her—broken, bleeding, dying it lay in her heavy misery, and she felt as though it had been exchanged for a stone.

But the morning came. The bright sunshine streamed into the room, and shamed the gaslight; and Grace rose from the bed where she had never before passed an unquiet night. Something must be done; she had loved this man, and she dare not betray him; she must keep that awful secret within her own breast, and none must guess that it was hidden there. She bathed her pallid face and swollen eyelids in cologne, and exchanged her last night's attire for a pretty morning toilette; but all her efforts could not conceal the ravages of that one night of sleepless pain. She had been too blooming and full of the pass unquestioned when she presented herself at the breakfast table, listless, pale and haggard.

"Why, Grace, dear, are you ill?" was the first question that greeted her.

"No, mamma."

"Something ails you, child. You look dreadfully. I hope you and Albert haven't been quarrelling."

Grace gasped, and thought she would choke in speaking the next words. With all her strength she strove to be calm and emotionless.

"Indeed, no, mama. We parted the best of friends. But I didn't have a good night's rest, and you know I can't live without sleep."

"And why should you sleep badly, Grace? You have no evil conscience to keep you awake?"

Grace tried to laugh, but sank into a chair with a ghastly expression.

"I hope the coffee's very strong, mamma. Won't you please give me a cup—now—this minute. I think it will do me good."

Mrs. Farnham passed the cup of coffee without further remark, and Grace gulped it down at the risk of scalding and choking herself.

Unable to appear like her natural self, Grace at last acknowledged that she was not well, and on that plea spent the greater part of the day in her own room. It was a relief to escape the gaze of curious friends, although the task she had set herself was a hard one. But it was impossible after what she had seen that ever she could be the wife of Edmonds, so with a dreary hand she selected all the little gifts—the pretty little trinkets he had given her, and she shuddered as she thought how they might have been procured.

At last the long day drew to a close; and in the evening she was summoned to the parlor to meet her lover. She went down, carrying in her hand the little casket containing every gift she had received from him. Her father was in the room, and she was obliged to meet Edmonds with an affectation of her usual manner; but she was a poor hand at dissimulation, and he saw at once that something was the trouble.

"Why, Mr. Farnham," he said, "you didn't say that Grace was ill. Poor little girl! What is the matter?"

Grace could not command her voice sufficiently to answer, and fortunately her father came to her assistance.

"Grace was ill in the morning, but I think she feels better now. I meant to have told you so, and that reminds me I called at your rooms, and was told you hadn't been home last night at all."

Grace gave a wild look at the face she had so loved to gaze upon, and her father noticed the strayed evident confusion, though he rallied immediately.

"No," he replied;" I didn't go home last night," and he said no more.

To Grace this was only further proof, had any been needful, of the scene she had witnessed the night before.

Mr. Farnham left the parlor shortly after; and Grace allowed the door just time to close after him when she arose, and with a firm manner, although an unsteady voice, said—

"Our engagement is at an end, Albert. I forgive you for the pain you have caused me, and now we will part for ever. Here is the little casket containing all your gifts. I return them with all the vows of love you have made to me, and I pray God to forgive you as I do."

She held the casket towards him with averted face, for she could not look upon him.

He did not take it, nor for some moments did he make any reply; at last he spoke in a low suppressed tone:

"Grace, I have heard you without interruption, because I was so completely thunderstruck that I couldn't command my voice, and now will you oblige me by some explanation of this scene. I will not allow myself to feel angry. There's some mistake here. Sit down, and tell me what you mean."

He laid his hands upon her shoulders, and gently forced her down into her seat. In vain she attempted to be firm, and angry; she only burst into a flood of tears, and letting the casket fall from her hands she covered her face, and gave way to her sorrow.

"Oh, Albert—Albert—you have broken my heart," she sobbed; "but I know all, and it is useless to act the hypocrite, for you can no longer deceive me."

"Grace, this language is insulting."

"Ah, me! It is true, and that's worse."

"What does this mean? You shall explain your words."

"I will explain nothing—you insult me by this affectation of innocence; I am too gentle, but I did so love you. Go—go—leave me for ever! I saw you last night. I saw the whole affair; you might have guessed it would be dangerous to stop under my window," she added with a touch of sarcasm.

"Grace, have lost your senses?" said Albert, becoming angry. "I haven't the faintest idea what you mean."

Grace looked at him with an expression of horror. Such brazen effrontery appalled her; it also disgusted her.

"Dear heaven! And this is the man I loved!" she said. "Go away—go away, sir; leave me!"

"I will leave you, Grace, and you may thank yourself for it. I have no human patience to bear what I have received from you to-night. I never will enter this house again till you send for me, and, good-by," and with a slight bow he left the room with a haughty step.

It soon became known in the family—though Grace only told her mother—that all was over between her and Albert; and it was pretty generally conjectured among friends and acquaintances, for there was soon such a change in the complexion that as came over the once blooming, rose-cheeked and bright-eyed Grace Farnham. She grew paler day by day, and would take neither wine nor all the medical aid procured by fond parents was unclean. An entire change of scene was at last prescribed as the only thing likely to restore her; and after much persuasion, Grace consented to pay a visit to a cousin living among the New Hampshire hills.

It was now three months since that last interview with Albert, and though she had seen him once or twice since, they had exchanged neither word nor salutation since that night. It was now the first day of Spring, and the beauty of the country, the freshness and purity of the breeze, the glowing loveliness of the valley of Connecticut, and as she approached Hartford, the sight of the river at a distance filled her with admiration, that for a time made her forget all else. Her father, who was familiar with scenery, pointed out the points of beauties, and seeing with pleasure the effect it had upon her, he said all his information to entertain her, and to rouse and make the poor child happy. At the station Mr. Farnham found his brother and a carriage waiting for them; and as they were to drive the whole distance, and not take the train to the country, the gentle April breezes, and the delicious odor of the grass did more to restore the color to Grace's cheeks than all the doctor's stuff, than all the the doctor's stuff she had taken. He congratulated himself, however, that she had not met Albert Edmonds at the station that he had had, for after arranging her comfortably in the carriage, he stepped back into the waiting-room to see some friends who had left there, and was felt certain that he saw Albert Edmonds leaving by the opposite door, in company with a handsome, stylish woman, with her hand within his arm.

Mr. Farnham remained but a few days with his brother, and then left her under the new regimen.

Grace had not been in New Hampshire more than a month before the desired effect began to show itself; either the violence of her sorrow was worn out, or new scenes, new objects, and new faces had tended to obliterate it, for she became merry, rosy and almost happy again. Still she was not altogether cured of her unfortunate attachment, and now and then when she came across some mention of her false lover in her brother's letters to his friend.

One evening early in May, after reading the last letter received from home, she was sitting alone in her room, sadly musing, as had rather been the habit, and when she found herself by the window thinking of Albert, she was irresistibly reminded of another sad evening she had spent there so employed. It was a mild, sweet night; she had no lamp, but the moonlight streaming in through the open window rendered it quite clear to her. There is a certain melancholy pleasure in living over again the happiness we feel has for ever departed, and Grace was apt to cosset her sad thoughts, letting them wander as will over the memory of joyous meetings and interviews with the once lover lost to her for ever. Suddenly the hum of voices interrupted her reverie, and with a feeling of curiosity she leaned out of the window. Her uncle's house was in a quiet, shady part of the country, and she felt certain all the family had retired. Who could it be, then, that was abroad at that hour? At first she saw nothing but the moonlit road, the shadows of the fences, and the trees waving in the breeze; but presently out of the shadow of the house two people emerged into the moonlight.

Those figures! Could she ever forget either? They were engraven on her heart by keen sorrow and shame. Yes, it was Albert, and with him, leaning on his arm as she had once been for months before, the same handsome, bold-looking woman. Now, as then, she was listening eagerly to something he was saying, and with a proud fondness for she loved him still—Grace saw how his head was bent towards her; how eagerly and tenderly he spoke to her. She could not see his face, but she could well guess the expression of it; and how well she knew that stately, well-knit figure. She covered her face with her hands, and then suddenly springing up with a wild exclamation, wonder, hope and dismay blended in her tone, she darted over to her writing-desk, drew forth a letter, and keeping it clutched in her hand, with the other lighted her lamp, and then with trembling fingers unfolded the paper and looked over it. It was from her brother, and on the second page was a sentence which she read over and over, as though fascinated by the words, yet they were simple enough:

"By-the-way, Grace," it read, "I called to-day on Albert Edmonds—I have always remained friendly with him, you know, notwithstanding your mysterious quarrel. I'm sorry to say the poor fellow has had a sad accident—he fell through a trapdoor in the store, that some unlucky chance left open, and has broken his leg. The doctor says he won't be able to move for six weeks. He begged me to say my sister, and do you know, you heartless little coquette, I think he's grieving about you."

Now every time that Grace read this paragraph she paused a moment to ask herself—

"If Albert is lying ill at home, unable to move, how have I seen him to-night, in company with that woman, under my window?"

At last a sudden flash of light spread over her face; radiating it like the eastern sky when the sun has risen, and again and again she kissed the letter in her hand as a mother might kiss a lost child restored to her after hope was gone.

"Oh, what a fool I have been!" were the words, when at last they found utterance. "What a crazy fool I have made myself. Shall I ever be forgiven? can I ever forgive myself? How dared I refuse to hear his explanation of all this? My foolish, self-sufficient pride! I am punished for it, and I deserve it. But he'll forgive him. Oh, how happy I am! I will write to him this night to do justice I have done him—the cruel insult of my wicked thoughts, and I who loved him so—and yet I thought the witness of my eyes—it was so strange—so wonderful!"

And all the time that these disconnected words were uttered, and the heart of little Grace Farnham, she was bustling about the room, collecting stray articles of dress, folding them and packing them into a trunk, which stood ready to receive them. But how gay and sparkling she felt all the time; and it seemed a pleasure to heap on herself the most unbecoming attire.

At last everything was packed, and the trunk was locked and strapped, and Grace glanced round the room with a look of pleasure in the morning, for she had instantly determined to leave for home in her father's company in morning. No further for New Hampshire scenery and cookery, and country air—she was completely cured.

She at first did not sleep with joy; but at last, towards morning, she fell into a deep, delightful slumber, and dreamed till eight o'clock of all imaginable and impossible forms.

If Albert would only forgive her she would let no further time go by—she would not leave opportunity for the arrival of another mistake.

There was consternation in the family when Grace announced her intention of leaving them that morning. Her remonstrances fell on a deaf ear—go she would, and go she did. And that same evening there was surprise at Mr. Farnham's at the unexpected return of Grace; but also delight, for it was evident she had got rid of all her trouble—that no mysterious sadness any longer overshadowed her, and she covered her bright face with a veil of ashen pallor.

"George," said Grace, drawing her brother into the parlor, "I have come home an hour, you must take me to Albert's room instantly. I've made such a dreadful mistake—"

"Albert's room!"

"There's no use in refusing me, George. I'll go alone if you do; but I must and shall see Albert this instant—at once."

"Very well, you little whirlwind, since there's no stemming you, I suppose I must go along with the current."

Grace thanked him with a sudden shower of kisses, and a declaration that he was her dearest best of brothers!

A short time later the brother and sister found themselves in the room of young Edmonds. He didn't evince surprise at seeing Grace, but took her hand with a quiet and friendly grasp. "I knew you would come some time, Grace," he said.

"Forgive me, dear Albert," said Grace, trembling, and with her face bedewed with tears, and I scarcely dare tell you how. No, George, don't leave us; I want you to hear me also."

Albert was evidently knowing how to proceed and then burst forth:

"Albert, the last night that we parted in kindness and love I saw a man and woman pass up the street, and then secrete themselves in a gateway opposite our house. I could have made oath that the man was Albert, and I was immediately a third party passed, and I saw this man—whom I took for you—jump out, assault him, overcome and rob him, and then disappear with his companion in crime."

"Upon my word I'm much obliged, Grace," interrupted Albert, turning scarlet, "and so you believed me a midnight robber?"

"Don't be so angry, Albert. It was the most extraordinary circumstance, and I was more than I don't believe I would be able to tell you apart at first glance."

"Two unpleasant things, these doubles," said George, who could not see the whole thing in any but a humorous light. "I declare I wouldn't like to have one dashing about the streets as appropriating other people's valuables, and so forth."

"And then, Albert, you remember you told papa that you hadn't been home all that night, and you seemed confused too—and—and—"

"I see. And that seemed to give a deeper coloring to my supposed guilt. I was a little confused. I had spent that night with a legal friend, who was also a friend of your father's, in drawing out title deeds to a pretty house I intended presenting you on your wedding day. I had a momentary suspicion that Mr. Farnham had discovered my little plot and perhaps spoiled my surprise."

"Oh, Albert!"

"You're a sweet girl, Grace," exclaimed George, at this point; "if this is what they call woman's love I hope I may never have any closer experience of it."

Poor Grace was already overcome with grief and mortification, and answered between sobs:

"Don't you be so hard on me, George; after all it isn't your affair, and I've suffered enough, I'm sure."

Albert was melted in a moment.

"Hey quiet, you George—you don't understand anything about girls."

"Thank Heaven!" Master George ejaculated, fervently.

"Never mind him, Gracie; I'm much too happy to care for what he says. And now just tell me how you satisfied yourself as to my identity. I own to be a little curious on that point."

Grace related what the reader already knows.

"I wonder who it can be?" mused Albert, when she had concluded; "and where he'll turn up next?"

That last "wonder" was answered thus:

A week later Mr. Farnham received a letter from Albert, requesting congratulating Edmonds had left them in time to avoid being frightened by a most daring attempt to rob the house on the very night of their departure. The thief had been caught in the act, and was now in the county jail; and the letter concluded: "the rascal bears the most extraordinary resemblance to the young fellow I met at your house last winter."

When young Farnham read this he insisted on taking a visit to Littleton to have a look at this mysterious double of Albert's. The resemblance at first sight was so great that George was perfectly convinced; and no longer surprised at Albert's mistake.

After a short examination Mr. Joe Perkins had a much heavier face than Albert; his eyes were brown, and one of them had a slight squint; but on the whole, the general appearance, the likeness was very dangerous.

George returned in time to attend at his sister's wedding, which gratulated his brother-in-law, who was still obliged to move on crutches, "that the other fellow had been sentenced to State's prison for life," said Albert," he added, "to keep lame, unless your leg insists on getting quite well; for you will need some very palpable disfigurement to make that fellow from getting you into trouble, if ever he gets out."

Albert's leg did insist on being quite recovered: but "the double" (you would never have got him into any trouble, as he died in prison long before his term had expired.

TRAITS IN THE CHARACTER OF THE ELEPHANT.

ELEPHANTS not only obey their keeper when present, but some which are well trained will, even in his absence, perform extraordinary tasks. A Frenchman tells us, that on one occasion he saw two powerful elephants engaged in beating down a wall, for which task they were provided with wooden mallets; and he, moreover, heard them say partial to spirituous liquors. These elephants did not work separately, but united their efforts, using their trunks in a very effective way, which were protected from injury by the coverings of leather; they thrust them at the same instant against the strongest part of the wall, producing, by their united shocks, a breach, while they carefully watched the effects of their blows. As soon as it was evident that the wall was in a falling condition they took together one powerful effort, and in an instant both drew back that they might not be injured, when immediately after the whole wall came thundering to the ground.

The honor of the sagacious animals, we may add that they are very grateful for kindness shown to them. A soldier at one of Indian forts was accustomed to give a small portion of his own rum to one of these every payday. Having on one occasion taken too much of it himself, he became exceedingly intoxicated, and was discovered by an officer in this condition. For this breach of discipline he was ordered to be tied and carried to the guardroom. The delinquent, perceiving several guards coming him, became alarmed, and in his terror took refuge under the very elephant he was accustomed to feed, and immediately fell asleep. The soldiers in vain endeavored to drag him from the animal's feet, but found would not allow it, and whenever the attempt was renewed fought furiously, and defended the body with their trunk.

The consequence was that the soldiers withdrew, and left their companion to thwart further punishment, to his slumbers. After a few hours, however, he awoke, and in the morning was released and pardoned through the enormous animal. The elephant seemed to be aware of his danger, and instantly unsparing his feet, carressing and fondling him with his trunk; then placing him between his forefeet, he gently awoke him.

On another occasion a different soldier behaved in the same manner to an elephant's driver, having received some punishment, wished to get out, he very quickly struck it twice against the upright post of the elephant's head. The animal took the hint, and probably soon forgot the manner he had adopted to express his wrath. The sagacious beast was not so oblivious, for the day after, being brought into the stable, he remembered the affront, and killed him on the spot by the severity of his blows; another soldier, who had caused trouble to elephants, revenge also is not forgotten. Many cases are on record of the gratitude and revenge of these animals might be given.

DINNER AS AN EDUCATOR.—You will find that the dinner hour is one where improvement is received at the table. Parents too often forget this; and, therefore, instead of swallowing your food in silence, minutes of hour-ing over your business, instead of secretly thinking about others, let the conversation at the table be genial, kind, sociable and cheering. Don't make the greatest things to the table an your conversation and your children will be benefited. For this reason, more than you would in your family, have at your table the best, the more good company. Let the conversation with company at your table be educator of the family. Hence, the intelligence and the refinement and the appropriateness of the family which is given to hospitality. Never feel that intelligent visitors can be anything but annoying to you and yours. How few have fully got hold of the fact that company and conversation at the table are no small part of education.

READY FOR DUTY.

BY MISS WARNER.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY came up in the cold,
Through the brown mould,
Although the March breezes blew keen on her face,
Although the white snow lay on many a place.

Daffy-down-dilly had heard underground
The sweet rushing sound
Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter chains—
Of the whistling spring winds and the pattering rains.

"Now then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,
"It's time I should start!"
So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard frozen ground,
Quite up to the surface, and then she looked round.

There was snow all about her, gray clouds overhead,
The trees all looked dead:
Then how do you think Daffy-down-dilly felt,
When she found she could not shine and the ice would not melt?

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still working away;
"The earth's hard to-day!
There's but a half inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green!

"I can't do much yet; but I'll do what I can.
It's will I began:
For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that the Spring herself's dead."

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;
And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O Daffy-down-dilly! so brave and so true!
I wish all were like you!
So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.

THE LESSON OF AN EVENING.

BY MRS. STEES.

LUELA LANSING could before a tall mirror in her boudoir, one winter evening, adjusting a rose in her hair. She was a maiden of rare charms; and as she stood there in her beautiful robe of white and pink, delicately and almost imperceptibly spangled with silvery threads among the wavy folds; with her soft cheek glowing in damask loveliness; her bright eye beaming with health and happiness; her little hand, set off at the wrist with a golden bracelet, delicately interlacing the rose's stem amid the sunny curls of her hair—now inserting the tip of a dainty finger beneath the surface, now gently pushing the flower to the soft, white palm—her lovely neck, turned to the most unerring shade of perfection, bent a little on one side; her coral lips a breath apart, revealing a white row of purest teeth within the sacred portal; she seemed a model for a painter to look upon, and, looking, feast his artist soul.

Near her was a maiden whose plainer garb and less polished air bespoke the dependent, yet, in whose face one could not fail to note an expression of gentle goodness such as one seldom meets, even among the choicest of the sex. She stood gazing with affectionate admiration upon her little mistress, awaiting any motion by which the maiden might express a wish for her assistance.

The room was one that denoted it the abode of wealth and elegance. Nothing was wanting in the apartment that could give comfort, luxury and beauty their pleasantest garb. From the fine picture that hung in frame of massive gold, to the tortoiseshell cat that purred itself to sleep, with grateful drone, upon the velvet rug before the blazing grate, all denoted the presence of the master wealth, and the mistress elegance.

"There, Mary," said the fair girl, as she turned from the mirror to her companion, "can it be bettered?"

"No, Lula, it cannot," was the reply: "nothing could be more than your appearance now, unless you sought it, I am sure you could bring all Rosetown to your feet, to sue for your smiles. But your glory, I know—and I am thankful to know it—is not to win the applause and admiration of the general eye. Your object has a nobleness in it, in seeking to only please the eyes of Preston Lowville. There could be no beauty too rare for such good and gentle eyes as his. How I rejoice in the choice that brought him to your side! It gives me a grateful pride to feel that Lula is sought by one so noble."

The blush that glowed on Lula's cheek, as her companion thus praised Preston Lowville, made the maiden appear still more lovely; and as she gazed into the blazing fire, and murmured: "He is truly noble!" her eye was lit by that peculiar gleam which expresses happiness and unconscious pride.

Lula Lansing, reader, was not a heroine of romance—remarkable traits that she never yielded to the influences of disappointment, or rapid success, enabled them to rifle the tranquillity of her mind. Keenly sensitive as was her nature, it would be to deny the laws of living to say that she was not elated by praise and affection, and cast down by disappointment or reproof, in an equally sensitive degree. Thus, all said, was Lula's "best fault," if fault it justly might be deemed. She was too easily rendered petted. It was but a result, however, of her education; and few would have passed through the course of education she passed through, and graduated as pure. The only child of indulgent parents; petted, admired, caressed, from her infancy to her maidenhood—was it not indeed strange that her vanity, caprice and selfishness were not her leading attributes? Seldom is the flower nourished in such a hotbed, as pure, as healthy-hearted and as sweet, as Lula Lansing was.

But who was Preston Lowville? Start not, reader, when I say—a mechanic. I know that the light of romance may be taken rudely from my tale by this shocking revelation—yet Preston Lowville, the favored lover of the peerless Lula Lansing—the admired of all who admire talent, grace, courtesy, kindness, honesty and philanthropy—the friend of the oppressed and the enemy of evil doers, was a mechanic, who trimmed volumes and ruled paper in a bookbindery ten hours of each day in which he was not otherwise employed.

It may, however, redeem my narrative in the estimation of Sir Soft Codfish, from the odor of hard, red hands, sweat upon the brow and pockets, to know that Preston's father had been a professional man. And while his health had permitted him to do so pastor Lowville had read from the Book of Life to as contented and respectable a congregation as any village of the size of A——would afford. But, as his frame began to waste away, and his voice to give forth the hollow sound of the sepulchre, in his sermons, parson Lowville learned from his flock, grey with the snow of youthful hands, and wept, as did his father Adam, to till the soil, until it should be his time to pass away.

Shortly after this, Preston, having finished his academic course, yielded to his father's advice and entered a bookbindery. Before long he soon became interested in the details of his trade, and worked as one who loved labor.

Lula and Mary sat awhile, talking by the light of the blaze in the grate, that shed a cheerful glimmer upon the luxurious furniture of the chamber, and soon the former descended to the drawing-room to await her guests.

They came with happy smiles and rosy cheeks, with loud conversation and merry laughter, for they were all young, intimately acquainted and thoroughly pleased with the kind of entertainment that shows gentility of a pure quality. The more polished the society is, the less formality there is in it. This has ever been found true, where observation has sought for its confirmation or denial.

It is not my purpose to describe the manner in which the evening was passed by the party present. The description of one such scene will meet the wants of a many. But as the evening wore away one or two of the guests noticed a shade of displeasure resting upon the gentle Lula's countenance, for which they were at a loss to account. It vanished quickly, if one of her guests passed a sad cur a pleasantry not to her mind; but it as quickly returned a moment after.

We possess the power to explain away the mystery. She was merry, leaning upon a marble statuette, the fair Lula holds converse with her maid, companion, Mary.

"What can be the reason of Preston's absence?" said the fair one, as a fit of dissatisfaction and impatience clouded her brow. "Can it be possible that he shrinks from mingling with my associates? Truly he is most unreasonable to allow such a foolish modesty to cause me so much pain. See how unhappy I am, how cross to my other guests, how rude in spite of myself, when, truth known, I am most anxious to make those around me happy —I have nearly cut Captain Gay's head off—fopperies are not yet heard. I am ready to blame him for his thoughtlessness."

"Lula," uttered Mary, respectfully yet earnestly, as her mistress paused, thus seeming to invite a reply, "I am sorry to see you so unhappy to-night. That me, my lady, thinks you have reason for Preston's absence. I have known him, as you know, ever since his father found me, a little girl, weeping beside my dear mother's grave, and took me to his home; and I speak confidently, Lula, when I say that I know his absence has come other cause than that false modesty you have imputed to him—not one shade of which ever passed over his noble nature. You will be startled and shocked in my presence. I have seen him enough to know."

The maid's enthusiastic speech Lula made no reply. She wandered off among her guests, her heart ill at ease the while, and her eye turning often towards the door, in which direction it might be greeted with the sight of Preston's manly form, but in vain.

It was not long ere the unhappy Lula found herself again petulantly pouring her impatient murmur into the ever gentle Mary's ear.

"It is provoking!" was her almost angry expression, as she turned away and passed to a window. She disappeared within the folds of the heavy curtain, and presently her troubled brow gained the cool panes of polished glass.

It was bitter cold without. A biting wind sought through the streets, alarming shutters and rattling at sashes, while the clear, bright moon shed its rays upon the snowy paths, rendering the pedestrian visible at a distance. Suddenly Lula's gaze was riveted by beholding, stretched at length in the pathway below her, the form of a man. It was a fellow-being in distress and one who she might be, when her eye chanced to be caught by a manly form which came rapidly down the street, and approached the gate. In the shade she could not distinguish who it was, yet something in the gait arrested her attention. In a moment it had reached a point directly opposite the window, then came swiftly forward, as if bent for the prostrate child.

Lula's eye brightened, and her heart beat quicker, as she recognized Preston Lowville! The youth came up to the little girl, raised her in his arms, and, without a word, passed rapidly on the street with his burden.

It was but the work of a moment for Lula to glide from the folds of the curtain, to seek the nook where Mary sat, to take her arm, and lead her quickly away, without disturbing the merriment of her guests, nor attracting their attention. Arrived in a room adjoining the hall, Lula said:

"Mary, put on your hood and cloak; quick; and come with me. I have seen him!"

"Who?" said Mary, quietly, proceeding, at the same time, unhesitatingly to do as she was bidden.

"Preston Lowville," was Lula's reply, as she hastily arrayed herself in garments befitting the wintry night, and sallied forth, followed by Mary.

"It is nothing, Mary, I know," said she, as they emerged into the street; "but something tells me that I must follow Preston, if I would learn that which will be for my own good."

Shortly, but much surprised and wondering, Mary hastened after her mistress, who sped over the pavement as if gifted with the wings of the wind, until, as they turned a corner, Lula slackened her pace, and, to her companion, and said:

"Do you see him?"

"Where?"

"Yonder; that dusky shadow is his; he has a burden; we must see what becomes of it."

They had not long to follow him. Preston soon turned into short lane, branched off from the main street, and ended against a brick wall; and as the two maidens also turned the corner, a moment after, they saw him enter a house at the roadside, and close the door after him.

"I have hardly the courage to go further, Lula," said Mary, with a subdued and trembling voice. "Had we not better return?"

"Return?" said the maiden, as a strange fire gleamed in her dark eye; "return? No! Where Preston Lowville leads on, Lula Lansing is not afraid to follow!" and the excited lady advancing, tapped at the door which had closed upon Preston.

A weak female voice answered:

"Who is there?"

And almost in the same breath Preston's manly voice said:

"Come in!"

And Lula lifted the latch and entered.

Preston rose in surprise and comment! Lula paused equally astonished, to view the scene before her, while Mary closed the door and stood in the shade.

Before a dilapidated fireplace, in which now burned a ruddy flame, lay the burden, Walter had evidently just deposited there; and in a corner near, on a low bed, reclined the corpse of a man whose earthly light had evidently just turned out; with a stiffness in his features, and an open Bible lying on the bed by his side. This bed, a table, a chair and a stool, constituted the furniture of the room.

"Can it be possible," said the astonished young man, "that it is Miss Lansing?"

"It is possible," Lula gently replied.

"But what brought you here, Lula?" asked Preston, advancing to the first lady seeing her in a chair. "I am surprised beyond measure."

"And well, in truth, you may be, Preston," said the maiden, with the first tear she remembered appreciating the strangeness of her position. "I can hardly myself tell what Providence led me to this poverty-stricken abode. But, seeing you bear a child from before my father's door, I was moved to follow you; and I find you acting the part of the good Samaritan, while I was neglecting, in my comfortable parlors, of your neglect! How shall I atone for that in neglecting me you were ministering to the wants of those who are a silent rebuke to me for my thoughtless gentleness. But, in the unhappiness in the home of misery, oh! what would have won from me a word of complaint?"

A tear stood in the gentle girl's eye which attested the sincerity of her words. She had learned a lesson.

And by-and-bye, when they walked home together, Lula begged her Preston again to forgive her; and he answered:

"Yes, Lula, my wife, you are forgiven."

The white dove of happiness nestled warmly in Lula's bosom for the rest of that blissful evening; but the lesson was not forgotten.

ACTION AT PINE KNOB, GA.

Death of the Rebel Gen. Polk.

On the morning of the 14th of June Gen. Hooker advanced the 2d division of the 20th corps, under Gen. Geary, to a position opposite that occupied by the rebels, under Lieut.-Gen. Polk, who were strongly intrenched on the side of a mountain called Pine Knob, but finding it almost impossible to dislodge them by an infantry assault, Knapp's Veteran Pennsylvania battery was brought up, and, by a concentrated shell fire upon the rebels, compelled the enemy to evacuate the position and fall back out of our way.

During the action a party of officers, evidently of high rank, were seen on a ridge at the summit. A battery was ordered to the front, and a few shells were thrown among the group but missed. Knapp's battery then fired, and, from the effect produced, evidently hit their mark.

The next day they learned that the rebel Lieut.-Gen. Polk, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Louisiana, was struck by a ball, which went right through his body, killing him on the spot.

THE INVASION OF MARYLAND IN 1864.

WE give in this issue sketches of the invasion of Maryland in 1864. This brief campaign is in some respects one of the most remarkable movements of the war, from its boldness, the force employed, the skill with which it was conducted, and the results which followed troops in the Shenandoah and bore steadily down on Washington, till Wallace, with his handful, gave them battle on the outer banks of the treasonous that they recoiled, halted, paused and lost all their advantage. Had they succeeded in the former case with an army with high equal in numbers to that of Scourgeat at Bull Run, and no superior to his in material, led by experienced generals, and with nothing of a commensurate force before them. Washington and Baltimore, isolated by their cavalry from the North, could not be relieved for some days by land; the Florida made it dangerous to send by water. Yet in one battle, Gen. Lewis Wallace, sustaining a defeat, which in the nature of things was unavoidable, so broke their impetus that the tide rolled harmlessly away, and the veterans of the South became in his army as mere beardless and cattle-drovers. drove off their plunder in haste. Even the great capitatures of the raid escaped from them, Maj.-Gen. Franklin and Brig.-Gen. Tyler.

Our large illustration gives a picture of the mode of plunder; the cattle, horses, sheep are driven on, followed by the Canadaga wagons taken from the farmers and filled with all the useful and useless plunder seized by the rebels in their line of march. Between these animal and our does not need the recollect the state of things, and a soldier has been seen carrying a sailor's sea board stolen from a farmer's house, and a share of his line would have a luxury that he had not enjoyed for months.

After the defeat of Gen. Wallace some parties of the rebels, on Thursday straggled into the suburbs of Washington on the Northern Central railroad, connecting Baltimore with Harrisburg, and even captured that year's bridge over the river, at Magnolia, 19 miles from Baltimore. After reaching this point the rebels were diluted by by watt for trains, and on the 11th captured train No. 17 on the Baltimore and Ohio road, killing the fireman. The passengers were robbed, several ladies, evidently accomplices of the rebels, were suspected and let go.

Gen. Franklin was put into a buggy by Gilmore and driven home by the latter to Gilmore's house and Baltimore, where they arrived at two o'clock A.M. on the 12th and hiveaded for the night. The General, who was put in charge of Capt. Owen and two guards, lay down on a sofa and fell sick and tired. His guards took a cool siesta; and rising, he coughed and made a slight noise in attract attention, but their slumber was so profound that he leaped a fence and ran for about three quarters of an hour till he reached the corner of a store, where he hid. He remained in his concealment all the next day, frequently meeting parties in pursuit of him. At sunset he ventured out at all risk, and fortunately met a citizen with buggy and boy, which they were taking to their concealed horses. Learning who he was, these two men dropped their boy and pushed him, by a secluded path, to their house, where he was closely concealed, to escape the observation of the rebel scouts and several neighbors fully as dangerous. On the 13th the former directed his plan for the General to visit Washington, and conducted him to a spot where a carriage met him and from that to the office. Being, he said, "more free than ever he had felt before in his life."

We trust that the Government will provide at last to meet these raids. A Department should be formed of the valley embracing the States of Virginia Maryland and Pennsylvania, and placed under a General of skill, having troops present and during. The farmers in Virginia should be registered as nearly as possible, so that they should be known and distinguished from rebels. The militia in the Department in Maryland and Pennsylvania should, in the case of an invasion, likewise be enrolled and drilled, and works erected at proper points to check advance. In case of invasion by superior force those organized should be able to prevent a raid or capture the whole force.

JOSEPH LESURQUES.

THE case of this unfortunate man has once before been brought to French Chancellors, and although it is 60 years old, has excited much public attention. It is the most remarkable case of mistaken identity upon record, and seems destined to of more interesting to our readers. He was executed in 1794 for the alleged crimes of murder and robbery. Lyons was murdering the courier, but under circumstances of doubt and difficulty which would have rendered his conviction at the present time impossible. The case was a peculiar subservient to the purposes of the novelist and the romance writer. In 1794 the Lyons mail was robbed of 24,000 francs (£1,160) and the courier brutally murdered, and it was found that four persons had discovered in the crime, Lesurques fell a victim to his close resemblance to one of the murderers, and his innocence, in features, and in completion, but even in certain points on his own body, was proved in open Court. He was executed, protesting his innocence, and his innocence was also asserted by some of the actual perpetrators of the crime who suffered with him. His property was confiscated by the Treasury of the State, but he had, and his family reduced to beggary. His wife shortly after committed suicide. His son was also very nearly perished in the snows in Russia. One of his daughters has since married and died, and her husband, after the innocence of the father had been established by the discovery of the real murderer, was for a time Minister of Dahomey, to whom Lesurques had borne so fatal a resemblance. He died, failed, and starved himself in the Seine on the morning after the rejection of his claims by the Republic, and was buried without shell in a madhouse.

The claim of restitution has not been permitted to sleep. Something had been done by previous Governments, but the special petition of the daughter, and the recent motion, made by the Baron de Jouvel, was for the restitution of the property, and the restitution of the name. The latter was opposed up to the last moment by the whole body of the Imperial Ministry, but carried by 134 against 113. For seven years the law has refused to do a full measure of justice, and the delay it now will be an act exceedingly popular.

The whole of the proceedings in this case are very instructive, showing how fallible is judgment even in human tribunals, but particularly in showing the contrast between the independence of French Courts now and of this, and in fact indicating the general improvement in the administration of justice in Europe since this century. With the evidence adduced upon which Lesurques was condemned and executed, no court of law in Europe would now pass the sentence of death, and certainly such sentence would not be carried into effect.

A SINGULAR INCIDENT.—Twenty years ago a widower of Boston, Mass., resolved to remarry his wife, and started for his destination. In New York he stopped at a second class hotel, and, in the absence of any regular purse, containing some $2,000 in gold. In the course of the proprietor's duties he examined the trunk opposite all about his loss, having accumulated a handsome property. When the widower left the hotel the proprietor, feeling patriotic, he offered his services to Gen. Scott, and was soon after appointed Colonel. One night, on a march, the army arrived at a small town in Southern Kentucky, and the Colonel found his old possession of the inn for general headquarters. While talking with the landlord he discovered that the latter only kept a hotel in New York, and, upon pressing him inquiries, found that he had purchased the property of the house in which he had been robbed. In the course of time the host, by arranged secret communication, brought the landlord before it, charging him, among other things, as the robber of the guest. Much surprise, the landlord confessed the robbery, and he had the pleasure to restore to the guest all of his losses. The man received his principal and all the interest the landlord received from it during the war, which had been invested in U. S. 7-30 notes.

THERE were 4,613 mulatto slaves in the South in 1860; of whom 40,979 were in Virginia, 43,381 in North Carolina, 64,700 in South Carolina, and there are considerably beyond the legitimate proportion of these States. There were also 176,717 mulattoes in the United States in 1860; of whom 108,779 belonged to the South, and 68,038 to the North. Of the total of mulattoes Virginia contained 23,685, which number, added to her slave mulattoes, makes a total of 23,824. Her mulatto slaves alone exceeded the total number of mulattoes in the Free States. The whole number of mulattoes, slaves and free, in the Union, in 1860, was (69,332) of whom 40,979 belonged to the Free States, and 316,383 to the Slave States—a number greater than the combined white populations of Arkansas, Delaware and Florida—greater than the whole population of Maryland, almost twice as great that of South Carolina, and twice as great as the combined populations of Delaware and Florida. The mulatto population of Virginia alone exceeds the number of whites in Florida.



INVASION OF MARYLAND, 1864—REBELS DRIVING OFF CATTLE



CATTLE AND PLUNDER TAKEN FROM THE FARMERS.—BY EDWIN FORBES.

THE CONTRAST.

We sit at home, nor feel that they
Who fight upon the distant plain
Are falling faster day by day,
A harvest of the slain.

We lightly walk the busy street,
Where trade and gain roll swiftly on;
They march a battlefield to greet,
And die as it is won.

The trumpet calls them in the night
To die for Freedom: and the boom
Of cannon from the fortressed height
Still calls them to their doom.

Unmoved we read of how they fell
To shield the starry flag from shame;
Dauntless through storms of shot and shell
In the red battle's flame!

Brave hearts are beating for us there,
Amid the conflict's feverish breath;
This hour, what soldier's hurried prayer
Is said for you and death.

They lie upon the lonely hill
Or blackened plain in dreamless sleep,
Their rest eternal! Never will
They wake, like us, to weep.

We rise each day to weary toil
And hourly strife—their work is done!
Their blood will consecrate the soil
Their lives so nobly won.

THE MYSTERY OF "THE PLACE!"

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

PART II.—CHAPTER III.

It was mid-day, and not one speck of sunshine, when the train funnel up to the Standell station and dropped Isabelle. It was cold and raw, miserable drizzle coming down steadily, and as she stepped from the cars the prospect was anything but cheering. There was the wretched passengers' room of the depot, friezes, and smelling fearfully of tobacco, a few dusty, smoking cars, and only two or three gaping rustics; while one stupid-looking station-keeper was paying particular attention to a pair of English-whiskered youths, who, by the array of guns, fishing-rods and small wares they had in possession, had evidently come down to take all the game and finny tribes by storm. Until the station-keeper had got through his admiration of these fellows, and gone with them to a neighboring bar, from whence he came back wiping his mouth and looking more flushed in the face, Isabelle could expect no attention nor yet expect to move. Then she asked that gentleman:

"Do you know where Colonel Swinton's place is?"

"Be you a new gal comin' up thar?" was the gentleman's polite way of answering the question.

Isabelle was forced to smile, in spite of her annoyance.

"No; but I am anxious to get up there."

The station-keeper eyed her all over with a sort of detective officer air, and then deliberately said:

"Wal!"

"Can you tell me how I can get up to the place?"

"Wal! I karkilate you kin walk up 'bout as good as any way."

"Is there no carriage to be had?"

"Wal, thar's Jim Homes is got a kerridge, but then he ain't around, and won't be till to-morrow 'cause he was drunk up to Davie's last night, and I karkilate he ain't out yet this mornin'."

"If there's no way to ride, can you get me some one to carry this carpet-bag, then?"

"What do you karkilate to give for kerrying it?" was the station-master's inquiry, looking at the bag as though he was counting its weight and was about to offer for the job himself.

"Whatever you think is right," was Isabelle's heart-sinking response.

"Wal if you want to give half a dollar, I karkilate that some one will take it up for ye?"

And so the matter was settled, and Isabelle started with a crippled negro for her guide, the bag slung over his back, and three miles of dreary, muddy road to traverse on foot to join her husband.

For a mile the negro trudged on without a word, but then, perhaps the whiskey—for which he had stipulated before starting—beginning to act, he commenced whistling certain pigeon-wings, accompanied with laughs, to express the goodness of his feeling; and then, finding that these demonstrations had no effect on Isabelle, he stopped a little in his pace, and said, in a solemn voice:

"Ye ain't a-goin' ter stay at de haunted house to-night, missis, is ye?"

At first Isabelle was not disposed to indulge black Jim in an answer, and by not doing so a once short distance of his entering upon any conversation; but a glance at the negro's harmless face removed what fear she might feel in being alone with him on an unfrequented road, and she answered:

"Yes, I shall stay there to-night."

"All night, missis?"

"Yes."

The negro's eyes dilated to an extraordinary size, and with a look at Isabelle, as though he was gazing his last on a doomed one, he said:

"Den yar ghosts ketch yer, sartin, missis. Dey's werry bad up dar!"

Isabelle could not help smiling at the earnestness of black Jim, and asked him:

"How do you know about these ghosts?"

"How I know 'bout dem ghosts? Golly! how anybody know 'bout ghosts? I saw'd 'em, missis —saw'd 'em wid my own eyes."

"Did anybody see them beside yourself?" Isabelle said, without absolutely wishing to call the veracity of black Jim into question.

"Oh, jinks! jes hear dat! Anybody seed 'em 'sides myself! Guess eberybody seed 'em 'sides me. Why, missis, dem yar ghosts trabels all ober de place. Dars lots o' folks seed 'em. I seed 'em —one ob 'em. De one I seed got a yeller dress on and run like fun. Eberybody knows dat Kernel Swinton's place is haunted."

Isabelle did not feel inclined to continue the conversation at this rate of information, and therefore kept silence and trudged on for the balance of the three miles.

At last they arrived in front of a house, bearing all the appearance of a farmer's homestead, of an ancient build. There were part of the house of stone, and from the gable up, wood. Its age showed that the original building might date for a century, but all repairs would be at fault to tell at what periods the different wings and additions were completed. Her guide posted himself at a rickety gate leading up to the house, but made no offer to open it.

"Go in!" said Isabelle.

"Pay kerrier a dog yar, missis," was the answer of her squire.

"Give me the bag, then," she said, slipping the money into his hand, and taking from him his burden; "I will go in alone."

The negro, with a grin of satisfaction, relinquished the bag and seized the money, and then, with a look of wide-mouthed wonder, he made a sidelong dance into the road, and said:

"Good-by, missis! Look out what yer gwine," and was off in an instant.

Isabelle, by great exertion, pushed open the gate, and was for a moment startled to see a great English mastiff bounding down the path, with yelps of attack. The dog came to her very feet, but, seeing no signs of terror, followed submissively up to the house, where a knock at the door, after a long waiting, brought a tall, gaunt, old, yet a vacant face, who stared unknowingly at the new comer.

"I want to see Colonel Swinton," was Isabelle's first speaking.

The girl only gazed in a wild manner, as though the language was foreign to her.

"Do you not hear me? I want to see Colonel Swinton. Tell him so directly!"

The girl turned the head of the door in a frightened way, and stepped back a pace or two, but at an impatient movement from Isabelle she sway- ingly left a door on the above, and left her standing in the hall. She had scarcely stood five minutes when the sound of a step was heard, and the long-haired woman, with a frown, came slowly down a flight of stairs leading into the hall, and towards her, although she would, by the pace, be long in the cold grave. She took her hand, and knew at a glance the meaning of so extraordinary a visit, and said:

"What is your business?" she said, mechanically.

"My business is to see Colonel Swinton," Isabelle answered, proudly.

"Colonel Swinton cannot be seen, madame."

"I will see him. I have come all the way that his wife is here, and waits his pleasure."

"Phew!"

Isabelle was a change in the hatchetty face of the elder lady in a moment. A rigid smile came over her countenance, and she said:

"Excuse pardon, madame. I did not know that I should have the honor of receiving Colonel Swinton's wife. I did not know that the colonel expected you. He is very ill; the doctor has ordered quiet and repose, and he has declared that he will see nobody, and so I am only following out his orders. Please walk in."

And the woman threw open the door of an unaired room, and, moving forward in the dark, struck a wax shutter, letting in, perhaps, the first light it had known for months.

"Colonel Swinton has been down here for two years, continued the lady, "and has been ill all the time, and I am sure he never breathed a word about expecting you."

"It makes no difference," was Isabelle's response; "I do not know that I shall stay here; but I wish to see Colonel Swinton directly," and she unbuckled herself of her bonnet and shawl, and threw them upon the sofa.

"I will go to the colonel and announce you," was the woman's reply, moving to the door.

"No; I will go to him myself. What is your name?"

"Miller, madame. I have lived in this house, madame, ever since I was born. I was raised by Colonel Swinton's grandmother, and knew the colonel when he was a boy."

Miller went forward at an unwilling pace in obedience to Mrs. Swinton's movement, until she had ascended the second floor, where she stopped again, and said:

"Perhaps you'd better let me go in and tell the colonel that you are here?"

Isabelle paid no attention to the suggestion, but pushing by her, entered a large, somber, darkened chamber, with an old-fashioned tiled chimney place, and furniture that seemed somewhat too good and too well kept for the house of a farmer. It took almost a minute for her eyes to become accustomed to the dim light, but when they did they saw a figure lying on a bed in the far corner. A motion of her hand dismissed Miller, who went away with a doubtful frown, and Isabelle seated herself on the bed whereon lay her sleeping husband. Almost an hour she sat watching his uneasy slumbers, a tossing, restless, dozy sleep, until he turned full to the front, and said:

"Miller, drink!"

Isabelle took the pitcher from the table, filled the glass and gave it to the outstretched hand. He drank without raising his eyes, and, handing back the tumbler, caught sight of the figure of Isabelle in the dim room.

"Who is that?" he said, in a quick, commanding voice.

She drew near to the bed and leaned over him, but instantly started back at the sudden movement he made towards her.

"George, do you not know me?"

"What—what—what does this mean, Isabelle? What are you doing here?"

"George, you were sick and I came to you. Do not blame me, I must see you and I must stay with you."

"Stay with me! You cannot stay with me. Ring that bell. You must go away immediately. Isabelle, you do not know what you are doing by coming down here."

"What I am doing! What does this mean? Is it a matter of horror and shame for a wife to join her husband when he is ill? George, what do you mean by telling me this?"

"Mean! Isabelle! I mean that you must go away instantly," and Colonel Swinton sat up in the bed, with his arm stretched out, and his finger pointing towards her.

"I will not go," she said. "I came here not only to attend you because you wrote that you were ill, but because I felt that I must see you, and that I must, once for all, understand our future, and know what I have to expect."

He dropped back upon the bed, and for a few moments was entirely silent, then raising himself upon his elbow, he said:

"Isabelle, if I were able I would answer you, but I am not. I have but this to say, that you are not going to remain here. Return to your uncle, and say that I sent you back. Go to a hotel, do anything, but don't stay here."

"Why?" She stood apart from him as she asked this. "Why do you tell me to go away from you? Surely, George, if there was a reason for this you could explain it to me."

"No! no! I cannot explain anything!"

"Then I will not go. If you cannot tell me to-day the reason, I will to-morrow, or the next. I have a right to know without an explanation of your conduct, unless I leave it with you."

They were looking into each other's eyes, but a few feet apart, he with a look of disbelief in the disobedience of one whom he had never before known to disobey his slightest whim, she with a set determination to carry out that which she vowed to be right. At last he spoke again in a low, hollow tone:

"Call Miller. I want her immediately."

"Will you not speak to me upon you? What service can you want that I cannot do?"

"Call Miller," he reiterated, in a louder tone.

"George, you do not let me ask upon you? Why should you bring that woman between us?"

This time he almost shrieked out, "Call Miller," and Isabelle, with a look towards the door to obey; but the call was unnecessary, for the sudden appearance of the woman showed that she had been within hearing of the voice. She advanced quickly towards the bedside, and without looking at Isabelle or asking the cause for which she was so vehemently summoned, she said in the calmest and most mechanical way:

"This is very wrong." The doctor has ordered quiet and rest, and that he must not speak or be spoken to, and here is nothing but excitement and danger. It is very wrong."

Isabelle made no response, but stood aloof, waiting to hear what would pass between these two.

"Miller," said the sick man, "I shall get up. I am going to New York."

"He mind wunders!" she said, as though speaking to a child. "Colonel, you cannot get up. You are not able. Dr. Warner will be here very soon. His time is up now. Compose yourself until he comes."

"Yes! yes! but I must get up then. I must go to New York. This lady must be taken back to the city. I must see to it."

"Really this is too bad," she said again, as though to herself. "To-day! It may be really dangerous to him. I wish the doctor would come,' and Miller looked at her watch, and then towards the door, as though she thought answering her wish was bringing from nothing, an elderly, calm-faced man entered with a velvety tread, and advanced to the bed, without speaking a word to Isabelle. The patient had turned his face to the wall, and as the doctor stood looking on him, Miller, without changing her own position or looking at Isabelle, said:

"Mrs. Swinton, Doctor Warner."

The doctor took the hand of Isabelle with professional courtesy, and then said:

"I fear your unexpected arrival is not calculated to assist our patient, Mrs. Swinton."

"I shall not disturb him, doctor, but I shall remain quietly about him until he is well."

The doctor gave an acquiescent nod, and without more words seated himself at a small table, and after compounding some medicines and writing directions for their use, got up and went away.

Colonel Swinton had dropped off again to sleep, or was feigning it, and Isabelle left the room, making a motion to Miller to follow her. When they reached the outer gallery, Isabelle turned steadily towards her, and in a voice different from what she had yet spoken, she said:

"I intend to occupy a room as near that of my husband as possible. You will, of course, prepare it for me."

"Certainly, madame."

"Let me see the apartments you intend I shall occupy."

There was something in the voice of Isabelle that told the woman, notwithstanding her desire to command, that she must obey, and on this she went out to her bidding. Directly opposite Swinton's room were the apartments shown by the housekeeper for her accommodation, and Isabelle took possession of rooms leading into those of her husband, and looking out upon the back of the house.

The night was gathering fast, and Isabelle sat in her room gazing out on the shadows that were coming down upon the surroundings of the house. There was nothing cheering in her position, and yet notwithstanding its unhappiness, she felt more content than when in that lonely spot in Pennsylvania she waited and watched as a deserted wife. She was now with her husband, and in his own house—where he could not go from her, or where, if he did, it was something that had a semblance of a home. There she may watch and wait, and when the time came that she could speak, would know her fate, whether it was to live apart and neglected or whether there was enough of that love left he once possessed to make her life something that would accord to the requirements of her heart. And then her mind went wandering back to the girl days when, in the Brown Cottage, she had been surrounded by nothing but friends, warm and true; friends who were now perhaps like herself, looking out upon the fast appearing stars and thinking of her as she thought of them, and—

What was that?

A figure, tall and strangely dressed, flitted before the window, stared an instant towards her with an unmeaning look, and was gone. It was certainly a woman, though the face would scarcely tell it, and in the dim light Isabelle had little chance to see what would have enabled her to identify it. The eyes were large and bright, though a strange, unearthly look came out of them, and the features were drawn and gaunt, though not old. A shiver ran through her as she recalled the words of the negro that day, and cast her eyes over the dim, somber look of the room in which she sat. She did not believe in the supernatural, but who could this extraordinary person be who had just now so mysteriously flitted through the grounds, and in a movement that was neither walking, running or flying? She raised the sash and strained her eyes out into the darkness, but there was not a trace of the mystery, and once more she seated herself to muse not only on her past, but on all the strangeness of her present.

Some days passed, and Isabelle had gradually calmed herself into a daily routine. Twice or three times a day she spent a little time with her husband, studiously avoiding any action or word that would be likely to lead to a discussion of his conduct or her purpose. Between them and Miller there was almost entire silence. Isabelle had never said anything to her of the singular appearance of the evening previous, nor had she rectly the next day whether there were inmates of the house besides herself, Colonel Swinton and Miller, and had received a decided negative for answer. She had thought it better not to have Mademoiselle Pauline down with her, and had left her behind, to proceed to Canada with accommodation at the hotel to which her baggage had gone.

Every day Doctor Warner came, like a machine, with his soft, catlike way, and looked at his patient, compounded his medicine, said a few courteous things to Isabelle, and went away. Mrs. Swinton's movements were confined to a very circumscribed area, merely from her own room, in which all her meals were served, to that of her husband's, and from these, once during the day, to the long graveled walk that led up to the house through what had once been a flower garden, but was now an overgrown mass of weeds.

To Isabelle's room there were two doors, one leading out to a long deserted room, the other into the hall. The first, Miller had informed her, on taking possession of the apartments, had not been opened since the old lady's death, nearly ten years, and Isabelle found, upon trying it, that the door was firmly fastened, apparently nailed, on the other side. The door leading into the hall she always locked upon retiring to rest.

This was the state of things when Isabelle had been about a week in the house. It was upon a dreary and chilly night, and that evening she had caused a wood fire to be made upon the hearth, which was still blazing when she retired to bed. How long she had been asleep she could not tell, but only the sensation of that fire being was awakened, which still smouldering in coals showed it to be somewhere near midnight. The cause of the awakening was a noise in the room, about as much, perhaps, as would have been made by a mouse gnawing upon the wainscot, and Isabelle turned to see a figure, dimly discernible over the dim embers on the hearth, and holding two skinny, shrivelled hands close to them. For a full minute she looked at this strange apparition, almost too terrified to speak, and then, with a spasmodic courage, she started to a sitting posture and said:

"Who's that?"

It was as though the sound of her voice dispelled the apparition in an instant, and Isabelle could reach forward for a match to light the lamp at her bedside, the figure had risen to its feet and disappeared in the darkness of the part of the room where was the door that led into the deserted apartment. The full gleam of the lamp showed the room without any occupant but herself, and a trial of the door leading to the other room, proved it still firmly fastened as it had ever been.

There was something mysterious in this; something that sent a heart-sickening pang through Isabelle. Was this figure, which she had twice seen—for though she did not identify the second with the first she still felt sure that they were one—a reality, and some part of the strange reputation of the house, or was it merely a figure of her imagination, engendered by the trouble she had passed through? It was impossible that her mind could be so affected on that one point alone, and not upon any other. No! the figure must be a reality, and yet what could it be with that strange, gliding, noiseless motion,

passing through fastened doors, and laughing locks to scorn?

There was no more sleep for Isabelle that night, and yet when morning came she determined to say nothing to Miller about the matter, but wait for some elucidation of it without her aid. Quietly she went into the deserted room, and examined the door, and was convinced that it was impervious to from that side, without the exertion of great force, and that as far as could be judged by the accumulation of dust, it had certainly remained shut for the time that Miller claimed. This was another strange thing to ponder on, but as day after day went over the matter became softened in her mind, and Isabelle was disposed to persuade herself that what at first she regarded as a mystery was nothing more than some natural occurrence that would ultimately meet with easy explanation.

Thus nearly twenty days had slipped away, and Col. Swinton had almost recovered. He had not yet left his room, but every day he would take possession of a great armchair facing the window, and sit for hours, looking out upon the distant hills, without speaking a word. Several times Isabelle had offered to read to him, but the offer was always rejected, mildly but discouragingly. During these times he never exchanged over two or three words with her, but when she was out of the room, and the doors open between their apartments, she could hear him holding long conversations under his voice with Miller, all, seemingly, questions on his side, and answers upon the other.

It was upon a night of nearly the twentieth day after her arrival at the place, that Isabelle had gone early to her room, and sitting for some hours writing, went to sleep more wearied than usual. It was the last sense of the season, just coming, had fallen to cover the ground, and to cast the reflection of its brightness into the room, so that everything in it was light and easy distinguished. Isabelle had scarcely fallen into her first doze when she was conscious of a choking sensation, and strangling awoke, found herself grasped by the throat, by a figure bending over her, and glaring down with a fierceness of face terribly real. Isabelle essayed to scream, but the hands tightened on her throat, and nothing came but a gurgling sound, which could not have been heard beyond the room. She tried to rise, but the strength of her attacker was too great, and she remained fastened by the powerful grip to the bed, her strength and breath rapidly passing away. The minutes were hours, and the hands tightened upon her throat. There was no help to reach her, and Isabelle, with the last, silent prayer, swooned.

Within half an hour the house was awakened by shrieks, and Miller hastening to Mrs. Swinton's room, from which they came, found the door locked inside, and the screams being repeated at yield to his hand, went back to his room, and with the speed of thought brought out a heavy, old, fashioned poker. One or two blows with this broke a panel whizzing from the door, and gave admittance to Miller's hand to unlock it, and admit them both, to find Isabelle standing white and rigid, in the centre of the room, a few drops of blood coming from her mouth and nose, and dropping on her nightgown, while her right hand was clenched, holding a piece of faded yellow silk, and a scrap of fringe.

CHAPTER IV.

"She has been greatly terrified," Dr. Warner said, the next morning, as he stood by Isabelle's bedside; "she must be kept very quiet, and not be left alone at night. Another such fright, and I will not answer for the consequences."

Isabelle had been moved into another room, and Miller was in attendance, for a nervous fever was the result of the night's work. Mrs. Swinton, wife, to come down. The letters went forward this morning, before she told this. What do you think of it?"

"They must come," said Dr. Warner, sententiously.

"Had Colonel Swinton better know of it?"

"Not yet. It will not do to disturb him with anything those days yes."

The housekeeper drew the doctor to the far corner of the room.

"Doctor, do you know what Mrs. Swinton's belief is about this affair?"

"No!"

"She thinks it was done by some one on the instigation of her husband."

"What!" ejaculated the doctor, with an astonished look at Miller, "Does she really so believe?"

"She really so says."

"Oh, dear! dear! This has been a very careless affair. Very unfortunate!"

"Yes! but as I have said, doctor, how could I have been foreseen or prevented?"

"True enough," said the doctor, thinkingly. "But none the less unfortunate. And so she thinks that it was Colonel Swinton's wish to murder her?"

"No! she does not absolutely say that, but she says her friends will be here to-day or to-morrow, and that she will return to New York with them, and then, that this affair will be inquired into, that a divorce may be got."

"Very unfortunate! very!" repeated the doctor, tracing the pattern of the carpet with the toe of his boot. "Do you know anything about this Mr. Ivy—Fye—"

"Feyton," suggested the housekeeper. "No! I have never heard of them until now, but she says that he is her nearest and dearest friend."

"Ah! ah!" said the doctor, stooping to pick up a pin, and critically examining it in the light.

"Married, of course. Ah! yes, brings his wife down with him. Very unfortunate, very! Must be careful that no more accidents occur."

"I can't understand how it could have happened. It was most unaccountable. I tried to persuade her this morning, that it was merely a nightmare, and that she had injured herself in her struggles to wake, but she only points to the scratches and bruises on her throat."

"The thing was unaccountable," said the doctor, depositing the pin, after a thorough examination, in a little silk pincushion taken from his vest pocket, and taking his watch-key out of the room and into a buggy that stood waiting at the gate.

The next day at noon a carriage drew up to this same gate, and Wilton Peyton jumped out, and handed his wife to the ground. Miller was standing at the main entrance of the house to welcome them, which she did with a serious courtesy, and a single glance, that in its sweep took in the entire appearance of genteel and physical, of the couple, and then ushered them into the parlor.

"How is Mrs. Swinton," was Wilton's first question.

"Quite unwell," was Miller's answer; "something serious has occurred since Mrs. Swinton wrote to you."

"Serious!" said Peyton, looking inquiringly into Miller's face, as though he would read its meaning.

"Yes, sir! Mrs. Swinton will inform you when she sees you."

"Let us go directly to her then! Come, Nelly! she will pardon us for coming so suddenly. You will please show us the way, madame," and Wilton moved somewhat hurriedly towards the door. Nelly followed his wife. Miller opened the parlor room door upon that floor, and in a moment, Isabelle, who had left her couch, was clasping both Wilton and Nelly in her arms, with one wild burst of passionate tears.

For the first time in his life Wilton missed Isabelle, a kind of pain of affection, a sense of sympathy, without knowing of what her distress consisted, such a kiss as a brother may have given a much loved sister, was his to her upon cheek.

"What is this, Isabelle? Why did you send for us in so positive a way? Don't cry, but tell us anything. Nothing shall come to harm you!"

Between her sobs, for she could not speak, she pointed to her neck, bruised and scratched, the dark marks of the fingers upon the white skin. He looked at it with horror, and into the soft blue eyes of his wife, which were full of tears.

"Great heavens! has it come to this? Isabelle, you cannot live with this man," were his words, spoken in a low tone.

"No, him! not him!" she said in a whisper. "Oh, you do not know how terrible it was!"

"Isabelle, compose yourself. What do you mean when you say, 'not him?'"

"Hush, Wilton; you shall know all, but let us go from this house. Indeed, indeed my life is not safe here. I cannot sleep, I am afraid."

"Can you not explain? If you cannot do it now, let us wait until you are more composed, but it is in this house that I should know everything, not after we have left it."

"And you will stay with me, you will not leave me?"

"No until you are in safety. Now, Isabelle, I will only ask you one question. Did Swinton do this?"

"No! no! no!" she said, getting the start that was about her high up in the neck, "not him, but something more terrible."

"Did he cause it to be done?"

She bured her face in Nelly's bosom, but spoke no word of answer.

"Isabelle, you must answer me; if you would have me serve you, there must be no concealment. What has been the cause of this attack upon you?"

"Murder," she whispered, without looking up.

Wilton's brows knitted with a convulsive twitch.

"Will you have the goodness to retire, keeping back a single word that you know yourself?"

"Yes!" and in a moment, drying her eyes, and swallowing the sobs that were choking her utterance, Isabelle, in a clear, connected way, gave him a history of her doings from the hour she had left him, especially that part which related to the attack.

"Who had I to tell?" she asked; "I only spoke of the attempt of the night before last, and that to the doctor and Miller. I have not seen my husband, they say he must not be seen, but that he believes, or professes to believe, that the whole matter was a dream, and that I have wounded myself in my sleep."

"And the doctor?" Wilton asked.

"See, Wilton, this is the strangest part of the whole. Neither the doctor nor Miller have shown the least surprise, nor have they suggested that any attempt should be made to detect or arrest the guilty one who sought to murder me in my sleep!"

Just then a knock came at the door, and the housekeeper entered.

"I have informed Colonel Swinton of your arrival, sir, and he requests me to say to you that he wants to see you immediately, alone!"

"Be courageous," he whispered to Isabelle, "no further harm can possibly come to you," and then he followed the housekeeper into Swinton's room.

Colonel Swinton was lying upon his bed, and as Peyton entered raised himself upon his elbow. He made no sign of greeting, and spoke no word of welcome, but almost before Wilton could distinguish him in the dimness of the room he heard his voice.

"What school of gentlemen were you educated in, Mr. Peyton, that taught an interference in the domestic affairs of one almost a stranger to you, and a thrusting of your society on him in his own house? I am waiting your answer, sir!"

Indeed he might have waited some minutes longer without this reminder, for Wilton was almost deprived of a rejoinder by the suddenness of the attack. He recovered himself, however, in a instant, and said, in a firm, decided tone:

"I was educated in a school of humanity, Colonel Swinton, and though we always to protect a defenceless and abused woman, to say nothing of one whom I shall always esteem as a sister, and regard as a brother should, even to the extent of incurring her husband's displeasure."

"Ah! and are you sure that your knight-errantry is acceptable to the lady?" he said, fairly hissing the words.

"Perfectly sure! She has shown it by sending for me, and now that I am here, by declaring that she will remain this house under the protection of myself, and in the society of my wife."

"Did it ever occur to you, Mr. Peyton, that I should possibly have something to say about my wife's leaving this house. She came here against my positive orders, and insisted upon staying when I commanded her to go back to the city, and when I was too ill to resist her obstinacy. Now she shall stay, whether she wishes to or not, until I can take her home myself."

"You are mistaken, Colonel Swinton, your wife is under no such choices to consider herself as such, and I am proud to have the title of her brother. My house and my mother's are open for her, true hospitality she can remain in safety, until such time as the law gives release from you."

He was stunned by the coolness of the man with whom he had to deal, but recovering himself in a moment, he said:

"The law! What stuff are you talking? The law! A fine thing for a gentleman about to act as any shoemaker's wife would do, and appeal to lawyers for aid against her husband? You talk like a child, Peyton. Your speech has no foundation on which to have an appeal to law."

"No foundation, Colonel Swinton, is murder no foundation?"

"Murder! Pshaw! If I did not know you for a temperate man, Peyton, I would ask you now if you were drunk. Murder! I would send for you as soon as I heard of your arrival, that I might warn you and your wife against encouraging this delusion of Mrs. Swinton's that she has been attacked. The entire truth is that she has had an unpleasant dream, and struggling with it, I am told, she has bruised herself badly."

"Colonel Swinton! look at me, and ask yourself whether I look like a child that can be deluded with such tales as these? If I had not already heard Mrs. Swinton's story of this attempted murder, I would not now look at her bruises to see that they were done by a human hand, and by no tender one at that."

"You are wrong, Peyton, and the less that is said about the matter the better."

"The less said about an attempt to murder your own wife, Colonel Swinton—"

Swinton was quiet for a few moments, looking somewhat absently at Wilton, as though thinking, and then he said:

"Well! we will suppose this has been an attempt to murder Mrs. Swinton, how do you think her position is to be cleared up by inquiry?"

The question was a staggering one to Wilton, staggering from its very impudence. There before him was a man who, only a few months married, was desirous of entering upon an argument to show that he possessed a right to murder, or have his wife murdered. To Wilton's reasoning, this was the only view of the case. Swinton saw this look of astonishment on Peyton's face, and followed it up by saying:

"I accord to you somewhat of the position you are in Miss Swinton's estimation, and am willing to submit for yours or her consideration, whether it is worth while to follow out any inquiry in a matter like this, or whether it is not better to disgrace and entire separation, when, by foregoing that inquiry, everything reasonable that my wife demands shall be granted her."

He ceased, looked earnestly at Peyton, and waited for his answer.

"If you are speaking to me, Colonel Swinton, personally, to stay any action I may contemplate in the affair, the appeal is utterly uncalled for. I shall do nothing but at the request of Mrs. Swinton, and when she makes that request, I shall only move as she may command, without attempting to influence her in any way. My own belief is that it should be the subject of investigation, and in this opinion I must remain unless something is shown by which I may know that the evil witnesses of Mrs. Swinton is at stake by seeking such an investigation."

"Will you not receive my assurance that it will be ruin to us both to follow the matter?"

"I ask no assurance but myself, nor do I arrogate a right to demand any explanation of your motives, but most assuredly some can be given to Mrs. Swinton?"

"There cannot," he said, with a sudden burst of passion. "She is a fool to ask it, and you are a fool to encourage her in any such demand."

Colonel Swinton, you forget yourself, and presume upon your position static. This interview is ended until such time as you can account to me for the language you have just used. Mrs. Swinton must ask me she pleases without my influence being used to dissuade her, and she shall have my entire assistance in any steps she may see fit to take."

And without another word Peyton rose from his seat and left the room, while Swinton, who had raised himself almost on his knees in the bed, gazed after him, with features livid with anger. On his way back to Isabelle, he was stopped by Miller, who came hastily out of a room upon the same floor as that of Colonel Swinton's, and confronted him.

"For Heaven's sake, sir, do persuade Mrs. Swinton to take the colonel's advice, and not press this terrible affair any further. Do not let it become public."

He should off the hand that she had laid upon his arm, and looking the woman sternly in the face, answered:

"There is something strange in your solicitude, Mrs. Miller. Your lady has been most mysteriously in her bed at midnight, and an attempt made to murder her by a woman—understand me, by a woman—and you join Colonel Swinton in wishing to hush it, and ask me to become a party to this shameful concealment. I believe you have told me that there is no female in this house but yourself and the servant. If it were this girl, you certainly would not wish to shield her, therefore I cannot see that you are adding to your own reputation by seeking to smother an investigation. If you have anything to confess, let it come at once, and let the guilty ones throw themselves on the mercy of Mrs. Swinton."

"Oh! gracious heavens! am I also to be suspected? Has it come to this, that I am to be accused of an attempt to murder Mrs. Swinton?"

"Do you draw any distinction, Mrs. Miller, between the murderer and the one who is accessory, after the fact, to the fact? If you do, be assured that upon that point the law will differ with you."

The woman stood aghast and dumb, looking him in the face until the last word was uttered, and he had turned away, and disappeared at the end of the hall, when she hurried with precipitation into Colonel Swinton's room.

Isabelle had sobbed herself into an uneasy, feverish sleep, and remained for an hour after Wilton's return, when she awoke suddenly, and with a start, rising herself, looked him inquiringly in the face, with the single exclamation of:

"Well?"

In as few words as possible, Wilton gave her an account of the interview with Swinton. When it was ended, she said:

"And you declared to him that you would not advise a public investigation?"

"I did."

"And that you would give me your aid in any step I may see fit to take?"

"I will. But consider well, Isabelle, what you are about to do."

"I have considered it well, and I am determined to have this mystery unravelled—for mystery it is—if you will not advise me, I must advise myself."

"Nay, if it is as Colonel Swinton says, something the investigation of which will result in ruin and disgrace, to us both, it must equally come without the elucidation; but this matter must and come to me, I have done nothing to deserve it."

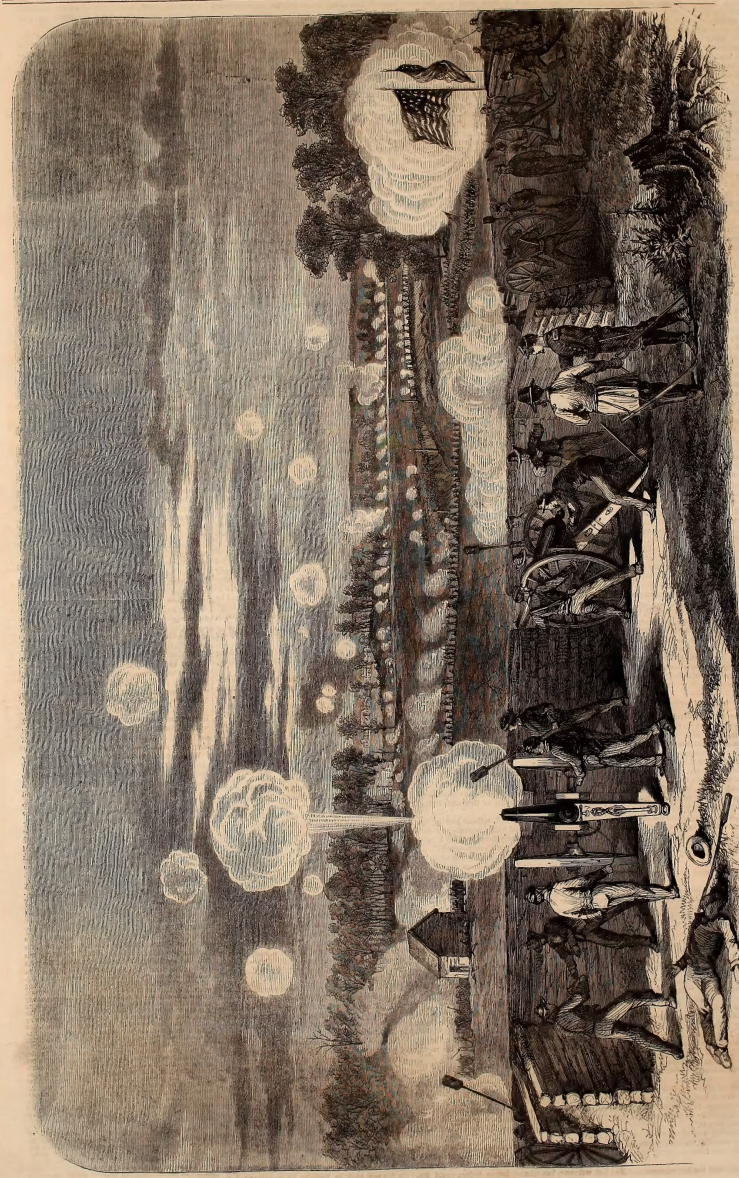
"And I will propose to you what I do. I shall not advise, but if it can be done without an absolute public exposure, it will be better."

"Wilton, I know how I have been educated, without any knowledge of the world. I was taken from my quiet, happy life, and thrust suddenly out into the world to seek for myself. I only do now possibly will not meet with your concurrence, but I have determined, and I will not be turned from it, even by you from whom I have a right to influence me. Now, I have read of men—detectives—who, having spent a lifetime in such business, are skilled beyond our comprehension in unravelling these mysteries. I shall send to New York for one, and he will find out for me. If you can do more than ourselves, with this terrible privilege we can then tell what shall be done. What I do not know of one, I shall write to the chief of the police and explain my wish."

Wilton looked and mused through. It was certainly the only plan he could think of at that moment, even had he been inclined to offer one, and he could not recommend a man whom he would hold do, a quiet, unobtrusive person, who had "worked up" a remarkable case for a friend of his only a few weeks before, in a manner which seemed more like romance and superhuman perception of hiddendings than reality. The matter was discussed, a letter was written, a messenger obtained from a near-by farm, without the interposition of Miller or the servant, and the next evening, just as the sun had set, a man came down over "The Place," Mr. Darius Brobbett, professional detective, a man of middle size, with a never-resting eye, walked up the garden path, and reported himself.

THE PIKE.—The boldness of the pike is very extraordinary. I have seen one dash a bait without a float of the spot where I have been standing; and the head keeper at Bramshott Park assured me that he was once washing his hand at the side of a boat in the great pond of that park, when a pike made a dart at it, and he just had time to withdraw it. A gentleman was angling at Weybridge, in Surrey, informed me, that walking one day by the side of the river Wey, near that town, he saw a large pike in a shallow creek. He immediately got a stout rod, tackled up his shirt-sleeve, and ran into the water to intercept the return of the fish to the river, and so succeeded by means of the bank by getting his hands under it. During this attempt, the pike bit severely, and he could not make his escape, seized one of the fingers of the gentleman, and lacerated it so much that the wound was dangerous. A friend of mine caught a pike in a new mill-dam, breaking his tackle, and found it in the pike, a part of the line, hook, etc. A pike was caught in the Thames, with a bridle complete, with a piece of strong twisted wire projecting from the side. On opening it, a double set of teeth were found at the end of the wire, much corroded. This fish must have been lost by some angler, and afterwards carried away with a gorged hook in them. An account was found in "Salmonia" of a pike taking a bait with a set of hooks in his mouth, which he had just before broken from a line.

IF is impudent to ask an unmarried lady how old she is. To ask a lawyer if he ever told a lie. To ask a doctor how many persons he has killed. To ask a minister whether he ever did anything very wrong. To ask a merchant whether he has ever cheated a customer. To ask a young lady whether she would like a kiss. To add to enhance the name of any of his correspondent.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—BUSHROD'S BATTERY, 3RD DIVISION, 9TH ARMY CORPS, SHELLING PETERSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. MCCLEES.

Petersburg Norfolk and Petersburg Railroad.



THE PIRATE FLORIDA BURNING THE BARQUE GOLCONDA, OFF CAPE HENRY, JULY 8.

THE PIRATE FLORIDA.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the arrival of the gratifying intelligence of the defeat and destruction of the pirate Alabama came the news that her consort, the Florida, is on our coast, running her course of piratical ruin. She seems to have struck across to the Chesapeake and at once began waylaying vessels. She is now commanded by Capt. Morris, and carries 150 men. She has two 120-pound rifle guns, two 12-pound howitzers, and a battery of six guns.

On the 8th she captured and burned the barque Golconda, Capt. Winslow, on her way from Talcahuano, with 1,500 barrels of oil; and soon after the barque Greenland, with coal for Pensacola; the Gen. Berry for Fortress Monroe, with hay; the Margaret Y. Davis; barque Berry; barque Solinda and schooner Howard.

On the 10th she captured the Electric Spark, a new steamer, of 850 tons burthen, built in Philadelphia, and a very fast boat.

Capt. Graham of the Electric Spark thus describes the capture, which we represent in our illustration:

"When within three miles of us she hoisted the British flag. We answered by running up the Stars and Stripes. She neared us rapidly, and, when within 1,200 yards, she hauled down the British flag, hoisted that of the rebel Confederacy, and fired a rifle shot across our bows. It did no damage, and we continued rapidly on our course, when she fired another shot, which crossed our stern. As we still held on, the Florida fired a third shot, which passed over us amidships, about midway between the smokestack and the mainmast. I then ordered the engine to be stopped and our colors lowered. The Florida immediately sent aboard a boat's crew and an officer, who proved to be Lieut. Stone. He ordered me on board the Florida, with the ship's papers. I at once complied, and on reaching the deck of the privateer was asked by Capt. Morris where I sailed from and to what port I was bound? I answered from New York to New Orleans. He then asked for my papers, which I handed to him. After looking them through he ordered me to return to my own ship, and transfer my passengers and crew to the British schooner Lane, which he had boarded that day at noon. The Captain of the Lane at first refused to take us, as his vessel was loaded with fruit; but Capt. Morris finally struck a bargain with him, by which he finally agreed to take us to New York for $700 in gold, which sum he received in $20 gold pieces.

We give a view of the destruction of the Golconda by the pirate, and of the capture of the Electric Spark.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

OUR readers will be able to study the siege of Petersburg in our illustrations this year, as they did that of Vicksburg last year. It is one of those cases where pictorial illustration has an advantage over mere verbal accounts. To say that Grant is pushing the siege seems little, but when, as here we show, how far he has pushed it, the matter has a different look. In previous sketches we saw the distant spires. Here we see the 34th New York battery (Boemer's), and the 7th Maine (Twitchell's) of Wilcox's 2d division of Burnside's 9th Army corps shelling the city itself as it stands in full sight, and less than three miles off. The rebel lines between are gradually approached and forced back, and the city is hourly nearing its destined fall, as surely as the current of Erie that sets towards Niagara.

HOOKER'S CAPTURE OF LOST MOUNTAIN, JUNE 14.

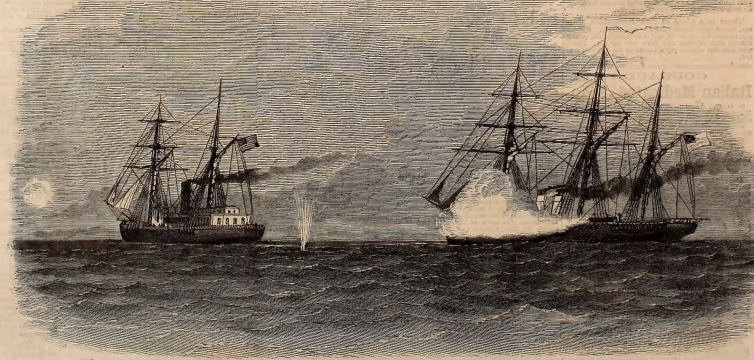
IN the advance of Gen. Sherman, after the lucky cannonading of Pine mountain that cost the rebels a Lieutenant-General, McPherson crossed the Etowah, Palmer moved on Kenesaw and Howard on Pine mountain. To Hooker was assigned the assault on the difficult position at Lost mountain.

On the 14th he pushed forward, with Gray in the advance, and soon came up with the enemy. Having driven the rebels from two hills, Geary being without support upon his right, was forced to halt.

Butterfield and Williams having arrived, and formed in open fields on the right of Geary's position, about 3 P. M., Gen. Hooker ordered an advance of the corps. The lines moved forward, driving the enemy's pickets rapidly before them, halting now and then a moment to dislodge some of the more stubborn of the rebels who maintained their fire until almost under the fast of the advancing troops. Geary's division was the first to encounter the enemy in strong force, with whom a sharp volley or two was exchanged, and they then fell back to their strongly entrenched lines, from which they opened a terrible fire.

This was the commencement of the fierce struggle which lasted until after dark. The main line of 2d division had pushed to within 150 yards of the rebel works, its skirmishers having driven those of the enemy within cover, and having advanced close to the works. Volley succeeded volley, and it was sometime after night had closed ere the contest abated to the ordinary brisk fire of the opposing lines of skirmishers. Butterfield, on the right, met the enemy, but became but lightly engaged. Under the cover of darkness the enemy threw out a strong line of skirmishers, and the morning of the 15th opened with heavy firing, resulting in repelling an attempt of the rebels to break the picket lines of Geary's 2d and 3d brigades.

The night had not been spent in idleness by Geary's troops, who, aided by Robinson's brigade, of the 1st division, threw up lines of works, the front case being advanced still more closely to the enemy. The right of the 2d division line being subject to an enfilading fire was swung to the rear a short distance, but the main line of works was within 100 yards of that of the foe. Artillery was placed along the lines, and on the 16th took prominent part in the struggle, which continued



THE PIRATE FLORIDA INTERCEPTING THE U. S. MAIL STEAMER ELECTRIC SPARK, FROM NEW YORK TO NEW ORLEANS, JULY 10.—FROM A SKETCH BY QUARTERMASTER JOHN KROGER.

with varying intensity till after nightfall, when it resumed the customary character of a brisk cannonade.

During the day (15th) the 3d division had been without support on the left, was joined by a brigade of Williams's division, and the line extended with the 4th corps. The heaviest of the troops throughout was assailed, and men standing well up to the work. Up to the morning of the 16th the skirmishers of Geary's 1st brigade discovered that the enemy had evacuated, and they immediately pushed into the works. Speedily after two of Geary's brigades occupied the enemy's old line, which was one of the strongest our troops have yet encountered; the trees and grounds surrounding proved how severe had been the struggle. The corps lost about 700, of which number 110 were lost by the 3d division; of the rest five were missing, the remainder being killed or wounded.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY

A WONDERFUL storyteller, addicted to humming an air, beginning "Strike the Lyre," was much surprised when one of his acquaintances, taking him at his word, kicked him down.

WHAT is the principal difference between the swallow and the cat? It is an admitted fact that one swallow does not make a summer, but one cat can make a spring.

A FELLOW who was being led to execution told the officer not to take him through a certain street, lest a merchant who resided there should arrest him for an old debt.

An illiterate farmer, wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote as follows to the secretary of the society: "Also enter me for the best jackass. I am sure of getting the prize."

"THEY don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a sunken eye, wrinkled face and livid complexion in a glass that smilingly looked into.

A PERSON who looks at the world in some what phantasmal view recently complained to Dr. Antwerp that he had it was that people must grow old. "Why, my dear," replied the veteran sycophant, "it seems to be the only means yet discovered of enjoying long life."

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

I saw him stand upon the brink
Of wild Niagara's fall,
He rode directed, and his face
The strongest might appal.

A moment stood he gazing down,
With charmed eye and bated breath,
Then to that scene his brain
There flashed the thought of death.

I saw him toss his arms on high,
"Hurrah, madman," loud I said;
He headed not, but springing up—
Came home and got to bed!

A SOLDIER who read his name in the list of deaths at an hospital wrote home that he didn't believe it. He said he knew the statement was a lie as soon as he read it.

"I WISH," said the slight and elegant Mr. Pitkeb to his friend Mr. Big, whose emolument was strikingly handsome, "I wish I had some of your fat, and you and some of my lean."

"I'll tell you what is the origin of that wish," replied the fair view you think too much of me, and too little of yourself."

Spooner was arrested for drunkenness, and waxed indignant thereat. Spooner is loyal.

"Now, Judge," says he, "if it's right to go and arrest a man for supporting the Government. Every drop of liquor I swallows is taxed—taxed to support the war. S'pose all us ole's was to stop drinkin'?—why, the war's end, and the Gov'ment'd stop. That's one reason I drinks. I don't like grog; I mercially hates it. If I could get my mixtures mixed, I'd rather drink lemonade, or ginger-pop, or soda. But I lickers for the the good of my country, and to set an example of loyalty and virtuous resignation to the rising generation."

A GENTLEMAN from Lexington, Ky., relates an incident relative to John Morgan which is certainly characteristic of him, whether it be true or untrue. After he had stolen the celebrated racehorse Skedaddle, he they started in pursuit with two fine animals, worth over $300 each, and overtook the freebooter, well armed him both, together with Jeff D. would return the racer.

"Those will never your purpose just as well," said Mr. Clay.

John looked up at the horses carefully, and said:

"Well, Mr. Clay, they will answer my purpose just as well as those, and I am supposed to accommodate you."

Here Mr. Clay's countenance brightened.

"As I am supposed to accommodate you, I will partly comply with your request."

Mr. Clay was astonished.

"I will partly comply with your request, I'll take three ten bowls, but I can't give you the other."

Mr. Clay was completely taken aback: but he was not allowed to get away that way. The robbers took the $400 from him, and he was compelled to leave for home on foot, with his pockets empty.

There is a place in New Hampshire, they say, where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches the age of 20, and is unmarried, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who lose the chance pay a bonus to the one who gets her.

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The medical profession have been baffled, with but few known exceptions, in permanently curing Epilepsy, or falling sickness, and sufferers would have had no well-founded hope of a permanent cure, until Dr. Ko's new power in medical science been discovered by the most profound research and application of Prof. Lochkrow.

It was impossible to treat this disease successfully without first ascertaining the knowledge of its true primary and secondary, or exciting causes. This has been accomplished, as will be understood by the unfailing certainty of the remedies prepared, which produce a speedier, more permanent cure than has in many cases ever been believed would occur in a lifetime. Since a day, not one of these potent remedies has failed to effect the return of more than one slight spasm during the first week of the treatment.

The predisposition of females to Epilepsy exists to an alarming extent. The period at which it begins is, most frequently, from infancy to the age of puberty; and there is no age, from the cradle to the grave, that escapes.

The sufferer is often aware, in brief, are maldemonstration of the head and body, weak constitutions, destitution, periodical sickness, costiveness, abuse of alcoholic drinks, any excess or diminution of the blood, organic affections of the membrane of the cerebro-spinal axis and delicate parts of the nervous centres, a tumor on a nerve or easy cause of irritation, a wound, worms in the bowels, stone in the bladder, great mental or emotional excitement. To these be added cases which, settling on the spinal cord or the nerves, stimulating or compressing various parts of the brain, depressing passions of the mind, fear, terror, grief, disagreeable impressions of the imagination, habits, sudden and disgreeable sounds, objects offensive, irritation in the stomach or intestines, or from blood-letting, or in short, anything exciting upon the brain or nervous system.

The eminent Dr. PRICHARD mentions the theory, that Epilepsy is a constant disease from spiritual cause, but is liable to terminate in one of those dreadful and incurable diseases, Insanity or Idiocy, unless cured by medicine.

In accordance with the above theory, I am prepared to declare Spiritual Influence, that all the many peculiar Epileptic cases can be traced to those sources. By careful and long-continued observation, I discovered a new and new attack the enemy in his stronghold. What is that stronghold? The Liver! I plainly show by the hundreds of testimonials now in my possession (a few of which are given), that it is through the Liver all kinds of disease must be treated. By an experience unparalleled in the history of medicine, I have been proved that the Liver is the main purifier, or strainer, so to speak, through which the blood and fluids of the body are cleansed from all of their poisonous qualities; and, therefore, Urine obstructions and derangements in the normal or natural action of this vital organ are the first and most primary cause of all abnormal conditions of system of a general nature, and the principal source of the whole train engender Epilepsy. In this statement is the "Pandora's Box" of the Human System, which must be organized to relieve the brain and to relieve delicate nervous tissue.

The happy combination of remedies which I employ to relieve the Liver of its accumulated burden of poisonous matter is the basis of success, which combination is only known to myself.

While on a professional tour in Europe, in comparing notes with the most eminent in the profession, it established the fact that Epilepsy is an easily-cured disease by specific treatment in cases of Epilepsy.

Those who have been afflicted for persons who have had a practical test of the efficacy of the medicines, and may be addressed by inclosing stamps. They are not secret! They are all from bona fide free-will offerings from grateful patients, without any fee for the effects of a cure.

Testimonials of Cases Cured.

MISS ANDEN M. WESLOW, of Kenosha, Wis., writes: "Your wonderful remedies have performed a perfect cure in curing my sister. Our family physician, in whom we had the highest confidence, failed to give the least relief. Indeed, she grew worse, until we commenced the use of your remedies, which have proved to be an immediate change. The spasms decreased from about forty-seven or eighteen a day, until the fifteenth day, when she had only one and no return since. She fits, which occurred nearly every night, only returned twice after commencing your treatment. Her health seems better than before she was taken sick. We feel very confident that it is a permanent cure.

"We would say that suffering humanity could know of you and be healed. We know of several cases in Milwaukee and Kenosha which we think would be anxious and give them verbal testimony.

"MISS A. L. SPERZ of Kenosha, Wis., writes of her own case, and adds: "The daughter of J. H. Winslow, whom you have been treating for Epilepsy, is my sister. She has not had a fit or spasm since she has been under treatment. We feel that you have rescued her from a fate worse than death, and are using every means to extend your practice."

MR. WM. ARTZEL, of Barbourville, Delaware county, N. Y., writes: "My daughter has been under your treatment as directed, and has not had a single fit since. Previous to that time she had a fit or spasm every week. Your successful physician is treating me for a severe case of Liver Complaint, and I am much relieved. In case of severity of Epilepsy, I would refer to any person that after taking the first dose the fits left him, and he has not had a spasm since. I am truly thankful.

Mrs. Gregory, of Rockville, Knox county, Me., writes: "I received the medicines you sent me for Mr. Harrod Hunter, and he has not had a fit since he took them."

MR. WM. STRONG, of North Manchester, Conn., writes: "There has been a decided change in the symptoms of my daughter."

MR. JOHN FARES, of Leechburg, Armstrong county, Pa., writes: "I have had no fits or fit or spasm since I commenced taking your medicines."

MR. ISAAC PERRINE, of Centreville, Crawford co., writes: "I have had one and a half since your medicine. I have had three or four attacks every night."

A. O. BELL, Bangor, writes: "Your medicine has done more for me more fatigues than ever before in my life, and my symptoms were never worse."

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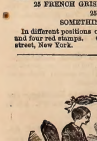
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"full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

But the designs of the self-constituted peace ambassadors from Jeff Davis, as betrayed in this affair, are worthy of some special attentions. Mr. George N. Sanders, in his own peculiar way, as a Southern Democratic scene-shifter and revolutionist, has for many years been playing in both hemispheres the role of Warwick, the King Maker. His plan of operations, usually employed, has been very simple—the manipulation of a half dozen leading politicians, at any time, over a bountiful private dinner, lacking nothing from the appetizing raw oysters in the outset to a quiet game of brag at the close. These costly entertainments, in the next place, on this side the water at least, have cost him nothing; for he has always contrived to make the Democratic party, in fat offices and contracts, foot the bills. With the outbreak of the rebellion, he was found on the side of Davis, and deep in the plot of a Southern Confederacy, having entered into it as offering an unbounded field for vast and lucrative speculations abroad as a confidential agent of the new Government. In this capacity as a "Confederate" contractor in England for ironclad vessels of war and swift blockade-runners, it is said that Mr. Sanders "realized something," until "Confederate" ironclads from English ports were discovered by her Majesty's Cabinet to be contrabands, and the building of blockade-runners at a venture was found to be a losing game. Then Mr. Sanders hearing of the postponement, on the peace question, of the Chicago Democratic Convention, from the the 4th of July to the 29th August, crossed the Atlantic to try once more his luck of a finger or two in this Democratic pie.

This explanation concerning Mr. Sanders will enable the uninitiated readers to guess who was the initiating spirit of this late Niagara Peace Conference. It was Mr. Sanders. He breaks the ice in his introductory dispatch to Mr. Greeley; he then retires into the background, and the late United States Senator, Clement C. Clay, of Alabama, and Professor Holcombe, of Virginia, are brought forward as the representatives of Mr. Jeff Davis, who desire to open negotiations for peace. Mr.



RUINS OF THE BLAIR MANSION, NEAR WASHINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE BACK OF THE BLAIR MANSION—REBELS CAROUSING NEAR THE GARDEN VASE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.

Greeley communicates with Mr. Lincoln, and is authorised to bring these rebel envoys extraordinary down to Washington. But brought to this test, they find it expedient to explain that they are acting without authority from their master Davis; but that as volunteer peace advocates they would like to be passed through to Washington, and thence to Richmond, and they would like to take Mr. Sanders along with them. Mr. Greeley writes for fresh instructions to "Honest Old Abe," who, in a brief note by his private secretary, Major Hay, "to whom it may concern," says, "that if the parties indicated are ready and competent to treat for peace upon the basis of submission to the Union, and the abolition of slavery, they may come along." Messrs. Clay and Holcombe, indignantly rejecting these overtures, retire in disgust; Mr. Greeley returns to Gotham, a sadder and a wiser man; Mr. Sanders disappears from the public eye, and so ends this famous Niagara Peace Conference.

The question recurs, what were the objects of Mr. George N. Sanders in this business? He had several objects in view. His immediate desire was doubtless to get through to Richmond, to settle his accounts and secure the balances that may be due him from the secret service fund of the so-called Confederate States, for services rendered in Europe. Next, *en route* to Richmond, he desired, perhaps, a little quiet conversation with some of our leading politicians concerned in the important business of the Chicago Convention. But the great purpose of Mr. Sanders and his associate diplomats was either *bona-fide* to open the door to peace, through the restoration of the rebellious States, or to put the Administration in a false position, and the Chicago Convention on a promising Southern peace platform for the approaching Presidential election. The correspondence in the premises, and the late emphatic declaration of Jeff Davis to Mr. Gilmore (known heretofore as the novelist, Edmund Kirke), of Boston, that the rebellious States will be satisfied with nothing short of Southern independence or Southern extermination, show that Mr. Sanders and Company had no shadow of authority from Richmond for this Chicago conference on the footing originally suggested to Mr. Greeley. We must conclude, therefore, that Mr. Sanders contrived this peace experiment for the benefit of the peace faction interested in the Chicago Convention. We conclude, too, that President Lincoln, through his direct advices from Richmond on the peace question, saw through the game of Mr. Sanders, and that he has effectually blocked it.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 6, 1864.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl street, New York.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

The rebels are not escaping with all their plunder. Indeed, as we remarked last week, very little is likely ever to reach the rebel capital. Gen. Hunter, who has resigned the command of his department, reports that Gen. Averill, with his cavalry, attacked Early, in front of Winchester, on the 20th of July, killing and wounding over 300 men, taking 200 prisoners, among them Gen. Lilley, four cannon, and a large quantity of arms.

At Snicker's gap another party were punished by Gen. Crook, and 300 wagons of plunder recovered.

A party at Hughes's creek, alarmed by five scouts, on the 12th destroyed 12 wagons and fled.

On the 20th the rebels shelled our line before Petersburg, but the fire was returned so hotly that one of their caissons blew up.

The next day a general bombardment took place on the rebel line north of the Appomattox. Our 32-pounders destroyed the depot of the Weldon railroad, with nearly all its contents.

Gen. W. F. Smith has been relieved of the command of the 18th corps. Martindale succeeds him. Gen. Barney is assigned to the 10th army corps.

GEORGIA.

Sherman, having crossed the Chattahoochee, flanked Johnston, and drove him into Atlanta. His cavalry meanwhile cut the railroad east of Decatur, preventing Johnston from aiding or being aided by Lee.

On the 21st he made another flank movement, throwing his army to the left, and occupying Decatur.

On the 20th Hood, who had superseded Johnston, marched out of Atlanta and made a desperate attack on Sherman's line; but though he charged three successive times, he was repulsed with terrible loss and compelled to retreat into his works, leaving 600 dead and 4,000 wounded and prisoners in our hands.

On the 21st McPherson, with the centre, advanced to within two miles and a half of the town. Blair was on the extreme left; Hooker on the right, resting on the Chattahoochee. The enemy formed in front. A general skirmishing took place, but no general action. We met a severe loss in the death of Gen. McPherson.

A battle took place next day, it is reported; after which Sherman entered Atlanta.

Escape from Atlanta or relief are both now almost equally impossible, Rousseau having cut their railroads on the south-west at Notasulga and West Point.

The Richmond papers admit that Davis has removed Johnston from the Department of Tennessee, but Sherman had done that long ago.

MISSISSIPPI.

Gen. Slocum made another advance into Mississippi, Gen. Smith co-operating. Forrest called on all citizens between the ages of 15! and 65!!! to rally to his support. On the 16th he captured the Union stockade at Brownsboro.

Gen. Smith, with the cavalry under Mower and Grierson, came up with Forrest at Tupelo, on the 13th, and in a severe battle defeated the enemy. The rebels attacked again at night, but were repulsed. On the 15th Forrest was three times repulsed, and the next day Smith, being out of supplies, began to march back, and reached La Grange on the 20th, after another engagement. Forrest was wounded and barely escaped. The rebel Gen. Faulkner and Col. Forrest were killed. Their total loss is put down at 2,000.

Two regiments of the Marine Brigade, on the 4th, marched from Rodney, and, after a day's fight, repulsed, with loss, five brigades of rebel cavalry and one of infantry. Our loss was about 150 in all.

MISSOURI.

The rebel guerillas are committing ravages in all parts of the State, the militia in Platte and Clay counties, paid and armed by Government, joining the rebels. Col. Ford, on the 18th, attacked Thornton's guerillas at Arnoldsville, and broke up his band completely, killing 40 and capturing 200 stand of arms.

Refugees are pouring in from those counties and from Ray county, where the Americans engaged the guerillas on the 18th, near Richmond.

Thornton has been in Missouri several months, aided and protected by sympathisers.

On the 17th Capt. Moses, of the 2d Colorado, engaged 300 Bushwackers at Fredericksburg, Clay county, many of them in the U. S. uniform, and delivering the challenge correctly. They then attacked our men, and Moses at last fell back, losing 10 men, and killing 16. The rebels were pursued by Major Richards towards Knoxville, where they dispersed.

Thornton next entered Caldwell county, and then attacked Plattsburg, Clinton county, killing Capt. Turner, the commander of the two militia companies posted there, and dispersing his men. Jennison is also in pursuit of Thornton and other guerillas.

NAVAL.

The blockade-running sloops, Sarah, Mary and Hope, with cotton, have recently been captured.

The Duomo of Milan is rapidly approaching completion. The pinnacles are added to the greater part of the choir, the vast population of statues—some 5,000 in number—are in their places, and "though the ornamentation is of the most lavish nature, it cannot be said that this great temple of God is 'superfilagreed,' so harmonious and beautiful are the designs."

FOREIGN NEWS.

M. Drouyn de Lhuys had officially informed Mr. Dayton, the American Minister in Paris, that the alleged privateer steamer Yeddo had been sold to the Prussian Government. This disposes of one "new Alabama," and the writer adds that there is little doubt that all the vessels of the long talked-of "rebel fleet" in the French ports will enter the German service.

The debate on Disraeli's censure motion was concluded in the English Parliament on the morning of the 9th of July—Lord Palmerston's policy on the Danish question, as already stated, being sustained in the House of Commons and condemned in the House of Lords.

Earl Russell delivered an energetic speech in defence of the Government to the Peers, and Lord Palmerston made one of his most spirited addresses in sustainment of Earl Russell's course—the Cabinet being a unit on the subject—towards Denmark and Germany in the Commons. Mr. Disraeli wound up the debate with a stinging invective against the foreign diplomacy of the Cabinet.

Earl Russell alleged that, France and Russia having refused to join England in an allied sustainment of Denmark, Great Britain was not bound to go to war alone for that object. He relied on the principle of non-intervention, and used the following remarkable words relative to the American question: "The noble earl (the Earl of Carnarvon) said we have no principle in our foreign policy. We have one principle, and that is non-interference in the internal affairs of other nations. With regard to the American war, there have been from time to time great symptoms on the part of the opposition of a wish to afford aid to the Confederate States. It was so obvious that when men attempted, contrary to the proclamation of neutrality, to send out expeditions from our own harbors, those attempts had every favor from the other side of the House. I feel convinced that if those vessels which have been seized had not been taken we should now be engaged in a war with the Northern States."

The English papers say that seldom has Lord Palmerston spoken with greater force and effect than he did on the morning of the 9th. His playful allusion to the juvenility of Disraeli, when he said that "four years before the honorable member for Buckinghamshire had honored the world by his existence" he had defended with success the foreign policy of the Government, was a great hit.

The London *Times* undertakes to show that agents of Secretary Chase induced very large numbers of the industrial classes in Germany and Holland to invest their savings in United States stocks, promising to pay the interest in specie. The London *Times* says: "As the sum to be raised yearly by the United States Government in gold will be about £20,000,000, it will, after a time, be found impossible thus to pay these people, and there will be a 'break up' which will entail great suffering on those in Europe who have parted with their hardly earned means."

The Spanish Government has officially proposed a plan of settlement of its difficulty with Peru to the Peruvian Minister at Madrid. In the meantime the Spanish squadron in the Pacific is to be reinforced with three war vessels.

There had been a change of Ministry at Copenhagen, and the Danish King had made peace propositions to Prussia, which were under consideration.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Why is it—answer, oh, ye strong-minded—that women continually strive, even while they repudiate, to attain manly looks and attributes, while men never were known, except under the most effeminate and lascivious courts of Europe, to even partially unsex themselves?

This idea suggested itself to us a few days since in a walk upon Broadway, and an observation of dress. The mode now covets every portion of man's apparel but the bifurcated coverings, and gives it to the belles who have courage enough to mount male belongings.

Look at the double-breasted dress bodies, with real buttons and button-holes! Look at the collars, standing and turn over, and the natty little cravats. Look at the round hats, with plain trimming, that off the heads of their fair wearers could not be recognised for their sex. Look at the hair worn short, the coat sleeve, and lastly, the military style of epaulette that only wants the rank marked to make the wearers what they choose to assume.

Now, why would not the suggestion be worth notice, that each lady wearer of the shoulder-straps should have a marked rank designating what near relative she had in the army and his position, and allow no relative to count farther off than father, husband, son or brother? Is not the idea as good a one as that of Holland, where every lady is addressed by the title of her husband? It would perhaps tend to the recruiting of the Union army, by giving an incentive to the fairer sex to send off surplus husbands and brothers, that they might wear the bars, the stars, the eagle's and trefoil.

There would be something in such a badge, more to be desired than the black bee of the "Ladies' Anti-Luxury League."

While upon the subject of dress we are disposed to discuss an assertion of a fair friend of ours made the last week, and which may possibly be a fact. She says that our family wants are curtailed for dress, and that wives, sisters and daughters have just as much, or more, of adornment, but at the expense of the creature comforts. Our better halves are staggered at the thought of 35 cents a pound for beef and lamb, and cut down in quantity, or substitute cheaper food, but they are not staggered at organdies at $1 a yard, for which they once only paid 30 cents. They deny themselves raspberries at 20 cents per basket, but they do not deny themselves gloves at $2 75, or silks at $10 per yard. The table is stinted, and a universal cry of despair goes up at the dissipation of greenbacks on a marketing tour, but Stewart's, Legrain's and Lord and Taylor's do not suffer.

Verily, we believe that the passion of dress with women is more absorbing and soul-destroying than that of drink with man.

And so as one theme leads to another we will say a word upon drink. "Out of evil cometh good," and out of this war may possibly come a reform that will in a few years save as many lives as all that have been sacrificed to it, and add as much treasure to the country as has been already spent. This may—mind, we say, may—come about through the tax upon liquor, an excise that, if properly guarded by preventing and punishing the sale of adulterated poisons, will make men temperate whether or no, and do away with the great national curse, perpendicular drinking.

At this moment the drinking shops of New York are in a transition state, hesitating between the danger of a rise, and feeling that within a short time they will be compelled to charge 15, 20, or perhaps 25 cents a drink. Most of those prominent upon Broadway have already gone to this point, and the consequence has arisen that the old imbibers have sought new spots in which to oleaginate their throats at a smaller tax, spots from which they will soon be driven for the same cause, and finally be forced to succumb to the necessity of getting along on half their usual quantity of stimulant. Whether this will carry out a much needed reform, or whether we shall, like savage nations, seek cheaper modes of stimulation, yet remains to be seen.

A little over a year ago New York did not feel the war that is devastating the land much more than she feels the Danish war. From her superabundant population and wealth she sent men and money, and only regarded the whole matter as too far removed to excite more than sympathy, and arouse bursts of patriotism that bleeding from a plethoric pocket would quiet. The times have altered, and it seems as though the boasting threat of the rebels was about to become true, that we would yet feel the war upon our hearthstones, and that our streets would know the desolation of their own. This end is coming about, not in the sense in which they put it, but by reaching every man's home, and touching him most nearly in his daily life. The struggle for subsistence becomes harder, and he is obliged to deny himself and family scores of things that they have been wont to regard only as necessities. His tenure upon all things becomes less secure, and he dreads the loss of employment more than ever before, from the fact that every article of living has become so exorbitant that a loss of means would be only preliminary to starvation. His wages, to be sure, are doubled, but everything he buys is triple or quadruple, and he is consequently from 33 to 40 per cent. worse off than he was two years ago. The clerk in a store who was then getting $1,000 per annum, now gets $1,500, and congratulates himself on the rise, is in reality only getting $500, his money being worth exactly that amount. The shopboy who luxuriates on a stipend of $2 50 per week, for sweeping out, running of errands and shutting up, is in the possession of the munificent sum of 66 to 70 cents per week, upon which he is supposed—by some pleasant fiction—to eat, sleep and exist. Both these are part and parcel with thousands of others, whose compensation has not increased at all since 1861, or if it has, not in proportion to the immensely increased prices of living.

All this is felt in the cities, while in the country, where almost every man is a producer, the evil is not realised. The farmers are growing rich, especially those who do not have to hire labor, by the high price of every article they raise, and are hoarding greenbacks at present valuation to some day realise on them at a gold standard.

Just at this time the all-absorbing topic among all classes who are supposed to be able-bodied, and all fair ones who have able-bodied husbands, brothers and sweethearts to lose, is the coming draft. When the matter appeals individually to them they awaken and feel the importance of reinforcing our armies, but at the same time they regret their utter inability to go themselves. The truth is that New York, and those to whom is entrusted the recruiting movement, are playing with it. They do not work to achieve the object in view, and every officer of our army who has been here upon recruiting service knows this to be so.

There is at this time no scarcity of men, but the inducements are not sufficient. We are paying now the same bounty, cash in hand, that was paid almost two years ago, when the money was worth almost triple. Three hundred dollars, in the present high value of labor, will not induce men to leave their employment and shoulder the musket. Patriotism is a grand thing, but bread and butter and a house to cover their families during absence is more practical. Thousands of men have enough patriotism to leave the plough and the workshop, could they see their families in comfort, but $300 will go but a small way towards it. The bounty ought to be not less than $1,000, and it should be assessed upon property. What has the rich man done for this war? So far nothing; and it is only now that he begins to feel, in the shape of taxes, some of its burdens. There has been within the last week a great deal of balderdash printed about the success of the move in allowing any person to pay $335 into the hands of Mr. Supervisor Blunt, and through him getting a substitute and exemption in case of being drafted. The thing sounds well upon paper, but really amounts to nothing. Should any of those parties be drafted, Mr. Blunt will find it impossible to procure substitutes for any such sum, and whenever the draft does come off nothing less than $1,000 will purchase a man exempt from it as a substitute. We deprecate this idea of reporting that 100, or some other apocryphal number, men are enlisted daily in the Park, while every one that knows anything of it knows that not one-tenth that number go through.

The week has been an eventful one in dramatic circles, not so much for what has been done on the stage as for what has been done off. In the first place, there has been a second meeting of managers at the house of Mr. Wallack, and a second meeting of actors at the Tremont House—late the Bond Street House. The first meeting went through a great deal of dubious talk, and arrived at nothing positive. The subject of a rise in prices was discussed, but each of the gentlemen present seemed fearful of being called on to bell the cat. Various methods for a rise were talked of, such as making more than half the house reserved seats and raising the price to 75 cents, a neat way of whipping the devil round the stump, while others advocated a straightforward combination and a positive raise of 25 per cent.

If the managers of the New York theatres are in earnest in their desire to please the public, and at the same time serve themselves, no time is more propitious than the present. There is but one mode, and that is by the equalization of prices, making it but one sum all over the house, and adding to the comfort of the audience proportionably. This plan will not do for the Bowery theatres. They cannot dispense with the pit. But on the west side the old Niblo idea of one price all over the house is the only true one. Seventy-five cents can be charged and no favoritism shown. The rule of first come first served should be strictly adhered to, and pert ushers who keep the best seats vacant until some one disburses an extra quarter in their itching palms should be instantly guillotined. The seats should be made more comfortable by widening, the cushions should be liberal, and space allowed, so that a long-legged customer could sit straight and have as much privilege of space as a short-legged one.

With proper attention to these little things, and a proportionate attention to an improvement of the business behind the curtain, the indulgent public will allow them to put on 33 per cent., and will still continue to crowd their houses and make managerial fortunes, as they have done during the past three years; without them the effort will be a failure, and the great public will seek other and more economical ways of amusing itself.

Next comes the meeting of actors, which, having put forth its ultimatum in the shape of several "whereas's" and "resolveds," the amount of which is that during the coming season higher salaries will be expected, as well as sundry other things, all of which will be of no practical effect whatever. While we wish well to the profession, and desire to see them succeed in anything that will better their personal or pecuniary position, we know that no combination simply in New York can have the slightest effect. In such a profession every tub must stand on its own bottom. Every man has his market value, a value that is graded not only by his talent but by his popularity with the public, and no two managers can be found who will make the same estimate of it. Have we not examples of it every day in the engagement of wretched sticks at exorbitant salaries, while real talent keeps the stage year after year at merely a living?

Mere mechanical trades can be governed by such rules as "The Committee" put forth at the meeting of actors; but all professions depending on the brain must be arbitrary in compensation.

The week has been one of no excitement on the stage.

Lucille Western has made a success in "The Sea of Ice," and continues it.

Helen Western is playing at the Broadway, and drawing good houses with "Don Cæsar de Bazan" and "Jenny Lind."

Avonia Jones has ended her engagement at Wallack's, and this week we have Dan Bryant in Irish drama.

The Winter Garden opens on the 15th of August.

Barnum's box man, Signor Nadolski, has recovered, and the public are again to be astonished and puzzled with the wonderful furniture producing box.

The English Opera at the Olympic produces "The Rose of Castile" this week, with all their strength.

It will be worth any one's while to emigrate for an hour or two to the Bowery, and take a look at Campbell's new Minstrel Hall. It is the handsomest affair of the kind in the city.

A mercurial clock has been invented and in use in England—sold for two shillings of our money—which is described as resembling a thermometer, the hands being marked on a scale. Every day it is reversed, and that is all the winding it requires.

A Rapid Incline.—Love at first sight.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The city's quota, under the new call for 500,000, is 23,140, being 7,000 more than i was under the previous call for 500,000.

—— Gen. Dix has ordered the arrest and imprisonment of Mr. Fuller, editor of the Newark *Evening Journal*, for the publication of the following article: "Let the people unite in a grand defensive league to protest against the demands of the despots at Washington. Let the taxpayers come forward and demand that the system of exorbitant municipal bounties shall cease; and these objects accomplished, Mr. Lincoln will be obliged to depend upon the loyalty of his office-holders and contractors for recruits to carry on the war."

—— That very amusing class of mechanics, the actors, have formed a league to compel that very liberal class of men, the managers, to increase their wages. The managers will, of course, increase the price of admission.

—— The morning newspapers, with the exception of the *Herald*, have increased the price from three to four cents.

—— The merchants' clerks of this city are about to memorialise their employers to increase their salaries.

—— The peace negotiations between Horace Greeley and G. N. Sanders were broken off on the 21st July. There seems to be no unwillingness to re-enter the Union on certain conditions.

—— It is officially announced that hereafter the United States postage charge, without regard to distance, on letters addressed to or received from the British West Indies, Cuba, Aspinwall, Panama, or any other foreign place or country, to and from which different rates of postage have not been established by an international postal convention or arrangement, will be 10 cents the single rate of half an ounce or under, which must be prepaid on letters sent, and collected on letters received; also, that the United States postage charge on newspapers and other printed matter sent to or received from the countries and places referred to will in future be as follows: Two cents each on newspapers, and the established rates on each pamphlet, periodical, and other articles of printed matter, which must, in like manner, be prepaid on matter sent, and collected on matter received. In future the international postage charge upon all letters passing between the province of New Brunswick and any part of the United States, without regard to distance or route of conveyance, will be 10 cents the single rate of half an ounce or under, prepayment optional.

—— It has not been decided whether the 7-30 Treasury notes to be issued shall be convertible into five or six per cent. United States bonds. The latter description will probably be determined on by the Secretary of the Treasury.

—— Arrangements are being made to organise the postal money order system. Some weeks will unavoidably elapse before it is put into operation, owing to the particularity and care required to perfect the machinery to insure complete success.

—— Gov. Seymour will not appoint State agents to recruit in the Southern States. He does not believe this to be wise or practicable. If cities or counties choose to pay bounties and appoint agents for recruiting such soldiers, they can do so, and the State authority will give them such facilities as the act of Congress directs.

—— L. D. Corey, of Akron, Erie county, New York, has 20 Tuscarora squaws at work, cultivating broom corn. Farm help is scarce, and these "native Americans" find abundant employment.

—— Gen. McDowell, at San Francisco, has issued an order requiring passengers on open steamers and ships to give up their arms to the captain of the vessel, and permit an examination of their baggage. The object is to prevent the probable danger of attempts to take possession of steamers on this coast by pirates sailing as passengers.

—— The Central American Transit Company have, through their President, Francis Morris, concluded the purchase of Mr. M. O. Roberts's new and magnificent steamship, the Golden Rule, on this side, and the America and Moses Taylor, on the Pacific, to connect with her. The three steamers will sail monthly, commencing August 23, and carry passengers exclusively. On this principle the company are now building two steamers, which, when completed, will enable them to run a semi-monthly line. This will be, as it was formerly, the fast route to and from California, being the most direct and most agreeable, as the vessels, not being loaded down by freight, can travel after the fashion of the express trains of our railroads, and so must obtain their fair share of passengers.

Southern.—The Richmond *Examiner* says: "For the first time in our varied experience we saw on Tuesday a barrel of flour hauled up Gouverneur street in a hearse! The public stared but the driver drove on. When we came to recollect that flour was $500 and $600 per barrel, and that the struggle for bread was one for life and death, we better appreciated the connection between the hearse and the barrel of flour."

—— New potatoes in Richmond are only $5 a quart.

—— A Southern lady living in Wetumka is manufacturing black sewing silk for her own use. She has her own silkworms and her own mulberry trees to feed them. Both thrive well and the silk is said to be excellent.

—— The correspondent of the *Times* says: "I inquired the cost of a uniform, in Richmond, such as should be worn by a surgeon. They said it would cost $1,100. Boots cost $225, if good; caps with a little gold braid $100. Confederate money is so little use to them that they ceased to carry it. Board in Richmond Hotels, $50 per day. Wines are only procured at fabulous sums."

Personal.—Harvard University has conferred on Mr. Wm. Pitt Fessenden, our new Finance Minister, the degree of Doctor of Laws.

——Alexandre Dumas is giving readings from his own works in Paris, in imitation of Dickens, Thackeray, etc.

—— The Rev. Horatio Stebbins has accepted the call of the congregation formerly presided over by the Rev. Starr King, in San Francisco, to become their pastor. The reverend gentleman states, in his letter of acceptance, that he will sail on the 13th of August.

—— Col. Matthew Murphy, 69th New York National Guard, in the field, has been presented with a handsome span of horses in commemoration of his return to his command near Petersburg, after his recent recovery from his wound. Col. Murphy is in command of the 2d brigade, 2d division, 2d army corps.

—— Harriet Hosmer, the sculptor, is coming home next month.

—— John Brougham, the popular actor and dramatist, is making arrangements to visit New York. He is expected in September.

—— Mr. Wm. Swinton, army correspondent of the New York *Times*, and well known as the author of "Rambles Among Words," has been ordered to leave the lines by Gen. Meade, for "forwarding for publication incorrect statements respecting the operations of the troops."

—— Mr. Wm. W. Leland received a letter last week from "Tommy," of Japanese notoriety. "Tommy" sends some flowers and toys for Leland's children, and asks, in return, for Mr. L.'s likeness. "Tommy" is sorry for the war that exists here, in regard to which he says: "I was very sorry have heard that you have very bad trouble at home, but hoping the government will soon put rebels down."

—— The Messrs. Leland, of Union Hall, are contemplating the erection of an opera house at Saratoga Springs, to be in readiness for use next season. The design is to make it a large and imposing structure, complete in every respect, and worthy the approbation and support of the crowds of pleasure-seekers who throng Saratoga during the summer.

—— Miss Major Pauline Cushman is receiving considerable attention in Boston. The *Transcript*, in mentioning the lady, remarks that, during one of her recitals, she appealed to the young men to come forward, and said she would prove her sincerity in the cause by receiving their names and leading them to the field, as her rank would entitle her to do.

Obituary.—The oldest inhabitant of Woburn, Mass., died in that town on the 17th July. Jesse Converse was his name, and he was 99 years and five months old. He was 10 years old at the battle of Lexington, and remembered the scene well.

—— The Atlanta *Rebel* says: "One Henry Tracey, a citizen of Hancock county, East Tennessee, died on the 18th of April. He was about 46 years of age, six feet six inches high, and weighed over 600 pounds. For many years previous to his death he had not left his home. His health was generally good; he was very talkative, and fond of company. A great many persons visited him from curiosity. In his young days he exceeded all his schoolmates in running, jumping, etc. He leaves a wife and two children."

Accidents and Offences.—There is no law in this country against child desertion. In England and France, where there are foundling hospitals properly incorporated and conducted, they have also severe laws against infant abandonment. Here, in the cities of New York and Boston, cases of child-desertion are as frequent, on the average, as four in the week, and this count does not include instances of discovered infanticide. All that benevolent exertion and judicial repression can accomplish is needed to check this unnatural crime.

—— On the 19th ult. a party of five young ladies and three young gentlemen started out from Mayville, at the head of Chautauqua Lake, for a moonlight sail. They had been out about an hour when they discovered that the boat was rapidly filling and sinking. Only one of the party was able to swim, and he, after charging the others to remain in the boat till he could swim ashore, only 20 rods distant, and get a boat for their rescue, jumped into the water. The others sprang after him in their terror, and three of the young ladies were drowned. Their bodies were recovered the next day.

—— On the 21st July a 3d Avenue car ran into a Bowery stage in Chatham street and overturned it, seriously hurting several of the passengers.

—— Mr. Williamson, of the *Sunday Dispatch*, still remains in custody for refusing to deliver up the books and papers of the Tax Commissioners.

—— The Canada papers contain accounts of very disastrous fires in the woods in various places throughout the country. Many cattle have perished in the flames, and in some vicinities the conflagrations are extending so as to become alarming.

—— A fire broke out in Nixon's mills and the extensive paper manufactory at Manayunk, Philadelphia, on the 20th July. The main building and straw departments were destroyed. The southern portion of the mills used for the manufacture of pulp was partially saved. The destruction of these mills is a serious loss, as several newspaper establishments and book publishers relied upon them for supplies of paper. The loss of Nixon is estimated at $150,000; insurance, $70,000. Ring & Brother, woollen yarn-spinners, lose $24,000. The total loss will amount to $200,000.

—— The dwelling-house of Capt. John A. Winslow (captain of the Kearsarge), in Roxbury, Mass., was entered on the 7th July, about one o'clock, by a raiding burglar. The son of the captain awoke and found the burglar searching his pantaloons. The robber fled without securing any plunder.

Art, Literature and Science.—That excellent literary journal, the *Round Table*, has been discontinued, owing to the enormous price of paper and everything else connected with printing. It dies with a very good reputation.

—— Mosenthal's famous drama, "Der Sonneuwendhof," has produced a prolonged sensation in Hamburg.

—— Twenty new French operas will be given this season at Baden, four of them having been expressly written for that place.

—— The receipts of the Paris theatres, from April, 1863, to March, 1864, were 12,991,000 francs. The authors' nights, during the same period, were 6,335,000 francs.

—— Among the archives of Dresden Dr. von Weber recently discovered a mass of unsigned letters, in the autograph of the celebrated Marshal Saxe, addressed to Augustus III., his half-brother, the Marshal being the natural son of Frederick Augustus II., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. These letters, of which he has printed a selection in one volume, are full of Paris court scandal and gossip, give a most lively and amusing picture of the time, and place many of the puppets of the court of Louis XV. in a most ridiculous light.

Foreign.—The Turkish flag is to be altered. Instead of the red ground and white crescent as heretofore, the colors are green ground with a red ball in the centre, in the middle of which will be a white crescent.

—— It is reported that the heiress to the Brazilian throne is likely to marry the Austrian Arcduke, Louis Victor. If this happens, the Hapsburg family will number three emperors.

—— Letters from Sweden continue to mention the great success of Signor Severini, the new tenor of the Stockholm Opera House. So great, we are told, has been the attraction of "Il Trovatore," that the opera has been played almost without intermission since March.

—— It is a remarkable fact that one-fifth of the whole number of criminals in Newgate prison, London, are supplied from the General Post Office.

—— They not only have cheap postage in England, but they have established, and now have in active operation, a "Penny Parcels Delivery Company." What do our expressmen say to that?

—— The Hippodrome, in Paris, has got an aristocratic acrobatic attraction in the person of a Persian prince, who performs on the *trapeze*. The condescension of this great man in descending to sawdust even awes the French, who are not always inclined to do homage.

—— A Mdlle. P——, in Paris, advertises a salve for the production of a slight down on the lips of ladies, a little moustache, so great is the favor the hair on the upper lip of women is received with in France. We remember a picture by Van Ennling of Adam and Eve, in which Eve is painted with a pretty little beard and moustache. The ladies of the present day have perhaps become more effeminate than their ancestors, and Van Ennling might have been warranted by tradition in his portrait of Eve.

—— Some statistics of the Morgue, the Parisian dead-house, in which all bodies of unknown persons are exposed for three days for recognition, have just been published. They embrace a period of ten years, during which time 3,334 persons (of whom 2,331 were males) have been brought in; 493 of these were newly-born infants; seven-eighths of the whole were identified; 1,244 were between 20 and 40 years of age. The total number of suicides was 1,766, of which 1,414 were by drowning, 114 by hanging, 96 by firearms, 56 with the fumes of charcoal, 46 by leaping from high buildings, 16 by sharp instruments, 11 by poison, 7 by turning themselves under wheels, 3 by brandy and other spirits. The causes of these suicides are given as follows: Insanity, 233; drunkenness, 84; want, 75; pecuniary embarrassment, 63; disappointed love, 62; domestic troubles, 59; delirium tremens, 23.

Odds and Ends.—It is stated by reliable persons that on the 9th, 10th and 11th of July Washington could have been captured by the rebels if they had shown their usual dash.

—— Boots are said to have been invented by the Carians. They were at first made of leather, afterwards of brass and iron, and were proof against both cut and thrust. It was from this that Homer called the Greeks brazen-footed. Formerly, in France, a great foot was much esteemed, and the length of the shoe in the 14th century was a mark of distinction. The shoes of a prince were two feet and a half long; those of a baron two feet; those of a knight 18 inches long.

—— Miss Kate Estelle, lessee and manageress of the Petersburg theatre, announces that, as the actors in her company have been sent by the Government to the trenches, the performances are for the present suspended.

—— The last surviving issue of Benedict Arnold was his son, William Fitz Arnold, who was a magistrate in Bucks county, England, and the father of six children. Nothing directly has been heard of him since 1859, but it is supposed that he is still living.

—— A girl, 17 years of age, came from Mahaska to Knoxville, Iowa, a few days since, in order to procure a marriage licence, and that she might take the oath with a clear conscience (?) she placed in her shoes a strip of paper on which was written the number 18, so that she could swear she was over 18, by which means she secured her licence, was forthwith joined to her lover, and returned to her home.

—— A family in Michigan actually named a child Finis, supposing that it would be their last; but they afterwards happened to have a daughter and two sons, whom they called Addenda, Appendix and Supplement.

—— Somebody has discovered that none of Meyerbeer's airs have ever been played on the hand organ.

—— Martel, the inventor of cognac brandy, is dead. "The evil that men do lives after them."

—— The price of newspapers in London during the French wars was 14 cents each.

—— Some funny fellows in New Orleans the other day armed a cushion with a masked battery of upright pins, and induced a young man to sit down on it, pressing him while he cried with pain to keep his seat. For this playful and amusing act the chief of the conspirators paid $75, the others $25.

—— A Miss Olympia Brown has been installed as pastor of the Universalist church at Weymouth, Mass.

CHIT-CHAT WITH THE LADIES.

Keep Them at Home.

Another draft, and of course more volunteering; more of our best, and bravest, and handsomest marching away, perhaps to death in rebel prisons. If the men of this nation cannot put a stop to the war, we women must contrive some way to do it. Laugh if you like; but, were we all to band together, we could accomplish our end. Do you suppose there is a man in this world over whom some woman has not the strongest influence? If you do, you are mistaken. Every statesman, every soldier, officer or private, has some mother, wife, sister or sweetheart whose word is secretly—for they won't own it—law to him. Even old uncle Abe is probably under the dominion of Queen Mary; if not, some other feminine holds the reins, take my word for it. We women have only to say, *en masse*, "this fighting shall stop," and it is over. For our own part we think, looking at the widows and orphans, and childless mothers, and at the poor brave fellows maimed for life, and the soldiers' funerals, passed so often in our streets, that, instead of emulating the Roman matrons, who were strong-minded old frights, from whom descended the Bloomers, and saying to our sons, brothers, husbands and grandfathers, "Return with thy shield or upon it," etc., etc., we women should cry "Peace! peace!" until there is peace. And, moreover, the Rev. Mr. Creamcheese and his brethren ought to help us. We for one are prepared to hold our masculine friends by the coat-tails, to go into strong hysterics, to hide them in the stationary washtubs, and to make false statements as to their birthdays when the enrolling officer comes around—to do anything, in fact, to save any friend of ours from becoming a rebel target, instead of vowing, as so many ladies do, that we are ready at any moment to sacrifice our relatives for the good of the country.

Unprotected Females.

There is another reason why we cannot let the gentlemen all speak at once when so many thousand men are called for. What are we to do without them? Women enjoy more liberty in this *dis*-Union than they do in Turkey, of course. Writers always boast of that, but we haven't many privileges after all. Ten of the smartest and strongest of our sex may be protected by one mean specimen of the opposite one, who would run if any one cried "Booh!" to him. He—on the strength of his stovepipe hat, we presume—having the power to conduct them to places of amusement, through the streets after dark, etc., etc. It is particularly unjust—just as bad, and done in the same spirit, as the veiling of Oriental women.

If Mr. Smith will spend his evenings where he can smoke and drink to his heart's content, society should not compel Mrs. Smith to remain solus, darning hose, but without any fear of blemishing her reputation she should be permitted to take her children to the theatre, or trot around the corner to see some acquaintance after nine o'clock at night. Miss Prue, because she is a spinster of 40, too ugly to have even an elderly beau, should not be compelled to be a prisoner after dusk; she should be able to go to the opera, and saunter home at 12, without fear of being "spoken to."

Remember, we are not strong-minded. It is much pleasanter to have a beau, a husband if you are married, or even a bearish brother along with you. But if a poor, unhappy woman has no pair of coat-cuffs belonging to her, she should not be debarred from everything else, as she is at present in consequence.

All that is permitted us is to run home from church at nine on Sunday nights, anything else Mr. Grundy vetoes. Do you wonder we want to keep our masculine friends from the war?

Help Yourself.

Help yourself in this world, for unless you are one of the lucky ones no one will do it for you. Keep your anxieties and your griefs and your little aches and pains as much to yourself as possible. If you can, never let any one see you cry, never let any one do more than guess that you are not content and properous.

This is a selfish world; people are too full of their own troubles to take an interest in those of others, save as they affect themselves.

They do not want to sympathise; the being who always shows a smiling countenance and a full purse is always most welcome.

Understand that, and expect nothing else, particularly if you are a woman. A pretty face, coquettish dress and bright eyes will win your way with men, who turn their backs on sallow cheeks and shabby black.

If you are in business, and if you are a business woman—you deserve pity, don't expect any. You'll be cheated, of course; you will always have the worst of a bargain (that of course also), and if you fail some one will be on hand to cry:

"Served her right; women have no business to enter the lists with us."

Again I say, particularly if you are a woman, and forced by circumstances to take part in the money-making battle of life, help yourself, and don't expect any one to help you.

Spiritual Rappings.

In these degenerate days you are never quite sure who is a witch and who is not one. The lady who gabbles to you of new bonnets and ribbons during a morning call may belong to a private "circle," who wouldn't have the matter leak out for all the world amongst strangers, and may the night before have served as medium for Napoleon Bonaparte or Julius Cæsar. The young gentleman in the next pew in church may be in the habit of indulging in trances, and may have visited Saturn the day before yesterday, and met with Washington there. The old man who serves your milk has a grand-daughter who can make an extension-table tip, and a son who, in the dark, can untie any knots or coils made about his person by the clothesline.

Spiritualism has apparently entered most dwellings, and one at least of nearly every large family has a knowledge of the most absurd phenomena, which have no apparent purpose, and which, if acknowledged to be absolutely the work of spirits, would lead us to believe our departed friends, and those whose memory we have hitherto venerated, to have become insane after parting with their earthly bodies. We are half inclined to acquiesce with the verdict of all orthodox country clergymen, and say, "It is the work of the Evil One, who is abroad upon the earth."

Old Ladies.

Is there anything prettier than a pretty old lady? I think not. Talk about sixteen when sixty is charming; sixteen is nowhere.

The soft white hair, the pinky cheeks, the plump chin, the good bright eyes of some old ladies are the fairest pictures possible. And there is this in it also—only a good old lady can be pretty. Bad temper and every fault and vice to which womanhood is subject is marked plainly about the mouth and eyes, and on the forehead. Of course grief and ill-health make their marks also. But you may be assured that a pretty old lady, with a pleasant smile, has been a good daughter, wife and mother in her day, or one of those inestimable single sisters, who have no fear of the appellation "old maid," but do all the good they can, and are content and pleasant without a wedding-ring and short hose to darn.

When I am rich I will have a gallery of pretty old ladies' portraits, and spend my leisure moments looking at them and saying: "Who can dread age with these for examples?"

The Human Figure.—The proportions of the human figure are strictly mathematical. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form be slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty of proportion. The Greeks make all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point on the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the length of the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the same as the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

KNABE & CO.'S PIANOFORTE MANUFACTORY,

Baltimore, Maryland.

The energy and enterprise of her citizens have, within the last few years, wonderfully developed the resources and added to the wealth and importance of the fair city of Baltimore. As a manufacturing city it has taken a high rank, so that, in certain departments, it stands among the first. Witness its extensive rolling mills, its vast and perfect machine-shops, its ample and busy shipyards, &c. Since the war the population of Baltimore has vastly increased; thousands upon thousands of people have been attracted there by the new avenues of industry and trade which have been opened up within but a very brief space of time, so that the city may be said to be in a most flourishing and prosperous condition. The loss of the southern trade for a time completely paralysed the people; business was at a standstill; ruin apparently stared them in the face, but with indomitable energy they commenced the work of resucitation, and soon found new channels for the prosecution of a trade, which speedily sprang up into grand proportions, not only with the Western but the Eastern States. So large, indeed, has this trade become that the loss of the commerce with the South, which it was anticipated would bankrupt half the city, is no longer felt, but is replaced by a larger and more healthy trade.

As with us, despite the war, the piano trade has vastly increased. Those who before were making but 12 pianos per week now make 20; while those who then made 20 are now making and selling from 35 to 40. Knabe and Co.'s pianoforte manufactory is undoubtedly one of the largest in the States. The main factory (No. 1), is situated on the corner of Eutaw and West streets, and with the lumber yards attached, occupies nearly two entire blocks. The main building is five storeys high, 95 feet front by 45 feet deep, with a one storey boiler and engine-house, 30 by 45. The other building is four storeys high, with a frontage of 110 by a depth of 30 feet. It has two wings, one front and one back, each of 30 by 50 feet, the two buildings being connected by a bridge over the street approaching them. The boiler-house contains two large boilers for driving the engine and for heating both buildings, and the drying rooms, by means of steam-pipes, which run to all parts of the establishment. These pipes laid out in lengths would make a line of several miles. It contains, also, one of the most beautiful and perfect engines in the country, of about 35 horse-power. This engine took the first premium at the exhibition of the Maryland Institute.

The first floor of the main building is occupied by the heavier machinery, such as two large plaining machines, machines for jointing, different circular saws, and saws for scroll work, with lathes and drills, etc., etc. The second, third and fourth floors are appropriated for bottom and case-making. Here, also, are many pieces of costly and ingenious machinery. All the transportation from one floor to the other is accomplished by steam elevators. From the case-making room the shells of the instruments are taken to the third floor of the smaller building, where the sounding boards are put in; thence to the varnish-rooms, which occupy the entire of the fourth story. Thence again to the fifth floor of the larger building, where they receive the legs and the varnishing is rubbed down, when the instruments are ready to be taken to the finishing department.

The second floor of the smaller building is occupied by the Top-makers and the Grand Piano case-makers; while the first floor, with the exception of the store-room in the front wing, is used entirely as a drying-room for lumber, of which there are continually upwards of *two hundred thousand feet*, kept subject to a heat of over 140 degrees. In the lumber yards adjoining the buildings the stock of lumber is never less than *one million* of feet, undergoing a thorough seasoning by every change of weather, before being placed in the drying-room.

From the factory last named the pianos are taken to the finishing department, occupying the upper floors of the building (No. 3). Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7 N. Eutaw street, and No. 350 W. Baltimore street (Drawing No. 2). The former has a front of 100 feet, by a depth of 35 feet, and and the latter a front of 35 feet, by a depth of 125 feet; the two being connected in the rear by iron doors on three floors. Here the pianos receive the strings, action, general finishing, the last coats of varnish, polishing, etc.

The first floor of Nos. 1, 3, 5, 7 Eutaw street contains



WM. KNABE & CO.'S PIANO MANUFACTORY, BALTIMORE—FINISHING DEPARTMENT AND OFFICES, NOS. 1, 3, 5 AND 7 NORTH EUTAW STREET.



WM. KNABE & CO.'S PIANO MANUFACTORY, BALTIMORE—WAREROOMS, NO. 350 WEST BALTIMORE STREET.

the counting-room and regulating-rooms; and the first floor of No. 350 Baltimore street contains—besides the store-room, where there is continually kept a large stock of all sorts of hardware, such as ivory, wire, felt and other small materials used in pianos—a commodious and splendid warerooms, decidedly the finest in the city.

More than 300 men are constantly employed in this factory, and these turn out over thirty pianos per week, and so great has become the demand and the popularity of these instruments, that Knabe & Co. contemplate making important additions to their already extensive facilities in order to enable them to keep up with their orders.

The house of Knabe & Co. is one of the oldest and most celebrated in the United States. Its reputation has not been made only upon its Squares, although, of course, the largest number of that class of instruments is sold; the Grand Pianos of this firm have helped to establish that reputation, and place the firm in a first-class position before the world. Their Upright Pianos are also admirable in point of tone, touch and finish. It will thus be seen that Knabe & Co. manufacture all classes of pianofortes, a fact which can only be stated of the greatest manufacturers of the country. The business of Knabe & Co. is indeed enormous, and is only equalled by that of two other firms in America. Their pianos circulate not only in America, Canada and South America, but also in Europe, their fame having been carried there by the great pianists who have visited this country.

In America the pianos of Wm. Knabe & Co. have received all the honors that could be bestowed upon them. Wherever they have been exhibited, they have invariably carried away the gold medal over all competitors. The first European and resident pianists have thoroughly tried and tested their various styles of instruments, and have voluntarily accorded them their unqualified approbation, and have given to the firm the most valuable certificates of their opinion, a few of which we subjoin:

Testimonial from Thalberg.

"I have great pleasure in certifying that I have tried your Square Pianos, and find them equal, if not superior, to any in this country. Among their great qualities, which distinguish them, is the evenness of tone, the agreeable and easy touch, and volume of tone. Wishing you all the success you so highly deserve, I am, sir, yours very truly,

S. THALBERG."

Testimonial from Gottschalk.

"After having played on the Piano of Messrs. Knabe & Co., it is impossible not to bear testimony to their qualities, which have acquired for them the eminent reputation which they enjoy. The finish of their manufacture, on which I have played, are exceedingly remarkable for their qualities of tone. The bass is powerful, without harshness, and the upper notes sweet, clear and harmoniously mellowed together, and I do not hesitate to express it in regard to these instruments my entire satisfaction, and to declare that they are equal, if not superior, to the best manufactured in Europe or this country by the most celebrated makers.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK."

Testimonial from Gustave Satter.

"Though not personally acquainted with you, it affords me much pleasure to make you a communication, which, as a strict friend of justice and candor, I cannot withhold from you. On a recent visit to Philadelphia, I had the pleasure of performing on one of your pianos, and to my astonishment, I found it in every particular a most excellent one, and your name has, since that time, been fresh in my memory.

"With much esteem, yours,

"G. SATTER."

Testimonial from Maurice Strakosch.

"I cannot but congratulate you upon the immense progress and improvements which you continually make on your pianos, which, in my opinion, rank among the very best in the country.

M. STRAKOSCH."

Testimonial from Henri Vieuxtemps.

"I was delighted on hearing the clear and full tone of your really American Pianos, and I congratulate you on the progress you have made in this branch of art.

"H. VIEUXTEMPS."

Opinions such as the above, from gentlemen so eminent as artists, are so conclusive of the merits of the pianos manufactured by Knabe & Co., that they leave us nothing to say, so that we can only endorse them.



WM. KNABE & CO.'S PIANO MANUFACTORY, BALTIMORE—FACTORIES CORNER OF EUTAW AND WEST STREETS.

THE STORY OF THE LIGHTNING.

'Tis summer eve beneath the shivering lindens,
The soft warm air
Sways the green branches to and fro, as gently
As childhood's prayer.

The sheeted lightning in the heavens blazing,
Cleaves clouds in twain;
Flash following flash, till darkness
Seems almost vain.

Fire leaps from cloud to cloud, and the horizon
Is all alight,
As if the skies had opened, that the angels
Might beat back night.

And as they part, quicker than thought can travel,
It seems almost
That living lightning leaped from the artillery
Of a mysterious host.

And that beyond the iron frontier
Of all that's real,
Light chased darkness through the shadowy cloudland
Of the ideal.

There is a cloudland also in reality,
Where night and day
Ever encounter in mysterious armor
For sovereign sway.

When good and evil meet, and clash within us
In heart and brain,
When sorrow seems to gather ever o'er us,
And hope is vain.

When the will that would work is stricken powerless,
And friendship's smile
Is like the mockery of a crimson sunset
On snow awhile.

'Tis bright but warms not; and the deep'ning shadows
Of gathering night
Drop down, and leave the wanderer cold and frozen
On fields of white.



There's many a battle in our shadowy cloudland
Of Heart and Brain,
When Might makes Right, and Right sits, worn and listless,
Moaning with pain.

There's many a battle in the shadowy cloudland
When tiny feet
Tramp for the first time, houseless and forlorn,
Adown the street.

When little blue eyes, wondering at the stars
That shine o'erhead,
Ask sobbing from a weary half-starved father
A piece of bread.

And many a one is fought around the dying
For thirst of gold,
In hearts that grasp at purses or possessions
Ere the clay's cold.

When solemn deathbeds seem at best but gullies,
Where miner's hands
May jostle with each other in the plunder
Of golden sands.

And there are many battles that do almost
Nature convulse,
Fought between good and evil, with the weapons
Of wild impulse.

When reckless, heedless passion's dread rebellion
Breaks reason's sway,
And tender ties are severed in a moment,
Or flung away.

But in our cloudland, if there's sometimes darkness,
There's also light,
Legions of angels minister to those who
Strive to do right,

If we but lift our arms, and not sit idly
Nursing Despair,
But work with hands and brain until its phantoms
Vanish in air.

So underneath the shivering German lindens
I close my eyes,
To dream again this story of the lightning
Up in the skies.



WILLIAM P. FESSENDEN, OF MAINE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 315.

The Flower of the Family.

DR. THORNE, of Thorndale, was known all over the county. The black horse, driven at a rapid pace, and the shabby chaise, with the torn blue lining, would have been recognized anywhere within twenty miles of the village. The doctor's person and potions were alike unmistakable and familiar. A gray overcoat, worn with eccentric impartiality summer and winter, a soft otterskin cap—there was an alternative at home in the shape of a brown Leghorn—a tall figure, slightly drooping shoulders, a genial face, keen, kindly blue eyes, these were the externals of Dr. Thorne.

His medicines were most definitely known by their real or supposed results. In theory the doctor was high allopathic; in practice, eclectic. If heretical, it was certainly effective. If a patient declined to recover under his care, it must be wilful indocility, not by any means the doctor's fault.

It was this singular fatality in his practice that made Dr. Thorne and his horse and chaise known far and wide. People on the outer margin of his parish knew very little about Thorndale. There was a vague impression that it was an outcome of the doctor's exuberant personality, and existed by his sufferance, which was a very great mistake indeed. Thorndale was a positive fact in itself, having a stubborn individuality of its own.

In its earlier days it had borne some foolish classical name, but later the Thorne acquired an ascendancy, and Squire Thorne having bequeathed a legacy for the endowment of an academy, the town petitioned the Legislature for leave to change its title to the more euphonious one of Thorndale, a proceeding, however, that met strenuous opposition from that part of the community which considered itself specially called to resist every innovation—to serve as a sort of tide wall, against which the advancing wave of progress may dash and break itself in vain—a class of persons abundant everywhere, and useful when barriers are necessary, but very embarrassing and disagreeable when it becomes desirable to remove them. The village lay in a green hollow. Smooth fields sloped down to the small stream which sang along the valley, wide meadows full of flowers and rich in luxuriant grasses ran out between the hills, a picturesque bridge spanned the river, and old elms leaned over and caressed the flowing water.



"What shall I do?"



The Blacksmith speaks too late.

It was a place for a poet to dream in and for an artist to long to see upon canvas, if poets and artists had been indigenous productions of the valley, as they were not.

Esthetics stood a small chance in that hard-working, practical, matter-of-fact community. In religion, Puritan; in politics, conservative. It might not have been easy to define the belief, but that was of no consequence, since it was all written down in the books in charge of the deacons. It was enough that it made them upright and steadfast. But in Thornedale conservatism did not mean clinging for ever to the remains of a defunct party, or destroying the country in order to save the Constitution; the Declaration of Independence was not become a glittering generality, it was the embodiment of a principle, splendid and incontrovertible, to be maintained by the sacrifice of life if need be.

So the obscure little town slept, quite unaware of the new ideas that were shaking the world abroad, patronised the stagecoach, and received weekly papers from the metropolis; and so it might have done till the end of the century had not one of those restless Yankee vandals, who are continually improving upon nature and turning things to account, found his way into it.

His quick eye detected the capacities of the little stream, and his fertile brain devised a way to win a fortune. And so the innocent river was set to work, a mill was placed upon its brink and great wheels were put in motion. No more idle singing away the summer days under the elms, no more loitering under the mossy arches of the bridge. Shut in by ponderous gates and hemmed in by masonry, the river was made to do its part in the world's work.

In former times the Thornes had been wealthy as well as influential, but in the doctor's day the family fortune was much diminished. He caught eagerly at the suggestion that he should take a share in the mill, and by-and-bye he had purchased the entire property, and was sole owner. Streets of small houses sprang up around the river, laborers went in and out at the red brick mill, the buzz of machinery was heard all day long, and presently the people became aware that Dr. Thorne was fast accumulating a fortune.

But still he went his rounds; the black horse and shabby chaise were as ubiquitous as ever.

Just at this hour the equipage is standing before the door of a farmhouse five miles away, and in the spacious dining-room at home the doctor's family are waiting for him to come to tea.

The sun shines into the room, playing about the polished tea-service, quivering among the fuchsias and verbenas in the windows, and crowning Bell's bright head like a glory. The room is full of light; the great, cheery fire on the hearth, leaping up in broad sheets of flame, and the red splendor of the sun shaming it with greater brightness. But at last the sun withdrew in discomfiture, a few faint gleams wavered about the distant mountain tops, and then twilight, gray and soft, settled down upon the valley.

Miss Lucy, the doctor's sister, and his housekeeper for these ten years past, put up her sewing and began to knit—she was always knitting when she was not sewing. It was an axiom of hers that not a moment should be allowed to pass unimproved, a principle she had endeavored, with indifferent success, to impress upon the doctor's daughters.

There were three of them—Helen, Susie and Bell. Helen was blonde, beautiful and stately; Susie was pretty and piquant, full of charming, saucy ways; but Bell—as everybody knew and as everybody took occasion to say when the Thornes were in question—Bell was the flower of the family. Bell, who stood looking into the gray dimness out of doors, her brown eyes dreamy and soft, and the delicate curves of her face white and still as marble, was sure to make a brilliant match and cover her father's name with honor. Bell was supposed to be watching for the appearance of the chaise around the corner, but I doubt if she would have known it had it crossed her vision at that moment.

Under the window lay the garden, half buried in russet leaves, a few late asters along the borders, and some tall chrysanthemums persistent in white and gold. Just over the way was the mill, its many windows alight, and indistinct figures flitting across them. Farther on were the houses of the operatives, the shops and the market. The aristocratic part of the town lay along the hillside, overlooking the busy village in some disdain, and climbing up the long, green slopes, that finally became wide fields, the real country at last. The road wound steeply to the top, and all along its margin were pretty rural homes. In that high, square house lived the Rev. Mr. Fossil, the incumbent of the first parish, and just opposite, confronting him in position, as he did in theology, was the parsonage where young Mr. Broadchurch lived in lonely bachelorhood, both the exponents of a living faith that chose to manifest itself in different forms.

The handsome balconied house, pretentious in style and florid in architecture, was the property of the Beverleys, a rich, city family, at present domiciled in their winter residence in Madison square. A little beyond was the quaint, antique place where the Livingstons had dwelt from time immemorial, always proud, and now poor, represented by a young man just out of the law school and looking about for an eligible opening.

It is quite certain that Bell could not see the queer, old-fashioned gables of the mansion with her soft brown eyes; equally sure that she did see them with that keen, interior vision, which has the power of annihilating space and setting walls and other opaque objects at defiance. While she looked the sweet days of the summer just past came back very vivid and real, days made glorious by love and hope.

In his stay at home that summer, Ward Livingston, fresh from his professional studies and the seclusion of college walls, threw himself into village society with genial *abandon*. He became a habitué of Dr. Thorne's house, and naturally enough fell in love with Bell. He was brilliant and ambitious, susceptible to the charms of womanly sweetness and beauty, and not without generous and kindly impulses. Everybody said it would be a splendid match. The doctor acquiesced with great secret satisfaction, and the lovers themselves floated adown the fairy stream with perfect confidence in each other. There was, perhaps, a little calculation in Ward Livingston's mind; not that he would have married for money, but, since Bell was beautiful and lovable, it was not treason to be glad that she was rich as well. What he would have done had Dr. Thorne been poor it was not necessary to consider. He could not be insensible to the advantage that Bell's fortune would give him. He was glad to be spared excessive toil and the pinches of poverty, for all such things were distasteful to him. It was fortunate that Bell was not a poor man's daughter. And yet Ward was very much in love with her.

While Bell was looking out of the window and thinking of her lover, a light burst out from the large open building near the mill. It was the forge fire. A red flame shot up, a shower of sparks flew about, and presently were heard the blows of the ponderous hammer.

A stalwart figure came into the light. It was not graceful or elegant, more strong than symmetrical, in no respect of a character to please a young girl's eye or win her fancy. Yet it compelled Bell's attention and put Ward Livingston out of her thoughts, until a footfall on the garden walk aroused her, the bell was rung impatiently, and Bell sprang forward to meet him.

"Don't go yet, Ward," said Bell's gentle voice.

He had no wish to go. He never wanted to miss that sweet presence again. Sybarite as he was, he could have spent his life at her side in idle romancing and half-whispered talk. But the train was just about leaving, and he was going to the city, where he had opened an office. He must wait there for business. But that need not delay their marriage, since there was not poverty to keep them apart.

And so he had won a shy permission to return for her at Christmas. Dr. Thorne graciously assented, and Helen and Susie were in the dining-room talking about bridal dresses, and should there be a reception, and would not Bell be a beautiful bride?

The inexorable minutes brought the hour for the railway train.

"And now, indeed, I must go, dear!"

Bell's eyes were hid by the sweeping lashes, a tear or two stole into sight, and now, with a great sob, she clung to him in a passion of tender pain.

"I cannot bear to have you go," she cried.

Bell, the shy, wayward girl, whose love he had first guessed and never won to a full confession, forgot her maidenly shame, and her heart overflowed in words that thrilled him. He never forgot them, never forgot the touch of her clinging hands and the pathos in her voice, though there came a time when he would have been glad to shake off the remembrance. He would love her for ever, he said. The words were a solemn vow. He meant them to be such. All that was best in him was fully awoke. At that moment he was just what Bell believed him to be.

Ten minutes afterwards, when he passed the blacksmith's shop on his way to the station, he wished that Stephen Blair were not standing in front of his forge, where he must speak to him. Stephen was an honest fellow, and he would not go by an old playmate without a pleasant word, but now there were tears in his eyes, and Bell's voice, her ways, her beauty and graces, and the knowledge of her love for him filled his mind, and he did not want to take his thoughts away from her. As he came abreast of the shop door, Stephen walked away without once looking at him.

"There goes Miss Bell's sweetheart, no doubt," said one of the smutty workmen, between his blouse upon the anvil. "Eh, Stephen?"

"No doubt," echoed Stephen.

"'Twill be a fine match. The old squire's son's a handsome lad, and Miss Bell's the flower of the doctor's family."

"The flower of the family," muttered Stephen.

"Do you know will they be married soon?" persisted the man.

Would he never be still? Stephen turned abruptly and angrily, and went into another part of the building. It was where the machinery of the mill was sent for repair, and it had the grimy look of the shop without its picturesque forge fire.

A window looked upon the river. Over the bridge was the railway station, and just below the small cottage where Stephen's mother kept house for him.

He crossed his brown, stout arms upon the sill and looked after Ward Livingston. There he was walking up and down the platform—slight, elegant, polished. Stephen looked scornfully at his own brawny limbs.

"A pretty figure to win a girl's love," he muttered. "Hard, rough hands—coarse dress—and complexion like an Indian! Was there no other girl in the world that I must needs fall in love with her—the delicate fairy? Vulcan and Venus! Pshaw! That was all a fable. Women love what is graceful and petite. How easy Ward Livingston's motions are! How his dress fits him! Did he ever doubt if she would care for him? Does he worship the very air around her? Fool—that I could ever think I could be anything to her!"

He could have cursed his folly. Stephen Blair was strongly made; grown coarse and dark with labor and exposure; a man of herculean build; with a ponderous brain, a low, massive forehead and blue eyes—looking out from overhanging brows—that gave to his face whatever beauty it had, with their shifting lights, their evanescent softness and tender longing, perpetually contradicting his burly figure and massive features. Presently the train went out. He took his straw hat and went over the bridge into his garden. There was work to be done here—delicate plants to be housed for winter blossoming. He set himself about it. His old mother, pattering about the kitchen preparing his dinner, looked out and saw him. A glow of pride thrills her heart. Her brave, manly boy! There wasn't another like him in the whole world. How hard he had worked! how hard he had studied! He had as good an education as the minister himself. What was the want of college to such as Stephen? And now he was getting on, and sure to be a rich man one of those days. All because of that queer piece of machinery in the corner.

The November morning was sunny, but the still air was keenly cold. There were little fringes of ice along the edge of the river, and small icicles were pendent from the eaves of Stephen Blair's shop. The music of the waterfall was muffled, and the spray congealed on the walls, and everywhere it was frosty and cold and disheartening. A little figure in gray cloak and furs, and a crimson hood, was coming up the road—in relief against a background of golden sunshine.

Stephen Blair, clearing away the debris of the season's growth from his garden, saw it, and his heart was warmed in a moment as the summer could never have warmed it. Bell was just from the post office.

The hands hidden in the muff clasped a letter from Ward Livingston. She had peeped into it on her way, and half understood, half imagined the drift of the six closely written pages. The world was not gloomy to Bell. The sharp air only made her blood leap faster.

At the end of the walk was the cozy fire in the room, and the long hour alone, in which to read and re-read Ward's letter. Coming to Stephen's gate the rustling in the dry leaves broke in upon the pleasant flow of her thoughts. She stopped to speak to him. Her happiness must have overflowed in her words and eyes, for the simple sentence stirred him almost to tears. He came down to the gate, shifting lights playing over his brown face.

"You are not ill, Stephen?" said Bell, in a little surprise.

"No!" He caught at a stem of clematis that hung over the gate, and crushed it in his strong fingers.

"We never see anything of you now," said Bell, gently. "Why don't you come in as you used to?" She saw that he was in trouble, and had a vague fear that she might have seemed unfriendly of late, knowing that all that summer Ward Livingston had stood between her and the whole world.

"Because—" The sentence came to an abrupt stop.

Bell looked up inquiringly, and then drew back in sudden pain. There was no need of Stephen's stammered words, no need of the tones so saturated with tenderness. But once spoken a feeling of despairing resignation came upon him. He had done what he had a thousand times told himself it would be madness and folly ever to do. And now she knew that he loved her, and he stood waiting for what she would say, his hands clutching the gate, his stalwart form still as stone, the wild tumult that shook him a moment ago hushed, hoping nothing—he had never hoped—and fearing nothing—for had he not always been certain of the worst? In her quiet agitation the gray muff fell to the ground, and Ward's letter slipped out and lay there unheeded. The white hands fluttered a moment, and finally the soft palm rested on Stephen's coarse, brown fingers.

A cloud of tears rose to her eyes.

"Oh! Stephen," she cried, in great pity. "I am so sorry for you. I thought you knew I was promised to Ward."

"I did know it!" It was like an automaton speaking.

All at once Bell saw clearly into the strong nature she had power to move so deeply. There was something there quite new to her, something that Ward's light-hearted, happy love could not have known. She longed to comfort him, but her instincts told her that no comfort could be taken. She could only cry helplessly, and pray for him in her heart. By-and-bye she said:

"I can't forgive myself for grieving you, Stephen. I have always admired you so much—you have had few things to make you happy—and now I must bring you a new sorrow."

He could not help seeing her truth and kindness. He forced himself to speak.

"It is more a joy, Bell. Hopeless as it is, I would not have missed it. God make your life what you could have made mine." He turned away from her, his face white with emotion.

Bell picked up her letter—Stephen could not have touched it for his life—and walked slowly home. The brightness was taken out of the morning. The sunshine all gone out of her heart. She put Ward's letter away. How could she read it now?

That night the forge fires flashed out into the darkness. Bell looked over the way and saw the sparks go out in the frosty air.

"Poor Stephen!"

At noon the next day the church bell rang out in loud and eager appeal. The doves came flying away from the tower with a whirr and chatter, and soft rustle of wings, and settled down upon the deck of the tall liberty pole in the centre of the common.

What could it mean? With many a perk and deft twist of the head, they asked each other the question. For were not the recognised uses of the bell few and familiar? At rare intervals it broke into the sweet, summer silence or pulsed along the dead white wintry stillness in slow measured strokes, telling to all the wide country round that a soul had passed; then the stir in the village street was hushed; the oxen stood still in the furrow, and the ploughman reverently uncovered his head and counted the strokes; the solemn voice stole into farmhouses miles away on the green hillsides, and silenced the playful talk of young girls, and touched the springs of memory of old people; it knelled through the flickering consciousness of the ill and dying, and woke shuddering sobs in those who watched and feared; it took the glory out of the summer and chilled anew the pale winter day.

But these were not the low, slow-beating throbs of sorrow. They burst in loud clangor—they shrieked along the air in mad cries—they rained in swift, sonorous, unintermitting strokes that startled a vague fear in the village people, and it set them running hither and thither with wild questions kindling on their lips.

Some looked from the hill and saw a red flam flash out of the valley.

"The mill is on fire! The mill is on fire!"

Dr. Thorne, visiting his patients three miles off, saw a gray cloud of smoke darken the sky, and instantly turned his horse's head homewards.

Over the hills, rushing through the hollows, tramping along wooded roads, the premonition of danger growing every moment more vivid, nearer the clamor of the bell, more distinct the shouts of the people, and Dr. Thorne at last looked down into the hollow upon the mill—a great furnace of soaring, leaping, seething flame, upon a sea of upturned faces and swelling masses of smoke. He threw himself from the chaise into the crowd. Shrieks of terror and pity rose around him. Figures crossed the windows between sheets of crimson fire. The doctor sprang forward. A dozen hands restrained him. "They're all safe but one," said some one huskily. "See, see!" The mass of people scarcely breathed; nothing was heard except the crackling of the fire-fiend.

All eyes were strained in an agony of doubt.

A large, strong man with a childish-looking girl clinging to his shoulders—everybody knew widow Brown's little girl, who supported her mother by working in the mill—appeared at one of the windows.

"Stephen Blair! God bless him," said the doctor.

A sobbing whisper ran through the crowd.

"The stairs are burnt away!"

People rushed forward with ladders; the fierce flames drove them back.

Stephen hesitated. The fire raged above him; it tossed in red waves under his feet; it made a wall behind him; sharp, hissing tongues leapt out and seared his clothing. A shudder stirred the crowd. Groans and cries arose.

Stephen waved his hands. They fell back.

Only one way, and that must be sought quickly.

A little stronger hold upon the girl in his arms, a moment's bracing his nerves for the leap, a half uttered prayer, and then in the terrible, blinding fear nobody could see—in the agony of dread nobody could hear, till the long exultant shout rang out, and the people cried for joy, and said to each other that both were safe.

Swifter the red flames leapt from wall to wall; more dense the volumes of smoke; more frequent the crash of falling bricks. It was barely possible to save the adjacent buildings; the mill, full of combustible matter, had been past hope from the first.

Dr. Thorne had seen it, and remembered with a pang of self-reproach that he had neglected to renew the insurance, which ran out on the last day of October.

There was nothing to be done but to stand with folded arms, and watch the fire as it swept away the accumulations of years.

At last the long, blue wreaths, that linked rafter to rafter, that festooned the ceilings, and played along the rows of machinery, were quenched in smoke; presently the wall fell in, and the mill was a smouldering ruin.

"Will it be a loss, father?" whispered Bell.

The doctor drew her closer to him with a quick impulse of thankfulness that Bell at least would be spared the pinches of poverty. Helen was strong, and Susie light-hearted, and as for himself, there was a great deal of work left in him yet. So his reply was in a cheerful voice that did not accord with the words:

"A total loss, my dear. I'm poorer now than I was twenty years ago."

When the doctor joined his family at teatime the room wore its usual pleasant aspect. Bell had a book open before her; Helen was sewing; Susie making tea, and Miss Lucy was knitting. The doctor was slightly irritated. It seemed unnatural and unfeeling that everything should be so bright and gay.

"I believe Lucy would knit if the world was on fire," he thought.

The doctor glanced at her work. Blue and white—technically called "mixed." What became of it all nobody knew. It is certain that blue and white was never worn in the family.

"You know there was no insurance, Lucy," said the doctor, desperately. She knew that well enough, and it would have been a relief if she could have scolded him for his negligence, but the girls impressed it upon her that father was not to be reproached, so she contented herself with an expressive sniff, and refrained from putting any sugar in her tea, because they must now be economical.

They talked over the misfortune by the waning fire.

It was very hard! What would Ward say, thought Bell. She must write to him by to-morrow's mail.

This March day was a foreshadowing of summer; the sunshine was golden; the wild winds were asleep; the blue birds were singing in the elms, and the water rippled pleasantly. Easter was sure to be delightful, and Susie was to be a bride at Easter. The young minister had decided that her sprightliness would be a fit counterpart to his dignity. So the girls sat at work upon the *trousseau*.

There were clouds of snowy muslin about, airy wefts of tulle, almost as unsubstantial as the dewy webs woven over the lips of the grass blades by the spiders. Bell sewed very quietly and

steadily; pale, only for pink flushes that rose suddenly when some one spoke to her.

Upon the hill the young heir of the Livingstons sat alone in what was once the family parlor, meagre enough now. Heir to half a hundred acres of worn-out land; a crazy old house and a barren prefix, he said to himself bitterly. He threw more wood upon the fire; it was the only bright thing near him. Out of doors were the mild spring air and the inspiration of the coming summer, but Ward Livingston shut himself up in the black house with his black thoughts for company. Black thoughts indeed. They could scarcely have been darker. Three months ago he had learned that Dr. Thorne had lost his fortune. He had crumpled up Bell's dainty letter into a mass of indescribable wrinkles, in the first passion of disappointment and regret into which the news had thrown him.

What were they to do now? Of course there could be no wedding at Christmas. Bell would understand that—had said so, indeed—and he needn't add dwell upon that, only write and tell her how sorry he was. Which he did. And Bell's reply lay yet unanswered in his portfolio. For what was he to do? Poor little Bell! He said that every day for the first month. He imagined her prematurely old and faded, harassed by the hateful necessity of economy, submitting patiently to the detestable makeshifts of poverty. He thought of himself—poor—burdened with a bride held; hesitating at a butcher's stall between chop joints; walking a mile on a rainy day to save going to libraries to economize in books that could not afford to buy; sitting in the gallery at the theatre; refusing invitations that he could not afford to return, and hoarding every penny instead of giving them to beggars. Bah! How he despised it all. Why didn't he die? Why did Doctor look after his insurance? why didn't he keep a watch? But what was the good of cursing his folly.

There was no need of snatching down the curtain with a pull that tore off the shabby fringes. Madeline Beverley could not see him at that distance though her window was open, staring at him so imperiously. What had brought the Beverleys into the country so early? Did Madeline know he was here? A splendid woman; style, talent, grace and wealth. Did he understand the look which her fine, shallow black eyes flashed out upon him the last time they met? He heart quickened a little at the recollection. But after all Bell was more to his taste—dear little Bell—a thousand times more lovable. If Bell had owned the fortune of the Beverleys, Madeline's eyes would have raised their lightning upon him in vain. But suppose—just for a moment—that he married Madeline. What then? Why, there was easy path to the station he coveted, reputation, ease, luxury; he thought of the house in Madison square, its elegant furnishing, its library, its *confortie*, its pictures, and the subtle atmosphere of refinement that pervaded it. There was the little nest Bell had sent to him a week ago. "Shall we hire from his engagement?" The paper almost burnt his fingers. He threw it down, execrating himself. But what was he to do? It would not do to offer her love and beggary. And so he had come home, not to break the engagement openly, but then she would see that they must be separated, perhaps for years. He had been here two days, and as yet he had not seen her. Perhaps, after all, it would be better to go back to New York, and write to her, and if anything should happen to prevent his seeing her again. Ah! there were lights in the drawing-room at the Beverleys. He must go over and call. It would be only civil to do so. Mrs. Beverley had sent him her last winter about Bell. He was glad now that he had not told her of his engagement.

By this time you will see that Ward Livingston was not quite the impersonation of honor that Bell thought him. Yet not wholly unprincipled, and far from heartless; smitten with guilt and shame, and yearning for the dear love now irrevocably lost to him, he crept out of the village at daylight the next day, false to Bell and to Ida, was lost in his nature.

The noon sun shone into the parlor at Dr. Thorne's where Bell sat alone. It seemed cruel. She would have liked to go away into some quiet place away from the light and heavy sun, and all the interests of life. Her father came in, and sitting in his armchair by the fire, rattled the newspapers irritably. Presently he said:

"Bell, came here, child!"

She went, dropping on a cricket at his feet. He stroked her hair a moment.

"Bell, what is this about Ward?"

Bell made her voice very quiet and steady to reply:

"It is all over between us, father."

After more questions and answers, and then the doctor uttered some sharp, angry words.

"Oh, don't, I can't bear that," cried Bell, and then in child her face in his arms while she shook with passionate sobs.

Dr. Thorne's kindly nature was roused to anger. The loss of money was nothing to him. If a world be of any use to do anything; but nothing could restore Bell's faith; nothing could make him what he had believed him to be.

The June air is disturbed by martial music; the streets are noisy with shouts; the coming comes are beset by crowds of the village people eager for the news.

Thereafter is awoke. The old Cromwellian spirit, dormant all these working, thriving years, shows itself in the sturdy yeomen, burns in their eye, swells in their great, valiant heart, and rises to the heroic resolve. The great tide swept over the whole North; not a country village so poor in patriotism as not to spring to arms when the life of the nation was threatened; not a hamlet so small that it had not its offering to lay upon the altar.

For up in the blue June sky the flag unwound its starry folds, and eyes flashed as they caught sight of it; the blood leaped more swiftly along its channels, and life lost its paltriness and insignificance; the doors of the recruiting office full back before an enthusiastic crowd.

All this went on under the windows of Dr. Thorne's parlor, and the whole household were vividly interested; Bell most of all. And now Miss Lucy knit to some purpose. The doctor, coming into dinner, announced this last recruit.

"Stephen Blair has enlisted."

A glow of tender pride swept over Bell's face.

"I knew Stephen would go!"

Something in her voice made them all look at her. After a moment the doctor turned away, trying to himself:

"Nonsense! it isn't at all likely. Such a rough fellow as Stephen Blair; good as gold though, poor—what can he do. Absurd in me to think of it."

But he held the newspaper upside down, and went out thinking of it.

"Do you want to go, Stephen?"

He had come in for a moment, loo-ing to have a sight of her before he went. He hesitated.

"No, I don't want to go. I have my mother to care for, and there are a good many things I want to do."

Not throwing his life away in a freak, he childish impulse, but the value that reasons and dares because it must.

He glanced at her standing pale and beautiful in the soft lamplight.

"I had planned to do a great many things," he continued, with a little sigh, "I may not get all of it. I wished out of life, but I shall have its worth. That is what I thought, Bell. But that is past now. I must go. I have a call of duty, a military spirit. I'm afraid I haven't it. I don't care for the glory; all the pomp and pageantry of war are but little to me. I shall rather like my share, and see the flowers blossom, and hear the summer sounds. I think I'm not afraid to die, but it is hard to leave everything I care for behind me.

It was her he was thinking of, and yet he had no hope.

"But the cause, Stephen!" cried Bell.

"Yes, the cause—the holiest and noblest that man ever fought for; don't fear that I won't stand by it, Bell. But I have not considered me all my life for me to turn my back upon it now." Bell was silent.

"I would have been capable of an impulse of patriotism—would be have shown that steady, wise valor that takes up a cause and bears it manfully. So at last Stephen bade her good-bye.

"I wanted to see you once more, Bell. It won't be so hard to go now," and with that he was at the door.

"Stephen, dear Stephen!" cried Bell. She ran to the door. "I want you to know I understand honor; you: I know you would go, but I did not know till now how brave it would be in you."

The next day Bell sat in her room looking through the shut blinds upon the scene in the street below. Close ranks of men in the gray uniform of the service, a swarm of women and children pressing close up to them, the State banner, white and lustrous, fluttering over the throng of all. Bell looked down upon it, and knew that above all else, a figure towering above its fellows, and broad-shouldered and muscular, a sunburnt face a little pallid for all its sunburn, and a manful eyes that scanned the group in the doorway again and again, and each time turns away baffled and disappointed.

Dear, brave Stephen! She did not love him, but that he had cared for her was something to be acutely proud of all her life. She must rise up and stand with the rest under that storm of glances, but now, as the drums beat, the music of the band rose rich and inspiring, and the command was given to march, she threw open the blind, the brown face was instantly raised, and the wistful blue eyes met her own. Stephen carried away in his heart a picture that never for a moment grew dim—a slight figure framed by the crimson drapery of the window, the rippling brown hair blown away from the temples, the sweet, half-smiling mouth, and the soft, dove eyes that could hardly see him for tears.

The regiment arrived in New York. It was a grand ovation. Music, crowds of people, banners, bouquets; the white and blue; fair hands waving, and cheer after cheer welcomed the heroes. Madeline Beverley looked from her window parted curtains. "Isn't it splendid?" Her black eyes were sparkling and her color brighter. Ward looked on, a cloud on his face—he knew those men.

"It is as fine as a review in the Champs Elysées," continued Madeline.

"What should you think of my going?" said Ward, gravely.

"You? Are eyes kindled. It would be a fine thing to have him a colonel or even a captain.

"Can you get a commission?"

"No; I don't know enough to carry a captain's sword. I meant to go as a private."

"A private!" Her lip curled. "There are enough people to do that—such as those. After all, what would the glory be worth if you should be killed?"

That was what Ward was thinking, and so he presently sat down on the velvet sofa and begged her to play to him. He was wondering if he would go—she hoped so. If he had been hers she would have yielded him—oh, so readily—although it would have been pain parting with her own life.

Two years have opened graves all over the land and left empty chairs at thousands of firesides, and taxed the courage and faith of the people. Thorndale kept her heroes in remembrance. Sometimes the church bell tolled its solemn peal over the dead soldier, and then the wail came more very vividly.

The village was proud of her men—of Stephen Blair especially. Always an ironi, never grumbling, and never shirking, Stephen did his duty; and the soldiers who have fought, and marched, and half starved know what it is to do that.

Sometimes the papers came to him, and one day he read Ward Livingston's marriage. A lifted hope sprang up within him. "He was never good enough for her. I never dared say it before, but I know it."

And so the days went on, dreary camp routine, picket duty, facing the cannon, storming fortifications, till at last he was struck by bullet under a rain of shot and shell, some fearful missile struck him and he fell. The storm of battle swept over him, and after the fray true Stephen awoke from his swoon to find himself almost alone under the starlight.

He was carried in and pronounced not quite hopeless; and one day when the train stopped at Thorndale the wounded soldier was lifted out and set upon the platform, glad enough to see the dear old place once more, and to hear the never-forgotten music of a river. He might have been gone a lifetime, so much had he lived in the time.

There were no blazing fires in the shop now; the great forge hammer was silent. Stephen pleased himself with thinking that he would rekindle them by-and-bye, and put the idle river to new uses; he would fashion into shape those ideal forms that haunted his busy brain. But his strong hands had grown very weak, he almost feared he should never have complete mastery over them again. The languor would not go. Every day after the village doctor hobbled out to the shop and sat down in the corner where the curious implements of his craft lay about. It was slow work; the warm summer came in and fell on the dark bits of iron, and the shadows of the white clouds that floated over the sky glided up to the sash. Stephen wondered of the time what it was to be ill—to feel the energy all gone from his frame, the ambition and purpose of manhood lost in heart.

There was no spring left in him, he said sadly. And now glancing up and over the way, he sees the window open in Dr. Thorne's parlor, and a fresh new face, genial and homelike in the atmosphere within.

And so sitting and thinking, the dull pain telling him what it is that he needs, he sees a little familiar figure come out at the door and along the street. But she does not bring him the daily paper. She will pass the door and go on to the cottage he thinks, and he will let her do so.

The afternoon silence is unbroken and very sweet to Bell. Nothing but the rippling flow of the brook, the gentle monotony of the cicada's song, and the quiet, yellow sunshine sleeping on the houses, and the white, dusty road and the dark picturesque shop.

Bell's heart grew very light; the two years past had developed her wonderfully. "It was a shame," she said, "to grow morbid and miserable over her own sorrows and folly. Nothing was left now of her grief but a little added tenderness and depth and strength of feeling, and these might have been given to a greater cost."

The flutter of her blue muslin dress caught Stephen's eye, perhaps the magnetism of his presence and love had drawn her, for she entered of the shop door.

"Oh, Stephen! are you here? I was just coming to give you the paper," and before he could rise she had put it into his hands. Stephen glanced down it in quick comprehension. He had seen her at home often since his return, but now the sadness that he thought he had outlived fettered him.

Bell looked around with a girl's curiosity at the unfamiliar things about. Those curious cogwheels and those polished cylinder—what were they? She would ask; and turning to Stephen, met a look that frightened away the smile from her lips. And now the wound her ribbons around her fingers in great confusion. Stephen looked at her, all his love and yearning shining in his eyes, and then he took her. The bouquet of his crippled limb; he naughtiness his uncouthness.

The trouble played around her, she wind stirred her veil, but washed the fringe of the shawl that wore across her white hands. How fair she was! the delicate, pure face, the dark crown with those black, rough things around her. He bit his lip. Oh, it was hopeless! Bell saw the gray look settled upon his face, and remembered that the November morning two years before. How strong he was then, and now so weak and maimed. In her very pity she could not speak to her eyes. "Let he care for her now?" Bell stepped to the window. A minute or two passed. The rush of the falling water, just below filled the silence; but she must say something.

"What are those curious things, Stephen?" she asked presently, going back to the thought he had scared away.

Stephen explained: "Inventions—he had puzzled over them in the evenings before he went to the army—patented now some of them and proved." Bell's face brightened in surprise and pleasure.

"They will make you rich, won't they?"

"Yes." But there was no gladness in his face or voice.

"And famous too?"

"Perhaps!"

"You are very sober about it," she said playfully.

Bell caught her breath and changed color.

"Rich and famous, what else can you want?"

He rose and was beside her with three steps.

"You know what I want. Oh! Bell, give it to me!"

* * * * * * *

"Well, I never!" It was Miss Lucy who said it. "Would do you mean?"

"To think that the flower of our family should marry a blacksmith!"

Fellow! Hugh Miller was a stonecutter. Come, Robin," and Dr. Thorne stepped into the chaise and drove off.

The cottage has put out many queer little wings and projections; a bay window looks over the river, and scarlet beans climb about it, and blue and white morning-glories open in the summer sunrise; the forge fires are blazing.

Bell comes over and looks at the wonderful things growing up under Stephen's direction, her brown hair blown away from her forehead in the pretty old fashion. They walk back to the cottage together, and there are not two happier people in the wide world.

NEUTRALITY.

A VULTURE sat on an old oak tree,
As brave a bird as a vulture can be,
And he cocked his head so knowingly,
As he pipped away—"Neutrality."

A rooster perched on a neighboring tree,
Crowed long and loud exultingly;
Cock-a-doodle-doo for the "Land of the Free,"
Our motto is also—"Neutrality."

And so they kept up a jolly good time,
Pluming themselves on the nerve sublime
That had saved their beaks from the dirt and slime
Of warring peoples in other climes.

So they roosted together on a shaky old tree,
This gray old vulture and the cock, you see;
And they'll stick to it to the last,
Singing all the time—"Neutrality."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"TOM, what in the world put matrimony into your head?" "Well, the fact is, Joe, I was getting short of shirts."

A MERCHANT having advertised for a youth to wear "cast off clothes," a man appeared the next morning, bringing his mother's corthiese of his family in the hope of getting the place.

A GENTLEMAN presented a lace collar to the object of his adoration, and in a jocular way said: "Do not let any one touch it, for it is caught it."

"No, dear," said the lady, "I will take it off."

TEN wit deservedly won his bet who, in commenting on a man who was brought out of his latitude, wagered that he himself had a brother twelve feet high. "Why, how can that be?" asked the astonished, measuring six feet."

"Oh! him and the horse disputed one day as to whose eyesight was best. The lion saw, on a dark night, a white hair in milk; the horse saw a black hair in the pail. So you see—"

"How do you like me now?" asked a belle of her partner, as she floated into the room with a sweeping train of muslin following her.

"Well, real bad," "It is impossible for me to like you any longer."

WE lately met a grammarian, says a Columbia paper, who has just made out a list of the nines, cogitating thus: "Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minest!"

"WELL, Sambo, what's up to-day?" "Nothing, massa."

"Oh, I is the carp'ner and jiner."

"How I guess yer is! What department do you perform?"

"What department? Why, I does the circular work."

"Circular work?"

"Why, I turns the grindstone!"

"DAN, you have dated your letter a week ahead. It is not so late in the month by one week, you remember."

"Yeuh, boy, inshaw an' 'tis messif that is wanting sweet Kitchen to get in advance of the mail. Shure I'll not care if she gets it three days since it is written, me mother."

WIDOW GRIZZLE'S husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of the most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched his heart while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him:

"Well, Mr. Grizzle, you needn't kick about so and wear all the sheets out, if you are dying."

Punch, some time since, had this joke:

"How Punch does find materials!" Evening and the Monitor was a fight between pot and kettle, and indeed put in the word with the pot was very black.

When the Alabama went down he ordered it to be reported "Safe."

WAITER says that, although he never saw a "hen" cut off, he has seen lots of calves limp white the past few days.

WHY are several young ladies going in a wagon to a quarry? Because it is full of baggage, like trees?

Because their hearts are in their trunks.

MADAME.—"How terribly the ship labors!" exclaimed the nervous lady to the captain, as they sat together in the light of the binnacle. "what cargo have you in this vessel?"

"Petroleum," replied the captain, turning his telescope to the horizon.

"Oh! ah!—petroleum," rejoined the passenger—"that's real oil, no wonder she rocks so."

APROPOS to Gen. Grant, a soldier writes from the front that although the men like their stoical chief, they prefer the steam-whistle style.

THE CHILD'S WAR THEME.—The other day I saw a child was writing at a desk on the sidewalk she had a serious fall. Knees and forehead were very much bruised, and the tears spotted from the slate. This sight, as she was being undressed for bed, she looked carefully at her numerous wounds, and reverently exclaimed to her mother:

"Oh, dear! what dreadful times these war times are!"

THE latest and most interesting work published in Germany is the title of "Ornithologische Beobachtungen," Bibliothecs Sindegten, and Werkzeuge zur Sindelfingen Literatur." It is about Chinese Literature.

"WHAT you reminds 'mining,'—as a lomcat said when a brickbat cut short his serenade.

How should a lover go into his fair one's house. Always ring a ring and never exhaust a rap.

AT a recent meeting of the British Ethnological Society, it is said there were placed "casts of the skull of an individual at different periods of adult life, to show the changes" produced in 19 years. It is on the same principle, we suppose, that the two skulls of Dean Swift are preserved in Ireland, one when he was a boy and the other when he was a man.

A PLAIN SALAD.—The Southerners, at the commencement of the war, being asked what they wanted, replied, "better alone :" and the Northerners have, out of sheer perversity, been trying ever since to give them a dressing.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—THE 15TH AND 17TH ARMY CORPS ATTACKING THE REBEL POSITIO

JUST MY LUCK.

We know exactly how many there are] always waiting for something to turn up, and when it does not contenting themselves with abusing the said luck; but the oldest instance I ever knew was one of those specimens of which so many flocked to the California mines in 1850, and who were known there as "Pikes," whether they came from Missouri or not. It had been hard times with Mr. Pike, and he had not struck anything for a long time, the result of which was that he was dead broke, or, as he expressed it, "the dearest broke man you ever have saw."

The truth was Mr. Pike was lazy, very lazy, and would sooner starve than work at any time. He was first-rate at playing poker, bluff or seven-up, and was a master-hand at playing the fiddle, being thoroughly posted in all dancing-tunes. One day, when things looked amazingly dark with him, Mr. Pike sat upon the head of an old barrel, shuffling a villainously dirty pack of cards upon another, apparently for amusement. Just at this moment along came a gentleman, and stepped up to the unemployed man.

"You play the fiddle, don't you?" he said.

"Wal, what then?" was Mr. Pike's response.

"Why, there's a little party about half a mile below here, and they sent me up for you. If you'll come down and play a little for them to dance they'll give you ten dollars."

"Corn't go," said Mr. Pike.

"Can't go!" said the gentleman, astonished, knowing that Pike hadn't had a chance to make so much in a month before; "why can't you?"

"Bekase I corn't—that's the reason! It's just my luck to get an invitation to a party, and—sich go."

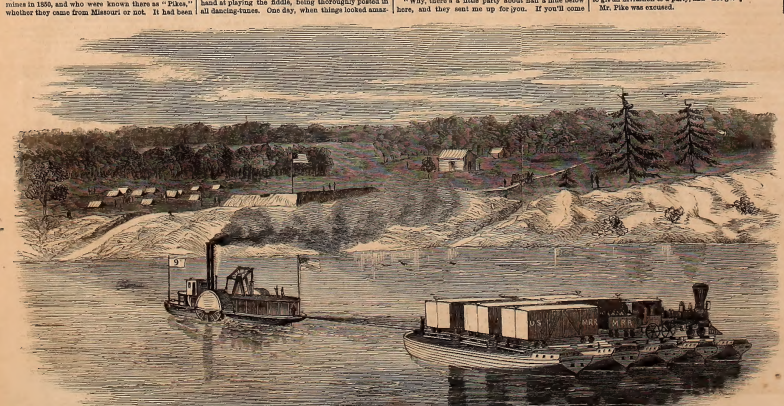
Mr. Pike was excused.

I once saw a specimen Pike genius on the wharf Francisco, who had come o from Missouri, and was with open-mouthed wond ship for the first time. been raising in the nigh her sails were shaken out banging like great bags fro yards. Mr. Pike looked at for several minutes, and turning to me, he said:

"Wal! I've often hea 'bout them freights the ships bring, but I never s till now how they brought Now I see they fetch 'em ere bags!"

Another gentleman of th style, making his first visit wharves to see maritime fastened his attention on mense anchor lying ashore remark was:

"Now, what cussed fool b that ere big pick out to forty? They must a litt they couldn't a got it up mines!"



A U. S. MAIL RAILROAD TRAIN CARRIED UP THE JAMES RIVER.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. G. M'ARDLE.—SEE PAGE 311.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNI

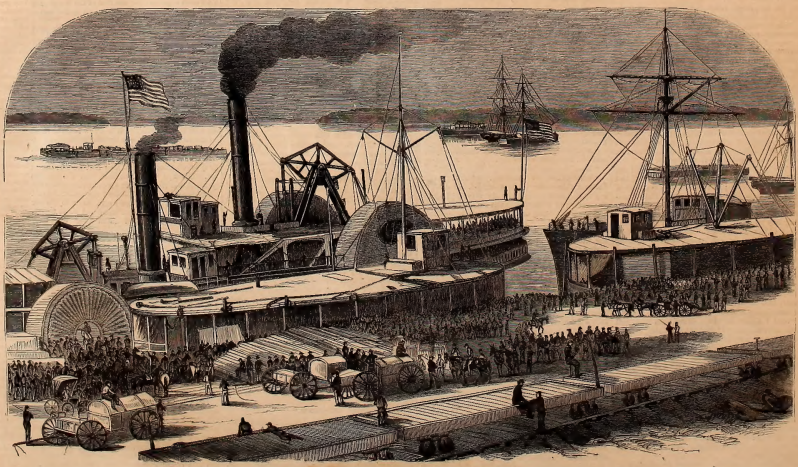
A flash of lightning co
covered an inexhaustible tr
Near the city of Pat, in
stands a mountain, whi
natives call Tricomal. O
mountain a flash of lightni
charging itself, forced a cra
its girdle, which, falling
side of a hill, discovered a
immense quantity of gold
ments, says Ulloa, that
some time sold at Pat crum
as eight pieces of eight per
A treasure of this kind woul
to promise inexhaustible
to the proprietors of the
tain; but the part where
crag was severed is no e
covered with snow and ice
the whole year that the
never been able to derr
other benefit than that
first instance.

It is said that the pi
away from the butcher b
he heard that prevention is
than cure.



Battery. 17th Army Corps.

POSITION ON KENESAW MOUNTAIN, JUNE 29.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. E. HILLEN.



THE SIXTH CORPS EMBARKING AT CITY POINT, TO PROCEED TO THE RELIEF OF WASHINGTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 311.

ISABEL.

LIKE two roseballs crushed in snow
Are the cheeks of Isabel;
Like the violets that grow
Mong the daisies in the dell
Are her eyes: the stars of night
Ne'er a mortal heart did swell
With such pure and fond delight
As the eyes of Isabel.

Music trembles on the lip
Of the fairy Isabel;
Oh! I'd give such sweets to sip
Wealth that Crœsus ne'er could tell;
I would coin my brain and soul,
Could this mintage buy a gold
That would wall me to my goal—
Waft and win me Isabel.

As the sound of silver fine,
Is the voice of Isabel;
Wit, like bubbles on the wine,
Pure as pearls in ocean shell,
Sparkle through her golden theme;
Joyful as a marriage bell
I could list to Isabel—
In one boat with Isabel.

THE MYSTERY OF "THE PLACE."

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

PART III.—CHAPTER V.

"AND so, ma'am, you couldn't say certainly whether the man that you saw and spoke to in your room, the first time, was man or woman?"

Isabelle could not say. The light was so imperfect that it was impossible to see with certainty, but by the robe she thought it was a woman.

"Could she tell, by what she saw of the face, how old it might be?" questioned Mr. Brobbett.

"Yes; perhaps about thirty or thirty-five. But the face had such a strange, startling expression, something unexplainable, that it could not well be set down for an especial age."

"You have not uttered yet?"

"None; only a loud breathing, which could be heard across the room."

Mr. Brobbett discussed every point with Isabelle and Wilton, and asked every question, and then discussing a hearty supper under the eagle over Miller, a supposition that was thoroughly returned by Mr. Brobbett, though less observable, announced his intention of taking a walk down to the village, a mile distant, where about an hour afterwards he could be seen seated at the village store, telling oracle for a group of country people, having, before his departure from "The Place," cautioned both Isabelle and Wilton against mentioning to any one his profession, or speaking of him in any other light than as a humble friend of Mr. Peyton's, come down to him with a business.

"And so," said Mr. Brobbett, "your poorhouse is ten miles away. Well, that's better than having it right before your noses, don't you see. And I suppose you haven't got many vagrants about here as a permanent thing?"

"No," spoke out one of the gossips, "we ain't troubled with that ere sort o' cattle much."

"No woman, now, for instance?" suggested Mr. Brobbett.

"There ain't a right poor woman out of the poor'us within twelve mile but said Sally Nichols, she ain't not been outen her shanty for this two year or more."

"Not any crazy folks, nor idiots, I suppose, now?" was Mr. Brobbett's next observation.

"There ain't sich a thing anywhere within ridin' distance, 'cept crazy Pete."

"And I guess it was Pete I met on the road coming up to-day?" said Mr. Brobbett, artfully, not wishing to have to ask a direct description of that individual.

"Guess not," was the rejoinder. "Pete's went down to say at his gran'father's three weeks ago, an' hasn't got back yit."

Which bothered Mr. Brobbett exceedingly, leaving no hook on which to hang the supposition that the attempt may have been made by some roving vagabond or outcast of the neighborhood. Therefore Mr. Brobbett ventured on another tack and talked about Stanfield, finally settling down to a bit of gossip about the Swinton family.

"The old man was an honest fellow," said one white-haired ancient, who stood, whip in hand and a team at his back, just to drink one mug more of cider, and hear just one more story from somebody. "He didn't turn up his nose at his cabin," even though he made money and got rich. But I can't say as much for that ere son of his, the father of the present one. He went to York and dabbled a little in everything, and everything turned to gold on his hands, but there didn't come a good name back. And it's the same way with this one—nobody knows much about him. When he was young he was wild and run away from home, and they'd'ard about him down to some Ameriky, and other outlandish places, and it wasn't till long after he'd grow'd to be a man that he came home again!"

"And I'm sure he stays down here now and looks after the farm?" said Mr. Brobbett, looking out of the corner of his eye at the old farmer.

"Looks arter the farm! He! he! he! Kar-lite he don't know none 'bout the farm. Why, he's got more money in one day than you or I in a year. He's down here a heap, but it ain't to look arter the farm."

"What is it, then?" said Mr. Brobbett, coming to the direct question.

"That's eactly what nobody knows. There's strange talk 'bout things up to "The Place." Some says one thing and some says another; but it's a fact that there's something strange about it."

"Ghosts, now, for instance," said Mr. Brobbett, hazarding the idea.

"That's so!" said the old man. "Ghosts it is. I'm too old a bird to be caught with chaff, an' I don't say 'at I b'lieve in ghosts, but I shouldn't like sich stories to git around 'bout my place as there is up to Swinton's."

"D'ye mind the time when Jim Blakesley saw that thing hoppin' around the house last winter?" chimed in a rough-looking teamster, who had been baking his boots to a cinder for the last hour. "Warn't he skeered though! Glory! But when he him in yer that night, he was jist as white under the gills as any ghost."

"What did he see?" said Mr. Brobbett, deeply interested.

"Why he seed a woman dressed in a long gownd, an' a lot of fixings all over her arms and head. He'd bin up to "The Place" to team a load of wood to run, and when he come away, 'bout dark, when ehe stne thing run right out in front of his horses, and then him up alongside and jumped right in his place. Jim swore he'd never seen sich eyes since he was bohn."

"Did it say anything?" was Mr. Brobbett's next question.

"Yes; guess it did. It said a lot o' things that Jim didn't understand. He says it's'cause it was not English; but us fellers say it was 'cause Jim was too frightened."

Deeply interested was Mr. Brobbett, and exceedingly pleased was Mr. Brobbett's friends at having found a real live Yorker who didn't "put on airs," and who would listen to their stories with zest. And thoughtful was Mr. Brobbett that night as he walked down to "The Place," and perhaps a little fearful, if it could be judged by a certain nervous handling of a deft contrivance for discharging such bullets as were occurring—a pistol apparently, which he always carried in a certain pocket for certain occasions. Particularly did Mr. Brobbett finger the weapon when passing a certain gut that lonely garden walk, and especially did he small gray eyes snap around in every bush and corner where stone lined the grounds and the house; but to no effect, for he was soon safely housed and in consultation with Peyton, without having seen a thing worthy the trouble to that of the veritable Jim Blakesley.

"Now, then, sir," said Mr. Brobbett, earnestly, "there are a thing in all this matter that we've got to disgus, and that thing is ghosts."

Wilton could not help smiling at this first proposition of the detective, who went on:

"Because I'm a man who don't believe in ghosts, and never did. So that part's settled."

Peyton nodded assent.

"The next thing to consider is that this affair has been done by some person with a motive."

Another nod of assent.

"Now, then, who could have a motive in the dark, Mr. Peyton, but Swinton and Isabel? and next, who could he get to do the job?"

Peyton waited to hear further.

"He could do it himself, that's clear. That it wasn't done by that housekeeper or the girl is also clear. Consequently, the next idea is, who is there to do it? As far as I've been able to learn to-night, no one. Now, Mrs. Swinton says positively that there has been no visitor or stranger with Colonel Swinton or Mrs. Miller since she entered the house; and as they didn't know of her coming, the thing couldn't have been arranged before. On this, p'raps she's mistaken; but if she isn't, there's one thing certain, which is, that if they've been able to come in this house unseen as well as that, they'll be able to cover 'em up altogether, and we shan't be able to hit on the one that did it at all. So I'll have to wait for the next proposition? Why, that they didn't know anything about it at all, and that it was done by some stranger lodger or tramp for the sake of the color robes? person—a supposition that don't hold good, don't you see, because it's not at all likely that anybody but someone in hush it up. You see that, don't you?"

Peyton did see it, and responded by saying:

"What then?"

But there Mr. Brobbett was bothered.

"What then?" he echoed; "that's the question. Why, that's the next thing to find out. Some stranger body in this house that we don't know of—that's the next idea?"

Mr. Brobbett looked into Peyton's astonished face with a very professional satisfaction.

"Impossible!" ejaculated Wilton. "If there had been, Mrs. Swinton would have seen some demonstration of it."

"Mrs. Swinton hasn't got more than two eyes," said Mr. Brobbett, crucially.

"What do you advise, then?" Peyton asked.

"What I'd advise?" said the detective. "Why I advise this house to be searched. It can't do any harm; and if any opposition is made, I advise the locking of Colonel Swinton into his own room and the handcuffing of Mrs. Housekeeper—that's what I advise!"

And Mr. Brobbett clinched his advice by bringing the articles mentioned from his pocket, and giving them a gentle shake before Peyton's eyes.

"Rather a rough proposition," said the host, Peyton's quiet reply.

"Positive is what we want. We must have positive when we get such folks as this 'ere Miller to deal with!"

And Mr. Brobbett cast a half glance towards the door, as though he was slightly timid about that lady's entering in the midst of their colloquy.

Therefore it was agreed that next morning, without mentioning the matter to Isabelle or Mrs. Peyton—for, as Mr. Brobbett remarked, "Women have their nerves, and it's best not to disturb 'em in these affairs"—the house was to be searched at all hazards, and so Mr. Brobbett and Peyton separated, the first to go with rather more noise than was his wont to his room, as though he wanted it apparent he was not afraid, on the principle that a boy whistles in the dark, and having prepared himself partially for bed and blown out the light, to silently and stealthily, taking that same seven-shooting instrument in his hand, wrap himself in a blanket, and, in the very darkest corner of the room, seat himself in a rocking-chair, and with eyes wide open take up what looked very like a watch for the night.

It was long after midnight, and all the inmates of "The Place" were supposed to be hushed in sleep. Isabelle shared her couch with Mrs. Peyton, and Wilton slept in an adjoining room, from which a knock on the wall could summon him in an instant, while Mr. Brobbett's apartment was on the opposite side of the hall, and directly under that of Colonel Swinton.

The first breath to break the monotony of the night was the sound of a quick voice from the room above, not words that Mr. Brobbett could distinguish, but as though a frightened call had been made, and almost instantly the sound of feet upon the floor, at which, like an alarmed dog, Mr. Brobbett pricked up his ears and listened with an intensity that should have penetrated ceiling and floor. In another moment a sound was heard as of the fall of a heavy body upon the floor, a battle, starting to his feet, opened his door that led into the hall, and stood on one side, waiting. He did not have to wait long, for in a few seconds that door facing the stairs, at their head, opened hastily, and a loud, sharp laugh rang over the house, that startled Wilton instead of Mr. Brobbett of his disbelief in ghosts, and was followed by a voice, which he knew directly as that of Colonel Swinton, though he had never heard it, crying sharply for Miller.

Following upon this came the patter of rapid steps upon the stairs, and Mr. Brobbett dashed into the unlighted hall to receive into his arms a figure made enormous by his cold blood dance through his veins hotly, by its very grasp, for though the detective had professed his body as a stranger to all the fright, he found in a moment that a pair of hands were on his throat with the tenacity of a fiend, which all his strength could but resist. Then, before had Mr. Brobbett been in such a situation. It was only by the dim light of the moon struggling through a two-paned window that he could see anything of the figure that had clutched him, and by it he saw what he hardly could believe himself. The figure was a woman—too much so for a woman, with face of a very dark hue, eyes absolutely black and deeply sunken, and thin fairly flowing, black over her shoulders. This was the fearful apparition that had fastened upon Mr. Brobbett's throat, not allowing him power to call aloud. It was but a terrible struggle for a minute between him and the figure, but the lithe, active man was almost at the mercy of the unnatural, and fell, the figure going down with him, but not relinquishing its hold. Suddenly there was a report, a flash, a fierce and terrible shriek, and the figure rolled away from Mr. Brobbett's throat at the very moment that Peyton's door opened and Mrs. Miller appeared at the head of the stairs.

Mr. Brobbett was on his feet instantly, shaking himself like a beaten dog, and running his hands over his throat, to assure himself that it was whole, and Colonel Swinton were bending over the prostrate figure, with Peyton looking on as though confounded beyond action.

"For God's sake, Peyton, keep Isabelle and your wife from coming here! Do it if you care for them!" came gasping from Swinton.

Peyton turned towards their room, and stopped his wife, who had already opened the door, and with a few hurried words begging them to remain there quiet, took the key and made a surety of the assurance by locking the door on the outside. He came back to see Colonel Swinton and Miller raising the prostrate figure in their arms and preparing to bear it away. Mr. Brobbett was in silent spectator, as though stupified with the part he had played, and Wilton could only offer his assistance by holding the candle.

"No, no!" he answered to the proffer, "for God's sake, Peyton, let us alone now. Everything shall be explained in the morning. Believe me, everything shall be explained. Don't let that man go out of the house. If you really care for Isabelle, now is the time to show it. Don't tell her or your wife anything until I see you in the morning. Keep that man in the house. Miller, stand close to him," and he disappeared up the stairs, carrying the limp and lifeless figure in his arms.

Peyton stood on the spot where stood Mr. Brobbett, and taking him by the arm led him back to his room, where, when a lamp was lit, it revealed a face that bore the startling nature of the event through which he had just passed, and eyes twice as restless as those of an hour before.

"What do you think of it all?" he stammered out to Peyton.

"Strange! very strange, and terrible!"

"What do you think he'd do about it?" Mr. Brobbett said, pointing with his thumb towards the upper room.

"Nothing to you," was Peyton's assured reply. Mr. Brobbett seemed much relieved, and sat down.

"I wouldn't have had the thing happened for twenty dollars!" said Mr. Brobbett, slapping his knee with an emphasis, as though he had placed a high pecuniary value on the transaction.

"Now, Mr. Brobbett, there's only one thing for us to do, and that is, that you remain quiet here and get over this; sleep if you can, and to-morrow morning we shall have an explanation."

"Oh, I'm not going to run away, even if I'm hung for it," answered Mr. Brobbett. "You'll find me here, if I'm not dead or crazy, alive or dead."

And so Peyton returned to his room, and from there to that of Isabelle, to reassure her, quiet them, and beg them to wait till morning for an explanation, and once more quiet, if not sleep, settled upon the house.

CHAPTER VI.

IT was scarce daylight next morning when Mrs. Miller appeared at Peyton's room with a request from Colonel Swinton for an interview, a request that Peyton was wakingly expectant of, and instantly accorded. That the housekeeper had passed through a night of terrible agitation was depicted on her face. She looked ten years older than the day before, and in her very tone and manner of address to Wilton showed a sinking of that courage which, whether it was real or unreal, kept her stern and proud the day previous.

He entered the room to find Colonel Swinton stretched upon the bed, and to see by the light, which was still burning upon the mantel, a white face and bloodless lips, accompanied by a look from the eyes that told of strength and will wasted, if not to the extinct, at least to that point where the light flickers and is unsteady. Swinton pointed to a chair at his bedside, and Peyton seated himself, waiting for some words from him that should open the conversation. When he did speak it was in a low, deliberate tone, as a man would speak who had been awakened by sickness.

"Peyton, it seems that I am to appeal in my embarrassments to everyone to you have a right to ask the mercy at your hands that I should ask at hers!"

"Colonel Swinton, you talk to me in riddles. I have not the slightest conception of your meaning. I have, I believe, in this matter acted only as a true friend of Isabelle and yourself. In what way I should certainly have been a true friend of yours."

"Have you shown much friendship in bringing a stranger into our house to be a witness of what it would have been better to have kept within ourselves?"

"You made no offer, so far, to enter upon any confidential relations with Mrs. Swinton, to say nothing of myself. You have claimed nothing that would have led to the expectation of a scene like that of last night."

"Why, my dear man?" asked Swinton, without answering Peyton's accusation.

Peyton was silent.

"Do you think of me who the man is that has become a partner in revelations that should have been kept only within a family knowledge?"

Peyton looked for a moment, and then answered:

"He was an employed detective."

"As I suspected?" Swinton said, as though speaking to himself. "What does he know?"

"Nothing, as yet, but what you know of."

"But what I know of! How do I know of what he or you have come to be the possessors of?"

Colonel Swinton, I know nothing but what your wife has told me, and what I have been told yourself, as well as what I saw last night."

And this morning you expect from me a solution of this mystery, as you think it?"

"Yes!"

"Peyton, I do not feel that I have any right to deny, either to yourself or Isabelle, but I say to you, before I proceed, that the revelation will be pain to both her and myself!"

Colonel Swinton had raised himself to a sitting position on the bed, as he said this, with a fierce earnestness, but not in a threatening way, when Miller entered, and as she usually entered the room of the sick man, but hastily and without quiet. She came directly to his bedside and leaned over, whispering to him as she did so. Colonel Swinton sprang from the bed, and hurried on a dressing-gown that hung over a chair, pushing Peyton from his path as he did so, and making a vehement motion of his hand, he said:

"Come! for God's sake, follow me!"

Through the hall they went to a passage on the right, off from which led a staircase, independent of the main one, into a large room, preceded by a door, the only one at the head of the stairs, which the housekeeper seemed to open by some magic, for she had no key, and passed on, and once there were in a suite of rooms furnished with more care and expense than the rest of the house, and filled with articles of luxury made and of exquisite taste and workmanship.

Past two rooms, apparently used as parlors or drawing-rooms, into a large chamber, and there hurried to find Doctor Warner standing by the side of a luxurious bed, leaning one hand upon the foot, and looking earnestly upon whoever lay therein.

Colonel Swinton was the first to approach the couch, and he caught the doctor by the hand that lay listlessly from the coverings. Peyton stood in silent astonishment just inside the door, to see the doctor, as the latter failed to recognise the features which he knew must be those of the cruelest, the most evil man or woman that had set foot in Isabelle and of Mr. Brobbett. The dark, sunken eyes now locked the widkeeo they had known, and the face from which they looked. The lips were bloodless, and the nostrils pinched, but there was an air of intelligence in the whole of the countenance present that Peyton had to his lips. Doctor Warner bent down to the ear of the kneeling man and whispered some words, of which Peyton could catch but one, and that one, "Dying!"

Swinton had drawn his face close to that of the corpse, and as he spoke trembling with emotion, said:

"Marie, do you know me?"

The woman made a motion, as though to rise, and passed her hand lightly down the face of the speaker.

"Doctor, do you think there is any returning reason?"

"There is no doubt of it," was the answer.

Again Swinton bent his face to the woman and whispered a few caressing words in French. Her features seemed to lighten up an instant, and a low, muttering sound passed from her lips. Miller had drawn nearer the bed, and stood looking with fearful eyes upon the dying woman, who, catching a quick look up into her face, slowly put forth the other hand to the housekeeper, who, seizing it, pressed it to her lips, and sobbing out "Oh, madame!" as suddenly released it, and passing to the upper end of the room hid her face in her hands and wept silently. All this was strangely mysterious to Wilton; strange to find the luxuriously furnished apartments where only the refined part of the house could be expected; strange to see this dying woman, whom he could connect with no part of Swinton's history, installed as

TREASURE-TROVE.

BY ADA THOMAS.

FADE on my sight, ye Northern skies!
No more I see your sullen hue.
But spaces sweet of sunny blue
And lines of palace arches.

A wind from Pastum's rosy bowers
Sweeps o'er my brow, and low and sweet
With many a pause and murmur fleet
Sings Philomela through the flowers.

Along the shore the azure waves
Leap in the sunlight, and I hear
The Contadina's song I hear,
And on the sand Venetis laves

Her feet in Adria's beauteous queen,
And beauteous bride, whom smiling face
Sheds all around a wordless grace,
And still preserves the golden mean.

And now upon her seven hills
The minstrel of the West I sing,
Oh, Rome! I bow and worship thee—
Faith now my longing wish fulfils.

Mine eyes have known thee; happy eyes
To know the lowest third of thee know.
To gaze upon the selfsame blue
That stained the haughty victor's skies.

Yet, happy heart, within those streets
The Consul Scaevola did pace in gloom,
And dying, left an added gloom
To that which every tyrant greets.

But now before my eager sight
The vision fades; I feel tears
Has dimmed the dream of my first years—
I see instead a haze of light

Afar Glenara Florence in the sun—
Afar Glenara Florence, fairy spires
Aglow with golden noontide fires—
Of fairy cities, fairest one.

I yearn to clasp thee. Even so
Yearned Dante's heart in mortal gloom—
Nor found content within the tomb—
No more than I shall ever know

Without thee, Italy, my own!
My queen of lands the world earth!
My land—if not by right of birth,
By right of loving—it is known

To poet-hearts what'er we love
Is ours; and thus I say of mine,
Though lost my dreams I see thee shine,
And know thee as my TREASURE-TROVE.

THE REBELS AT BLAIR'S HOUSE.

THE elegant residence of the Hon. Montgomery Blair, at Silver Spring, near Washington, was badly destroyed by the rebels, although it was professed at first that it was preserved through the interference of Mrs. Lincoln, who begged it as a favor of a national one, as among the contents were an extensive correspondence with the greatest men of his day, matters invaluable for the future political history of the country.

Our artist gives a sketch of the ruins, and a graphic picture of the raiders carousing in the ruins. Upon one of the rooms some one chalked the following lines:

"MISS B. B.—The rebels—Confederates—have, as far as possible, destroyed your home, from dissolution. The United States Generals wouldn't have treated you thus, if you had been a rebel, as you are. May you see from the treatment that we are willing to wage this war in a civilized manner. Don't forget the kindness of some one of your pretty lady friends. It is in safe hands. It was preserved from dreadful ruin by a gentlemanly Southron.

"YOURS respectfully,
"M. J. ALEX.

"Newberne, Pulaski Co., Va."

What protection was the ruins tell. The writer well knew that his gentlemanly friend would have treated the house of a rebel as Blair's house was treated, and frankly said as it. "Destroy a rebel's house, and you destroy the only complete was their havoc, and this was carried out. Another case was recently:

"The Johnny reb is besought the federal capital July 12, 1864."

BATTLE AT FORT STEVENS, July 12.

WHEN news of the rebel invasion reached Grant, he sent up to City Point the old 6th corps that had so long battled with Lee's army. The reader will find a view of their embarkation at City Point in our extensive set of illustrations now enjoying the acme of the Washington people, little suspecting that they were to have a hand-to-hand battle of their own under the eyes of the President.

About six o'clock on the 12th the rebels showed themselves coming down a gentle slope on both sides of Seventh street road (Brookville turnpike) into a little valley running across, and which was directly under the Fort Stevens. Gen. Wright ordered a small brigade of infantry to clean out the enemy from his front. The rebels were posted in rifle-pits, and their sharpshooters were preliminarily emptied by shells, which set them to scampering back—but not before considerable execution. Then our infantry rose, and, with a fusillade, speeding to the rebel rifle-pits with a burrah of victory, and the two positions on each side of the Seventh street road were occupied by the new rifle-pits and the rebels were behind their fences and trees, and reedy, marshy ground, which was somewhat higher, on the other side, driving Hooker and Gordon's divisions of Ewell's corps in hurrying flight before them.

The little brigade that did the pretty work this evening was Gen. Bidwell's, the 1st brigade, 2d division, 6th corps, consisting of the 1st New York, 49th New York, 77th New York, 13th New York, 61st Pennsylvania, and 5th Maine. The three assaulting regiments were the 49th New York, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Johnson; 5th Maine, commanded by Major Jones; and 77th New York, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Brown. Their losses were nearly 200, among them four field officers.

Brief as was the combat last evening, it was bloody. Of the rebels I counted the burial-to-day of about 200, and saw and talked with 39 desperately wounded. The usual proportion between killed and wounded, if maintained in their action, would, with the secretaried killed, make a total of killed and wounded of 1,500.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN, who was recently confirmed as Mr. Chase's successor as Secretary of the Treasury, was born at Boscowen, N. H., on the 16th of October, 1806. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1823, and was admitted to the bar in 1827. In 1832 he removed to Portland, where in 1833 he was elected to the State Legislature. The youngest member of that body, he proved himself a leader in a debate on the United States Bank. His rare ability in his profession, and his high standing for integrity, soon gave him the strength of his party. In 1841 he was nominated for re-election, but declining, returning to return to the practice of his profession. In 1853 he was again elected to Congress, and again to the Senate on his return. The next was given to his competitor. He was a member of the National Convention which nominated Gen. Harrison for the Presidency in 1840. He was also a member of the Convention of 1848, which nominated Gen. Taylor, in which he supported the claims of Mr. Webster, and of the Convention of 1852, which nominated Gen. Scott. In 1854, he was, as a Whig, elected to the United States Senate, and on the night of March 3 made a strong and thrilling speech against the Nebraska bill, which had a decided effect, and established his reputation at once as one of the ablest members of the Senate. In 1859 he was re-elected to the Senate for six years, and in 1861, by the unanimous vote of his party, without the necessity of a previous nomination by caucus, was re-elected for the third in the history of the State. Mr. Fessenden, as Chairman of the Finance Committee, has had abundant experience, and has proved himself to be a thorough master of financial affairs.

[In our last paper but one, by an error not discovered in season, a portrait of the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen was given with the name of the new Secretary of the Treasury. We give to-day a fine portrait from the photograph by Brady.]

BATTLES OF KENESAW MOUNTAIN, June 23-7.

KENESAW mountain, a second Lookout among its fellows, as some one well remarks, was the spot chosen by Johnston as his last defence to Atlanta. In the series of Alps on Alps through which the American army has fought its way. It is about four miles in length, and rises by a difficult ascent, with steep spurs on the flanks and pressing, as our readers o n judge, a most dangerous appearance.

Sherman resolved to flank it, and on the 23d the corps of the right and left of his army advanced, the centre maintaining its position, and upon the base of the mountain in the teeth of a very heavy artillery fire from the rebel batteries.

The 20th and 23d wheeled on the left, to bare in the rebels between our line and the railroad. The 14th Kentucky first met the fire, who charged furiously, to check the movement. Schofield and Hooker were, however, pressing on. Geveiux drove back the enemy with artillery alone, without the employment of a musket. Butlerus I and 3d of the 1st New York had secured positions which gave them a crossfire upon the rebels as they advanced across an open field, and it had been subjected to a terrible fire.

Again, about six o'clock, they made the same attempt, and were driven back with more rapidity by a combined fire of artillery and musketry, which must, from the openness of the ground, have proved very destructive. The movement, however, was not probably exceed 200 killed and wounded during the day, and one quarter of the loss was from the 14th Kentucky.

To cover this assault upon Hooker, at eleven a.m. the enemy opened a rapid but random fire upon our centre and on the artillery, which was the immediate front, on high ridges, and from Big and Little Kenesaw and Bald mountains, which was answered with admirable skill great vigor and precision. At every discharge of our guns the rebels could be seen to run, and the practice was accurate was the fire of our cannoneers. The enemy's guns, mounted on the crests of the hills, were probably 20-pounder Parrotts, and of long range. Their fire was principally directed on Hooker's brigade, which still held the hills taken from the enemy.

The rebel infantry had been posted by these operations, Sherman, thinking to gain time by a grand assault, made a general attack on the mountain.

The day was exceedingly warm, but otherwise pleasant. Early in the morning, the sun in the heads and good spirits, and the power of

The line of battle of the army an irregular semicircle. McPherson commanded the left, with Frank Blair upon his extreme right, while Thomas's guard Army of the Cumberland right, while Thomas's guard Army of the Cumberland centre. Hooker, with the 20th corps, at first time once the advance, in reserve—or, at least, the extreme centre—and Schofield, and Butterfield, the line ranged through swamps into dense patches of woods, and over the mountain, through ravines and forests and second growth hung in broken patches on each flank, rendering the preparations extremely difficult. The centre, at least Palmer's and a portion of Howard's corps, were in the open fields, with fields, gullies and ravines, and only further diversified by a few abandoned houses and small groves of sugar trees. The left was more elightly located, and occupied territory from which the enemy had been driven, resting upon the enemy, without subjecting it to such exposure. In front of Schofield's position a long ridge of wood presented itself, enclosed by a further protection of a belt of cold water, which, however, in the present case he had to resist an attack, his corps being located upon his extreme right on an elevation, partly hidden in and in process of cultivation, and partly left to its own unpolitical devices.

The rebels, of course, had the hill, and swarmed upon it, with Cheatham's corps on their left, with four divisions, commanded by Gens. Frank Cheatham, Pat Cleburne, Walker and Bate, with Hardee's corps in reserve, and on the right, with three divisions, his own, Tenne's and Stewart's, with Hood in reserve. The rebel commanders formed, consequently, a splendid line of skirmishers to within 40 paces of the rebel ridepits, which, as we have said, were on the hill.

Dodge's advance was supported by the troops of Sweeny's division, which, moving forward, engaged successfully with the enemy's skirmishers until the 3d brigade, Col. Sprague commanding, was ordered forward, leaving in relief, wounded and prisoners. Gen. Sweeny was also wounded, and the command of the division devolved upon Col. Mersy.

Sprague's brigade or Howard's division was on the left; Giles A. Smith's, of Morgan L. Smith's and Lightburn's, of the same division, on the right. These, advancing, scattered the enemy's skirmishers, and pushing on up the hill with impetuosity, carried part of the rebel rifle-pits. Some of the retreating enemy were captured, endeavoring to escape to a ridge which extended behind the rebel line. Sprague, pressing forward, found that the ridge arrived at the foot of a perpendicular cliff 30 feet high. Here the crest of which the rebels formed in line of battle, poured forth a destructive fire, and rolled down stones upon the men. Seeing it impossible to scale these cliffs our line halted, ordered a short distance and fortified on the extreme right. Our's division of Schofield's corps attended to some rebel works on the Southern road and occupied them, driving the rebels beyond Rascall, and maintained some sharp skirmishes with the enemy during the day, but it was on the centre where the most desperate conflict took place.

Mitchell's and McCook's brigades of Davis's division were formed into two columns, with a battalion from Harker's, Wagner's and Kimball's, of Newton's division. An 4th regular, Mitchell, McCook and Harker respectively from behind our own fortifications, and rushed towards the enemy with splendid courage and determination. They beat back the enemy's advance, carried the first line of rifle-pits, and charged up to the top of the fatal precipitous. Wagner followed closely upon the left of Harker and Kimball. Upon the brigade reaching the top as though we would certainly break the rebel lines; the enemy, however, reinforcing, returning to return to the charge. Some of our soldiers mounted the ramparts, but the death of Harker, who fell mortally wounded in the terrible volleys of fire of both small-arms and artillery poured into our columns, and the difficulty of deploying such long columns under such a fire, rendered it necessary to recall our men. Davis's 3d brigade threw up works between those they had carried and the main rebel line, and there remained. The works constructed in 24 hours, with the hand, were 1,200 to 2,000 men, including many valuable officers. As the enemy fought behind works always, his loss was not so great. Harker's heroism was admired by all.

Generals Ewell and Hood were anxious before them the nature of the difficult task before our gallant men.

Marietta, as we have left the beautiful, was soon occupied by our forces. Johnston had indeed held Marietta against a brief siege, but he durst not stand there.

Marietta is immediately on the railroad to Atlanta; it is 17½ miles south of Chattanooga, and 20 miles north of Atlanta. It had 11 miles north of Chattanooga. We took possession of the place, and held it as an important depot. The rebels had established here a large fortified establishment of about 3,000, and was a place of great wealth. It was one of those where considerable manufacturing was done for the rebels, in the way of shoes, clothing, &c. It was noted for its large paper manufactory, a large part of the paper used South being manufactured here. Much of the paper money of the Confederate money and bonds are printed was manufactured at this place. We captured no commissaries or supplies here of consequence. Most of the citizens fled at our approach, carrying with them their effects.

LITTLE JOHNNY'S CATECHISM.

From the *Oct.*

BRITANNIA—Can you tell me, child, what you are?

LITTLE JOHNNY—I am a very small member of a very weak United States, a very great country.

BRITANNIA—How do you account for having become this country?

LITTLE JOHNNY—By reason of the name which I inherited from my fathers and my grandfathers at my birth.

BRITANNIA—Did they give you anything else at your birth which should fit you for your present post?

LITTLE JOHNNY—Yes; the blessing and everything else to keep it safe, and of providing for all my relatives and friends.

BRITANNIA—Have you any other higher duties?

LITTLE JOHNNY—No.

BRITANNIA—Oh, poor Johnny! how sadly you have been misled! Listen to me, child, and I will point out to keep in office?

LITTLE JOHNNY—By reserving Denmark and keeping the peace.

BRITANNIA—And what have you done?

LITTLE JOHNNY—Dismembered Denmark, and involved this country in a civil war.

BRITANNIA—And will this keep you in office?

LITTLE JOHNNY—I hope so. Indeed I will be on out.

BRITANNIA—Who hates you more than the Germans?

LITTLE JOHNNY—Nobody, I believe.

BRITANNIA—Who laughs at you more than Bismark?

LITTLE JOHNNY—Nobody, I believe, but Bismark.

BRITANNIA—If you go to war without him, what will be the result?

LITTLE JOHNNY—We shall blockade all the European ports, and keep out our commerce; and everything else can be done without. We shall destroy all the great cruisers under the German flag will destroy our commerce. We shall send an army into Canada and will and get the Rhine provinces, and we shall probably go to war with the United States, and we shall not be able to send enough troops to turn the Germans out of Denmark, and we shall be caused to be a source of it, success will be worse than failure.

BRITANNIA—Then why did you see all this at the beginning?

LITTLE JOHNNY—No; I never could see very far ahead.

BRITANNIA—Well, you have got matters into a great mess; but pay attention. You want to revenge yourself on Bismark?

LITTLE JOHNNY—Oh! yes.

BRITANNIA—And you think you can do it by going to war against Germany?

LITTLE JOHNNY—Yes.

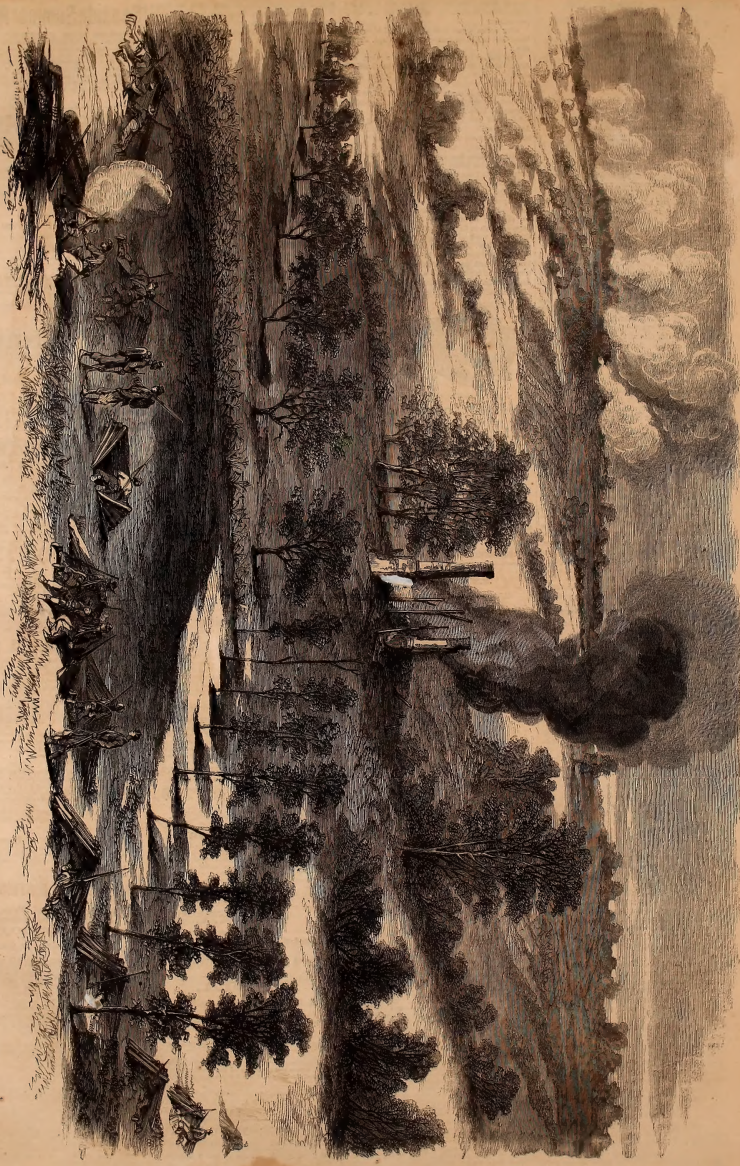
BRITANNIA—Silly child. Do you know that the Emperor of Austria has a million of soldiers and a federal German army despite Prussia; that Bismark wants to and loves to fight? England has not a million to fight against the principle of nationality in Holstein makes the opposite side of the question more clear? But you can support independent Holstein and Germany against Bismark? Germany will get the Austrian army against you against Prussia, and get a better line for the Danes, besides Southern Jutland. Why, child, you don't know German politics are rather difficult to understand; but you may be sure that Bismark will not go to war for the sake of who is your enemy, and how you can beat damage him? Why, child, you don't know what you are about. Your best policy is to go on with your present policy, which will be far better terms in the end for Denmark. And, child, you will never know how about it at the beginning, you might have saved yourself this lesson, which will make very body laugh at you.

THE editor of the New York *Monthly* states that a gentleman of the highest veracity related to him the following anecdote, which we have from the same high authority: Going into an ordinary for his dinner, he was surprised to observe the extra care with which a waiter-maid, who was also cook opposite to look off his hat. He turned his head as sourly upside down as possible without inverting his body, and found his hand over his hat, he again turned it, and received the same response. Then, thinking that he had a pocket-handkerchief, on his hand, then gently laying the back of his hand on the table, he did the best in the contents off and commenced his dinner. The attention of the waiter-maid was constantly directed to his hat, and his surprise was greatly increased on observing the head of a shaggy dog, with a cocking-dog's tail, issued about him. The gentlemen, perceiving the discovery, addressed him thus: "Sir, I am sorry that you have to have dined alone, and not annoyed any one with my poor dog. Allow me to say, sir, that he is not a bad dog—he only a common black snake. I was advised to carry him in my hand for rheumatism. I have done so for several weeks and am cured—positively cured of a most agonizing malady. I dare not yet part with him, for recovery of my sufferings is too vivid; all my care is to avoid discovery, and to treat my pet as well as possible in his prisoner confinement. I lead him on walks and rags, and he does not seem to mind it. He is now in the inside of my coat-tail pocket, and I dare say you have not seen any sign of him. I am thankful to the landlord for my accommodation, and to you for your courtesy in not leaving your dinner in disgust."

THE artificial regulator of a man's wallet above the natural organs is like a sham-fight—it is make-believe.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.—THE ATTACK OF THE 14TH, 16TH AND 20TH ARMY CORPS ON KENESAW MOUNTAIN, JUNE 22.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. F. E. HILLEN.—SEE PAGE 311.



THE OPERATIONS NEAR WASHINGTON—SCENE OF THE FIGHT IN FRONT OF FORT STEVENS, JULY 12 AND 13.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLER.

A SIMILE.

The family is like a book;
The children are the leaves,
The parents are the cover,
Protective beauty gives.

At first the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair—
But Time soon writeth memories
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust:
Oh, break it not! lest all the leaves
Should scatter and be lost.

AMY.

"Amy Ley is sick and not expected to live," said a bright, black-eyed boy to his companion one beautiful autumn morning, as he entered the schoolroom.

"What did you say, Willie?" I asked, feeling alarmed at the unwelcome tidings.

"Why, teacher," answered the child, "Amy was taken very sick last night with the fever, and Mr. Ley came over after mother, at twelve o'clock last night, and got brother John to go for the doctor. When mother came home this morning she said Amy could not live, and the doctor said so too."

I could not question the child further, I felt too sad and too heartsick. Could it be possible that one so young and beautiful as Amy should be called away in her youth, just when life was most fair and lovely? With a sad heart I rang the school-bell to call my happy pupils to their studies, and as I took my seat among them I knew not how soon I would miss one of their merry faces, how soon one of my little flock might be called away, or that I too might receive the summons. The preceding Sabbath I had spent the day at Amy's home. Amy had much to tell me as we sat together on the vine-covered portico. She was talking of the happy future, around which fancy wove so many shining garlands. She was soon to be a bride, and as she drew forth her wedding-dress I kissed her blushing cheek, and prayed that life might be always fair. But, then, the morrow: how little we know what it has in store for us. It was now Thursday. Amy was soon to pass into the land of shades.

That was a dreary day to me, and as I dismissed my scholars in the evening, I fondly hoped the case was not so bad as Willie said it was.

That evening I walked slowly and sadly across the fields that led to Amy's home. The twilight was growing deeper and darker, but I did not heed it, for my thoughts were far away, trying to solve the mysteries of the future. But as I entered the sick room I saw at a glance that hope was fruitless. Amy was lying on the bed, pale and motionless, and her short, quick breathing told that life was ebbing fast, the doctor stood by, holding her pulse, but as I entered he laid it down and went away. Father and mother, sisters and brothers stood around, watching the loved one with anxious care. James Walton, the affianced husband, was seated at the foot of the bed with his face buried in his hands, and I saw his strong frame quiver and shake, like a tall tree of the forest as it bends to the merciless wind. Oh, how I pitied him.

I kissed the beautiful invalid. She opened her eyes and looked at me, a faint smile shot across her features, but that was all. My entrance aroused James. He arose and stood by the bedside, and as her gaze fell on him she stretched forth her arms for him to come nearer. He bent low till his face touched hers and kissed her fevered lips, and then, covering his face with his hands, wept bitterly. I left the room and turned my steps towards home. What right had I, a stranger, to intrude? That was no time for idle gazers on. The parents, I knew, would rather be alone with their dying child.

The moon had risen and was shining brightly as I retraced my steps, and my heart felt subdued and sorrowful.

The next morning Amy was dead. She had passed away calmly as the day had ended, and never again would we see her more. The Sabbath she was buried, laid in the deep, silent tomb. How beautiful she looked in her bridal robes! Little did she think as she stitched together the snowy fabric that it would moulder around her in the tomb.

James Walton turned away from that spot a ruined man, just two years before he had first met Amy, while on a visit to his uncle's who lived close by.

"You are very much interested in agriculture, my boy," said the old man; "I will take you over to farmer Ley's this evening; I want you to see his farm; everything is in apple-pie order, and he has a fine daughter, too," said the old man, with a sly laugh; "you will need a little woman to take care of you some of these days, and Amy is a fine girl."

"Pshaw, uncle," said James, "you don't think I could ever coax a woman to have me, for she could never endure to live out on the bleak prairie, and I get along very well keeping bachelor's hall."

But in spite of his bantering tones, James was interested, and why he could not tell. Perhaps it was fate.

That day was their first meeting, and the artless girl made an impression on his strong heart never to be erased. His visit was considerably lengthened, and those pleasant autumnal evenings invariably found him at farmer Ley's. Sometimes he and Amy would take a walk over the cooling hills, at others a moonlight ride, always together and always happy, and when he went away he left his own heart and took Amy's with him. It was the next spring the rebellion broke out James wrote to Amy in this manner:

"Amy, strong arms and brave hearts are wanted; will you not say, Go, James, with God's blessing, and protect our insulted banner?"

And Amy did say it, though it cost her many bitter tears, and many round spots on the paper showed where they had fallen, but she loved her young lover most deeply and truly for his noble patriotism.

A few weeks found him with a band of men as brave and noble as himself; it was Capt. James now.

Amy was sitting by the window, sewing, one day all alone, when a loud knock at the halldoor startled her; who could it be? and laying aside her work she went to the door.

A handsome officer in uniform stood before her.

"Oh! James, James," she exclaimed, joyously, "how glad I am that you have come."

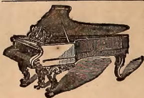
"I could not go away without seeing you, Amy," he said; "but when this war is over I will have you with me always, shall I not, Amy?"

And Amy said, "As you please, James."

That was their last meeting till he came home to make her his bride, but the day she was to have been his found her the bride of death.

No wonder he was stunned by the blow, sometimes the tall trees that have stood the storms of many years are laid prostrate at a single mighty blast. He went back to his men so changed, so altered; he was no longer the gayest, happiest man in the regiment, poor James. Was there any work to be done requiring heart or courage, Capt. James was the man, foremost in danger; the bravest of the brave was Capt. James, loved, honored and respected by all who knew him, and the boys said, We will follow where Capt. James leads. Through many bloody battles he passed untouched, but at last, once when the shouts of victory were long and loud, his voice was not among them, and they found him cold and lifeless among the slain; an opened picture was in the rigid hand, dead Amy's picture. They dug his grave, and he and the picture will moulder together, but in happier spheres may their souls be reunited.

An Ancient Custom.—The triennial ceremony of "throwing the dart" in Cork harbor was performed a short time ago by the Mayor of that city. This is one of the very few still extant of those quaint ceremonials by which in olden time municipal boundaries were preserved and corporate rights asserted. A similar civic pageant, called "riding the fringes" (franchise) was formerly held by the Lord Mayor and Corporation of Dublin, in which, after riding round the inland boundaries of the borough, the cavalcade halted at a point on the shore near Bullock, whence the Lord Mayor hurled a dart into the sea, the spot where it fell making the limit of his maritime jurisdiction. At 2 P. M. the members of the Court Town Council embarked on board a steam vessel, attended by the civic officers and the band of the Cork City Artillery. A number of ladies also accompanied the party. The steamer proceeded out to sea until she reached an imaginary line between Poor Head and Cork Head, which is supposed to be the maritime boundary of the borough. Here the Mayor donned his official robes, and proceeded, attended by the mace and sword-bearer, the city treasurer and the town clerk—all wearing their official costumes—to the prow of the vessel, whence he launched the javelin into the water, thereby asserting his authority as resident High Admiral of the port. The event was celebrated by a banquet in the evening.



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Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 463—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

What is the Prospect?

What is the prospect? When will this long night of dreadful war give way to the welcome dawn of peace? Notwithstanding the apparently inexhaustible military forces, resources and facilities of all kinds possessed by the loyal States, as developed in the prosecution of this gigantic war, we are beginning to feel its pressure on every side, in everything and in every way. With the continued expenditure of a thousand millions a year, for even another year, against a national income from war tariffs and war taxes of less than one-third this enormous outlay, the national currency must still continue to decline, in value, more or less, the prices of the essentials of life, of labor, and all the products of labor, must still continue to advance, until we reach that fearful crisis of a financial collapse, and its dreadful consequences of universal bankruptcy and confusion. We think there is reason to apprehend that unless, in the interval to December next, some victories are obtained by our armies so decisive and comprehensive as to banish all doubts of the issue of this mighty struggle, the national treasury will not much longer be able to sustain itself, although Mr. Secretary Fessenden may display the highest financial abilities, and the broadest sagacity, in his efforts to weather the storm.

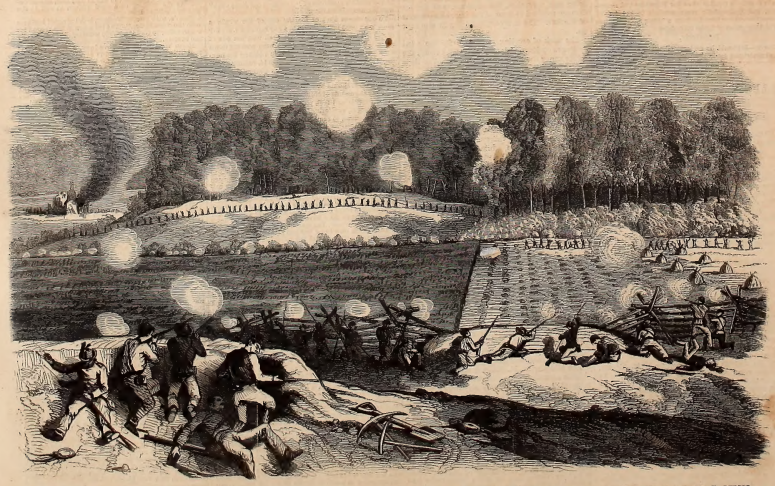


HOW HORSES ARE TREATED IN THE ARMY.—CAUSE OF THE TREMENDOUS LOSS OF HORSES.—FROM AN ACTUAL SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST IN TENNESSEE.

The war drags heavily. The rebellion, in this campaign, exhibits a degree of vitality and tenacity which it was supposed it had for ever lost with the staggering disaster of Chattanooga last November. The late contemptible peace-at-any price faction of the North is becoming bold, bossful and defiant, and threatens to rule the Chicago Democratic Presidential Convention; the original enthusiasm of the great Northern war party is no longer visible to the naked eye; dark forebodings are entertained, and gloomy prognostics are uttered on every hand; and yet the general confidence of the country in the crowning result of this terrible contest was never so firmly set, nor so clear in its perceptions as it is to-day.

How are we to explain this strange anomaly between the doubts and fears which are everywhere manifested and immovable faith in the approaching triumph of the Union which everywhere seems to exist? This is an interesting enigma, but its solution is simple and easy. There is, whatever may appear upon the surface, a prevailing impression in the public mind that the vital forces of the rebellion are nearly expended; that strong and energetic as it still appears, it is but the strength of a dying man, and the energy of despair. In a word, the great body of the intelligent people of the loyal States believe that Gens. Grant and Sherman, before they go again into winter quarters, will certainly demolish or disperse the two great armies upon which Jeff Davis has staked his fortunes and those of his sinking Confederacy.

Neither successful rebel raids nor disgraceful Union defeats of a secondary character, East or



SCENES BEFORE WASHINGTON DURING THE REBEL RAID—REBEL ASSAULT ON THE WORKS NEAR WASHINGTON, REPULSED BY DISMOUNTED CAVALRY AND MILITIA, JULY 12.—SKETCHED BY GEO. H. DURRIE.

West, nor the long detention of Gen. Grant on the south side of Petersburg, nor the embarrassments of the Treasury, nor the derangements of trade, nor the multiplication of our taxes, nor the proclamation of another draft for 500,000 men, nor have all these things, together with the mischievous peace agitations of a deluded peace faction, been sufficient to shake the faith of the loyal masses of the country in the near approach of the complete success of the national cause, military, financial and political.

At length, too, this faith of the people in the triumph of the Union is beginning to be justified by the substantial achievements of our armies East and West, by the recent tremendous manifestations of the strength and tenacity with which Gen. Grant sticks to his purpose of capturing Richmond, and in the steady and irresistible movements of Gen. Sherman, which have carried his splendid army from Chattanooga down into the heart of Georgia, until the focus of a railroad system which virtually secures him the command of the State and the whole South-west. It is to the veteran and never-falling army of the Potomac under Gen. Grant, and to the irresistible grand army of the West under Gen. Sherman, that the great body of the people of the mighty North look for the speedy settlement of all doubts, and fears, and embarrassments touching the important question of the probable duration and final issue of the war. We fully share in this cheering belief that the rebellion is at last in its dying struggles, that the end is near, and that the most glorious rewards to the active friends of the Union for the great sacrifices they have made upon its altars will soon be revealed over the length and breadth of the land. Yet a little while and the fulfillment of this cheering vision of victory, peace and reunion will be made visible to all eyes. The present overwhelming campaign will surely end in this crowning result to the Union.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 13, 1864.

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When parties wish MSS. returned by mail, postage stamps must be enclosed for the full amount. Contributors of short articles, poems, etc., will do well to keep a copy, as the cheapest course.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

The recent raid was not ended as soon as supposed. After Wright abandoned the pursuit of the rebels, they turned on Averill, who fought gallantly, supported by Crook, near Winchester, on the 24th and 25th of July, but was at last driven through Martinsburg and fell back to Harper's Ferry.

Col. Mulligan, while gallantly leading his men, was mortally wounded and taken prisoner.

The rebels immediately began to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

Sheridan at once with them attacked Early at the Rappahannock and recaptured much booty.

GRANT'S ARMY.

Grant's plans are beginning to unfold. He made a movement north of the James River.

Gen. Foster is at Deep Bottom, beyond the James, seriously threatening Richmond by the north-east. Gen. Butler is at City Point, and close to the capital than Harrison's landing is.

Lee, alarmed at this, sent troops to check him. On the 28th Grant sent Hancock silently and secretly to aid Foster. The rebels, however, discovered it and attacked them on the pontoon bridge over the James. But Hancock, in a brief action, drove them into their entrenchments, took many prisoners, and recaptured four Parrott guns lost by us in May.

Lee, evidently expecting a battle, here made all preparation, strengthening his works and concentrating his troops. Torbert and Gregg's division of Sheridan's cavalry force next engaged the enemy and was for a time forced back by the overpowering body in front.

While both parties were apparently equally earnest in preparing for battle, there was fire and skirmishing constantly. Grant was preparing a surprise before Petersburg.

At ten minutes after four on the 30th he exploded a mine before Burnside's position, made by Col. Pleasant's 48th Penn., blowing up one of Lee's forts nearest to the Appomattox, and our men of the 5th, 9th and 18th corps, under a murderous artillery fire laid for a time been pouring into the rebel works, rushed into the enemy's entrenchments, carrying the first line.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The new rebel raid has come off. On the 29th July it was announced that the enemy were approaching Chambersburg. At three A.M. on the 30th a rebel force of 800 reached it, after driving back a small force near Mercersburg. Gen. McCausland demanded at once $100,000 in gold, and almost immediately fired the town, destroying 265 of the most valuable and elegant public and private buildings. It was fired at eleven A.M., and the rebels decamped at one P.M. A swell was said to be approaching. He entered soon after and pursued them to McConnellsburg.

MISSOURI.

In consequence of the audacity of the rebel guerillas and bushwhackers, Gen. Rosecrans, by the authority of the War Department, has called for nine regiments of militia for six months volunteers for the protection of the State from guerillas and to repel invasion.

In the same connection Gov. Hall has issued a proclamation, stating the emergency for more troops to be great, and urging the people to fill up the regiments at once.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The news from Charleston to the 21st states that Fort Sumter was undergoing another destructive bombardment from our batteries and fleet. Not a firing was very slow, but accurate, and serious damage resulted to some of the strongest portions of the fort. Gen. Gilmore's batteries also kept up the work of erecting residences for rebel prisoners on Morris island (prisoners, though the rebels annoy the workmen to the extent of their ability by shelling the building.

GEORGIA.

The battle of the 22d, in which Hood attacked the veterans of Hooker, Howard and Newton, resulted in a total repulse of the rebels, with heavy loss; but in a subsequent fight on the 28th they he gained a temporary advantage, enabling him to break of a complete victory. He has, however, lost at least 7,000 men, while Sherman's loss does not exceed 9,000, and he utterly failed to relieve Atlanta.

Gen. Forster's late expedition created a great scare in Savannah. The rams were moved down to the obstructions of the river at Fort Pulaski, and Gen. Foster sent a brigade of Georgia troops to Savannah, which was diverted at Augusta to John's island where they participated in the fight of the 28th.

ARKANSAS.

On the 15th July 250 of the 10th Illinois were surrounded in their camp, at Zarazy, by 1,500 of Shelby's men; about one-half cut their way out the rest were taken.

Price's army is at Camden, and Kirby Smith is attempting to get recent reinforcements from Banks' reaching Gen. Steele.

NAVAL.

The steamer Kingston, of the Georgetown and New York line, ran ashore, near the mouth of the Rappahannock, on the 22d, and was destroyed by the rebels, who boarded her in boats. The pilot, Mr. Hinckley, is the inventor of the breaking boat.

The steamer B. M. Runyon struck a snag off Griffith's landing, Miss., on the 21st, and sunk; passengers of the 10th Missouri cavalry were lost.

On the 28th the Kanawha, Penguin and Arcostook destroyed a blockade-runner coming out of Sabine Pass.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A DEPUTATION of influential British sympathizers had an interview with Lord Palmerston on the 15th of July, seeking to advise the Government to lead in an offer of European mediation in the American war. The Anglo-rebel party argued the matter with considerable tact and point. The position of the English Cabinet on the subject may be collected from the cautious, yet profound sentence in which Lord Palmerston conveyed the essence of his reply, reminding his audience that

They who in quarrels interpose
Will often wipe a bloody nose.

It is intimated by the London *Herald* that Mr. Lindsay will shortly bring forward a motion recognizing the rebels from the books of the House of Commons, in consequence of the recent decision given by Lord Russell to Mr. Mason and himself, that the Premier would not receive them in their official capacities.

There was a large demand for United States stocks in Frankfort, prices having fallen in consequence of the report of a great rise in the exchanges in New York.

The Pope's loan had again advanced in London.

Peace negotiations were in progress between Denmark and the allied Germans. A truce to the 31st July had been concluded. The German blockade is to be raised in the meantime, and the basis of a peace laid down. The new Prime Minister of Denmark had sent a peace message to Berlin and Vienna.

It was proposed in the Italian Senate to break off diplomatic relations with Spain, for not having recognized the new kingdom. The Foreign Minister replied that, as Italy had been recognized by the Great Powers, she did not need the acknowledgment of Spain. An Italian Republican Club in the Government to arise in Spanish college at Bologna.

The London *Times*, on the 27th, in an editorial on the question of the alleged Holy Alliance, observes that nobody has yet seen the document, and that the document has not published without arriving at the conviction, which is not to be overthrown by mere established dogmas, that it is their genuineness. How could the Prussian Minister submit the Holy Alliance dispatch as the basis of a treaty of the peace? Of two evils he chose the least, now will it be said that he has by the discovery of dishonesty in a statesman has denied a fact to avert the disaster of a war, for such a war as the mighty wage against Prussia, upon the strength of the dispatches, could not fail at the present moment to be disastrous.

The King of the Belgians was about to pay a two days' visit to the Emperor Napoleon at Vichy.

The Danish Government had issued a painful aspect. The Commissioners are to be settled in Vienna; in the conference Austria is to be responsible. It is now said that Louis Napoleon had declared against Denmark assigning the Germans the Duchies altogether, that unless Germany a naval element dangerous to France. The rebel-sailing frigate was the King of Prussia and the British Channel.

TOWN COSSIP.

WHO can picture the glories of a good, old-fashioned summer thunder-clap?

Our country cousins, all over the land, who have of late been mourning over burnt-up crops and unbeshelled corn, can form some faint conception of it, but they fail to realise the first blessing patter of the rain on the baked pavements and shelving sidewalks, the dust rising in the falling drops and send them off turned into steam enough to whisk the whole town away at the rate of a twenty-knot express.

For 40 days and 40 nights New York was without rain, and had been literally parching in the most unmerciful of heats. Not a cloud appeared to temper the sun's rays, and the mercury counted up to 100. As it is came in torrents, and water enough fell in a quarter of an hour to have put out the fires burning in the ground and cool the red hot metal roofs. To be sure Miss McFimsey was excessively annoyed at the hail storm, because it spoiled her complexion as she had arranged to leave for Newport, and was obliged to defer it until the next day; and Mrs. Dolman Dolman Dolman terribly put out, for upon that identical morning she expected all the Mildrome out to Dobtown Hall for a *fête champêtre*, which was to wind up with an indefinite postponement, as the creams and jellies would not keep. Outside of these two instances of annoyance, of the last week came off charmingly, and was hailed by the pen-ny members of "The Can't Get Away Club" with genuine delight.

To one who is fond of looking out of the windows there are a great many things in a city rainstorm worthy of real thought and remark. We shall mention one of these. While the greatest drops were pouring down the other morning we could not help noticing the hundreds of little ones, from three years to 14, padding their way through it to school. Children generally have to be in the rain, but the consequences are not understood by them, but sensibly by the parents or teachers. On that day thousands of children set all day in school with wet garments and feet, possibly in strong draughts, or at least wetness, sensitive in close rooms, and even if no seeds of disease, to remain with them for life. It was everybody's business that day; they did not come to school in the rain, or if they did, that their clothes or shoes should be dried, and consequently it was nobody's business.

The same rule applies to the thousands of young girls in the workshops of the city. From the hours, one day, in summer rain or winter snow, they can be seen wending their way bareheaded, and sometimes half clad, to their places of labor, there to sit or work in their saturated garments all day. It is only then they can dry dry from the heat of their bodies. The plan is not calculated, to make a fuss about, if they did come to school in the rain, or if they did, that their clothes or shoes should be dried, and consequently it was nobody's business.

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There seem now to be but two all-absorbing topics in every circle. The first is the draft, and the fall of Atlanta. The second the still rising value of everything necessary for life from the draft. The latter is not alone affect the poor, but those who have heretofore supposed themselves considerably above "small shavings" are feeling it. Rent comes have dwindled into a bare and economical living. People, again, contemplate the present, instead of looking forward to the coming winter and thanking of all difficulties to be met. With coal at $12 per ton, and provisions at even its present high rates, the six months of cold weather bids fair to be a severe trial to the working man. Add to this the fear that he may be snatched away into the army, and $1,000 to purchase a substitute, while his wife and children must be left to battle with starvation as best they can, the prospect is a hard one for the poor man.

We look upon the apathy of our people to the families of soldiers in the Union army as something terribly criminal. Those who have their sympathy and pecuniary support on one who is now absent in the service should be supported, not as a matter of charity, or as the stickily-doled-out relief fund, but as a right, by the Government. Why, what are the women to do with their children? Are they to be compelled to starve, and women from something worse? These are questions that can be answered by the thousands who daily fill our full pockets can cure, and they should be cured without delay, and without any labor to repay it.

The whole system of society is a perpetual dead-beat, and it seems almost like running one's head against a stone wall to correct any branch of an evil so great.

But there are certain heads of this hydra which it is more than a personal duty to lop away. The first is the doubt-boundary supposed to exist between the theatres and the press. We take hold of it with less compunction, from the fact that it has long been the object of the theatrical management to make it appear that they are overrun by the applications of pressmen for free entrances. To those who are cognizant of the facts no refutation of such an assertion is necessary, but to the public sometimes explanations of even the most simple truths are a vital necessity.

The most straightforward way to do this will be with figures as the illustrating medium. A daily paper that makes any pretension to keeping the run of theatres and noticing their doings will not, during the week, insert less than 250 lines of critique or paragraphs calling public attention. Should this be paid for merely as an advertisement, at the lowest rate, say 25 cents per line, it would amount to $62 50. In making the estimate we ignore the fact that these notices always occupy the best of the reading matter, and the most favorable time of its proprietors, but simply put it on a business ground.

Now let us see what compensation the management makes for this service. The name of the editor-in-chief, or some one of his staff, is known to be a reserved way to all the theatres. For the sake of convenience we may call it the Herald. That one gentleman or two gentlemen of the Herald visit the theatre, and occupy seats, keeping the management informed of their wants in the matter of tickets, once per week in all. The management can certainly not claim that this is a service for which it makes any return. We claim, then, that the time and use of these *stalles* or editors will really be found there, but they receive gratuitously, keep up the expense of the paper to advertise the management.

The management knows this fact, and refuses that, should this gratuitous support of the press be withdrawn, it would have to double the amount of his advertising and printing, and seek new modes of reaching the public attention, as would lead inevitably to a terrible depletion of his treasury. In return for this favor the management throws open the house to the press, placing it on a par with the general public, less the pecuniary consideration. When, therefore, an editor generally himself before the doorkeeper, should that functionary's memory prove treacherous, he is not admitted, if he cannot give his name and await identification. If he goes in with a well-dressed flinching, he is allowed to do so, least if he can get one; if not he has the privilege of paying the regular price, and receiving a ticket for the same as one of those marked "engaged" by this and that person. If he can't stand it, he either pays or don't do it.

These are the privileges an editor gets from that so much coveted free admission to the theatres. We know of no other investment in business which returns what-ever they can get for nothing, and that even a millionaire would not refuse. Now, as to the value of the privilege, bog leave to assert that the rule does not apply to the theatrical press as a class. All they get they pay for, and pay for ten times over.

The critic has a place in the dramatic line has been long established, and, like the Lord of Castile," by the English opera company at the Lyceum, "he is the soul of the piece." Without criticism, wrote Lamb, music, in plot and in action. There is a sameness in the monotony of applause that wearies the ear, and a want of variety in exhibit enthusiasm. The story is the old one, treated in various ways, of a couple of Spain who have a mercenary coming match with the Infanta of Castile, she disguised as a peasant girl, and he as a lancer, each engaging in a mysterious, operatic way to find and win the other. The object of our course, finally accomplished by various adventures, and much bad music, to the entire satisfaction of everybody, but the substantial of the judge by the applause from a crowded house. Mod. Lamb, that "the writing the best book came up to her standard, and the reason given is illness. She has little to do but to look pretty, and she does that admirably, and the better portions of the opera being given to the tenor, Mr. Castle, who sings high-class music, and runs through his speaking part in a way that would do credit to any of the regular stock actors. He has a very good song in the first act, "Yes, I am a Muleteer," which he does better than anything else out-side for him. In the second act Miss Louisa Myers sang "Kate's the Queen of Flagon Inn," with a great deal of ness and pleasing manner, and satisfied her audience completely. In the third act until Castile in the third act gave them "Hark! hark, mobilize I hear!" that was the best thing in the whole opera.

In spite of its defects the opera was a success, and in spite of the many shortcomings of the chorus and the orchestra, it was calculated to draw for a long time to come. Indeed, from the crowded houses, we are sorry to know that, by some misunderstanding, the theatre was not filled to close in the early portions, the house being wanted for other purposes.

Mr. Dan Bryant's new theatre is being done with Mr. Dan Bryant as its exponent, the Mr. having been left out. Whether, at the Broadway, still crowds that most little house nightly, and is demonstrating that the public have a growing taste for the simplistic drama and for well-shaped limbs. There is an disputing the versatility of the little silk say, "the prima, the beautiful, the fascinating," etc.

Bryant still sticks to "Maraline," and shows the public that he knew what they wanted. It is very clear that an audience is very fond of what it can see in close action, and the sprycr the pantomimist jumps about the stage the more laughter, and consequently the more ex-own exemption.

We do not venture to say that never before has New York in the very height of the hottest weather seen a more brilliant audience than that which nightly that is anybody out of town, all our theatres and places of amusement are crowded, almost nightly to excess. Money is plenty, and the people without care. Who says we have a terrible civil war raging in our midst?

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The official statement of the public debt, as appears by the books received, shows the debt outstanding bearing interest in coin on $883,887,843, a decrease since May 31 of $1,000,000. There is in the Treasury of $791,000; the interest being $25,623,781. The amount of debt bearing interest in lawful money is $486,583,620, on nearly a million and a half more than the previous month, principally in the increase of legal money interest of $21,037,000. The debt bearing no interest is $155,000 less than last month. The debt interest has ceased is $370,190. The recapitulation shows the aggregate amount outstanding to be $1,381,000,000, with interest in both gold and lawful money to the amount of $1,012,000. The debt is now $1,381,000 more than last month's abatement. The unpaid legal tender notes amount to $77,000,000, and the amount in the Treasury is nearly $15,000,000.

—Provost Marshal General Fry has issued a circular, to the effect that skilled mechanics and operatives employed in the Government service will not be drafted in the States, who shall be drafted and on examination be held for service, will be employed by the Government for under such draft, as long as they remain in the aforesaid service. It provides that all persons liable to draft shall file their labor as mechanics or operatives is necessary for the naval or military service.

—The quota of the State is alleged to be 89,318, which is about 1-11 of the whole number required, taking the average. It is one in seven and six-tenths of the total vote cast for President in 1860, and nearly one in 44 of the entire population. This ratio would require, on the population of the Free States and Territories in 1860, about 435,000 men—a considerable figure below the half million call.

—The quota of New Jersey under the 500,000 call is 15,491, or 1,185 for each Congressional District, as an average. New Jersey gave 121,158 votes for President, and had a population of 489,555 in 1860. The draft calls for about one in seven and six-tenths of the voters (same as in New York State), and one in 31 of the population.

—Missouri's quota is said to be 36,678, about one in 44¾ of her population in 1860, and one in 6¾ of her voters for President.

—— The steamer B. M. Runyon, from Natchez, struck a snag off Griffith's landing, 15 miles below Greenville, Miss., on the 21st of July, and sank to the hurricane roof in about five minutes. She had 600 people on board, including 440 of the 10th Missouri cavalry, 50 refugees, some furloughed soldiers, and a number of cabin passengers. About 50 were lost. Half of this number belonged to the cavalry regiment, and the remainder, excepting two, were refugees and negroes. But two cabin passengers are believed to have been lost. Gunboat No. 11 came up about 20 minutes after the disaster, and recovered about 40 persons. Others swam ashore.

—— The New York *Tribune* says: "Those who write to inquire whether the payment of $300 commutation exempts for three full years from all drafts are informed that such payment, if made at any time prior to February last, does so exempt. In February, the law was changed so that the payment of $300 thenceforth exempted only for the impending draft; while since the passage of the act of this month there is no commutation whatever. All who are henceforth drafted, and are found liable, must serve in person by a substitute."

—— Twenty of the mechanics who recently left Hartford and vicinity to go to Nashville and Chattanooga, to work for Government, have been gobbled up by Confederate guerillas in the neighborhood of Chattanooga.

—— Extensive woodland fires are reported around East Corinth, Calais, Ellsworth and Danville, Maine, and some of the stagedrivers are obliged to run their horses for miles through the fire and smoke from both sides of them.

—— There is abundance of testimony, it said, to prove the recent allegations about the "Order of American Knights," who have been conspiring for a new North-West Confederacy.

—— Cyrus W. Field has gone to find a place in Trinity Bay, N. F., for landing the American end of the Atlantic Telegraph cable, with one of Queen Victoria's steamers-of-war to carry him from St. John's.

—— The sports of the New York Schutzen Club were brought to a close on the 28th July, the first prize falling to Mr. L. Kissinger, who was duly crowned Schutzen Konig with all honors. A banquet at Mr. Sommers's hotel closed the proceedings.

—— An exchange says: "Female gymnastics are becoming quite popular in the country as well as in the city. Mrs. Plumb has been very instrumental in spreading so excellent a taste. In a few years our belles will be famous for their muscular development and health, as they are now for their beauty."

—— The Boston *Transcript* says: "The crop returns look better and better. In Pennsylvania there is an enormous yield of everything, and the drought and insects have done less damage at the West than was generally supposed. Indian corn, which had begun to curl up extensively, is now looking promising, owing to the recent rains, and potatoes, buckwheat and sorghum will yield fairly. The wheat and hay crops have been almost as good as the average."

—— The authorities at Richmond grant passes to all women, children and old men who may desire to come North. Indeed, they rather encourage the emigration.

Military.—Should Gen. Fry adhere to the opinion of Solicitor Whiting, denying exemption to 100 day men, some dissatisfaction will arise in Massachusetts. When Gov. Andrew had made his arrangements with the War Department, some days ago, respecting the 100 day men, he telegraphed to his Adjutant-General to proceed at once, saying that the men would not be liable to be drafted until their term of service had expired.

Personal.—The Troy *Times* says: "The wife of Gen. Seymour has received several letters from her husband, who is now in Charleston, under the order of Gen. Jones assigning Federal prisoners to localities exposed to the fire of our shells. Gen. Seymour states that he is in good health and spirits, and speaks of a recent order he has seen, instructing the Confederate officers to treat him humanely during his stay there. The order was countersigned by Davis, and was prompted in consideration of Seymour's humane treatment of the rebel wounded after the battle of Sharpsburg."

—— Gen. McPherson, who was killed near Atlanta, was engaged to be married to a beautiful and accomplished young lady of Baltimore. The dispatch announcing his death by accident fell into her hands on its arrival. It was addressed to her mother, who, not being able to see well without her glasses, passed it to the daughter, engaged to the deceased, to read it. Seeing that it recorded his death, she instantly fainted.

—— Hon. David Turpie has been nominated for Congress in the Ninth District of Indiana, against Mr. Colfax. He is candidate for the Lieutenant-Governorship, and whether or not he will accept the nomination for Congress is uncertain.

—— The Governor of the State of Maine ordered Company A of the State Guards, Bangor, to garrison Fort McClary, at Kittery Point, for 60 days. Mr. Hamlin is a member of that company, and, like a true soldier, accompanied the expedition. He is now at the fort, and will do his duty.

—— Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, has furnished a "substitute," who left Providence for the field on the 23d July.

—— In the Supreme Court at Chambers, Mrs. Fernando Wood applied for an order appointing a receiver to take charge of her interests under the will of her late father, Drake Mills. She claims title to 10,000 shares of the stock of the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad Company, under the will. On the other hand, it is claimed that there is another legatee.

—— Mr. Moses Taylor declines the appointment of the United States Assistant Treasurer at New York. His reason is the pressure of his other business, which would prevent the care and attention which he deems due to the position offered him.

—— On Wednesday evening, July 27, the citizens of Perth Amboy, ladies and gentlemen, gave to Rear-Admiral David R. Porter a serenade by Grafulla's Band. The Admiral is on a brief furlough. He appeared in acknowledgement of the compliment, and Mr. Vincent Colyer, of this city, delivered an address of welcome.

—— James P. Holcomb, of Virginia, one of the Confederate peace negotiators, was for a while a student at Yale College, in the class which graduated in 1840. He resided several years in Cincinnati, and is known as the author or editor of several law treatises. He is at present professor of law in the University of Virginia, and was a member of the last Richmond Congress.

Obituary.—The death of the Rev. John Maginnis of San Francisco, and formerly of this city, is announced. The deceased was a native of Ireland, and 68 years of age. He was ordained a priest by the late Bishop England of Charleston, S. C., and officiated at St. James's Catholic church, New York, until 1841, and afterwards until 1850, when he removed to California, at St. Andrew's. On arriving in California he became pastor of St. Patrick's church, holding that position up to 1862. By his will almost all his property is left to the Branch Orphan Asylum at Mount St. Vincent's, where a handsome chapel at which he had officiated up to within a few weeks of his death had been built. The funeral of the deceased clergyman was attended by a vast number of persons to whom he had endeared himself.

—— Miss Caroline M. Nixon died in Bangor, Me., on the 20th July. She was the divorced wife of James M. Nixon, the theatrical manager: was herself some years ago a dashing equestrian performer, and was travelling professionally at the time of her death. She had last winter an "equestrian arena" under her management in Brooklyn. Amid much domestic trouble she always maintained an honorable personal and professional reputation.

Accidents and Offences.—Capt. Street, of the British barque Delaware, from Demarara, reports that another disastrous fire occurred at that place on the 4th ult., which destroyed a large portion of the town saved from the previous fire. The loss is several millions of dollars.

—— A destructive fire occurred at Napanee, C. W., a few days ago. A large cabinet factory, a plaster mill, a sawmill and a large new foundry, with two dwelling-houses, were totally destroyed. Loss, about $50,000.

—— The beautiful little village of Phelps, Ontario county, N. Y., was the scene of a terrible conflagration on the 20th July. Five horses were burned and 25 buildings destroyed. The total loss was about $35,000, only a third of which is covered by insurance. This is the second time within a few weeks that the village has suffered severely by fire.

—— One of the workshops attached to the Western House of Refuge, at Rochester, N. Y., was totally destroyed by fire on the 24th of July. The sparks from this fire were carried by the wind to the Lake avenue church, a quarter of a mile distant, which was also burned. Total loss, about $60,000.

—— The fire at Springfield, Mass., on the 23d July, was the most disastrous that has ever occurred in that city. The entire loss is estimated at $122,000, on which there was an insurance of $80,000.

—— Wm. H. Baily, a Custom-House attaché, was lately committed by Justice Dowling, on a charge of forging notes to the amount of $1,435, on the well-known firm of Howland & Aspinwall.

—— On the 23d July, about an hour after sundown, Dupont's powder mills, at Wilmington, Delaware, were blown up, caused by a spark struck out by the machinery. Two mills were destroyed. Several persons were injured, but no lives were lost. The loss will amount to about $60,000.

—— A fatal accident occurred at Baltimore on Tuesday morning, the 26th July. The front wall of a warehouse in course of erection on Paca street, near Lexington street, fell. Mrs. James Keysers, passing at the time, was caught beneath the ruins. Her skull was fractured, and both legs were broken, and her life is despaired of. Frank Lipp, a lad, seven years of age, was fatally injured. Two workmen were also injured, but not fatally.

—— The railroad elevator and adjoining sheds at Ogdensburg were burned on the 28th July, with 2,000 barrels flour and 100,000 bushels grain.

—— Mr. John Bellamy was, on the 28th July, arrested on a charge of setting fire to his store, No. 396 Broome street, on the 15th June last, with the intention of defrauding the insurance companies. Justice Dowling held him to bail in the sum of $5,000.

—— At a late hour on Monday, the 25th July, G. P. Folsom, an additional Paymaster in the United States Army, was arrested in Washington, by order of the Secretary of War. Folsom is said to be a defaulter to the amount of about $11,000.

—— Late on Wednesday night, the 27th July, William Pinto Bunaventura, an Italian, residing at No. 68 Catharine street, and who has been partially insane for some months, attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself with a pistol. Placing the muzzle of the weapon in his mouth, he fired, the ball passing up into his head and lodging under the left eye. He was conveyed to the New York Hospital.

Art, Literature and Science.—Mr. John Harrington has on his easel, at his studio, 16th street, a view of Province Town, Cape Cod. Harrington is one of those who divide their time between the pen and the pencil, and with greater success than generally attends a divided allegiance. His paintings are distinguished for their truthfulness and color. Rosenberg is another artist who is equally great with his pen. He has lately completed a tragedy for Forrest, and is now preparing for the press a volume of poems, which cannot fail to place him in the first rank of our living poets.

Odds and Ends.—The New York *Times* says: "The Newport *News* condemns the 'secesh' sentiment prevailing at that fashionable watering-place. It states that the rebel cockade is prominently displayed every day on the fashionable drives, by women who are loud-mouthed in their denunciation of the Northern people and the Union army. In the parlors these degraded females give expression to sentiments that no respectable woman will entertain, while the secession brawlers keep gentlemen away from clubs."

—— The old elm on the village green at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has been cut down and sold at auction for $10 to a person who received $100 for small pieces from it within a short time after. The tree was at least 300 years old, and had been struck several times by lightning. The distance from the ground to its first limb was over 100 feet. Everybody in Pittsfield regretted that safety made its removal necessary.

—— It is reported that among the heaviest individual orders for United States Five-Twenty Bonds recently executed in the London market, and pointedly referred to by the London *Times* and *Herald*, was one from The O'Donoghue, an Irish Representative in the Imperial Parliament, whom Rev. Henry Ward Beecher on his return from England expressly mentioned as one of our staunchest friends in the British Islands.

—— Try this, some of you. Fasten a nail or key to a string, and suspend it to your thumb and finger, and the nail will oscillate like a pendulum. Let some one place his open hand under the nail, and it will change to a circular motion. Then let a third person place his hand upon your shoulder, and the nail becomes in a moment stationary.

—— One of the Sandwich Islands judges is named Ii; but, says an exchange paper, "whether it is pronounced Big-I-Little-I, Double-I, Eye-Eye, or My-Eyes, nobody knows."

—— The Lewiston (Maine) *Journal* says there are a couple of old maids in our town who have been trying to see how many cats can be multiplied by one pair. In three years the number was 442 cats and kittens.

—— John and Julia's chess problem, by Amator. John to move and mate in two moves:

> John moves his arm round Julia's neck;
> She moves one square, and whispers—check;
> He nothing daunted, moves right straight
> His lips to hers, and calls out—"mate!"

—— Edmond About, in his late work on "Progress," divides the French elements of character into these two—the churchwarden element and the café element. The former is the work of the church and the priests; the latter is fond of pleasure, war and glory, opposes the government and hates the priests.

—— Dumas was lately vaunting to a fellow *litterateur* of the beauty of Naples, and disparaging Paris. The Parisian tartly replied that it was known that the city was so dirty it was impossible to put a foot down anywhere in safety. "But the sky is pure and celestial," said Dumas. "Yes," responded his antagonist, "because it is beyond the reach of Neapolitans to dirty it."

—— It was recently asserted in the French Chambers by a government orator in reply to M. Thiers that the value of the real property of France was 83,000,000,000 of francs, or about 16,000,000,000 of dollars; and of personal property 100,020,000,000 of francs, or 24,000,000,000 of dollars. Of these last, 7,000,000,000 of francs were in moneyed securities.

—— An ingenious Frenchman residing at Dunkirk has devoted the last ten years of his life to teaching music to poultry. He has taught a drake to sing many notes like a canary, and is now teaching a turkey to talk.

—— A French writer computes the loss of life by railroad travelling to be one in every 7,000,000 passengers.

—— It appears from a Parliamentary return that the total number of electors for cities and boroughs in England and Wales was 478,447 in 1862–3, and 491,229 in 1863–4. In Scotland the numbers were 52,519 in 1862–3, and 52,618 in 1863–4. The total number of electors for counties in England and Wales amounted to 534,085 in 1862–3, and 535,788 in 1863–4. In Scottish counties the numbers have decreased from 49,643 in 1862–3 to 49,109 in 1863–4.

The fact is well-known that Dr. Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap is a certain remedy for all cutaneous diseases of the skin, as well as a potent remedy in the cure of pimples, freckles, tan, sunburns, &c. This delicious and soothing compound can be had at the Doctor's depot, 453 Broadway; and our Philadelphia readers can obtain it at Mr. Upham's well-known establishment, South Eighth street.

DESTRUCTION OF ARMY HORSES.

The destruction of horses during our civil war is something utterly unparalleled. Statements of the daily loss have been made which are so great that they almost exceed belief. The contract for the dead horses has been one of the most profitable, if not one of the most agreeable, even among those which have made so many contractors millionaires. The mortality is caused mainly by frauds in furnishing unsound horses, and oftener still by the gross neglect of the horses. They are frequently left without food, no provision being made to get up the necessary supplies. An artist with the Army of the Cumberland some time since sent us a sketch, which we now produce, and which proves conclusively how far this neglect has gone. The wagons were actually gnawed down to the bottom by the starving horses.

SCENES AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL DURING THE REBEL RAID.

We gave in our last some sketches of this raid, which will figure so prominently in the history of our National Capital, and add now two others, the night attack on the 11th of July, and the repulse of a rebel assault by the 25th New York dismounted cavalry and militia, holding the extreme advance of our skirmish line.

The dwellings of Richard Butt, Wm. Bell, John H. McChesney, Robert McChesney, James Morrison, Abner Shoemaker, and a house occupied by David Donlay, all of them immediately in front of Fort Massachusetts, and which obstructed the range of our guns, were burned by our troops to prevent their being used as shelter for the enemy's sharpshooters. These at one time had advanced to within less than 75 yards of the fort under the cover afforded by the buildings and the immense undergrowth of bushes over the stumps of the first military clearings.

The ruins of these houses and of others fired by the enemy will be seen in our sketches.

Brisk skirmishing began again at daylight on the 12th in front of Forts Massachusetts and Stevens, on the Seventh street turnpike, about four miles and a half from the city. The rebel sharpshooters appeared to be numerous, and kept up a continual fire upon our men.

THE REBEL RAM SAVANNAH.

The recent alarm at Savannah caused the rebels to send down the harbor their ram Savannah—the main defence of the city. Poor Georgia! with Sherman advancing into her heart, and exposed to an attack in her great city at any moment, with no part absolutely safe, begins to realize the beauties of Secession. The ram Savannah, on which she stakes her defence, is a ram of the Merrimac pattern, to which the rebels so steadily adhere. She has been for some time ready for service, but the speedy punishment and capture of the Atlanta has been such a lesson, that she has never ventured to come out to engage the Union vessels. The sketch we give is from a drawing by our Special Artist from a distant view. In her recent movements she wisely kept out of action.

THE ALBANY STEAMBOAT ST. JOHN.

Travellers up or down the Hudson will miss it greatly if they do not make a trip on the magnificent steamboat St. John, which we illustrate in our paper. The press, too often, perhaps, praises any new boat when it is first put on a line, but in this case we cannot go beyond the truth in styling it the most magnificent boat ever yet seen on the North river, and surely this is high praise.

The St. John is 417 feet long, with a breadth of 85 feet. The wheel has a diameter of 47 feet, and is driven by an 86-inch cylinder.

Its immense surface affords unexampled accommodations; and our readers will not be surprised to learn that there are between 300 and 400 staterooms, and will carry in comfort over 1,000 people. The furniture throughout is elegant and the decorations of the saloons magnificent. It is one of those floating palaces that seem to exist only in the Arabian tales, and never to be met with in such a matter-of-fact age and country as our own.

She was built by John Englis, and is now commanded by Capt. W. H. Peck.

The St. John is one of the well-known People's Line (P. C. Smith, Agent), and leaves New York on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, connecting with the various lines of railroad from Albany for the North and West.

SIGNAL TOWER ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

The tide of war has rolled away southward from Lookout Mountain, and it is again an object of interesting resort in summer, with its attractions heightened by its glorious historic associations, and the chance of being caught by guerillas.

Lookout mountain is one of the most noted earth giants in America, and terrifically uplifts its majestic presence to a height of 2,400 feet above the Tennessee river at its base. The ascent to the summit is by a road four miles long, cut out of its awful and precipitous sides; but when reached, the lover of nature is amply repaid for his pilgrimage thither. Standing on its summit the tourist drinks a bracing air; his eye wanders over a vast sea of forests and cultivated fields, until its vision is bounded by the mountains, 50 miles distant. The dashing Tennessee meanders in graceful curves beneath his feet, now lost to view, and then the glimmer of its waters breaks out again in the far distance. Awful precipices and mighty rocks are all around; and looking from their dizzy heights, the rushing locomotive, the struggling steamboat and the lazy wagon train seem mere playthings amid the great realities of nature. But the most charming view of this great natural picture is from the "Point." From this place the tourist's rapture-smitten eyes peer forth on a wondrous picture of plain, river, city and farms, farmhouses, woods and lofty hills and far-distant mountain ranges, no words can portray, no pencil paint. At one sweep of the eye, from west to east, six States may be seen, Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, North and South Carolina and Virginia. Looking straight out from the pinnacled "Point," towards the North, the eye is charmed, the heart filled, the soul intoxicated with a vision of loveliness and beauty as rare and glorious as that which greeted Cortez and his bold followers when, from the crest of the Cordilleras, their ravished gaze first fell upon the lake-dotted, palace-spangled, mountain-girdled Valley of Mexico. To the left you behold the Racoon Mountain, one of the sentinels of that wild pass where the Tennessee madly breaks through the barriers of its mountain home; in front the Cumberland chain, stretching grandly away towards the north; to the right, in the rear distance, the Chilhowee range, sweeping around in graceful curves from south to north, while above and beyond, majestically overtopping all, rise the distant Alleghanies, robed in hues as "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue" as poet ever sang, or lover ever dreamed. Within these mountain ranges, and spread out at your feet like an illuminated chart, lies a vast, shield-shaped plain, diversified by wooded hills, sparkling streams—the lovely Tennessee running through it from end to end like a curled white ribbon garlanding its beauty—thread-like lines of railway, fair-lying farms, with speck-like cottages in their midst, and in the centre a gem of increasing splendor—the little city of Chattanooga. It was from this point that the Indians were wont to descry the distant approach of the emigrant boats of the white men, and give notice to their confederates stationed below t be in readiness to attack them. Traces of military occupation will long remain in this remote wilderness, and travellers have pointed out the rebel signal station, the works that Hooker stormed, the heights he skaled.

LITERATURE.

We have great pleasure in calling attention to a new *Art Journal*, whose start in life has been so successful that it bids fair to be one of those rare phenomenon in the periodical press of the present day—both a critical and pecuniary success. It is with a feeling of additional pleasure that we recognise it as the property and under the editorial supervision of one with whom our readers have had a long acquaintanceship, an acquaintanceship which we believe was disagreeable neither to him nor them, although his connection as editor has for some time ceased with this paper. We allude to Henry C. Watson.

The leading feature of *Watson's Art Journal* is musical criticism, although general art and literature both receive a fair share of genial and critical consideration. The tone of the criticism is elevated in character, yet liberally predisposed to kindness rather than censure; and as an intellectual *brochure*, this journal must rank among the very best which have ever appealed to the musical and artistic public. One feature it possesses that is undoubtedly attractive; every week it publishes one or two "Lyrics for Music," in many of which we recognise the graceful and facile pen of the editor himself. We should be tempted to quote from these charming lyrics, one or more of them, but we think that the best way will be to recommend our readers to forward their subscriptions for the *Journal* to the publication office, at Dodworth's Hall, which will insure their regular receipt of one of the most talented and thorough of the many attempts to establish a permanent channel for sound artistic criticism in New York. It deserves the success that it has met with, and it is with decided gratification that we chronicle this fact in our own columns.

Trinity Collection of Church Music.—This collection has been made by the late Dr. Hodges of Trinity Church, in this city, with valuable editions by the present editor, S. Parkman Tuckerman, organist in St. Paul's church, Boston. It is undeniably the best work of the kind ever published in the United States, and indeed we may frankly say that it is a volume which deserves, for its general correctness and comprehensiveness, to be in the hands of every church choir or serious choral society in the country.

LOVEABLE WOMEN.

According to a new "Theory of Harmony and Form," certain combinations of a circle, triangle and square produce a perfect type of female beauty. This may be called reducing loveliness to a mathematical demonstration. We have always considered women a wonderful problem, yet never suspected that this was the true solution. But perhaps the theory is only symbolical. A hoop is a circle, the Eugenie cocked hat is a triangle, and the fashionable cloaks are all squares. Possibly the new theorists intend it to be understood that these three, with a good-looking girl "included," constitute the beau ideal of feminine fascination. If so, we don't agree with them. The "Theory" goes on to say, however, that the "regulation of the geometrical figures must be in accord with certain harmonic proportions existing in music;" from which we infer that a lady mathematically beautiful appears to most advantage when dancing to the sound of a piano.

Our own notion of a truly loveable woman—and none other is really beautiful—is not mathematical, though it may comprehend harmony and melody, especially of the voice. There are women of sweet, maidenly natures, growing up in the practice of kindnesses, of tender household duties, of simple godly aims, and of genial, pleasant accomplishments,

> "Till, at the last, they set themselves to man
> Like perfect music unto noble words."

Byron brings before us the image of one of this sweet sisterhood in half a dozen lines:

> ——"Around her shone
> The nameless charms unmarked by her alone;
> The light of love, the purity of grace,
> The mind, the music breathing from her face,
> The heart whose softness harmonized the whole—
> And oh! that eye was in itself a soul."

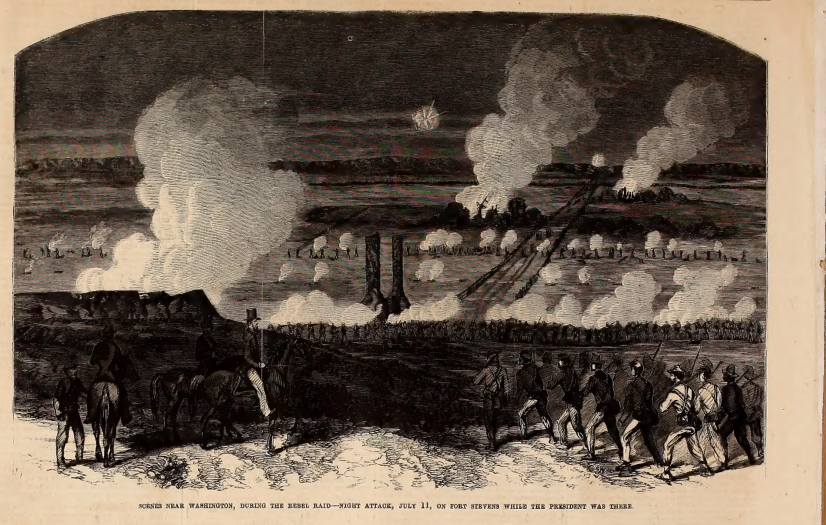
One rarely sees this style of lady in the street in a pork-pie hat with a scarlet feather, or at the opera heavily fettered with jewellery. She does not divide her walking hours into three equal parts—devoting one to gossip, one to shopping, and one to flirting. She reads, thinks, never scolds; and when she loves—she loves.

Army pies are so terribly tough that the soldiers call them leather pies. A poor fellow of Grant's army, whose arm had just been amputated, was being carried past a stand the other day where an old woman was selling pies, when he raised himself in the ambulance and called out:

"I say, old woman, are those pies sewed or pegged?"

The Ruling Passion.—In the "Bald Eagle Ridges," in Clinton county, Pennsylvania, lives a certain maiden lady. Twice in her lifetime she was engaged to be married, and twice some unforeseen event interposed to destroy her hopes of matrimonial bliss. Hers was a sad case. Time began to wrinkle her fair brow, and no new suitors were there to offer themselves. To add to her distress she became sick, "nigh unto death." The junior preacher on the circuit—a large, overgrown and bashful boy—was sent for. The sick room was well filled with sympathizing neighbors when the young divine made his appearance, and, after some remarks, proceeded to read a portion of the Scripture. He fell upon the chapter in which the woman of Samaria is introduced. When he read the words: "Go call thy husband," the sick woman groaned a little; but when he uttered the words: "The woman answered and said, I have no husband," the dying woman rose upright in her bed, her eyes flashing fire as she squeaked out the following: "I ain't agoin' to stand yer taunts, if you are a preacher—clear out of the house now! I've had two chances for a husband, and will live to see another—see ef I don't!" She recovered, but the war interfered with her matrimonial prospects.

Advice that every Man should Read.—We have probably all of us met with instances in which a word heedlessly spoken against the reputation of a female has become dark enough to overshadow her whole existence. To those who are accustomed—not necessarily from bad motives, but from thoughtlessness—to speak lightly of females, we recommend these hints as worthy of consideration: Never use a lady's name in an improper time or in mixed company. Never make assertions about her that you think are untrue, or allusions that you feel she herself would blush to hear. When you meet with men who do not scruple to make use of a woman's name in a reckless and unprincipled manner, shun them, for they are the very worst members of the community—men lost to every sense of honor—every feeling of humanity. Many a good and worthy woman's character has been for ever ruined, and her heart broken by a lie, manufactured by some villain, and repeated where it should not have been, and in the presence of those whose little judgment could not deter them from circulating the foul and bragging report. A slander is soon propagated, and the smallest thing derogatory to a woman's character will fly on the wings of the wind, and magnify as it circulates, until its monstrous weight crushes its poor unconscious victim. Respect the name of woman, for your mothers and sisters are women; and as you would have their fair name untarnished and their lives unembittered by the slanderer's biting tongue, heed the ill that your own words may bring upon the mother, the sister or the wife of some fellow-creature.



SCENES NEAR WASHINGTON, DURING THE REBEL RAID—NIGHT ATTACK, JULY 11, ON FORT STEVENS WHILE THE PRESIDENT WAS THERE.

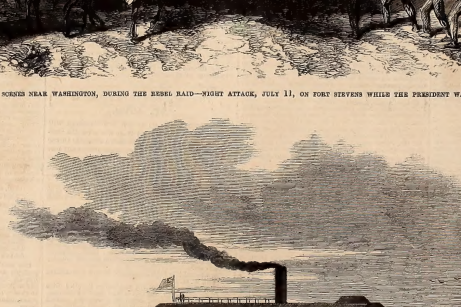
COL. B. F. TRACY,
109th N. Y.

It would be unfair to the officers of inferior rank if we were to confine our illustrations simply to the many brigadier and major-generals. We have taken as a creditable specimen of the colonels the commanding officer of the 109th New York.

Col. B. F. Tracy was, at the beginning of the war, a successful lawyer in Tioga county. He was born at Owego, in that division of the State of New York, on the 26th of April, 1830. Here he was schooled and admitted to the bar. At the age of 23 he was so prominent that he was, in spite of his youth, elected District Attorney, and filled the position with such credit to himself and satisfaction to his constituents that he was re-elected.

In the fall of 1861 the people of the county were deeply interested in the completion of the Chemango Canal, and urged Mr. Tracy to allow himself to be put forward as a candidate for the Assembly, to urge the measure. He was elected, and attained the passage of the required act, which, however, failed to become a law from the fact that the Governor omitted to sign it.

In the summer of 1862 he was solicited by the Military Committee for the 24th Senatorial District to raise a regiment of volunteers. It was a new field entirely to him, but he undertook the task with his wonted energy, and raising two regiments, offered to get up a third. On the 23d July, 1862, he was commissioned Colonel of the 109th, and



THE DEFENCES OF SAVANNAH—THE REBEL RAM SAVANNAH, NOW READY FOR ACTION.



SIGNAL STATION ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, ERECTED BY THE REBELS DURING THEIR OCCUPATION.

on the 30th of August marched with it the seat of war. After some time spent in the defences of Washington it was ordered to Warrenton Junction, where it joined the 9th corps, being attached to Gen. Hartranft's brigade, of the 3d (Wilcox's) division.

At the battle of the Wilderness, May 5th, it carried the enemy's rifle-pits, though unable to hold them. In a second charge they again carried them, and pushed on their Colonel in the van, but as he was not supported he fell back to the captured works, and forming them, held them against all attacks.

THE GENEVAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Is situated on Gates Avenue, corner of Hunter street, Brooklyn, and was constructed during the past winter and spring, under the supervision of Mr. John H. Kriso, for the Greene Avenue Presbyterian Church. It was ready for occupation in April, but owing to the absence of the pastor (Rev. W. B. Lee), was not dedicated until the 19th of June.

The edifice is built of brick, and its extreme appearance is neat, symmetrical and substantial. Within, the principal room or auditorium is about 35 feet by 60 feet, and 25 feet in height, abundantly lighted and well furnished. Opposite the platform and desk, and under the front gable, is an ornamental stained window, bordered by leaves of oak, containing the legend, "Jehovah Tsid-kenu"—"The Lord our Righteousness"—an old testament title of Christ.

The framing of the roof timbers is exposed, having been finished and grained in oak, to correspond with the other woodwork; the walls are rough cast in blocks, representing cut-stone; the whole effect is pleasant; the room will seat about 500 persons; cost, $7,000.

It was formally dedicated on Sunday, June 19th.

The sermon in the morning was preached by the Rev. Philip Schaff, D. D. The theme was the internal and external development of the Church of God, as illustrated by the twin parables of the leaven and the mustard seed. In addition to the pastor, Rev. W. B. Lee, the Rev. Drs. Hodge and Norris assisted in the services. In the afternoon the dedication sermon was preached by the pastor from text Exodus xxv. 8: "Let them build me a sanctuary that I may dwell amongst them." A discourse solemn, impressive and evangelical.

In the evening the ordinance of baptism to the youngest child of the pastor succeeded to the sermon, and after the conclusion of the discourse offered the usual dedicatory prayer. The Rev. Messrs. Beebe and Hancock, of the Presbytery of Nassau, were also present and assisted in the exercises.

In the evening the Rev. Dr. Rice preached from Ephesians ii. 8: "By grace are ye saved" and was assisted in the accompanying services by the Rev. D. H. Junkin, D. D., and the Rev. Dr. Elmendorf, of the Reformed Dutch Church, and also by Rev. Mr. Neander, of the Presbytery of Nassau. Several other clergymen also were present. The house was filled throughout the day with a most attentive and interesting audience.



THE GENEVAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

In our old age the mind brings together the scenes of to-day and those of the long gone time. We shut 40 years into each other like the joints of a pocket telescope.

THERE are many trials in life Which do not seem to come from unwisdom or folly. They are silver arrows shot from the bow of God and fixed inextricably in the quivering heart.

THE ARK.

BY ROSENBERG.

I.

SALTLY surging round my soul
Swart and deep the waters roll—
No horizon can I see
Where a place of rest may be.
Out, young Passion! out and try
The pathless wave and boundless sky;
Passion's wing is loosed in vain—
Passion finds nor pause nor rest—
With ruffled wing and rumpled breast,
Passion cometh home again.

II.

Out, Ambition! stronger still—
Great of heart and large of will—
Vulture wing and eagle eye—
Sweep the wave and search the sky,
Spite of storm and battling wind,
Place and spot of rest to find.
But in vain, Ambition's flight
Sweeps the wave for place of rest;
Home it comes, with bleeding breast,
Shattered wing and failing might.

III.

Dear Home-dweller! gentle Love!
Timid plume and eye of dove!
Thine at length the task to try—
Out, and search the wave and sky.
Nor flies the trembling one in vain—
Back it comes in joy again.
Love brings home the olive-leaf—
Love has found the place of rest—
Woman's true and tender breast—
Only home in every grief.



THE DESERTED HOUSE,

AND WHAT HAPPENED IN IT.

BY CLAIRE CROPTON.

I CAME upon it in the course of my solitary ramble one afternoon. I was out on a berrying expedition, and having heaped my basket with the great shining blackberries, and perceiving signs of an approaching shower, I turned to retrace my steps. But I had wandered further than I had my idea of, and was a little uncertain what direction to take. Judging from the landmarks, I concluded I must be full two miles from home. Heavy masses of thunderladen clouds were surging up from the north-west, and rapidly darkening the whole heavens, the rain would be upon me before I could walk half that distance. I hastened my steps, anxious to find some refuge from the impending shower.

As I emerged from the woods I paused and glanced around me in every direction. Only one human habitation was in sight, that was solitary farmhouse, situate in the midst of a field, at some distance from the highway. I let down the bars, which formed the primitive mode of entrance into this domain, and hurried along the narrow foot-path leading to the house, hoping to find shelter beneath its roof. As I approached the lonely dwelling I could discover no signs of life about the premises; no smoke wreath curled gracefully from the tall chimneys, no open door invited the traveller to enter. A nearer view satisfied me that the place was deserted. The house was old, weather-stained and dilapidated, loose clapboards rattled in the wind, and moss and lichens grew upon the roof. The front yard was overrun with burdock, plantain and Roman wormwood. Here and there a sunflower or hollyhock reared its head among the weeds, but there were no other flowers. A straggling line of gooseberry and currant bushes beside the wall, and a few scattered, scraggy plum trees in that direction, gave proof that a garden had once existed there.

The air of desolation and neglect that brooded over the whole place gave me a disagreeable, almost painful sensation, but there was no time for extended observations. A burst of thunder rattled over my head, and a few heavy raindrops, the *drum-couriers* of the coming storm, pattered on the dusty grass at my feet.

I ran up the stone steps and tried the heavy-panelled door; it was fast, and refused to open to my needs. The windows were without bind or curtain, and through them I could look into the square, empty rooms within.

"There must be another way of entrance, and I will find it," I said.

And hurrying round the corner of the house, found a second door, on the backside. This, less securely fastened than the other, yielded to my efforts to open it, and I entered the house.

Passing through a long entry, I found myself in a large room, which must have served as a kitchen in former days. The atmosphere of the apartment was close and musty, and my first act was to set down my basket and throw open a window to admit the fresh air. Then I glanced around me. The room was bare of furniture. There was a large open fireplace at one end, black and yawning, like the mouth of a cavern; the smoke-stained ceiling was seamed with great cracks, and looked ready to give way altogether. The mouldy wallpaper hung off in loose flakes from the wall, and rattled like dry bones in the gust of air that swept through the room. I started nervously at the sound, and felt relieved when I discovered what had occasioned it. I had rather at any time look on a grave and a headstone than on a deserted house. In the one we know that a human body lies mouldering back to its kindred dust; but the other is full of vague terrors and undefined apprehensions, there is a brooding silence in the air, as though it were thick with mysteries which it dared not impart. The very walls have a language of their own, they are written all over with hieroglyphics by invisible fingers; the windows look like so many great eyes, lidless and unwinking, guarding the secrets of the house, while they read those of your own soul. There is a rustling of garments sweeping past you; you feel, though you do not hear, the sound of footfalls, and you start with a shiver through your whole frame as a chilly breath, with the sound of a sigh in it, fans your cheek.

Such fancies thronged my mind as I stood on the deserted hearthstone and gazed around the dismantled room, and I found myself repeating, half unconsciously:

"O'er all there hung a shadow of a fear,
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
Which said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The house is haunted!"

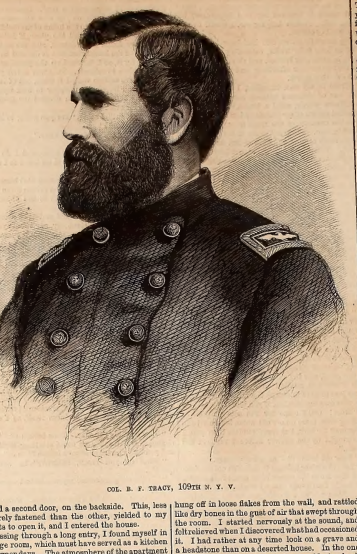
"Pshaw!" I exclaimed, impatiently, "this is mere childish weakness. I thought that my nerves were stronger. Longfellow says that 'All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses.' If that's so, ghosts are too plentiful to make it worth one's while to be afraid of them; besides, they never make their appearance by daylight, they are regular birds of darkness."

I did not attempt to visit the other parts of the house, but, throwing off my hat and shawl, crouched down on the white pine floor, beside the open window, and watched the blackened sky, lit up almost momentarily by sheets of dazzling flame. The roll of the thunder was continuous, and the rain came down as though threatening the earth with a second deluge.

"If this continues till night, as it seems likely to do," thought I, "I shall have the choice of spending the night here, or trying to grope my way through the darkness. A pleasant prospect, truly. What an adventure it would be to relate to my summer friends!"

And that thought suggested others, and I forgot all about the storm in the train of reflections thus awakened. Six weeks before I had been engaged in the follies and flirtations of a fashionable watering-place. Why had I left it so suddenly? Ah, thereby hangs a tale.

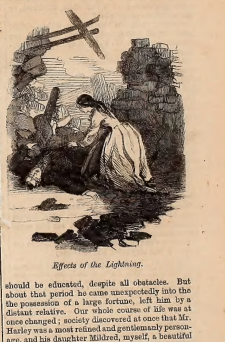
Until my seventeenth year I had known nothing of wealth or luxury, for up to that time my father's daily life had been a hand-to-hand struggle with poverty, to procure the means of subsistence and of educating his children, as he had resolved they



COL. B. F. TRACY, 109TH N. Y. V.



Sheltering from the Storm.



Effects of the Lightning.

should be educated, despite all obstacles. But about that period he came unexpectedly into the the possession of a large fortune, left him by a distant relative. Our whole course of life was at once changed; society discovered at once that Mr. Harley was a most refined and gentlemanly personage, and his daughter Mildred, myself, a beautiful and accomplished young lady.

To be sure, my father had been the perfect gentleman that he now was previous to his accession of wealth, and my own blonde beauty had been as radiant before that event as afterwards, only society had not seen it in that light. Well, perhaps a gem does show the fairer for its rich setting, and my wealth of golden brown hair may have shown more lustrous with the milk-white pearls twined amid its silken braids than it did when simply garlanded with wild flowers, and the snow of my neck and arms may have gleamed whiter in contrast with the sparkling jewels with which they were wreathed. At any rate, I was not disposed to quarrel with the admiration that was now accorded me, nor to depreciate its value. I was an heiress; I became a belle, and for three years had queened it right royally over my subjects.

Among my admirers I numbered a young lawyer, Sweyn Selcott by name, who was employed by my father in law business connected with the property by which he had become heir. My father thought highly of him, and perhaps my own opinion was not less favorable. He was poor, in the common acceptation of the term, having only his native talents and energy to depend upon in winning his way in the world, but rich in the most noble qualities of head and heart, and in a reputation that was without a stain. He never spoke to me of his love, but he betrayed it by look and act, and I was as sure of its existence as though the confession had been already breathed in my ear. I knew that it was pride alone that withheld the avowal, for he dreaded the imputation of being a fortune-seeker, and perhaps feared that I should do him that injustice.

I have said that the beginning of the fashionable season that summer found me at Newport. Sweyn Selcott soon joined our party there. It was the first time he had ever left his business to idle at a watering-place; was I wrong in supposing that I was the magnet that attracted him there? One

pleasant night he drew me away from the heat and glare of the ballroom on to the moonlit piazza, where we were joined by another couple, my friend Annie Wilbur and her lover. Annie was in high spirits, and commenced giving Mr. Selcott an animated description of a ride we had taken that day and a cottage at which we had called for water.

"It was such a cottage as we read about in novels, Mr. Selcott," she said, "all embowered in vines and roses. I looked to see Mildred go into extacies over it, and was disappointed that she did not, for she is strongly inclined to the sentimental, you know."

"I did not know it," said Mr. Selcott, quietly.

"Oh, yes; you should have heard her, as I did, read the ballad of 'Edwin and Angelina' the other day. The very tone in which she repeated

"'No wealth nor power had he,
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me,'

spoke volumes."

"How many?" I asked, drily.

"Oh, a dozen, or so," said Annie, laughing; "but no one could have read those lines as you read them without having fully adopted their spirit. You evidently believed the doctrine."

I reddened with anger and annoyance at her badinage. Sweyn Selcott's eyes were fixed full on my face; was he trying to read my thoughts? What spirit of evil prompted me to answer Annie as I did?

"You are mistaken," I said, "in thinking that I incline to 'love in a cottage' and that sort of sentimental trash. I have seen too much of the evils of poverty to be willing to encounter them again. My ideal of a residence is a brown stone front, in a fashionable avenue. I prefer gaslight to glowworms, velvet tapestry carpets to rush-covered floors, silk damask to plain white muslin for curtains, and rosewood and marble to cheap pine for furniture. I consider vases, pictures and statuettes as indispensable articles, and a liberal supply of well-trained servants as among the necessaries of life."

I had spoken with a tone and emphasis that left no doubt as to my meaning just what I said. What bitter cause for repentance I soon had! Was it the moonlight falling full on Sweyn Selcott's face which gave it that white, fixed look, or had my words produced it?

"You have drawn the picture with a skilful hand," said Annie, gaily; "but wouldn't the presence of a certain rich young M. C. be necessary to complete it?"

"Perhaps so," I answered, carelessly, as I turned away.

Her M. C. meant, not a member of Congress, but a wealthy young Philadelphian, Mortimer Crosby, who was foremost in my train of devotees, and the allusion was understood by my companions.

"The night air is chilly. Shall we return to the ballroom?" said Mr. Selcott, folding my shawl about me. He spoke in a hoarse, changed voice, and I accepted his arm in silence. At the door of the ballroom he said abruptly:

"I leave this place in the morning."

"So soon!" I said, with a slight start.

"Yes; I ought to have gone before—I have lingered here too long."

Some one approached at that moment and claimed my hand for the dance. Mr. Selcott bowed and withdrew. I did not see him again that evening.

Early the next morning a note was placed in my hand; it was very brief, and ran thus:

"Mildred—I could not leave without bidding you farewell. You have roused me from the sweetest dream that ever man indulged in. But, painful as is the awakening, I thank you for the frankness that has left me nothing either to hope or fear. We shall never meet again. May you be happy. Farewell! Sweyn Selcott."

Well, it was all over then. I might have expected it, knowing him as I did. What if the hand that held the tiny scroll was clenched until the nails pierced the tender flesh. What if the red blood ebbed away from cheek and lip, leaving my face ghastly in its pallor! If my own hand had recklessly spilled the wine of life, I was not one to sigh and complain because the tempting draught could never again be offered to my thirsting lips. No matter how painfully the heart might throb beneath its silken vest so that the world never suspected the secret of its suffering.

I remained at Newport a week longer, outwardly gayer and more brilliant than ever; then I declared to my father that I was sick to death of the everlasting round of dancing, boating and bathing, and I coaxed him to take me on a visit to my aunt Margaret Howe. He consented willingly, for he almost idolized me, his youngest child, and I believe he would have accompanied me to Siberia without a murmur, had I fancied a pleasure jaunt to that somewhat distant locality.

I loved my aunt Margaret dearly, for she had supplied a mother's place to me through the years that I had been motherless. She lived on a farm in a pleasant little country place called Eastbrook, and hither we journeyed as fast as cars and stage-coaches could convey us.

She received me with open arms, and inveighed energetically against the late hours and health-destroying pleasures that had, as she supposed, stolen the roses from my cheeks. She at once established a regimen which she made me carry out most faithfully. She kept me in the open air, got me to hunt hen's nests, pull peas and work in the flower garden; sent me to bed at preposterously early hours, and had me rise with the sun; gave me new milk and fresh eggs, the sweetest of butter and the whitest of home-made bread for my breakfast, and then wondered what could ail me that all her efforts failed to win back my bloom and spirits. But I was improving mentally if not physically. Hours of solitary thought and communion with nature were gradually, but surely, effecting a change in my character. It dawned upon me that there were nobler aims and purposes in life than those I had been pursuing. The bitterness had all gone out of my heart. I acknowledged to myself, humbly and sorrowfully, that I had foolishly wrecked my own happiness, but henceforth, heaven helping me, I would live for the good of others.

My aunt's latest specific had been to send me out on long daily walks, ostensibly for the purpose of gathering berries, and this brings me back to that particular afternoon, and my situation in the deserted house.

Wrapt in my own thoughts, I heeded neither the war of elements without nor the gloom and loneliness within, until a harsh, creaking sound startled me out of my reverie and on to my feet. It was the opening of the front door which I had tried in vain. I heard it groan as it swung inward on its rusty hinges, and then closed again with a clash. Next came quick, heavy footsteps along the passage way and into the room adjoining the one which I occupied. I stood expectant, and a little apprehensive. The door between the rooms was flung open, and—could I believe the evidence of my eyes?—there, on the threshold, stood Sweyn Selcott, gazing upon me with a look of unutterable surprise, as though doubting the reality of the vision before him. We stood facing each other in silence. He was the first to speak:

"Mildred—Miss Harley—is it really you in bodily form, or is it only an illusion of the eyesight?"

It is certainly me, and in the flesh," I replied, with a smile, surprise, and a slight touch of amusement at the singularity of the affair, relieving me of the embarrassment which I should otherwise have felt at this unexpected meeting.

"Ah, yes, your voice proves your identity; but how in the name of all that's wonderful does it happen that I find you here?"

"That is easily explained. I am visiting a relative in this neighborhood—Mrs. Margaret Howe. I came out this afternoon to gather berries—in proof whereof witness my basket—I lost my way in the wood, saw the shower coming up, descried this house and effected an entrance by force of arms just in time to escape the rain. Now account for your own appearance, if you please."

"Mine! Oh, I came for the sole purpose of looking once more on my old home before I bade it farewell for ever, but less fortunate than you, I was caught by the shower before I reached the house."

"Your old home?" I said, inquiringly.

"Yes; this place belongs to me. You did not suspect that I was the owner of so much real estate, did you? I am happy that it has afforded you shelter. Allow me to welcome you to my ancestral halls!"

He spoke in such light, mocking tones, that I was uncertain whether he was in jest or earnest.

"I can't believe you are serious," I said; "if the place is really yours, it must have come to you in fee from some brokendown client. It looks as though it might have passed through a lawsuit bodily."

"No," he answered more gravely, "I inherited it from an uncle, I will tell you about it, but first let me find you a chair, I think there are some stowed away in the attic."

He ran lightly up the stairs and returned presently, bearing two old-fashioned flag-bottomed chairs, one of which he placed for me and invited me to be seated.

"I wish I could offer you refreshments," he said gaily, "but unfortunately my larder is empty."

"I can supply that deficiency," I said, smiling; "please accept some of my berries, you will find them nearly as sweet as those you eat in childhood, when all fruit retains its original Eden freshness to the taste."

He accepted them with thanks, pronouncing them delicious. He did not take the other chair, but remained standing on the hearth with his arm resting on the mantelpiece.

"I promised," he said, after a moment's pause, "to tell you how I came in possession of this place. The story can be told in a few words. It was the home of my uncle, the only relative I ever knew—for I was orphaned in infancy. He adopted me, and was in all respects a father to me. He was a singular being; silent and gloomy always, his very presence threw a chilling shadow over my childish sports. What secret sorrow or painful memory was slowly eating out his life I never knew, but in all the years that I lived with him I never saw him smile. The man's face was a living tombstone; engraven in its deep lines you might read 'Sacred to the memory of—what?' Some lost hope, some buried passion perhaps, whose death had made him the wreck that he was. He was kind to me always, and though avoiding society himself, permitted me to mingle with it as freely as I chose.

"When I was sixteen I left his roof to enter on my collegiate course, and in after years only visited it at intervals. After leaving college I commenced the study of the law, and had just taken out a licence to practice when I was summoned home to attend the funeral of my uncle. He had died suddenly of heart disease while in the act of inditing a letter to me, and was found sitting in his chair, the pen still clasped in his stiffened fingers. From the few lines written it was evident that he was about to impart to me some important communication, but death cut short the intended revelation. As heir-at-law I came in possession of this house and the small farm attached to it.

"There had always been an impression in the neighborhood that my uncle was a wealthy man. In early life he had been engaged in mercantile pursuits, which he had abandoned suddenly from some unknown cause, probably it was connected with the sad secret of his life, whatever that might be.

"He had always paid my expenses, and supplied me liberally with pocket-money. I knew not from what source he derived his funds, for he was reserved in all his transactions, and I loved him too sincerely to question him with regard to anything that he chose to keep secret; but I had given no credit to the vague rumors concerning his supposed wealth, and felt no disappointment at finding myself heir only to a tumble-down house and a few acres of unproductive land. Henceforth I must depend entirely on my own resources. A lingering attachment to the home of my childhood made me unwilling to sell the place, if indeed I could have found a purchaser, and the isolated situation of the house rendered it difficult to find a tenant for it, so I fastened up the premises and left the place to solitude. That was seven years ago. I have seldom visited it since, but of late I have felt an irresistible longing to look upon it once more before the ocean divided me from it, perhaps for ever."

"The ocean!" I said; "are you going to leave your native land?"

"I start for California next week."

"Indeed!"

I tried hard to steady my voice, and I do not think there was any faltering in its tones as I continued:

"Do you think of making a permanent home on that auriferous soil, or shall you return when you have achieved—what I suppose is the object of your ambition—a fortune?"

"Who knows? It will be just as destiny decides. Perhaps at some far distant day, say twenty years or so from the present time, if my life is spared, I may return to look once more on familiar scenes and the faces of old friends, if any such are left."

He paused a moment, and then resumed in a half-bitter, half-mocking tone:

"If such a thing should happen, I presume I should have the pleasure of finding you a blooming matron, presiding as Mrs. Mortimer Crosby, or Mrs. Somebody else, over the palatial mansion you are destined to occupy."

Why need he have said that? Did he wish to torture me? I almost hated him for the moment as he stood there, so cool and calm, looking down upon me from his six feet of altitude, with those dark, searching eyes, that seemed to read my face as they would an open book. How handsome he was, to be sure; with those finely chiselled features set off by the closely curling beard and hair, as black and glossy as—as—well, after all I can find no better comparison than that much-used raven's wing. My manner was coolness itself, as I answered:

"Very possibly you may. Time brings strange changes, and teaches us some startling truths, and you may chance to learn a lesson from it."

"What do you mean, Mildred?" he asked quickly.

"Nothing in particular; my words had a general application."

There was silence for a few moments. Our conversation had been interrupted every now and then by rattling volleys of thunder, and sharp, blinding flashes of lightning. I had drawn my chair close to the open window, he observed it, and said hastily:

"You must not sit there, Mildred! it is dangerous, and that window ought not to be open."

I rose just as he stepped forward to close it. How shall I describe what followed? A broad sheet of blue flame suddenly illuminated the room. I felt myself flung backward, as by an invisible hand. A current of electricity seemed pouring through my system. A stunning crash, as though the house was falling about our heads, was in my ears for an instant, then sight and sense failed together. When they returned, dimly at first, and then more perfectly, I rose slowly up from the floor on which I had been lying prostrate, and gazed around me with a stunned and bewildered feeling. The room was filled with a strongly sulphureous smell that nearly choked me. I saw at once where the fiery bolt had struck. The whole wall of the room opposite the window was a confused mass of ruins. Blackened and splintered boards, torn and shrivelled paper, fragments of brick and heaps of plaster were mingled together indiscriminately.

But my companion, Sweyn Selcott, where was he? A second glance showed him to me. He lay directly in the pathway made by the lightning, extended at full length, silent and motionless as the dead. Was he living? I dared not ask myself the question as I knelt, awestruck, at his side. His eyes were closed as if in slumber, his face calm and placid as that of an infant. There was no mark of the fiery fluid on his person, as far as I could observe. I raised his head on my arm, and loosened his neckcloth, then I clasped his wrist, and searched breathlessly for the faint throbbing that should whisper of life. But no pulse fluttered beneath the pressure of my trembling fingers. I tried his temples, the same terrible stillness there. Water! water! surely that would revive him. It was pouring in torrents outside, but I had no vessel to catch it in. Necessity suggested the expedient. I seized my light shawl and held it outstretched from the window. It was saturated in a moment. Then I wrung the cool stream from its folds on to his head, and let it trickle down his face. Again and again I repeated the experiment, pausing only to chafe his cold hands, or to watch eagerly for the faintest symptom of returning consciousness. All in vain! Not the lightest breath fluttered from between the closed lips, not the faintest tremor stirred an eyelid. Was this indeed death? Help must be procured at some rate, but how was I to obtain it. If I went forth in that drenching rain, ignorant as I was what course to take, might it not be hours before I could reach a house and dispatch assistance? And if a faint spark of life still lingered in the form before me, would it not be utterly extinguished before the long-delayed help could arrive? I had kept complete control over myself until this moment; doing everything that suggested itself as calmly as if I was about some ordinary employment; knowing that if I would be of any service to him, I must not give way to tears or terrors.

But now, as I gazed on that white, still face, all hope abandoned me, and the anguish of my heart found vent in one wild, despairing cry:

"Dead! dead! Oh, my God! and I loved him so!"

Has human love, in its strong agony and mighty passion, power to call back the soul that is fluttering on the verge of eternity?

I almost thought so the next moment, as I detected a slight, tremulous motion of my companion's lips, so slight at first that I feared my eyes had deceived me, but a little after a flickering light, like a ripple of sunshine, swept slowly over his face. I watched with clasped hands and suspended breath, divided betwixt hope and fear. Then the dark eyes opened slowly, and fixed themselves full on my face, as I bent over him. He lay quietly regarding me for a few moments, as though trying to collect his thoughts sufficiently to account for my presence so near him. Presently he spoke:

"Where am I? What has happened?"

I told him in a few words. My voice quivered a little now, and the tears struggled hard to force their way, but I kept them back resolutely.

"I remember all now," he said; "I saw the flash, but was conscious of nothing more. I think I was prostrated, and the breath driven from my body, by the mere force of the shock, as I have read of men on the battlefield being struck down by the wind of a cannon-ball that passed without touching them. I do not think that I am injured at all; I wonder if I could rise?"

I gave him my hand, and with some difficulty he regained his feet, but he staggered with weakness, and I was obliged to assist him to a chair. I sank into the other, my strength all gone, now that the excitement which had kept it up had passed away.

"My poor child," he said, "how white you are! and you tremble from weakness more than I do. You must have been terribly frightened."

I smiled faintly in answer.

"I think," he added, after gazing for a moment on the wreck wrought by the lightning, "I think we have both been very near the gates of death this day."

He shaded his eyes with his hand, and his lips moved as if in prayer. My own head was bowed, and from both hearts went up a fervent thanksgiving to the All-Father for the life that He had preserved.

"What is this?" said my companion, with a look of surprise, as he passed his hand across his open throat, and then through his damp hair.

I explained what I had done.

"And you had the courage and presence of mind to use means for my recovery. You are a brave girl, Mildred."

I was silent; he leaned towards me.

"Mildred, the first thing of which I was conscious when recovering from that deathlike trance was the sound of your voice. I heard it, as in a dream, before I could move a finger or give the faintest sign of life, but every word was distinctly audible to me. Mildred, will you abide by that confession?"

I turned away my head, and put up my hands to hide the burning blushes that were covering face and neck.

"Mildred," he resumed; "I have loved you long, with a love as deep and devoted as ever glowed in a human bosom. But you were an heiress, and pride restrained the confession of my feelings. I had made up my mind, however, to hazard the avowal, when some remarks of yours, the last night of my stay at Newport, completely crushed my hopes, and I left your presence resolved to quit friends at home, and seek, amid far distant scenes, to forget one whom I had loved so vainly and so well. You remember the words to which I allude."

"That foolish speech," I said; "pray forget that I uttered it. I never meant it in earnest, and have regretted it bitterly since."

I paused in confusion, maiden pride and shame checking the confession of what I had suffered.

"I will forget it gladly," he replied, "if you will only permit me to remember those other words spoken to-day."

I did not answer in words, but slowly, timidly, I turned, and with beating heart, and downcast eyes, laid my hand in his.

He clasped it close, and drawing me nearer—but no matter for the rest. The next half hour slipped swiftly by, for we had much to say to each other.

"But your father," questioned my companion, a little doubtingly.

"Will not say 'no,' where I have answered 'yes,'" I replied. "Rest easy on that score. My father loves me too well to oppose me in anything essential to my happiness."

The rain had nearly ceased. The clouds were breaking away, showing the blue sky between their rifts, and the thunder muttered faintly in the distance.

"We shall be able to venture forth soon," remarked my companion.

"Are you strong enough to walk so far?" I asked, doubtingly.

"We shall not need to walk; I left my horse and carriage in the shed, not a dozen rods from the house."

He had risen as he spoke, and approaching the fireplace, stood gazing on the ruins. Suddenly he uttered an exclamation that drew me to his side, and following the direction of his eyes I saw what attracted his attention. The wall above the mantelpiece was not of plaster, but of woodwork curiously panelled. This had been covered with paper which was torn away, and through the shattered woodwork a cavity in the wall beneath was plainly visible. My companion pushed aside the broken panel, and revealed a tiny closet with a single shelf in it. On this shelf lay a square package, of moderate size, wrapped in brown paper, and strongly secured. It was directed on the outside:

"For my nephew, Sweyn Selcott. To be opened only by him."

"It is my uncle's handwriting," said Selcott, "and doubtless it was the secret of this hiding-place which he was about to reveal when his hand was palsied by death."

He broke the seals of the package, and removing several wrappings, the inner one being of oiled silk, disclosed the contents—a number of papers neatly tied together.

"We will sit down and look these over at our leisure," he said. "Come, Mildred, your interests are one with mine now, help me to examine these papers."

The man was growing saucy with success, but I rather liked it in him, and seating myself demurely by his side we commenced the examination.

The first document opened purported to be the last will and testament of William Selcott, Esq., and bequeathed, in due legal form and phrase, to his well-beloved nephew, Sweyn Selcott, all the property of which the writer died possessed. Then followed the enumeration of various sums of money deposited in different banking-houses in the State of M——.

Sweyn (he insisted on my calling him that) ran them over rapidly.

"The figures amount to thirty thousand dollars," he said. "Not quite enough for that brown stone front, Mildred, but I think we shall arrive at it in time."

"No more of that, an' thou lovest me," I replied, laughing and coloring, but I added, mischievously, "I suppose you will not care to go to California, now that you have found a fortune nearer home?"

"No," he said, "my motive for going to California was destroyed by the first discovery that I made here to-day; this is the second and lesser one. The old house has been very kind to me, it has given me both a bride and fortune, but it gave the greatest treasure first."

"You are getting unendurable," I said: "go on with the reading."

The will was duly signed and witnessed.

"I shall have no difficulty in proving this instrument," observed my companion, "for I know all these witnesses to be living; but what could have induced my uncle to deposit it in such a hiding-place? But for that timely stroke of lightning, a blessing in more ways than one, the package might have remained undiscovered until the house crumbled in ruins, and possibly never have been recovered. However, the act was of a piece with his whole character, and I will not question his motives, for I am certain that he thought he was acting for my benefit."

A part of the other papers were certificates given by the officers of the various banks in which the money was deposited. Then we came to a roll of manuscript labelled "The Story of William Selcott."

"We will leave this unread for the present," said Sweyn. "We will not sadden our newfound happiness by a tale of suffering, perhaps remorse. Some day we will read it together."

We did read it together a few months later, or rather I sat at my husband's knee while he read the narrative aloud. I may give it to the world some day, but at present it has nothing to do with my story.

By the time we had finished the papers, the rain had entirely ceased; the sun was shining once more, and we proposed to leave the house which had been to us the scene of such startling events.

The sun was sinking behind the western hills as we went out together, and every tree and bush, and tiny blade of grass, seemed dowered with a new glory and beauty. As we crossed the threshold both of us turned involuntarily, and breathed a silent blessing on the Deserted House.

THE MYSTERY OF "THE PLACE:"

A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

PART III.—CHAPTER VI—CONTINUED.

VERY little over an hour had elapsed when Mrs. Miller summoned Peyton to Colonel Swinton's room. There he found him stretched at length upon his bed, prostrate and helpless, with sunken eyes and hollow temples, that told an unerring tale of agony and remorse. Peyton was seated but a moment when Swinton spoke:

"Peyton, I have much to ask pardon for. Not only from my wife, but from you and from the world. God, who looks into our hearts, will, I think, pardon many of my faults. His hand has been in the events of the past few days, not to spare me but to save Isabelle from a lifelong sorrow."

He stopped for a moment to recover his breath, and Peyton remained silent.

"I wish to make all the revelations I have to make, Peyton, to you, before anything is said to Isabelle, that you may advise that which is best for her. I truly believe you are her friend, whether you will ever be mine time can only show. Let me tell my story.

"You have, without doubt, heard much of gossip, such gossip as floats through society, that which a man never hears himself, but which he has an instinctive knowledge is being whispered in his very presence—of my youth. I was a wild boy, Peyton, but never a wicked one, and when finally I left my home and went abroad, it was to seek that freedom which might have easily been accorded me without doing either myself or my family injury. My father was a hard man, who, while attaining wealth before the world, had lost his reputation in doing so, and sought to force me into a rigid course, that I might not follow his errors. It was from this rigidity of government that I broke and wandered away, without caring what became of me. I went first to Havana, afterwards to Mexico, and finally, after several years, brought up in the neighborhood of Buenos Ayres, South America, where I was attracted by the dangers and reckless life of a cattle hunter. Time led me into looking upon what at first I had only regarded as adventure in the ght of business, and I soon found myself making money fast as a dealer in the products of the hunt. This business brought me into contact with many commercial houses of the city, among which was that of Guerin. One day at the mass I saw the daughter of Gabriel Guerin, and was at once attracted. I am going to speak truthfully—and I say attracted. I was too young to know my own heart, and too unsettled in character to control it. Marie Guerin was very beautiful and very young—only fifteen—though even at that age looking as old as a woman at twenty in this northern climate.

"The natural result of my attraction was that I should seek Marie in her home—an easy accomplished matter—as I already had gained the favor of the father. Guerin was French, having come to Buenos Ayres twenty years before, and married a Spanish woman, and Marie, while having every appearance of the last, was in manner and speech only French. We had not met many times when I knew that she loved me, a love that was shown with all the passionate ardor of her race, and a love that flattered my cold blood, though I could not return it in the measure it was given. She was so beautiful, and it was so pleasant to hear among my associates the compliments that were showered on 'La belle Guerin,' and congratulations to him who was so favored by her.

"Still there was a mystery hung about the family, though what it was I could never unravel. In fact I cared little to do so, I was too much flattered in the love I had gained, the first love of a beautiful woman, and the first real love that had ever been bestowed upon myself. How it came about after many months I do not know, but one day I asked Marie in marriage. I shall never cease to remember the wild, passionate embraces, the torrent of words, glowing almost with idolatry, with which she dismissed me to her father for his consent.

"I was confounded when he received my proposition almost in horror, and prayed me to forego my intention and forget my love. Why? He would not answer. Was I not her equal in education, family, wealth, everything? Yes; but if I valued her happiness and my own, fly from her, forget her. At last, wearied to anger, I declared my intention of seeking Marie without his consent, and was about to leave him, when he caught my arm and told the story of his opposition.

"Insanity was her heirloom! For generations the females of the Navarrez family had died in madhouses; her own mother, Guerin's wife, being at that time an inmate of an asylum in the suburbs of the city, though supposed by every one but her husband to be dead, and Marie herself had already shown unmistakable evidences of the malady. It had been the great sorrow of his life; he had married her mother in spite of the warning that had been proffered him, and the result had been that he had prayed that none would demand Marie in marriage, knowing this hereditary curse; but if they did, it should not be without a recounting of all the agony he had endured for a score of years from yielding to the passion of youth, and linking himself to one who could only bring him unhappiness. And then the old man, in as strong words as he had power to utter, spoke to me of all the years he had loved this woman, who had been shut from him in a maniac's cell, who was incapable of distinguishing kindness from brutality, and who did not even know the one whom she had once so loved, and who now went on from year to year, still loving her who was living and still dead. All this I heard, and my heart sank within me, but still I could not refrain from going back to Marie and once more seeing her; the old man's appeal was as nothing, and the very next day I announced to him that I was still of the mind to make her my wife, and to bear all risks on what he so much feared.

"With his eyes full with tears, Gabriel Guerin unwillingly gave his consent to our marriage, providing it was consummated in accordance with his wishes. These wishes were, first, that all the ceremonies should be private; and second, that I should take my wife away from Buenos Ayres for one or two years to travel. Both I willingly consented to, and after a proper delay we were married and left the city for Europe.

"I will not go through events. It is enough to say that scarcely six months had passed when I saw the first symptoms of the terror that was coming upon us. I battled against it in every way; we sought society, change, excitement, whatever had the least air of possibility as tending to cure or alleviation. We went to Paris and London, and then sought the highest medical skill in the world, but it was without effect, and in less than one year from my marriage I had upon my hands a maniac wife, who did not even recognise her husband.

"For a long time I fought against this, and would not believe it a reality, but at last the fearful truth fastened itself upon me, and I endeavored to do that which I conscientiously thought best, which was to return to Buenos Ayres, and in quiet either await the recovery, if such a thing were possible, or give up my life to watch her whom I had sworn to protect. Almost on the very day that I was to leave London for South America news came of the death of Marie's father, and of mine, a coincidence that seemed strangely intended to affect my future course, for now I must return to my own country, and the inducement to go to that of Marie's was lessened.

"You can understand the restless responsibility, the sleepless seclusion of my task. I arrived in New York, and with difficulty found means of secluding my wife, without sending her to an asylum. My marriage had never been announced to my relatives, and now I determined it should not be known, unless Marie should recover. I would not present to them a maniac as my bride. Everything I could do to alleviate her condition was done, and in this way, for four years, I lived in New York, having her always with me, without ever being rewarded with even a smile of recognition. At the end of that time, by the death of my father's mother, I became the owner of this place, and after mature consideration I determined to remove Marie to it. After several visits, and conversations with Miller, I concluded to retain her here, and to entrust her with my secret. This trust has since been extended to Dr. Warner, and I have never yet had cause to regret my trust; they have both been firm, true friends to myself, and more than kind to Marie, and in everything I have acted with their confidence, and I may say with their advice.

"And now, Peyton, I come to another dark chapter! It is ten years since I first brought Marie to this house. For one-half that time I scarce ever left its threshold, but gradually the desire crept upon me to get out once again into the world. It began with a few days' absence, and as I gathered confidence in the care and affection of Miller and Dr. Warner for my poor Marie, the period lengthened, until it would be only days here, and weeks away. As I was received into society, not only as a man of wealth, but as an eligible man in every way, was it any wonder that the charm grew upon me? and I began to think of my future in a different light than ever before. For the first time I really began to regard Marie as a burden, and to cherish some hope that the time would come when I should be free to marry again, that I might perpetuate my name, and have some one to whom I could leave the wealth that was accumulating on my hands, from the economy and quiet of my life.

"This for years was a dormant thought, until that one in which I met Isabelle. God forgive me for my weakness! I saw her, and smothering my memory of my living, dead wife, I loved Isabelle! For a while I struggled against it, and then arguing sophistically that as she was dead to myself so should she be dead to all the world, I sought Isabelle as my wife, and was even more anxious than her mercenary uncle to hasten the marriage, and to hasten it so that it would have little chance to be noised abroad.

"A few days before our marriage I came down here, and calling Miller and Dr. Warner to me, I announced to them that I was already married, and told them all my reasons for so doing. Had they then entered any protest against it there was still time to retreat, but it was not so. At first they were both shocked at the announcement, but there was no word of accusation on their tongues. For nearly ten years we had been sincerely attached, and though no words have passed between us since that day when I first announced my act, prematurely, still I believe that they would offer stronger argument in palliation of my course than I could myself.

"It was not until after my marriage with Isabelle that I really knew suffering from my situation! Then I had the deep remorse for the wrong I had done the poor maniac, and the sorrow for that to Isabelle. I dreaded to look upon the first, lest some accusing should glance from her mad eyes to punish my crime, even though she knew nothing of it, nor yet ever could know, and I dreaded to look upon the last, for fear that upon some day she would know of it, and would curse me for the ruin I had brought upon her.

"Now you know why I took Isabelle away from this part of the country, and why I desired to keep her away, and why I was filled with terror and guilty remorse when she found her way down here. None knew my secret but Dr. Warner and Miller, and I had most perfect reliance in them, but that did not better it. It was the fearful anxiety of mind I had been undergoing for months that brought upon me this sickness, and from it I could not recover.

"And now to come to that night when Isabelle was attacked by Marie. How this occurred, and how she got out of her apartments, has been an unexplainable riddle. Miller sleeps in the room adjoining Marie's, with the door open, and every outlet is locked, and the keys in Miller's bed. We have not, up to this time, been able to find any way of her getting out, or of her getting into Isabelle's room, and what is more marvellous still, it is the first time she ever showed a desire to do injury. Last night I was awakened by a slight noise, and saw Marie walking about my room. She saw me start from the bed, and fled into the hall, after which you know what occurred.

"Now, Peyton, I leave myself in your hands. Whatever you say shall be done, must be. If it is your decision that I shall go this hour to Isabelle, and on my knees confess all my faults, and tell her, though I love her, I am willing to resign her for ever, that she is an unwedded wife, and that she may do with me as she likes, or with my property, I will; but if, on the contrary, you think that all this past may be buried in oblivion, and that my crime shall be only known to those three who already know it, who shall also know of my repentance, then I can feel that I still have a future."

Swinton ceased, and looked full upon Peyton, who bent his head upon his hands for a few minutes, in deep thought. When he raised it, it was to ask Swinton:

"Can this be concealed from Isabelle?"

"With your aid," was Swinton's answer.

"How?"

"By not acknowledging the relationship of Marie," said Swinton, hesitatingly.

Peyton hesitated only for a moment, and then said:

"It is best."

"Thank you!" Swinton said, quietly. "It is only what I expected from your good sense, and your expressed friendship for Isabelle. I have reliance in the devotion of Dr. Warner and Miller, as well as in their interest, and if you are, as you have asserted, truly Isabelle's friend and brother, I shall have a reliance on you, made secure by my devotion to her."

Peyton rose from his seat, and grasped Swinton's hand, saying as he did so:

"I believe you, and shall be equally your friend. And now to send away this man, the unwilling cause of Marie's death."

"You can purchase his silence, though he knows nothing, at such price as you please. In that desk you will find money. Give him plenty!" and Swinton handed Peyton a key.

A few minutes after Peyton was in Mr. Brobbett's room, where that gentleman was walking about in nervous anxiety, and immediately on Peyton's appearance hailed him with,

"Well?"

"Mr. Brobbett, you are a man of business, and I am going to talk to you in that way," said Peyton, to which Mr. Brobbett nodded an assent. "And to begin, let me ask you what you would consider proper compensation for a case of this kind supposing you pursued it no farther, and returned to New York?"

Mr. Brobbett gave a little anxious smile, and answered:

"Well, Mr. Peyton, if I was paid liberally, twenty dollars would be a rayther good thing."

"And how much more, Mr. Brobbett, would you expect to entirely forget the occurrences of the past few hours, the moment you left the boundaries of this place?"

Mr. Brobbett smiled more easily, and answered

"Those are things generally left to gentlemen themselves. You're a lawyer, Mr. Peyton, and you know all about it!"

"Then, Mr. Brobbett, I shall give you another twenty for that!"

"Thank you! Thank you!" responded Mr. Brobbett, breaking into a smile all over.

"And now, Mr. Brobbett, a final question. How much more will you want to leave here without any explanation of the odd affair of last night, and to feel that it never will be explained? Or perhaps you will leave that also to me?"

Mr. Brobbett nodded a delighted assent, and Peyton went on:

"Then, Mr. Brobbett, allow me to hand you one hundred dollars, and please receive my thanks. If ever anything occurs in your line again, I shall always remember you, and have perfect confidence in your judgment and secrecy. When would you like to leave?"

Mr. Brobbett was one blaze of smiles, and a quarto volume of thanks, and declared that he would leave immediately, in fact that he would not wait until the carriage was ordered, but would walk to the depot, and so Mr. Brobbett went away.

A few minutes later Isabelle stood by her husband's bedside. The work of the night had made its mark upon his face, and if it were but for pity Isabelle could not have resisted the hand he held forth, nor prevented him pressing hers to his lips before he began to speak.

"Isabelle, I have much to ask your forgiveness for; firstly, for apparent neglect, which, though not neglect, worked to the same end. It is over, and for the long future you will have no complaint to make of my want of devotion. Another of my faults is that of having a secret from you. For ten years this house has been the asylum of a maniac, a relative, Isabelle, whom I have sought to hide from the world. A speechless and, up to within a few days, a harmless maniac. For her sake, for my family's sake, and for my own and yours, Isabelle, I have sought to hide this existence, and yet not let her suffer in any way. It was anxiety for this end that led me here, where I was taken ill, and it was my desire that you should not become acquainted with this family secret that made me wish to send you away. I have explained all this to Peyton, and also that the attack upon you is a mystery to us all, that we cannot in any way see how she could escape from her rooms. The secret of her existence was buried with Dr. Warner, Miller and myself; and the secret of her death will remain with the same, and with you and Peyton. Isabelle, will you forgive me for my deception, and allow me by a life of love and protection to compensate for the past?" and Swinton drew the yielding woman into his arms, and kissed her earnestly.

"Ah, George, how can I resist anything you ask from my love! Only speak to me as you do now, and I will be ever obedient. You are my husband. I love you, only suffer me to be with you, and be kind, and I ask no other happiness. For the future have no secrets, no matter what they may be; let me but share them with you, and you shall never have cause to repent it. And to show you that I do forgive truly, you shall never hear me speak of this one which has cast such a shadow between us," and Isabelle twined her arms about his neck, and returned warmly his kiss.

The next day the body of Marie was borne to the ancient burial-place of the Swinton family, a few rods only from the house, no strangers being present but the undertaker and clergyman, and laid to rest beneath the frozen sod, there to lie in body until the hour of eternal life, while the secret of her life and death was equally buried in the hearts of those who stood about her grave.

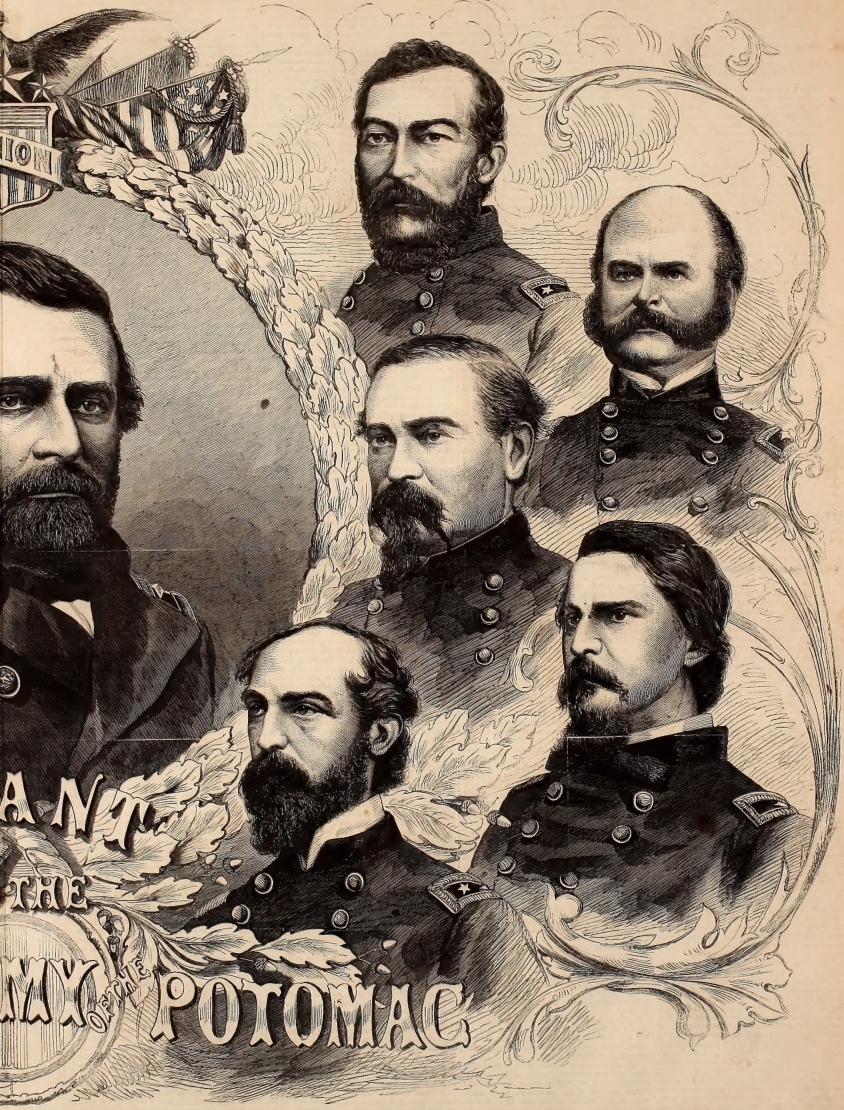
Years have passed since then, and the end has justified the means in the keeping of this secret from Isabelle, who lives a beloved wife, a revered mother and a happy woman.

THE END.

A WELL PRESERVED NATIVE.—The *Daily Union*, published at Virginia, Nevada Territory, says that the remains of an Indian were lately found in the immense salt field near Sand Springs, about 80 miles from that city, completely embedded in rock salt, four feet below the surface. The body was in a state of complete preservation, and from appearances had lain in the same position for many years, or perhaps for ages. The flesh was perfectly dry like that of a mummy, and it was evident that it had been perfectly saturated with brine, which prevented its decay. The Indian was about the usual size, and resembled the Piutes that now inhabit the same locality. Part of a bear-skin and a rude bow were found near by, and at a distance of a few yards a pair of elk-horns of enormous size were disinterred. The supposition is that this entire salt bed was once a lake, and that the animal that had been wounded had taken refuge in the water, whither he was followed by the Indian, who sank in the mud at the bottom, and was unable to extricate himself and thus perished.



WRIGHT. RAWLINS. GRANT.
WARREN. BIRNEY. BUTLER.



T. MEADE. SHERIDAN. SMITH. BURNSIDE. HANCOCK.

AN ODE TO MEMORY.

BY HENRY NEELE.

"Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?"—Job.

And where is he? not by her side
Whose every want he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where, sweetly lost, he oft would wend;
That form beloved he marks not more,
Those scenes admired no more shall see;
The scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair—but where is he?

Ah, no! the radiance is not dim
That used to gild his favorite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him
Are dear to life and nature still;
But, ah! his home is not as far—
Neglected must his garden be;
She lilies droop and wither there,
And soon to whisper, "Where is he?"

His was the pomp, the crowded hall;
But where is now the proud display?
His riches, honors, pleasures, all
Desire could frame; but where are they?
And he, as some tall rock that stands
Pre-eminent by circling sea,
Surrounded by admiring bands,
Seemed proudly strong—oh! where is he?

The churchyard bears an added stone,
The friends who shrunk a vacant chair,
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there;
The life is gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
Oh! where are they, and where is he!

NINA MARSH;
OR,
HE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER I.—NINA MARSH.

BEECHWOOD MANOR was one of those fine old places that carry romance with them. The building was imposing and somewhat disconnected, showing easily the additions of successive centuries, but commodious withal. The prevailing style of architecture was Elizabethan; but one of the wings which had been added by the grandfather of the present proprietor had obviously been designed by a man with more invention than science, since it bore about as much resemblance to the parent structure as a mongrel-bred puppy to the high-caste mother—the slight similitude between them being all the more provoking, perhaps, from suggesting the model without fulfilling the qualifications. Beechwood Manor, standing amongst its grand old trees, in an extensive park well filled with deer and cattle, was, as we have said, a fine old place, and amply deserving of the admiration in which it was generally held.

John Chetwood Marsh, Esq., the present owner of the house and large estate adjoining, was one of the old generation of country squires. He loved his home above all places in the world, quitting it with reluctance, and returning to it with delight. He was an honest-hearted man—the old squire shrewd about money matters, but strictly just. He was not, perhaps, what may be called religious, his system of faith being more of habit than principle; but he was strictly moral in his life and dealings. His word was as good as his bond; and though he exacted the uttermost farthing due to him for corn or cattle, it was with a manly determination to be treated as he would treat others, and a conviction that he was giving a fair equivalent in return.

No one could deny that he was conscientious to a degree, and a man who followed duty only, even where it appeared natural that he should listen to his heart. He was considered hard and stern by some on this account; but it may be noted that those who quarrelled with Mr. Marsh were people of whom the world in general were not much inclined to court friends. Certainly it may be said that he was not sympathetic—that he had little pity for sinners, but their temptations have been what they were; still, he was a good husband, an excellent father, a just landlord and a sincere friend; and if there was something wanting in this fair category of virtues, it was a want all were not fitted to discern, and which some few might have considered superfluous where there was already so much to provoke admiration and esteem.

Mrs. Marsh, his wife, was one of those gentle, patient, self-sacrificing women who merge themvery individuality in that of their husband, and are perfectly satisfied to shine by reflection only.

These tranquil dispositions are not the most beautiful, but they are the most convenient. Mrs. Marsh at fifty looked barely thirty-five. You could trace no gray hair amongst her fair, ample curls, and her cheek was pure and unwrinkled.

When you live through others, allowing them to suffer for you, and only taking a meek share of their burdens, it is wonderful how you keep your complexion and your temper. You sip slowly and tranquilly at the cup of life, never drinking deep enough to reach the bitter dregs. Your breeding is somewhat frothy and flavorless—true; but then your head is always clear, your heart steady, and what will you have in reality at command—all gifts of great price in this age of glib pens and prompt tongues.

Mrs. Marsh had the credit of being rather a wise person, simply because she knew how to keep silence with good grace; and if there is a certain egotism about such characters generally, it is an egotism which is absolutely forced upon them when they, like Mrs. Marsh, have husbands who admit no share in their authority, and ward off rebellion by teaching their wives that the indulgence of self is the highest separation they can have. Mr. Marsh was an amiable and conscientious despot, but still he was a despot; and Mrs. Marsh, like those who live under a government as wise as absolute, forgot to calculate his power, and was, moreover, perfectly persuaded that her rule was as moderate as it was just.

Madeleine, the eldest daughter, was a large, sleepy-eyed, apathetic woman, in whose character there was no one salient point one might hope to grasp. She had, occasionally, a bright idea—in fancy work, and had embroidered a screen for her own design, but otherwise might have been thought a fool, had she not inherited her mother's most blessed gift of silence.

Katie, the youngest daughter, a beautiful child of ten, made up the present party.

Mr. Marsh had just returned from the seaside, whither he had been accompanied by Ilhis family excepting one daughter, who, meanwhile, had been paying a long-promised visit to a friend in the North. They had arrived at the station, which was some little distance from the house, and Mr. Marsh was now driving his family home, Mrs. Marsh being seated at his side in front of the phaeton, and the daughters behind, whilst the coachman, with a groom and a lady's-maid, all in a sort of luggage-van, were to be seen just passing through the lodge gates.

It was one of Mr. Marsh's pe- iarities that he would never allow any one to ta,e the reins but himself, having a most contemptible dislike to being driven. Fortunately he was an excellent whip, and it was pleasant to notice the calm ease with which he managed his handsome horses, keeping them to a smooth, unbroken trot all the way up the avenue, guiding them with perfect ease in an abrupt curve, and finally bringing them to a sudden halt within an inch of the steps leading up to the house door.

Simmons, the butler, had heard the sound of wheels, and was already prepared to welcome his master and mistress home; and Mr. Marsh, alighted and carefully helped down his wife and daughters, then they all entered the house.

"Is Miss Nina here?" inquired Mr. Marsh, more by way of saying something encouraging to the attentive butler than from any doubt he allowed himself as entertain on the point.

"Yes, sir."

"What time did she arrive?"

"At a quarter before six, sir."

Mr. Marsh turned and examined the clock. It was just one minute past six. The entrance hall was large and illuminated by a large lamp overhead. Then he took out his watch, and looked curiously from that to the clock.

"You are half an hour behind London time; let that be attended to," was his first remark. Then his affable, "Well, Simmons," came to seem, did you say? You have made a mistake, Simmons; Miss Nina was to come by the five o'clock train."

"I beg pardon, sir, but she came and came on by the next."

Mr. Marsh looked as though he did not realise the possibility of such a proceeding as he had just wished to reach, whilst Mrs. Marsh, who was growing somewhat anxious, ventured to inquire how Miss Nina got home.

"She walked, ma'am," returned the over-expectful Simmons, speaking with a reluctance it was impossible to offer.

"What! Miss Nina was allowed to walk, when there were horses and carriages waiting doing nothing!" exclaimed Mr. Marsh, sternly. "Pray let me know how this occurred."

The whole circumstances were the pony-carriage to Blankford for Miss Nina, sir; but as she did not keep her time, and the next train came in so late, he thought it was no use waiting for her."

Mr. Marsh frowned, but said no more, and then he led the way upstairs, his wife and daughters following in his wake.

On the landing they were me lby the housekeeper, a tall, dignified-looking person of about forty, who, both in appearance and manners, might have done credit to a far higher station. She removed Mrs. Marsh's wrappers, respectfully inquiring after her health.

Mrs. Marsh answered that she was all the better for her trip, but that the country was so much colder, so suddenly dark and chilly that she feared—nay, was quite sure—that she must have caught cold.

"Oh, mamma! How could you think it dark and chilly?" exclaimed Katie, enthusiastically. "I never was out in a more delicious evening in all my life."

Mr. Marsh had entered the drawing-room by this time, or perhaps before, for he had immediately turned to express her ideas so freely, her father having an inalienable conviction that even severity in a young person to acknowledge to an opinion of her own under any conditions or circumstances.

"And Nina, Mrs. Trent, where's Nina?" added Katie in her bright, impetuous way. "I want to tell her how nice it was she came down."

"Miss Nina is lying on the bed in her own room, miss. She felt tired after her walk, and asked for a cup of tea, and requested to be left quietly until you all came home. I will call her, miss, if you like."

"No, I'll go myself, thank you."

"And Katie, my dear," said Mrs. Marsh, "tell Nina her maps can't be pleased unless she comes at once."

But Katie found her sister's door locked against her for the first time in her life. Nina's views are low and faint when it came in answer to those eager childish greetings. She was evidently suffering as well as fatigued.

"My darling," she murmured in a smothered tone, as if her face were pressed in deep against the pillows, "I am longing to see you all—dear mamma, and you, Katie, especially; but I am so tired, so ill, I cannot rise just yet. But I shall be better, perhaps, in a minute or two, and then I'll come. Tell papa so, dear, won't you?"

"And you will try not to be very long, Nina?" said Katie, plaintively, for she almost worshipped her second sister, and was standing there amongst the shadows tearful with her longing after the tender kiss and loving touch she had not felt for months.

"I will try. But stop—I must come now whilst I can. It is better, perhaps."

A low, smothered, "Oh, my God, have pity!" and then the door opened, and Nina Marsh stood on the threshold.

She had not been lying down, it seemed, for her dress was carefully braided so as to form a high corsnet above her pure, pale brows. She held a lamp in one hand, and the other she extended so as to pull her young sister close to her breast.

"Oh, Nina, I have missed you so!" and then the fresh, sweet lips were pressed over and over again on the white, quivering mouth of her sister.

"Come, Katie," said Nina, presently, "you must let me go to papa now."

"You oughtn't to be made to go to anybody, Nina, darling, so ill as you look."

"Katie, hush! I am not ill, only tired. Don't tell people about it; it would only make me worse, and I am so weary now—almost weary enough to die."

"Oh, Nina!" and the child held against her with a tighter embrace.

But it won't be, darling—I can't expect that. I wish I could. If it were not for leaving mamma and you, I could be so glad to feel ill—for I am ill, Katie, and I told you a falsehood when I declared that I was not. But it doesn't matter what I say or do now—I am miserable no worse than I am already. Listen here, child. If you know me well —you who love me and think me all that is good and beautiful, you would shrink from me with loathing."

"Oh, Nina, don't speak so; you frighten me."

"How did I speak?" said her sister, giving a scared look about, and then putting her hand confusedly to her head. "What did I tell you, Katie?"

"You told me that I would loathe you, Nina, if I knew all."

"All what, Katie? I am raving, I think. There is nothing to know—nothing to tell. Come to papa, child."

Nina almost dragged her little sister with her through the passages and into the drawing-room. With the lamp still in her hand she passed up to her father's side, all the majesty of her beauty that grand, large, imposing beauty—displayed before him as she bent her head to receive his kiss on her brow. Mr. Marsh was not ever pleased that Nina had not come before, and would not condescend to ask any questions as to her visit, etc., but he received her kindly, and let her go. Then Nina sat down, simply because she could not stand.

Whereas Madeleine and Katie took after their mother in face, Nina, who was incomparably the most beautiful of the three, bore a strong resemblance to her father, and was, perhaps, a handsome man. She had the same deep gray eyes, only in her they were so lovely, thickly fringed with dark lashes, that you turned from their glance firmly believing that you would never tolerate such a look again. Darkening with indignanger, softening with tenderness, paling with languor, fathomless in thought, but through all their expressions ever ready with a smile, and vanishing at a tear, is it to be wondered that Nina, even in her childish days, had grasped a sceptre before which she strongly were fain to bend? Her face was of a delicate sapiline, and in her mouth and chin, with their stately, determined make, you recognised the firmness of her father. Mrs. Marsh, and pictured to yourself that she must share his strong will, as also his love of power. But never yet have gods and goddesses had lips than those of Nina Marsh. The firm downward curve at the corners was almost too beautiful, the slight upbinding its reverse. tation of hidden strength from all but the most discerning. To those therefore who were either blind or careless to see, Nina's admiration to be good judges that crimson mouth seemed only formed for smiles and kisses, and gave to the grandeur of face a beauty its glean of softness and enchanting grace.

Finding that her father did not talk, Nina had taken up a book, and was pretending to read. But you could see that her eyes wandered into vacancy instead of rising themselves on the page, and every moment came that weary, unconscious motion of her fingers to her head.

At last Mrs. Marsh rose. She had made every possible arrangement for her own comfort first, not because she really valued this beyond a sight of her husband's face, but simply from habit. Then quickened her pace and her eyes brightened when she caught sight of Nina, who made no motion to rise and welcome her, only sat silent in her chair, covering down as if Mrs. Marsh were coming to stroke and not to embrace her.

"Nina, my love," said Mrs. Marsh, and she wound her soft, loving arms round that rigid, majestic figure.

"Mother, there's nothing to know—nothing to tell—don't let Katie—"

And then the sharp, ringing voice stopped abruptly, and Nina fell senseless at her mother's feet.

Mrs. Marsh gave a helpless glance at her husband, as if to inquire what had better be done, but he was already at her side, his plan of action thoroughly matured, and ready to be put into immediate practice.

"Call Mrs. Trent," said he, calmly, but quickly. "And, Sophia, my dear, you would be better in your own room for the present."

It did not seem hard to Mrs. Marsh to be banished from her daughter's side at such a time. She knew that her husband meant to save her, and she was too much under his authority, too accustomed to think all he did must be right, to understand that she ought not to be saved. Mr. Marsh might have known that she was not fitted for the post he was about to delegate to Mrs. Trent, but at any rate he should have allowed her to try—break down, rest, and begin again—anything rather than stifle in the but that first mafernal instinct which prompted her to exert all her energy to preserve the life she had bestowed.

She did hesitate one moment on the threshold, looking wistfully back at her daughter's motionless figure; but Mr. Marsh's quiet "Now, my dear, if you please," seemed to fix her wavering resolution, and she disappeared.

In another minute Mrs. Trent was standing by her master's side.

"Now, Mrs. Trent, look here," said Mr. Marsh. "Miss Nina has, I believe, an attack of brain fever, and must, therefore, have medical aid without a second unnecessary delay. I shall carry her into her own room, and lay her on the bed, and you must undress her. Meanwhile, I shall go myself for a doctor. And now take the lamp, if you please, and lead the way."

Mrs. Trent was quite equal to the emergency. She showed herself perfectly cool and collected, and inspired you with instinctive confidence in her strength and efficiency. Mr. Marsh had no need to aid another word. Mrs. Trent understood at once all that was expected of her, and was prepared to perform it to the best of her ability.

Her character was not unlike her master's, only in her this latent power and strength of will had become sedulously developed by adversity, whereas in Mr. Marsh it had been in steady demonstration through life, being a principle in one and a habit in the other.

Nina was already undressed, and was tossing and moaning in her bed, when the hoofs of Mr. Marsh's horse were heard striking the gravel in a sharp gallop. Then Mrs. Trent locked the door, and proceeded decidedly, but regretfully, to shear the hot, burning head of its ample tresses, binding it round with a cool, moist bandage in lieu of its rich corsnet of shining braids. She then renewed by over five minutes, unheeding the plaintive voice of poor little Katie, who was sobbing in the corridor for the love she would break.

The child knew how hopeless it was to appeal for admittance, and the mystery of her beloved sister's illness was all the grief that she understood. She slunk away to her own room when she heard her father returning, and yet, constant in her enthusiastic love, she would neither eat nor sleep that night, but sat on the floor near her own little bedchamber, the door ajar, listening in eager terror to every sound from the sick room, her tears falling afresh every time that Nina's voice pierced the stillness of the house with its sharp delirium.

Dr. Oundle, on his arrival, expressed full approval of Mr. Marsh's thoughtful arrangements, and congratulated Mr. Marsh upon his good fortune in having any one so efficient and trustworthy in the house in a crisis. He added, however, that he could see but faint hopes of life for Nina. Still, she was young, her constitution was naturally vigorous, and under these circumstances there was always a chance; at the same time he felt it right to warn her family not to be too sanguine where there was so little probability, so little to base so much to fear."

These words had been addressed to Mr. Marsh in his wife's presence, but when they were concluded Dr. Oundle drew the former aside, and inquired if Miss Marsh had had any mental shock of late to account for this attack.

"Oh, dear me, no, nothing of the kind!" answered Mr. Marsh, very decidedly.

"I am inclined to believe, sir, that you will find yourself mistaken," continued Dr. Oundle, with equal confidence. "If you will take my advice, you will close the sick room determinedly against every one of the servants, excepting, of course, Mrs. Trent, whom you think believe to be perfectly trustworthy and discreet. The ravings of delirium are full of distorted fancies and strange riddles, and the most vulgar and ignorant are deeply impressed with the truth of anything that gratifies their curiosity or flatters their love of the horrible. It would be hard if Miss Marsh, after struggling so painfully into life, should have that life poisoned by vulgar and unimpressionable, and an effort could be too great to prevent such a catastrophe."

Dr. Oundle was a kind-hearted man, and he spoke with a feeling of significance which Mr. Marsh almost inclined to resent. He repeated his assertion that his daughter had had nothing to distress her in her life. Dr. Oundle, shaking his head a little dubiously, begged that, in any case, his hint might receive due attention.

"I shall attend to it, and think it should be as you propose," replied Mr. Marsh, "Mrs. Trent being the only person I could at all trust with my own daughter's delirium. I can safely answer that no one will relieve her watch, unless it be myself."

Dr. Oundle bowed, and then proceeded into the calm, stern face of Mr. Marsh, then said gently:

"Another leave it to Mrs. Trent; we men are awkward nurses at the best."

Then he took up his hat, and refusing Mr. Marsh's offer of refreshments, left the sick room and the house, promising to call again in the course of two or three hours, when he had seen a patient close by, and in the meantime, if anything arose as much as his patient here.

But why describe that long, sharp wrestle with death—that victory which left weakness behind, that for awhile it seemed almost a defeat? Nina was, at last, allowed to see her father again, a poor little Katie, pale and red, was the first to creep in. Mrs. Marsh stayed to compose herself in the passage, for she, too, felt strangely near crying—nearer than she could remember to have ever been in all her life before.

Madeleine was just learning a difficult stitch in crochet, and was so excited with her success that she bore the interview remarkably well. Nina seemed oppressed rather than cheered by these visitors, and when they were going she sighed, and beckoned back Katie, who was lingering on the threshold, and bade her sit down by her side. Mrs. Trent had not the heart to object, and was glad that she had not done so when she found Nina sleeping quietly with the cool fingers of her sister pressed with both of her hot, eager palms.

CHAPTER II.—FRIENDS OR FOES?

From that day Nina progressed far more rapidly towards recovery. She was now able to quit her room for several hours every day. She seldom saw her father on these occasions. His nephew, Cyril Marsh, captain in the — Hussars, and next heir to the Beechwood estate, was now staying with him, and the two gentlemen were making laudable efforts to thin the preserves. Nina seemed to feel something approaching to relief in her father's absence. As a stern shadow he had darkened her delirium, standing above her, like some fierce Virginius, with the slaughtering knife in his hand; and she could not rid her mind of these impressions sufficiently to look forward without shuddering to being again under the unceasing scrutiny of his keen eye.

But one morning Mr. Marsh sent a message from the breakfast-table that he hoped Nina would spare herself as much as possible during the day, in order that she might be able to join them all in the drawing-room for a little while after dinner. Nor, Mr. Marsh's requests, however gently worded, were understood as, and meant for, commands; and, therefore, his thoughtful and considerative but to obey.

But even at the last she could scarcely gather up her energy for the effort. She kept lingering in her own room long after she had heard Mr. Mr. Marsh and his guest leaving the dining-room. Her courage was utter stranger to her. Some misunderstanding between Mr. Marsh and his brother had prevented any intimacy during the lifetime of the latter; and for the last ten years Capt. Marsh had been in India with his regiment, having only just returned to England. And as yet Nina was still weak enough to feel meeting with strangers a serious grief.

Presently Kate came bounding along the passages, sent by Mr. Marsh to request that Nina would join them at once. Nina rose, drew her shawl closely about her, and, with a look that flast look about the lips which brought out the lines and stilled the dimples, she marched in amongst them.

Capt. Marsh was leaning against the mantelpiece, talking to her father, when she entered. He kept his eyes steadily upon her as she advanced, and even amidst his admiration you could catch an expression of perplexity and discontent, as if he discerned something in her which he could neither understand nor approve.

Nina met that calm, scrutinising glance, and though she understood it by a hasty look of the head, it was plain to see that she did not relish her cousin's neighborhood, and had some reason to fear his observation. And yet there was a feeling in the heart of each—or rather, perhaps, an instinct—that it would be impossible for them to be indifferent to each other; that they must be either warm friends or bitter enemies.

Captain Marsh was by no means a handsome man, and yet his face somehow caught your attention at once, and attracted you, in spite of yourself. His frame was almost herculean in proportion, but well knit together, broad and muscular, without being obese. His face resembled somewhat that of an intelligent mastiff. The eyes were deep set; the nose long, and thickening slightly at the nostrils; the cheeks bronzed with the Indian sun; whilst the whole of the lower part of the face was concealed in hair. Captain Marsh patronising no barber. But his beard, moustache and whiskers were all of silky blonde, and became him well; only beneath this wealth of hair you could just manage to trace the outline of a firm, well-shaped underlip, a somewhat obstinate-looking chin, and you guessed therefrom that Captain Marsh had a pretty strong will, and knew how to hold his own. But the first impression he gave you was of strength, not only physical but mental. The person child might have seen that it might rely on him, and trust itself to his care; and though Captain Marsh, naturally, like his uncle, was by no means a religious man, the best Christian could hardly have been more outwardly moral in his life and doings, more fit to be trusted in honour to the weakest of women, or more thoroughly to be relied on for keeping his great passions under due guard and bridle.

Although Captain Marsh was a favorite with the rest of his relations, he seemed to make but scanty progress in the good graces of Nina. They rarely spoke together, though Nina was now more in the drawing-room than, consequently, in his company.

Captain Marsh was trying to guard himself against the fascination of her beauty and weakness continually, but Nina in the subjugation of strong, brave men. He was pleased to believe that he had been successful, and rather dared defeat in the eyes of a slow his victory. He was always perfectly civil to Nina, even attentive at times; but the genial frankness of his manner to the others was frozen into a calculating gravity directly he neared her side. He was determined not to be conquered by one whom he could not trust.

Nina's eyes were very beautiful, but they had no honest glances. They shrank before her father's scrutiny, and were downcast under his regard. On Mrs. Marsh and Katie they were raised freely, but self-reproachfully; but on the poor they never looked at all. Neither Nina, always moody melancholy, was often irritable and difficult to please; the sweetness of her majestic head sometimes defiant, at others humble. And so, taking all these things into consideration, Cyril Marsh came to the conclusion that it would not do for him to fall in love with his beautiful cousin.

But then a man who has made this resolution is in far more danger than one who has never thought about it at all. You cannot play with fire without burning your fingers. You may fancy that you are a safe distance from the sparks, and plume yourself greatly on your prudence and foresight in having gained your pleasure without risk; but presently you begin to feel a strange, intense warmth creeping over you, and one quick glance suffices to show that the fire has been smouldering a long time, and that it is now too late to extinguish the flame.

At first Captain Marsh made a study of Nina, and pursued his investigations with equal coolness and vigor. But the time came when he lost the power of controlling his own thoughts, and they went from necessity rather than pleasure to their quiet, steady figure on the sofa, with its bent head, its raven hair and eyes of shadow.

Perhaps Nina, if less brilliant, was more touchingly beautiful now than she had ever been. Her face, which had been cut close to her head, curled in small, crisp rings, making her loveliness so childlike; and she would only dress herself in such sombre colors—black being her favorite wear. Captain Marsh wished she would smile sometimes. He longed to see those firm, grave lips sweetened by a rendered gracious; and those eyes made bright by some new play of feeling.

From longing, Captain Marsh, who was rapidly forgetting his good resolutions, came to trying if he could not compass his wishes by some happy expedient. So one night he left the group at the centre table, and followed Nina to her distant sofa. He stooped down, and spoke low.

"I have been most unhandsomely for you to discover that we must be either friends or foes."

Nina flushed a deep, angry red. She knew this well, but she had not cared to have her belief put into words, or hear it corroborated by those lips. Her eyes gave him a sudden deep flash of declared hostility.

"Which is it to be, Miss Nina?"

He spoke lower than ever now, and his voice was almost equal to musical impassioned.

"Neither one nor the other. Let us be mere acquaintances."

"Unfortunately, that is impossible now."

"I don't see why."

"We are too much alike. When such as we meet, it is either to take each other by the hand in loving amity, or to scratch and fight like cat and dog. But I am inclined to think that the latter will be better as friends," he significantly concluded.

"If I were to make friends I should not keep them," answered Nina, with a sarcasm of approach which seemed to be irrepressible. "You may desire to be brought nearer to me on account of promptings for the others' sake; but I am not of them, and not half so worthy of any affectionate companship with you as even Madeleine, wrapped up as she is in the easy-work to the exclusion of duty and good feeling. As far as I am concerned, a friend might be pleasant, but I could certainly be dangerous at the same time; and for your sake, I certainly ought to warn you——"

"That you will also be dangerous to me as well as pleasant?"

"I cannot tell," replied Nina, simply and sorrowfully; "but it is right of me to guard against the mere possibility."

"But you certainly owe me a reason as well as a warning. Tell me about that, and better may have spoken at all, since one without the other is worse than useless."

"You may take what you like, and do what you like, now that I have spoken and eased my conscience," said Nina irritably; and she turned to her book again, and seemed quite no longer to notice.

Captain Marsh half rose, looking perplexed and not over-pleased. Nina's lips were hard set, and her eyes were flashing. Cyril caught the gleam

[illegible] sidelong, and began to arrange his sandy whisker, and he sat down again, and spoke unkindly, his will as obstinate as her own.

"Now I have received your warning, listen to mine. You have some secret that you wish to guard from all the world, but especially from your self-elected friend."

Nina shuddered convulsively.

"This secret caused your illness, and was, no doubt, connected during your delirium," continued Captain Marsh, his intellect developing itself under the stimulus of this contest into a keenness that was perfectly ruthless. "But that is nothing to me. I mean to find out this secret, since you dare me to the discovery by your want of candor. But I shall adopt a means that are not perfectly fair and straightforward. I told you that we must be either friends or foes, and you chose the latter alternative, and are, therefore, not to be surprised to take the consequences."

Nina looked very pale; her eyes were dim, but her lips did not look much like saying quarter. There are some women with whom pride is the first instinct, and self-respect the second—Nina and Nina was one of these. She knew Captain Marsh was pitiless under her disdain, but that a word might be spoken and yet that she would not speak that word. She bowed to him haughtily.

"Allow me to salute you in your new character as the persecutor of woman. Is that a military accomplishment, pray?"

"It would be quite as apposite if were to inquire if deceit were a feminine attribute."

"And if I were to answer that it was, what would you gain by the confession?"

"An insight into character, and a safeguard against many subsequent dangers and temptations."

"But I won't acknowledge it. Circumstances may force a certain course of action on people without their entirely approving it, but is not right to attribute to choice that which may be the result of a most miserable necessity."

"But this necessity is easily explained."

And, in spite of himself, his voice was low and eager again, seeming to plead that she would allow him to respect her with an earnestness that almost proclaimed his love.

"That might be impossible."

"Then you refuse to come to terms, Miss Marsh?"

"I do not see what right you have to dictate any to me."

"The right that every man has who finds his affection going where his trust cannot follow," answered Cyril under his breath.

A flush passed across Nina's face, but it was gone almost before he could know it had been there. She was very pale when she next spoke.

"Why can't you be satisfied with the medium regard offered just now?"

"Because I am a true Marsh, like yourself, and cannot accept this milk-and-water friendship any more than you can in reality give it. Now look at me well, cousin Nina, before you decide against your own interests. I am strong and capable, and not like a man only, though well-intentioned, would be likely to injure, through weakness and incapacity, just where he would most wish to serve. I should be a discreet as well as a powerful ally."

A long, weary sigh, as with one who is giving up everything that can make life pleasant, and bidding adieu to hope, and then Nina answered, calmly enough:

"You will call the same; but I require no ally."

"Very well; then you know the consequences. What I am to you is the danger of a serious wound. I am justified in seeking preventives by every effort in my power—cure being impossible to one of my disposition—once the blow is given."

And Captain Marsh rose again and moved a few paces from her side, but slowly and hesitatingly, as if hoping for and almost expecting a recall.

At this moment Mr. Marsh put down the paper which he had been reading, and called out from the centre table:

"Cyril, when did you say Colonel St. George was coming?"

"Colonel Who? What did papa say?" exclaimed Nina, turning round on her cousin and stretching out her hand imploringly.

It was evident that her emotion completely mastered her for once. Her lips were apart, her eyes distended, her face bloodless.

"Colonel St. George," answered Cyril, softly, and he placed himself before her in order to conceal her agitation from the others, whilst he replied to his uncle's question:

"At the end of the week, I believe. I hardly understood, though, that he had, for he had an engagement at Lord Gillingham's, and could not be quite sure when he would get away."

He ventured to throw a glance at Nina as he finished speaking, to see if she had recovered herself. Mr. Marsh had returned to his paper, and the other two were busily occupied in different ways. Captain Marsh stooped over the couch on which his cousin was seated, and demanded, in a fierce whisper, what Colonel St. George was to her.

"Nothing," she faintly murmured.

"You are telling me falsehood," he continued, sternly, "a direct, obvious falsehood."

"I am so weak, so very weak," she answered, in complete despair. "You were kind to me just now; you stood before me that they might not see. Don't be cruel again. I have set up a long bank to-night, and have been talking more than usual. I had better go to bed. No; don't tell them so—let me slip away."

She was gliding past now, and she was using all her power, too, smiling on him with her beautiful eyes, beseeching him with her sweet lips, even calling him to mercy in the urgency of her need that he should stand by her as a friend at that hour.

"You see, cousin Cyril, I am not quite strong yet. It was so kind of you to do what you did just now; only be kind again, and help me to get away without being seen. You will, won't you, Cyril?"

"Look here, Nina; one of us two must have a sleepless night. Will you share it by?"

"Not I, Cyril; I have so many."

"A man who permits himself to love a woman he cannot trust must take act the tyrant or be a fool. To-night I may show myself the latter; but to-morrow I shall have my turn in a different character. Good-night."

He walked back to the table as he finished speaking, and entered into animated conversation with Mrs. Marsh. Presently Mr. Marsh put down his paper, firstly, because he greatly relished his nephew's company, and secondly, because he considered it highly discourteous to leave him to such poor entertainment as women's tongues could afford him. Madeleine drew attention to the fact that Nina was gone.

"She felt tired," said Captain Marsh. "I had observed that she looked pale, but she was quite strong enough to bear, I fancy. She did not wish to disturb any of you, and, therefore, went quietly away without saying good-night."

Madeleine had given all her interest to the complications of the Beechwood pet lamb long before this explanation was concluded, and Mr. Marsh had taken possession of the *Times*. She never ventured to touch it until she could feel sure that her husband would not want it again, Mr. Marsh particularly objecting to letting any portion of it out of his hands until he had finished it himself. Kate saw her opportunity, and profited by it at once. She began to read with a face of demure satisfaction, which, would have led her nephew discussed questions of state and policy with the consistency of practical men, until the clock struck eleven, when the night candles were brought in and all retired to rest.

The next day Nina made fitful visits to the drawing-room, running away again to her own room at every sound of footsteps on the stairs. When Colonel St. George insisted upon making one of the usual group at the centre table, and held some light work in her hand, from which she never once lifted her head, Captain Marsh had got over the fascination of the previous night, and was now cool and watchful, and quite determined that she should not take advantage of him again. He even tried her in every way he could, constantly mentioning Colonel St. George's visit, and regarding her curiously meanwhile.

But Nina was on her guard, too, and not a muscle of her face moved. He could not see that her needle even quickened its pace through the muslin. He redoubled his efforts to provoke her into retort, or at least make her show openly her misery and displeasure.

Loving passionately where his reason disapproved while Cyril harsh and despotic. He felt inclined to visit his own folly on Nina, although, in his sober moments, he could not but exonerate her from all blame. She had been as cold and repellent as possible, even rejecting haughtily his offers of friendship. She had done all in her power to disenchant him until the previous evening, when, in her agony of mind, she had fawned on him, using all her feminine wiles to gain her end. But the motive for these wiles was clearly obvious that the greatest coxcomb in creation could not have misinterpreted her meaning. Altogether, reviewing these things, Captain Marsh could not help feeling that he had been conquered for once, and was waiting for a counter-victory to wipe out the stain of defeat.

But his triumph was nearer than he could have believed. Mr. Marsh was out. He had gone to a magistrate's meeting early that morning, and came back, and had probably stayed to dinner with one of his set. At all events, he did not say when he returned. It was snowing fast outside, and Mrs. Marsh was thinking of ordering dry things to be got ready for her husband when he should, and was so flurried at this unusual responsibility that she could not hear and still a minute. During one of her numerous journeys, Madeleine was absent at the same time, matching a shade of wool she was needing for her work, and Kate having been indeed some hours, Nina and her cousin were left alone.

She dropped her embroidery then, and looked up at him.

"Captain Marsh," she said, gently.

He slightly bowed, but he would not even glance her way.

"You have great influence with my father," she went on, in a low, tremulous voice: "it is to see that; will you, then, do what you can to prevent Colonel St. George from coming here?"

"What is Colonel St. George to you?" said Cyril, sternly.

"Nothing; only I do not want him here."

"If he be nothing to you, I do not see how an arrival can concern you."

"Nevertheless, and at such a time," murmured Nina, evasively.

"That's just it. I could understand your scruples had he been the old friend who might be likely to notice the change in you, and acquire the reason; or, again, if he were a lover who would be sure to take unfavorable to your altered looks and manner as a sort of tressen against himself. Under any other circumstances, I do not see what particularly different Colonel St. George's presence can make to you."

"Unfortunately, it is impossible for me to explain further."

"Then it is impossible for me to serve you, unless you can make it clear to me that I ought to do so."

"And that I cannot."

"He is your lover?" inquired Cyril, in a tone of almost fierce contemptuous.

"No."

"Your husband?"

"No."

"You have some feeling for him which he does not reciprocate?"

"I only know that I hate him. I cannot tell whether he returns this feeling or not."

"Then, Miss Marsh, he is not my friend."

"Stop! Captain Marsh," said Nina, rising from her chair in haughty displeasure. "I have answered you so far obediently enough, because you befriended me last night, and I thought might be induced to do the same again. But you cannot go one step further without forgetting that you are a gentleman and that I am the daughter of Mr. Marsh."

And she gathered her work together in her nervous agitation, and, bowing coldly to him, left the room.

THE CROSSING OF THE CHAT-TAHOOCHEE.

THE Chattahoochee is a beautiful stream, though at times, owing to the heavy rains, the water is turbid. It is fringed by a chain of willow and hazel, and the bottoms on each side are green with various crops of corn, which—alas! for the planters, will never be gathered. One of the wood and barley had been harvested on Campbell South. What was put in barns and stacks was the youngest forage for the horses and mules of Sherman's army.

Behind by the vain boasts of the Southern press, the people of the Northern States believed Atlanta impregnable but unattainable. With a range of almost impassable mountains before it, held by a large army, commanded by one of their best Generals, Joseph E. Johnston, they had reason to scout the idea that Sherman's army could reach it.

Kenesaw Mountain, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, Resaca, Dalton, Rome, Kingston, have all experienced them till they behold Johnston a fugitive in Atlanta and Sherman in possession of Chattanooga and Rome. Suddenly, he abandoned his strong works on the Southern bank of the river, which, from the water way, no army could have forded and then charged up the steep bank.

We give a sketch of Sherman's army descending the last of the mountain range to reach the level region on the Chattahoochee.

We are indebted to a gentleman of the army for a sketch of the crossing of the 16th army corps, Gen. Howell's Forty on the left, a sketch the more acceptable, as our special artist, C. E. F. Hine, while with the advance, received a severe wound, which prevented his sketching any incidents of the important scenes he had gone forward to witness. Last year the same artist was captured by the rebels, and sent to Andersonville, thus contributing to the instruction of our readers, and perpetuating in our columns the events of his mental war.

A WHITE man not long since sued a black man in one of the courts, and while the trial was before the judge the litigants came to an amicable settlement, and so the counsel stated to the court.

"A verbal settlement will not answer," replied the judge; "it must be in writing."

"Here is the agreement in black and white," responded the counsel, pointing to the parties; "pray, what does your honor want more than this?"

"I SAY, Brown, what a close shaver Jones is. Why he'll squabble about a penny?"

"Well, what if he does? The less one squabbles about the better."



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—SHELLING SECESSIONVILLE FROM FORT STRONG.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. T. CRANE.

THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

THE long siege of Charleston continues, if indeed we can properly style siege a distant bombardment. The nearer approach of our army seems hardly possible, but recently a movement was made by which Secessionville, a place frequently figuring in our accounts of operations, was shelled by Gen. Foster from Morris Island.

Our Artist gives an interesting view of Fort Strong while hurling its allowance of destructive material on the devoted spot. This fort is situated on the upper end of Folly Island, and was erected by Major-Gen. Gillmore. It is two and a half miles from James Island.

These bombardments are not wanton. They are provoked by the enemy, who fire at our steamers, and especially at the Planter, the boat carried off by Small and other negroes, and the more appearance of which tends singularly to ruffle the equanimity of our Southern fellow-citizens.

We give also a view of Fort Johnson, the Citizens' Battery and Battery Simpkins, James Island, S. C.

The above rebel works are located on the extreme northern end of James Island. The "Citizens' Battery" and "Battery Simpkins" face the Union works on Morris Island. Fort Johnson appears to be a mere mass of yellow sand, but beneath the earthen coat are placed formidable guns. Charleston is seen in the background. A recent assault by the Union troops upon Fort Johnson proved unsuccessful, owing to a lack of proper support, resulting in a loss of 150 Unionist prisoners.

Our sketch was taken from Fort Wagner.

GRANT AND THE GENERALS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

OUR double-page groups together the men in whose hands are the great operations now carrying on against Richmond and Petersburg, all men whose services, during the past three years have made their names familiar to the country—men whose capacity has been tested by a thousand events.

Of Grant it is unnecessary to speak. The man who, at the beginning of the war, was repulsed in his own State, and finally placed at a desk, has, by a dogged perseverance, a wonderful energy and fertility of resource, made his mark at Belmont, Donelson, Pittsburg landing, and the series of splendid victories that resulted in the reduction of Vicksburg, the more recent dislodgment of Bragg from Lookout mountain and Missionary ridge; how, step by step, he forced Lee back from the Rapidan to below Richmond is too recent to need a word.

And who has he around him to accomplish his plans? Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac proper; the man who led the Pennsylvania reserves on so many a bloody field; who, suddenly, a year ago, placed in command of the army, met and broke Lee's course of triumph at Gettysburg.

Butler, commanding the department in which the operations are now carried on, the man of energy and administrative talent, who first shed light on the negro question by declaring slaves used by the enemy contraband of war; who, in his government of New Orleans, achieved wonders that even now can scarcely be credited, giving that city freedom from rowdy rule, from daily murders and outrages, and giving it, too, such a thorough sanitary government that the yellow fever has ceased its visits.

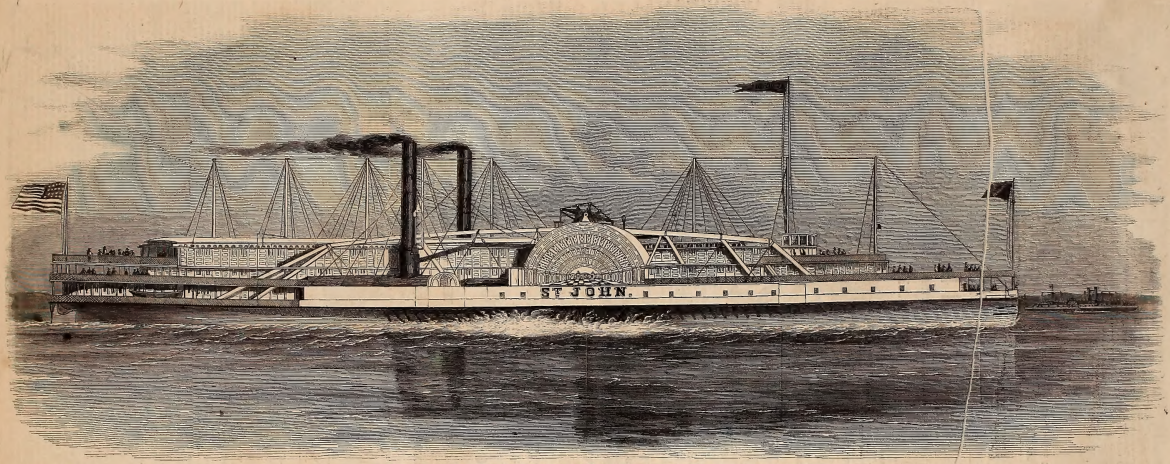
These men are world known.

Of the Corps Commanders and other Generals grouped around some are as well-known.

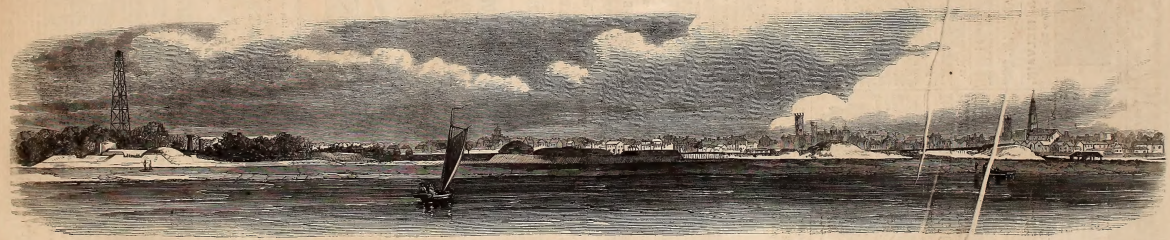
Maj.-Gen. Ambrose E. Burnside, once commander of the army in which he now commands a corps, led a brigade at Bull run. Took Hatteras in January, 1862, and defeating the enemy at Roanoke and Newberne, and defeating the enemy in North Carolina, and reduplanted the national army in South Carolina, made that State the weak spot of the ing Fort Macon, made that State the weak spot of the rebellion. How he fought at South mountain and Antietam, all know. His defeat at Fredericksburg, in



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—THE 16TH ARMY CORPS FORDING THE CHATTAHOOCHEE AT ROSWELL'S FERRY, JULY 10.—FROM A SKETCH BY GEO. D. SATTLER, 2ND IOWA INFANTRY.



THE STEAMER DIAMOND ST. JOHN, OF THE PEOPLE'S LINE FOR ALBANY, CAPT. WILLIAM H. PACK.—SEE PAGE 323.



THE SIEGE OF CHARLESTON—CHARLESTON, FORT JOHNSON, THE CITIZEN'S BATTERY, BATTERY SIMPKINS, &C., FROM JAMES ISLAND.

December, 1862, placed him indeed under a cloud, but his successful defence of Nashville brought him forward again as one of our great Generals.

Hancock, who wears the stars of a Major-General, has made himself known by his hard fighting. Born in 1816, he graduated at West Point at the age of 20, and entered the army, as 2d Lieutenant of Infantry. When the rebellion broke out he was Assistant-Quartermaster-General, with the rank of Captain. On the 23d of Sept., 1861, he was appointed a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He decided the battle of Williamsburg by a brilliant charge, which was urged on the spot against the quality of the man. At Fredericksburg, Gold-ing's farm, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, and, in short, wherever fighting was to be done, he has been ever in the thick of fish wore.

Sumner, too, was all his high re quarterly known as

Maj.-Gen. Wm. Farrar Smith, [illegible] officers of Philip Sheridan is one of the first West Point, '54, our army, was born at Cornwall, Orange County, N. Y., in the year 1824, and graduated at the head of his class. He was appointed 2d Lieutenant in 1845, 1st Lieutenant in 1853, a Captain in 1861. During this time he was engaged as Assistant Professor of Mathematics at West Point, and as Engineer in Lake Superior, the Rio Grande, in Texas, and on the Mexican boundary. When the rebellion broke out he was 2d Secretary of the Lighthouse Board, but at once took the field as Colonel of the 2d Vermont Volunteers. In Au'gust, 1861, he was made a Brigadier-General, and again, for to command a division in Franklin's corps. He was born a Major-General since July 4, 1863; distinguish-ed himself at Antietam, and commanded the 6th corps at Fredericksburg. His service in the present campaign, under Grant, are fresh in the popular mind.

Wright, who commands the corps of the redoubtable Sedgwick, was born in Connecticut, in 1822, and graduated at W. Point in 1841, standing so high as to receive brevet rank in the Engineers. He was employed in in-structing in the branch of military science for many years; was 1st Lieutenant, Feb., 1848; Captain, July, 1855; Major, in August, 1861. He was made, in 1862, appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and commanded a division of 3d brigade in 1863, and with ability proved himself a worthy leader, and for a time commanded the Department of Ohio. He is now in command of the forces protecting Washington.

Gen. Warren has by his stubborn fighting and unambitious character made his name as illustrious in our day as the victor of Bunker Hill did in the first war for Independence. He is a native of New York, and graduated at West Point in July, 1850, receiving a brevet of 2d Lieutenancy in the Topographical Engineers. He became 1st Lieutenant in 1856, and was employed in direct the Government explorations and surveys in Nebraska. He was made a commission dates September 3, 1861. At the same month, in the following year, he was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and in May, 1863, Major-General. He commanded the 5th Army Corps.

Major-Gen. D. D. Birney is a native of Alabama, but appointed from Pennsylvania. He has long been known as a brigade and division commander, and now at the head of a gallant corps enjoys the confidence of all, having distinguished himself in none of the hard-fought battles of the war.

Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, whose commission as Major-General dates December 31, 1862, was born in Massachusetts, but appointed from Ohio. He graduated at West Point in July, 1853, and was appointed brevet 2d Lieutenant in the 1st Infantry. Transferred subsequently to the 4th Infantry, he distinguished himself in the Indian wars, and was on duty on the Pacific coast when the war broke out, in 1861. He is now Captain in the 13th Infantry. In the present war he has been distinguished as a cavalry officer, having commanded that arm over Rosecrans with such ability that he has been placed in command of the cavalry of the army of the Potomac by Gen. Grant.

Of Gen. Rawlins, Chief of Staff to Gen. Grant, we need not speak, having not long since given a sketch of his life.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

If a young woman bids you take heart, you probably can take hers.

CONFUCIUS, the poet and philosopher, once arriving at an inn, called out:

"Waiter, do you dine here collectively or individually?"

"Sir," replied the knight of the napkin, "we dines at six."

AN Englishman, boasting of the superiority of his country over every other country, mentioned that the noted Eclipse had run a mile in a minute.

"My good fellow!" exclaimed an American present, "that is less than the average rate of our common locomotive. I live at my country seat, near Philadelphia, and when I ride in a hurry to town of a morning, my own steam can't keep up with me, but generally comes into the warehouse to find me from a minute to a minute and a half after my arrival. One morning the beast was restless, and I rode him so hard as I possibly could around the room round a large factory—just to beat the old Henry out of him. Well, sir, he went so fast that the next time I saw my best friend's breeches was and was twice in danger of riding over myself.

AN Irishman who was at the celebrated battle of Bull's-run was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on the left was taken off by a cannon-ball. In a few minutes, however, a spent ball broke off the finger of his comrade on the other side. The latter turned down his gun and howled with pain, when the Irishman pushed upon him exclaiming:

"You cowld woman, stop cryin'! You are making more noise about it than the man who just lost his head."

THE other day, for a distance of 40 miles, I travelled along with Mrs. Graves. She was a sweet and interesting woman,—so sweet and interesting that, between us, I am of the opinion, I believe I would have been willing to have kissed her. I had, however, several reasons for not perpetrating this act. First, I am such a good husband I wouldn't even be guilty of the appearance of evil, only to my sweet wife. Secondly, I was afraid our fellow-passengers would see me, and tell Graves. Third, I do not think Mrs. G. would let me.

THE New York newsboys make the most of the sensation headlines with which the telegraph dispatches are garnished. Seeing one little fellow unusually elated, a friend of ours asked:

"What's the news, my boy?"

"Oh, there's a whole lot of news, but nothing to holler at. News with "nothing to holler" is bad fix for the newsboys.

A CERTAIN boy in Lochwinnoch parish, Scotland, asked his mother about the origin of man, etc., and was told:

"We are all made of clay."

"Are the boys made of clay, too?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply: "all of clay."

"Then, mother, Dominie Jenkins has but one leg; for the clay been once dear, d'ye think, when he gangs wi' a limmer aff?"

LADY CHANDOS, who was still a coquette in her advanced maturity, came to a gay ador-able one day:

"Now be serious, my charmer!" said the mistress of the house, peevishly.

"I am quite ashamed," answered her ladyship, "but my maid is so very slow; she takes more than an hour and a half to do my hair."

"Fortunately," observed one of her friends, "you are not obliged to stay at home while she is doing it."

A FELLOW having imbibed rather freely took it into his head that he could fly, and to get a good position, ascended a steeple and started. He was questioned the next day as to how he liked flying. "Oh," said he, "it's nothing to fly, the slighting is the hardest part of the operation."

A NOVEL mode of bringing an obstinate juror to his senses was adopted recently at Santa Cruz, California. He held out against the other clevers, who had promptly agreed upon a verdict of guilty. After an hour of argument with no avail, it was at last proposed that the jury should return a verdict of guilty by eleven jurymen, who believed the other one to be considerate of the prisoner and a great rascal. This ended it. The obstinate juror saw many virtuous complications in his mind's eye, and in five minutes the jury unanimously returned a verdict of guilty.

AN urchin suffering from the application of the birch, said: "Every rule are said to be a furlong. A furlong is a bit anyhow got since a place sticking to I've had and he'll find out the one rule makes an asker."

A YOUNG lady once married a man by the name of Dust, against the wishes of her parents. After a short time they had a disagreement, whereupon, and she returned to her father's house, but he refused to receive her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

BANDBOXES.—The whiskered sex have been, ever since bandboxes were invented, down upon them with objurgations. It will be a triumph to the ladies to know, by the following narrative, how the self-styled lords of creation were on one occasion indebted to the pertacity of the hereditary foes for a splendid encumbrance for a comfortable ride: The editor of the Cleveland Herald formed one of a party of four travelling over the Pennsylvania railroad. At Altoona, in order to save time, the tobacco-spitting business of other parts of trains, the party endeavored to enter the ladies' ". but were politely informed that they could not be with unless in company with ladies. We will let the writer finish his own story: "We yielded to the inevitable, and, as we were about to enter the car, a pretty, interesting looking, damsel, in the platform, and, with a bow, turned in the direction of her head, a question. Through the window we saw the rental of the innocent fraud, as the lucky passenger handed over the bandbox to a lady, with laughing thanks at the complete success of his happy expedient. Upon that hint one of the number spoke through the window and was handed that potent bandbox. He second upon the bandbox now worked a like result, and the same experiment with the two three times successively gained entrance unquestioned. Then the party, and the one who had first been rejected, now with a new hope of success, bore the magic box to the car door, and the fourteen of the car remained face, and by a moment hesitated, but as the bandbox was raised to his vision, changed his mind, and with a beg your pardon, sir; I did not see your bandbox," opened the car, and the triumph was complete. The bandbox power won over at least four friends to that shrunk article, who hereafter may not be found among its scoffers."

"I am surprised, my dear, that I have never seen you blush," said a gentleman to his wife.

"To be sure, my dear," was her reply, "that I was born to blush unseen!"

THE only tolerable things we can find in *Punch* are these. Our readers may smile at the bunch-back's Americanisms:

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"Right over there?" said the boy; "taint nowhere else."

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No. 464—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 20, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

The War for the Union—What we Have Gained, and What we Have Yet to Do.

"WHAT have you gained by this fratricidal war?" is the familiar inquiry of that incurable partizan whose hostility to "the powers that be" has carried him and his sympathies over to the enemy. "What have you gained from this unholy crusade for the subjugation of the South? How much nearer are you to Richmond than you were in the summer of 1862? How much longer can you sustain these annual drafts of 500,000 men, and this war expenditure of a thousand millions a year?"

Let us briefly endeavor to answer these questions in good faith, conceding the point that we have lost much in men, time, means and money, that might have been saved had the war been more vigorously and wisely prosecuted than it has been. First, then, we turn to the inquiry, "What have we gained by this war?" We have gained in territory one-half the domains claimed as belonging to the so-called "Confederate States." In the last rebel Congress the States represented were Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas—thirteen—when the whole section of country now under the actual occupation and authority of Davis and his confederates has been reduced to the interior portions of the last eight States above-named. The Northern military line of the rebellion, which, in 1861, ran north-westward from Manassas to Kentucky, and thence through the heart of that State to Columbus, on the Mississippi river, a thousand miles and more above the sea, has been pushed so far down into Georgia as to threaten the complete isolation of all the "Confederacy" north of the Savannah river from the States below. From Columbus to the Gulf of Mexico, overcoming numerous armies, and a chain of fortifications, armed flotillas, rafts, rams and other obstructions unparalleled in the defences of any other river of modern or ancient times, the Mississippi has been reopened and occupied, and is now in the absolute and permanent occupation of the Government.

Thus that half of the Davis Confederacy which lies west of the Mississippi is in the condition of a wing of an army hopelessly cut off from the main body, so that, in a practical military view, we have reduced the vital forces of the rebellion to the interior portions of the single tier of States, and parts of States, lying between Richmond and Mobile.

So much for the territory recovered, in a military estimate, practically. In the population reclaimed from the rebellion we have gained two-thirds of its original strength; and in the valuable resources for peace or war, wrested from the enemy, our gains have been correspondingly great. Nor do these constitute all our gains. In the beginning of this war the rebel leaders, from the commercial power of King Cotton, confidently counted upon a timely coalition from England and France, upon the destruction of our commerce on the high seas, and the raising of the blockade by a numerous fleet of foreign-built privateers and ironclads, and upon the active armed co-operation of a powerful division of the Northern Democracy. We have gained the neutrality of England, which secures the neutrality of France; there is but one rebel privateer now left dodging about upon the high seas; the ironclads built for the enemy are out of the way, and as for a rising of the Northern peace Democracy, in support of King Jeff, we dare say that they are fully convinced it would not begin to pay expenses.

All these things we have gained—one-half the original area claimed by the rebellion, two-thirds of its population, two-thirds of its most valuable military resources and lines of communication, including the whole line of the Mississippi river, the dethronement of King Cotton, the neutrality of England and France, and the substantial unity of the great North and the loyal States of the South upon this grand, paramount and supreme Jacksonian idea that "the Union must and shall be preserved." If we have changed the issue from 19,000,000 of people against 12,000,000 to 27,000,000 of people against less than 5,000,000, is it not manifest that we have gained enough to insure our final success, and as the crowning reward of the present campaign?



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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Since the unfortunate failure of the assault on Lee's lines it has been quiet before Petersburg. That developed the fact that a very small force can hold Lee's lines against Grant's army; and hence there is every probability of Lee attempting a Northern invasion in force. Indeed such a movement by an army, under Johnston, is announced. Our dead have been buried under a flag of truce. Our loss was 1,800 killed and wounded, and 1,200 prisoners.

The rebels since fired a mine, but it failed to blow up our saps, and they retreated after a fruitless charge.

The President went down to Fortress Monroe, and had a long interview with Grant, on Sunday, July 31st.

WESTERN VIRGINIA AND MARYLAND.

There is now no question but that the rebels are preparing to hurl a large and well-prepared army on Maryland, Pennsylvania and the Districts in hopes of relieving Georgia and Richmond.

Early has a force of 35,000, and Johnston is marching with veteran troops to join him.

Parties have crossed at Nolan's ferry, Williamsport and Hancock, and are centreing near Antietam.

Gen. Sheridan is in command of the Union troops, regulars and militia.

GEORGIA.

Hood is said to have lost 25,000 men killed, wounded and missing since he took command.

On the 30th July Gen. E. McCook, with 3,000 cavalry, was sent by Gen. Stoneman to cut the Macon and Western railroad. He succeeded in demolishing 18 miles of the road. He then started to capture a rebel train of 500 wagons, going from Atlanta to Macon. He took and destroyed it, capturing Hoods papers and 600 prisoners. His men unfortunately made free with the liquors found, and when McCook was attacked and surrounded by Gen. Ransom they were awfully defeated, lost all their prisoners, and got back to Marietta in small bodies. Up to the latest dates 1,500 had come in.

FLORIDA.

Fort Hobson, near Pensacola, has just been captured by Gen. Asboth, with 18 guns, a quantity of stores and ammunition.

MISSISSIPPI.

Guerillas are very active in this State. On the 29th a plantation, five miles from Vicksburg, was totally destroyed. A Texan regiment destroyed another near Natchez, killing the whites, and carrying off the negroes and property.

Other parties with artillery are attacking steamers. The Fairchild, at Aston landing, was struck 17 times.

ALABAMA.

Admiral Farragut, with a very powerful fleet, has begun the attack on Mobile. Gen. Granger commands the land forces.

On the 30th of July it was announced in New Orleans that Farragut had passed Forts Morgan and Gaines, and entered the bay. Farragut has four monitors, four Mississippi ironclads, nine screw-sloops, four double-enders, six screw gunboats, and some tugs, in all 32 vessels, with 221 guns.

LOUISIANA.

A general exchange of prisoners effected with the rebels has brought to New Orleans nearly 1,000 officers and men, lost by Gen. Banks in his last Red River campaign.

The 18th U. S. cavalry routed a body of rebels near Baton Rouge in July.

ARKANSAS.

A party of negro soldiers were repulsed by guerillas near Wilson's landing, on the 30th, but a cavalry party the next day routed the guerillas with loss.

The reports of rebels shelling Little Rock and Pine Bluff are false. Price is at Camden; Marmaduke at Monticello, scouring St. Charles; Fagan is on the Arkansas, Selby near Jacksonport. They live and keep up their organizations by small raids.

KENTUCKY.

Rebel guerillas hold Henderson and Paris, where they command supplies for usual depredations. Lieut. Gamble and a party were taken and murdered.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The expedition sent by Gen. Palmer to the Chowan river, under Lieut. Ward, reoccupied the steamer Arrow, with a large quantity of cotton, &c.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Alexandra, about which so much discussion has taken place in the Court of Queen's Bench, left the Mersey on Sunday, July 17, for Nassau, with a general cargo of merchandise. The seizure of the ship has been changed, and she is now called the Mary; and it is said that she is to be a regular trader between Nassau and Nassau. The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says that the intelligence from the whole growing district is not unfavorable. A dispatch from Vienna of July 16, says: "The proposals of Denmark, addressed direct to the Diet of Frankfort, by Count Blome, were not on the part of Austria and Prussia by a negotiation with the Diet on land and sea forces. During the whole period the blockade will be raised. The German Powers have added the request that Denmark will immediately send plenipotentiaries to Vienna, in order to come to an understanding with Austria and Prussia relative to the basis of peace."

Garibaldi, who appears to be in poor health, left Turin July 19 for Cuneo. The reception given him there was very enthusiastic.

The Copenhagen correspondent of the London *Times* compares Grant to the Russian Gen. Suwarrow. He thinks his chances of success small, and declares that Gen. Lee has inflicted upon him a loss of 16,000 men in the battles of the Wilderness.

The French Government has invited the European Powers to an International Conference at Geneva to regulate telegraphic communications in Europe. An invitation has been sent to the British Government, as the telegraphic lines are all under the control of private companies. The Queen of Holland has been very unimportant, the opposition appearing to consider the debate of little or no value, as the result was secure. One of Layard's most telling hits was the assurance he gives of Palmerston, namely, that the latter had long would sail from Liverpool, and this, Mr. Layard added, emphatically, would be the last Alabama.

In reply to an inquiry of Mr. Lindsay, Lord Palmerston stated again on the 19th of July that he could not thought that at present there was no advantage to be gained by proceeding to the Danish Sound, as stated in the *Independence Belge*. Mr. Siddell has left Paris on a visit to Napoleon, at Vichy.

The first sitting of the Paris Conference of Twenty-five took place on the 19th of July. Count Rechberg, for Vienna, said it was to Italy that the Pope's Encyclical and the Chamber of the Kingdom of Wurtemburg, without consulting the other Powers, ascribed the occupation of the city of Bendsburg, in Holstein, by Prussian troops, and to request the withdrawal of the troops in conjunction with other States, this evidence with the necessary speed.

The forces of Major Gordon, who has rendered such important services to the Government of Ocana, have been disbanded. In Japan quarters have been arranged for the British troops of Yedzo.

TOWN CSSIP.

The old adage that "one-half the world knows not how the other half lives" might once have been true, but in these days the per centage has altered, and thanksbe of the new light, almost all know how the whole of it lives.

Let those who are at this moment enjoying the pure air of heaven, where nothing less sweet than the scent of the clover comes up on the wind, think of the millions who are stifling in the hot streets, and the dusty garrets, breathing the fetid air created by decaying animal and vegetable matter, the refuse of tenements only a hundred degrees of heat.

Not all the country may know something of the overcrowded state of this Babylon in which we live, let a small summary be taken.

New York has 580 stream-boxes that have a gross population of 10,933 families, or an average of 95 persons each; 239 that have 11 persons each; 76 that have 12 persons each; and 29 that have, altogether, 5,440 inmates, or 187 persons to each tenement, or a total of 26,113 people crowded into 875 houses.

On the other hand, for two miles on the Fifth avenue, the grandest and wealthiest part, on both sides of the way, the entire population will only come up to 600 families, which is a single block of tenements only a hundred yards away, 190 families, or about 4,000 people are crowded, swellering and dying under the blazing sun.

Upon some of these summer nights, after a day of uncommon heat, it is a study of the interest to go into these densely populated districts and witness the outpouring of the people. The sidewalks swarm with them; the doorways are alive; the gutters fester with the children, while every window of the great cavernous carcass hung full with dirty women, far outstretched to catch a breath of the passing air. Cleanliness in such quarters is next to impossible, and without it health is a myth. Coolness is an absurd idea, when every room has its stove or furnace, with fire for family cooking, until the building is one mass of heated air.

It requires these super-heated summer days to make one realize the dirtiness and decay of a city like New York. She has some of the natural advantages of personal cleanliness. She does not lie, like Brooklyn, on an inclined plane, so that every shower washes away her dirt, but she does somewhat scrimp the harbor tax, her hackney hansoms, of some Southern cities; but being flat and unsewered, is obliged to take her chances with such officials as are deputed to wash her face and comb her hair, chances that are just now very slim indeed.

New York is passing at this moment seeing the very darkest days of its existence. There is more of gloom, of sickness and disaster of society than can be understood in a glance. Some have asserted that New York has prospered, and that she has nothing to complain of. This is not so. She may have prospered in some regards, but whatever she has made by commerce and manufactures she has spent with an open and liberal hand in furnishing our armies and giving strength to the Government. Of the quota of 300,000 men, 250,000 now enter those armies. She has already been drained of her mechanics and skilled labor, and though these that are left are constantly employed and are congratulated on their prosperity, they are not at all off with their embroyed wages as they were four years ago. All classes dread the coming draft, and have lost confidence in the creation of the war. The rich are beginning to talk vagaely of peace, and yet are willing to exceed by their gifts the calls that are now agitating.

What a world of speculation and thought there is in the columns of a daily newspaper with its little local events. We catch, each day, by a moment, and have paragraphs meet our eye, standing consecutively in the same column, which illustrate the extremes of the two phases of the city. The first is a short report of the trial of a man for cruelty, and worthy of more than a paragraph in three days when ten thousand murders are sometimes done in a day—the victim being his wife. He shot her with a pistol, which he claims went off accidentally. He is sent to the city prison for the penitentiary! Now why, we ask, this year? If the man killed his wife accidentally, her life is surely worth more than a year, and if as he says, accidentally, why suppress it all? Again, we have a paragraph on the wisdom of judges and jurors, something beyond human ken.

The next is a case where an infuriated cow, while being driven through a street, broke away and gored a large gauntlet of Broadway as midday, fatally fetching up at the City Hall for her pains. Now we have never seen or yet see the cow, and therefore cannot say anything of her appearance, but she was probably shocked at the sight of the crinoline, and that there were no cattle-driving through the streets. Yes! there is a cow in the city—a cow among other things, and yet we wager that not one of that score of policemen, who assisted on the gauntlet, thought to put their hand to force. We were a few days ago witness to a case where a loyal Virginian was being driven across the city, and when within a block of Broadway managed somehow to get a carriage. A lady in the street, and before she could be rescued she was knocked down. Had the white lives been in danger the gentleman, by tearing her a very short distance removed from death! and yet the cow, the negro and the gentleman were neither pig-grovers or pig-drivers were punished.

The cow is a fine, and a most whipping, a strange amusement for one professing to be a leader of tea, and a gentleman. The negro of Lee's army, and the infuriated that he should like to give his cook a thrashing. Such deeds are done in Broadway in the midst of pride and lotties over the eyes with an oyster knife, at an expense of fifty cents, and the cow is permitted him to pay for the scar the lady brought into court. Had he but more than one cow, the double would have been $500, and he succeeded in entirely decapitating her. Same case in Virginia, and the gentleman's fine would have cost him at least $1,000. We are certainly improving, and in a few years when a gentleman can kick the waiter, and have it put in the bill without fearing punishment.

We, in common with all the rest of mankind, have had a hard day, summer, but it is pretty practically, because on that day people live fast, drink fast, drive fast, and have fast horses, and the fast men and the fast stores were all made fast, and the thousands of debts that were made fast, and the fast men who made them, and the fast women who have kissed, and looked and loved him as a convenient institution for that occasion only. The debts are all due, and the fast men and women are too good for the political parsons, such as Major Gen. Gaither performed the marriage, to fit ally, and accordingly they dealt out destruction from the pulpit on all sins so dear to the fast man, and he was also fast to pay for the rear the lady brought into court. Had he but more than one cow, the double would have been $500, and he succeeded in entirely decapitating her. Same case in Virginia, and the gentleman's fine would have cost him at least $1,000. We are certainly improving, and in a few years when a gentleman can kick the waiter, and have it put in the bill without fearing punishment.

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EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Three-fifths of the adult white population of Georgia are men without wives. Four out of every five white men are bachelors, and more than one-half of them are 185,856 white men in the State. There are only 154,798 white women in the State, having husbands without wives.

—A young man residing in Providence, who was strapped a year ago on the plea that he was the sole support of aged mother and three sisters, and the recipient of his mother, who complained that he had been living upon her earnings ever since.

—The Kearsarge and McClellan Base Ball Clubs played a match on the 4th at Hoboken, which was won by the "Little Mac," after a gallant contest.

—The New York Times has at last denounced the miserable system of changing our official material every four years, to which the corruption and inefficiency of our Government are undoubtedly due.

—Jem Mace, Tom Sayers and H. W. Genet have made a match between Sayers' champion and Mace, Heenan's champion, for 1,000 bucks, to harness, over the Fashion Course, in September.

—The St. Joseph (Mo.) *Herald* is informed by an old Indian trader who has just returned from Indiana, that these Indians have now in their possession, not as prisoners but as slaves, 16 white women and children, and no one can reason them, as they are valued far more than the scalps, to which the savage is so partial, by the strong arm of the military power. The malevolence to which they are subjected is beyond the power of description. The same journal is informed that a party of Indians recently attacked a train of emigrants, 35 of whom were massacred, when the remainder surrendered, after a desperate resistance.

—Gen. Hunter has banished from Frederick city, Maryland, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Powell, for aiding the rebels.

—Lieut.-Col. Halpine has resigned his position of Adjutant-General of Western Virginia. Mr. Stanton accepted the resignation, and appointed a military tutor to the gallant soldier. Col. Halpine is not only a brave officer but a brilliant man writer. He will have just as much shattered by his labors that repose is absolutely necessary.

—Hay is plentiful in Maine, and the quality excellent.

—The new East Broadway line of cars commenced running on the 1st inst. The route of these new cars is from the City Hall, through Grand street, East Broadway and Chatham street to the Astor House. The Presidents of the new line are Mr. Wm. Tweed, and the Superintendent is Mr. John Ryan. The cars are neat and comfortable, and the horses are good. The latest improvements, well ventilated, well cushioned and well constructed.

—The first meeting of the open board of brokers was held on the 1st inst., at noon, in their new building, just finished in Broad street. The board was a large one, and comfortably arranged, and was crowded on opening. A few remarks were made by the President, congratulating the brokers on a new home and promptly proceeded to business. In the course of the week a telegraph office will be opened in the building, as well and woodland sexton at Willett's Point Hospital, letting the wires pass at 40% of cost.

—A meeting of the Actors' Protective Association was held at the Academy of Music on the 1st inst. Mr. Davidge took the chair, and made a very spirited defence of the actor, and the necessity for protection against arbitrary salaries. The Workingmen's Association sent a sympathizing deputation, and the actors and workmen were arranged between the bodies. Several new members were admitted, and the meeting adjourned to the 15th inst.

Naval.—Experiments have been made at Toulon with a new kind of ironclad gunboats, with engines of more than 1,000 horse power, which can ride at sea and sail as on water. These small vessels sit very low in the water, and have on their deck a turnable shelter, pierced with six portholes and 18 embrasures. On they can be moved by steam in a low horse and carried into eighteen blocks, including the engine, these gunboats could, if necessary, carry their war into any of the coast of Provence with a speed of eight knots, then be taken by railway to Italy, having carried safely by railway, be ready to fight again off the coasts of the Adriatic in 24 hours after crossing the Alps. A vessel of this new engine of war had existed during the Indian campaign almost unknown. Perhaps they have escaped almost without a blow, and Venice might have been a fortress instead of a dead and decaying city.

—An English engineer is reported to have said that, at the expense of £10,000, he could construct a small ironclad vessel of greater speed by far than any in the British navy, and carrying her with shot or ten guns, he would sink the whole French navy in three hours. Of course, perhaps, he has not had much war experience of what big guns can do (vide the Kearsarge).

—The Portland *Advertiser*, of Aug. 2, says: "A number of boats are now nearly ready to be launched, worthy, owing to the lack of depth, sinking so low in the water as to resist the action of the elements." Lawrence, the builder of the Wasuc, an the city, proposes to remedy this defect in his vessels, by increasing the depth of the vessel 22 inches, which, it is believed, will enable her to carry a large enough coal to sail and yet allow her to be submerged to the surface of the water in case of action. We suppose that he was not at least experience of what big guns can do (vide the Kearsarge).

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—It is said by the captains who have been captured by the Florida that she is a very comfortable ship than the Alabama, in crew and officers.

—Affairs at Mobile begin to assume an interesting phase. Admiral Farragut has succeeded at this point a powerful fleet, which has already succeeded in almost every instance in its attempts to run the blockaders. Until the Admiral is reinforced with more monitors, the passage of the forts cannot be said to be what may be expected. The successes of Gen. Sherman at Atlanta will be easily surpassed should Farragut succeed in reducing the attack.

—Personal.—Dumas the elder has commenced giving readings from his works *à la* Charles Dickens.

—Mr. Bancroft, the well-known literateur and author, has accepted the position of editor of the New London Daily Press. A complimentary notice of it is given to him previous to his departure.

—The Governor of the State of Maine ordered Company A, of the State Guards, Bangor, to garrison Fort Knox, during the present war. Mr. Hamlin is a member of that company, and like a true soldier, accompanies the command.

—"Gamma," a correspondent of the Mobile *Register*, in a recent letter, tells the following anecdote of the "Serpent of the South:" "In Gen. Lee's tent not in ration but twice a week, the General not allowing it oftener because he knows the destitute condition of the country. His allowance of dinner consists of a heart of cabbage, boiled in salt water, and a pound of corn bread.

—Among the passengers by the Scotia, which arrived on Thursday of last week from Liverpool, were Mrs.

Bateman, daughters and servant. The many friends of the young American *tragedienne* will be glad once more to see her face, and will certainly give her a warm welcome.

—— A dispatch from Lieut.-Col. C. G. Loring, of Gen. Burnside's staff, to Col. H. Lee, Jr., of Boston, dated Aug. 2, says that during a flag of truce it was ascertained that Gen. Bartlett and Col. Weld were prisoners in the hands of the rebels. Both officers were uninjured.

—— Secretary W. Pitt Fessenden is now on a visit to his native city, Portland, Maine.

—— Senator Sebastian of Arkansas, and his family have arrived in Memphis, their homestead and plantation having been completely destroyed.

—— Miss Annie E. Jones, better known as "the pretty Rebel Spy" and as "Major Jones," an intelligent young woman only 20 years old, who has been a prisoner of State for the last year, was released by order of Secretary Stanton from the Barnstable jail, in Massachusetts, and left for Boston last week.

Obituary.—Thos. Colley Grattan, the well-known novelist and essayist, died lately in London, aged 68. He was born in Dublin, and entered the army. Marrying a Miss O'Donnell he resigned, and settled in France. In 1819 he produced "Philibert," a poetical romance, in the style of Scott. He then removed his establishment to Paris, and made acquaintance with Beranger, Casimir, Perier, Moore, Washington Irving, Lamartine and other distinguished men, and became a regular contributor to the *Edinburgh Review* and to the *New Monthly Magazine*, then under the editorship of Thomas Campbell. In 1823 appeared "Highways and By-Ways, by a Walking Gentleman," the work by which Mr. Grattan will be best remembered. Then he produced in succession "Ben Nazier, the Saracen," a play written for Kean. "Tales of Men and Cities" (1829), "Traits of Travel," "The Heiress of Bruges" (1831), "The History of the Netherlands," "Jacqueline of Holland" (1831), which latter caused his expulsion from Brussels during the Revolution, and his residence in Holland and Heidelburg, where he wrote his "Legends of the Rhine" and "Agnes de Mansfeldt." On the accession of Prince Leopold, of Saxe-Coburg, to the newly created throne of Belgium, Mr. Grattan returned to Brussels, and in 1839 was appointed, at the special request of his Majesty, British Consul at Boston. His new office brought out his talent in a new direction, and his pamphlet on the boundary question in America. In 1848 he was permitted, as a favor, to resign his office to his son, who had been acting as his deputy, and he was appointed a gentleman of the privy chamber in the royal household. Mr. Grattan has also written "Civilized America," "Women of Color," "The Cagot's Port and the Conscript's Bride" (1847), "England and the Disrupted States of America" (1861), "Beaten Paths, and Those who Trod Them" (1862), etc.

—— The Rev. Daniel Waldo, the celebrated centenarian, died at Syracuse, N. Y., on Saturday, July 6, from an affection of the throat. He was born in Connecticut, in September, 1762, served in the Revolutionary war, and was one of the pensioners. In 1791 he graduated at Yale College, after which he entered the ministry of the Congregational church. He had been for many years a resident of Onondaga, where he was highly respected. In 1850 he was, on the nomination of Gen. Amos P. Granger, elected chaplain of the House of Representatives. He was a man of correct personal habits, to which he owed his extraordinary health and longevity. He preached frequently during the past year—often twice of a Sunday.

—— Prof. Hadley, of the Union Theological Seminary, died on the boat from City Point while acting as agent on the relief corps of the Sanitary Commission, after having been at the front since the last of June.

Col. George W. Bridges, of the 10th Tennessee cavalry, died a few days ago at Fayetteville, Tenn. Col. Bridges was a member of Congress, elected in 1861; but, being in rebeldom, was prevented from taking his seat until near the close of the Congress.

—— Mrs. Sarah Hollingsworth, residing in the rear of No. 1,314 Passyunk road, Philadelphia, died lately at the advanced age of 110 years.

—— William B. White, one of the proprietors of the Congress Spring, died at Saratoga on the 30th July.

Foreign.—Among the latest arrivals in Paris is that of Nicim, the fugitive minister of the Bey of Tunis, who is said to have an immense quantity of treasure with him. He at first took a very dirty lodging in a *maison meublée*, but has now found a sumptuous suite of apartments in the Faubourg St. Honoré. His harem is expected shortly.

—— Blanchard F. Jerrold, having completed his inquiries concerning the institutions for the poor in London and Paris, is about to investigate those of the manufacturing districts of France and the quaint Belgium charities this autumn. In time he will publish a work giving a complete view of the poor of Europe.

—— A correspondent, writing from Homburg, says: "On the 4th of July the Americans here made a pleasure excursion to the little watering-place of Nauheim, about 10 miles from here. They had ordered a dinner there, and several carriage-loads of Americans went. In some of their carriages they had the United States flag flying, and I learn that it excited much attention in Nauheim, particularly with the police, who thought it was a political flag, and at once arrested some of the party, and marched them off to the judge, who asked the objects and purpose of this show of banners. One of those arrested explained that it was an American flag, and it belonged to the U.S. Consul-General at Frankfort, who was one of the party, and who was also Consul for Hesse-Cassel, in which Nauheim was situated. The judge, on hearing the explanation, dismissed the charge, expressing regret that the stupid police should have been guilty of such an act."

—— The mysterious murder in a railroad car in London is about to be unravelled. The supposed murderer is a German tailor, Francis Muller. The evidence is purely circumstantial, but of a very precise nature. The hat found in the carriage has been proved to be his, while the watchchain of the murdered man has been traced to him. The alleged murderer had sailed in the Victoria for New York, which is daily expected. As, however, English detectives are here awaiting his arrival, there is no doubt that he will be captured. The jeweller, who bought Mr. Briggs's chain, and the cabman, who bought the hat for Muller, accompanied the English officers to New York. They also bring credentials from our Minister, Mr. Adams, to the authorities here.

—— Some interesting discoveries have been made at Pompeii, in a house which was being built at the time of the destruction of that city. The house contained a large deposit of Egyptian marble, now brought to light, and valued at £2,000 pounds sterling. On the ground floor the remains of a magnificent bed have been found; the woodwork is burned away, but the bronze ornaments are in perfect preservation, consisting of a lion's claws, which formed the legs, and geese's heads, which adorned the top. This bed is now to be constructed according to its original design. The blocks of marble are to be used for plinths to the most valuable statues of the museum.

—— The Earl of Buchan has just been fined $10,000, in Edinburgh, for a *liaison* with a married lady.

Art, Literature and Science.—Sheldon & Co. will publish the "Autobiography of Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott." The work is to embrace a complete history of his military life, and will be, in fact, a history of his life and times.

—— Artemus Ward is preparing for publication his adventures in California, Utah and Nevada. Carleton is to be the publisher. He has had an offer to lecture in England, which he has promised to accept when his book is published.

Accidents and Offences.—July 22, Mr. James Ward, a wealthy and prominent citizen of Niles, Ohio, was shot down dead in the street by Frank O. Robbins. The latter had been paying illicit visits to a married woman named Stevenson, living in a house of Mr. Ward's, and she had been warned by the latter to leave the premises. To wreak revenge upon Mr. Ward, the guilty pair, both heavily armed, were on their way to his house, but meeting his son, they attacked and beat him severely, and Mr. W. coming to the rescue, Robbins drew a pistol and shot him through the head.

Odds and Ends.—It may be interesting to our readers to know that in these times of high prices many fruits can be preserved with little or no sugar. Currants, gooseberries, cherries, peaches and pears require no sugar to preserve them. Raspberries and blackberries do not require more than four ounces of sugar to a pound of fruit. Put them up the same way as if you used the usual quantity of sugar—that is, expel the cold air by heating the fruit after it is placed in jars, by setting the jars in cold water, which heat to boiling.

—— The London *Times* thus commences a severe article on Mr. Chase: "If Themistocles was a proficient in the art of making a small city into a large one, Mr. Chase is, at least, equally entitled to claim the credit of making a great State into a little one. Yet let us not be unjust, even to this mighty master in the art of ruin. Candor must admit that the problem set before him admitted of but one solution—a solution more or less complete, according to the genius of the philosopher to whom it was submitted. That problem may fairly be said to be—given a nation determined on war, thirsting for revenge, insatiable of empire, steadily resolved to conquer, but equally resolved to conquer without any immediate personal or pecuniary sacrifice, to extract from it men, materials and money."

—— The reason why the rebels are called Johnnies is thus given: In 1861 the Union soldiers called the rebels "Secesh;" in 1862 "Confed;" in 1863 "Graybacks," and in 1864 they call them "Johnnies." A correspondent gives us the following information about the origin of the last-named soubriquet. The name of "Johnny" originated in a quarrel between a couple of pickets, which began by the Unionist telling the rebel that they (the rebels) depended on England to get them out of this scrape, which the rebel denied emphatically, saying that they were able to scrape themselves out. One word brought on another, until the Unionist said his opponent was no better than a Johnny Bull anyhow. The reb swore he would shoot Yank if he called him a Johnny Bull again. The quarrel was stopped by another picket, and they soon cooled down, but the reb kept muttering, "I'd as soon be called a nigger as Johnny Bull."

—— In a recent translation of Hamlet into French, the well-known line of—

"Frailty, thy name is woman,"

is made—

"Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady."

—— Cassell's *Popular Natural History* means to be entertaining, as we see from the two following extracts: "When some men of science were engaged in South America, making observations on the figure of the earth, they were greatly annoyed by the domesticated apes, which were very numerous, looking through their telescopes, planting signals, running to the pendulum they used, taking their pens and trying to write." But the climax is the following story: "The smallpox having spread fearfully amongst the monkeys of South America, Dr. Pinchard, Secretary to the Bloomsbury street Vaccination Society, was struck by the idea of arresting its further progress. Vaccination was, of course, to be the means of staying the plague, and his scheme for its introduction was singularly ingenious. He bound two or three boys hand and foot, and then vaccinated them in the presence of an old monkey, who was observed to be closely attentive to his proceedings. He then left him alone with a young monkey, with some of the matter on the table, and beside it a lancet, guarded, that it might not cut too deep, by a projecting piece of steel. The doctor witnessed the result from a neighboring room; the old monkey threw the young one down, bound him without delay, and vaccinated him with all the skill of a professor."

—— A late number of the London *Review* has the following criticism: "The French, since the Revolution, are a polite, but are not a chivalrous nation. They look upon women, not with the exaggerated homage of the Americans, nor with the the inbred reverence of an Englishman, but with the gallantry of a nation that adores, without respecting beauty. A lady represents to a Frenchman gaiety, pleasure, elegance—in fact, the luxuries and the perfume of life. With all a Frenchman's finished ease in talking to a woman, there is always something intensely disagreeable at the bottom of his tone and in the inmost recesses of his eye. The truth is that the French, with all their idealism, mix materialism in still larger quantities. In a word, a Frenchman cannot be a gentleman—he may be a beau—a gallant, but he is after all what Voltaire said: 'half tiger—half monkey.'"

BOOK NOTICES.

HALL'S MASTER WORKMAN AND MASONIC MONITOR. By J. K. HALL. Boston: Williams & Co.

This volume is intended to answer the requirements of those who have wanted a text book in which the chain of events, from the admission of the candidate to his being raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason, is continued unbroken; thus enabling a person who for the first time occupies the Oriental chair to go through the duties devolving upon that station, so far as the work of the degrees is concerned, in as systematic a manner as though he had presided for years. It is desired to make the connection so perfect that nothing may be wanting; and, by a careful perusal, any Master Mason will be able to recognise each individual step in the ascent of the Masonic ladder. The work will be found to be that which is sanctioned by the Grand Lodge, and its general adoption will tend to perfect, harmonize and produce uniformity of work throughout the United States.

THE LETTERS OF A DISBANDED VOLUNTEER. New York: F. A. Brady, 1864.

Many of our readers may have enjoyed these letters as they appeared some time since in the *Sunday Mercury*. Their popularity has induced Mr. Brady to issue them in the present attractive form, in which they will doubtless contribute to the enjoyment of many more. There is undoubted humor in them, with many sharp hits at the failings of public men. The exaggerated mis-spelling is in the spirit of the time and will please.

THE COWARD: a Novel of Society and the Field in 1863. By HENRY MORFORD. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Mr. Morford has won public acceptance as a novelist, and his works evidently circulate widely. The present story in its plot is new and not very probable. The hero, Carlton Brand, constitutionally timid, shrinks from accompanying his regiment to the war, is rejected by his betrothed, disowned by his father, and, to add to his misfortunes, is assailed by a soldier, who supposes him a rival. Brand, *ex necessitate rei*, drubs his assailant, falls in a fit and disappears. Another wins the admiration of his mistress by displays of courage, but fails to meet encouragement. At last she hears that Brand is wounded and in an army hospital. Hastening to him, she finds not only her old lover, but in him the one whose gallantry had so attracted her. These characters and the others in the novel are well drawn and well-sustained.

QUEER NAMES IN THE NEW YORK DIRECTORY.

A WRITER in the New York *Post* says: In the former articles on names in the New York Directory for 1864 there was a real or fanciful connection of the name with humanity, direct or indirect. Other names of frequent occurrence in the Directory refer to or are associated with animated nature.

The following are connected with domestic animals: Herd, Bull, Bullock, Ox and Steer; the English word Cow does not appear, but Vache, its corresponding French word does; Colt, Steed, Katt, Hogg, Lamb and Kidd; and the meats, Veale, Bacon and Kalbfleisch; and of dogs we find Pointer and Spaniel. Wild animals are also found: Deer, Stagg, Buck and Roe; Lyon, Bear, Wolf and Fox; Badger, Lynch, Beaver, Mink, Hare, Coon, Ratt, Mole, and the apocryphal animal of the olden time, Griffin.

The names of birds are still more numerous: Duck, Drake and Gosling; Cock, Hen; Swan, Goose and Teal; Phœnix, Eagle, Hawk; Lark, Nightingale, Finch, Jay, Martin, Thrush, Sparrow, Starling, Wren; Crow, Raven, Daw; Snipe, Crane, Heron, Stork; Pidgeon, Dove; Batt, Grouse, Partridge, Quail, Robin, Peacock, Fowle, Bird, Wing, Bill, Covey, Eggs.

The following names are connected with fishes: Fish, Whales, Shark, Sturgeon, Haddock, Seal, Bass, Salmon, Mackrell, Herring, Ray, Eels, Killey, Pike, Trout, Goldfish, Sucker and Leach; Finn, Gill, Roes, Shells.

There are but few names connected with insects: Bees, Roach, Moth and Grub; and the only one that bears a resemblance in sound to any species of snake is Adder, not Copperhead.

Turning from animated nature we find some names that address themselves to the senses of seeing and hearing. The following are connected with color: White, Black, Brown, Green, Blue, Gray, Scarlet, Violet, Canary, Wine, Blanc, Dunn. The following relate to music: Organ, Piano, Harp, Viol, Fife, Flute, Horn and Drum.

The martial tone of the last names leads to other names that connect themselves in the mind with war. Of these are Armer, Lance, Pike, Spear, Dart, Bow, Shield, Swords, Dirk, Hilt, Gun, Cannon, Flag and Banner. It will be noticed that they refer to a class of weapons superseded by the powerful appliances of modern warfare.

The implements of peaceful life life furnish a few names: Hoe, Sickle, Cutter, Cleaver, File, Rasp, Plane, Scales, Bellows, Broom, Brush, Barrel, Case, Truss, Ball, Bag, Bale, Rope and Felt. Locomotion gives Barrow, Wain, Hack, Buggy, Skates.

Some of the following names originate in ideas of currency: Cash, Money, Moneypenny, Pounds, Shilling, Pentz, Penny, Dollar, Eagle, Kreutzer, Barndollar, Ducat, Hapenny, Groat and Plate.

OUTDOOR AMUSEMENTS OF ENGLISH LADIES.

IT is a striking fact that we Americans, descended from the English, Irish and Scotch, all famed for their devotion to athletic sports, have such an almost national distaste for them. With men, the healthy invigorating English sports are rare. We have only the worst excrescence of boxing—the prizefight. Archery, ball games, running, leaping are scarcely ever seen or practised except in gymnasiums or as a show. Our ladies are, by a sort of public opinion, entirely deprived of outdoor sports, and their fragile forms, their feeble constitutions, the childless mothers, or mothers only at almost a cost of life, are the consequence of this state of things.

The gloomy ascetic superstition of the Puritans warred on all sports as displeasing to the Deity, and their influence has tinctured the whole country. A revulsion is indeed working in favor of what has been called "muscular Christianity," but it has not yet come to the deliverance of women. We cannot do better than to arouse the attentions of parents to this great fact, that the physical training of their daughters is second only to moral and intellectual; and physical education is best imparted in sports. Gymnasiums and their appliances are tasks, and win but few. Of late young ladies, though too few, learn to swim, to skate, to row. Let them also adopt the old English bow, and become such adepts in its use as to defy Cupid himself.

In England, in the foundation of many schools, the use of the bow was a part of the course, and a silver arrow provided for annual competition.

The scene which we represent is the 21st annual meeting of the archers of the United Kingdom at Alexandra Park, July 6-8. It was attended by a large number of ladies and gentlemen from the three kingdoms, who came as competitors or spectators. Eighty-two ladies and one hundred gentlemen entered. The prizes amounted to £500, varying from £4 for the best "gold" to £25 for the first "gross score."

The gentlemen shot first the national round—six dozen arrows at 100 yards, four dozen at 80 yards, and two dozen at 60 yards. At 2½ o'clock, after a luncheon served on the grounds, the ladies commenced firing the national rounds of four dozen arrows at 60 yards and two dozen at 80 yards, the gentlemen then completing the 12 dozen.

The shooting ground was enclosed with a railing, with seats for spectators at one end. There were double rows of targets, those of the gentlemen being further apart than those of the ladies. At the end of each round, as the ladies and gentlemen, the former in their graceful dresses and the latter conspicuous with their green scarfs, proceeded from one side to the other, the scene was animated and pleasing.

Of the ladies, Miss Betham, of Dublin, won the highest prize, her gross score being 693; Mrs. Atkinson (Sherwood), coming next, 605; Mrs. Horniblow (Grand National), 543; Miss S. Butt (Grand National), 539; Miss Quinn (Tipperary), 528; Miss Turner (South Devon), 511.

Mrs. J. Ward won the greatest number of golds, 12, and Mrs. H. B. Hare made the best gold.

Such a scene would now be a strange one here, yet we trust soon to see it and see all familiarized with it and with every other outdoor amusement which ladies in the Old World enjoy.

THE FURY OF A WOMAN SCORNED.—A terrible illustration of what a scorned woman's fury will lead her to do occurred recently in Milwaukee. A lady of that city returning unexpectedly from a call, imagined she heard unusual voices in the room usually occupied by herself and husband. The door being closed, she was reduced to the keyhole, and to this aperture she applied her eye. She saw the figure of a woman; standing by her was the husband of the jealous wife, actually engaged in adjusting a shawl upon the shoulders of the female intruder. The wife went to another room, took a loaded shot gun, returned, opened the door, and deliberately shot the strange woman in the back. The husband screamed, the wife fainted. When the latter returned to consciousness, she found the wretch of a husband bending over her, with a well-feigned solicitude in his glance. Mutual explanations ensued, and the body of the woman who had been shot was brought in. It was a dummy! The husband, who pursued the respectable calling of a retail drygoods dealer, was wont to use this figure to exhibit mantillas and shawls with which he desired to charm the eyes of the Milwaukee ladies. The dummy, from long exposure and hard usage, had become shabby, and the merchant had that morning brought it from the shop for the purpose of renovating its exterior. Not finding his wife, he was trying in his awkward way to do the work, and probably swearing at his clumsy attempts, when his wife, mistaking the accents of passion, let fly the fatal shot. This tragedy in real life will teach her a lesson, perhaps.

ECCENTRICITY.—The *Wanderer*, of Vienna, relates the following incident: "An elderly gentleman, a widower, recently died in the neighborhood of this city, who had the singular practice of never wearing a pair of stockings the second time, but of every day putting on a new pair, which had been knitted for him, by some old women whom he knew, and whom he paid liberally. At his death he left 2,438 pair of woollen stockings, and 2,002 pair of thread, all carefully put away. This originally is said to have arisen from a sort of pious remembrance of his wife, who had been only a poor knitting girl before her marrage."

THE TOPER'S AUTUMN SOLILOQUY.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And so likewise have I;
The reason, too,'s the same,
Both comes of getting dry.
But here's the difference 'twixt leaves and me,
I fall more harder and more frequently."

AFRICAN CANNIBALISM.

IN Africa there are two kinds of cannibalism. The one is sacrificial, and is performed by the priests, whose office it is to eat a portion of the victim, whether man, goat or fowl. This custom, prevalent among many ancient nations, is still extant in many parts of North Guinea, especially in the Delta of the Niger.

The other is simply an action of gourmandise. A cannibal is not necessarily ferocious. He eats his fellow-creatures not because he hates them, but because he likes them. A craving for meat, to which the natives of these parts are subject, and for which, in all their dialects, there is a special term, may first have suggested the idea; but I am rather inclined to believe that it is a practical extension of the sacrificial ceremony. Neither the women nor the young men are allowed to touch the dainty; it is reserved by the patriarchs, and the head, which is supposed to contain a grand fetish, falls to the king.

Although the missionaries had mixed a great deal with the Fans, they told me that they never got a clear confession of cannibalism from one of them, though they had "no more doubt that the Fans ate men than they had that they ate plantains." It was, however, never denied of the tribe, but only of themselves as individuals. Thus the natives of village A would deny stoutly that they were cannibals, but they would accuse the villagers of B. The villagers of B would disown the soft impeachment, and denounce the natives of A as cannibals of the most confirmed order. Similar answers had been returned to me by the Fan slaves whom I had met with among the Bush tribes of the Muni. They did not eat men, but the other people of their tribe did.

I resolved to exercise a little finesse in the investigation of this matter, and after I had passed the villages which had been previously visited by white men, I called a veteran cannibal to me, and questioned him about the people beyond the mountains to the east. Did they eat men? Oh, yes, they all ate men; and he ate men himself!

As he volunteered this statement he burst into a loud roar of laughter, which we all joined very heartily. I asked him if man was good. He replied, with a rapturous gesture, that it was "like monkey, all fat." I then wished to learn the class of persons he had been in the habit of discussing. He said only prisoners of war; that some of his friends were in the habit of eating witches condemned to death, but that, for his part, he did not think them wholesome. The best of it was that he thought I was a cannibal, too; a belief which is universal among the Bush tribes of Western Africa, and of which the slave trade has been the cause.

I remember that when I was in the Camma country, a Baleki slave, who had been brought down from the far interior, and who had never seen a white man before, squatted before me a long time, with his great, round, prominent eyes on my face, and his mouth wide open. At last he heaved a gasp of wonder, crying, "And are these the men that eat us?"

MAXIMS FOR THE MEAN.

Why not use that dirty envelope? Your correspondent is sure to think it was soiled by the postman.

You can turn your linen collars, and so save in the washing bill. But they fray sooner, from the harder rubbing required.

Try to get your host to talk you down to the door. You cannot tip his servants under his eye.

A cigar-case with a complex fastening, over which you bungle and growl, will often draw a cigar from a friend who wants you to light up and come on.

You can hardly be such a fool as to have smaller change than a half sovereign about you when you have offered to share the cab that is going to set you down.

Tip the boxkeeper a shilling, and a liberal friend will probably stand ices for the party and sherry and seltzer for you—a good bargain.

Wait, and be last, in leaving a railway carriage. It is safest, and you can then take the abandoned newspapers, and may get an umbrella.

Always recognise, and ostentatiously assist one disreputable member of your family. He will be your excuse for never giving a single shilling to any other relation. He has half ruined you, &c.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. 1.—Incroyable coat of spotted muslin, trimmed with inserting and lace. It is lined with some light-colored silk, and is worn over a muslin skirt with a silk slip, slightly flowing sleeves; page knot of ribbon at the back of the waist.

Fig. 2.—Dress of light gray silk. The bottom of the skirt is scalloped, and the scallops are ornamented with a narrow flounce of the same shade as the dress, which is looped up over a skirt of white alpaca, trimmed with a gauffered flounce, bound with ponceau cashmere, and headed by a wide band of ponceau and white woollen plaid. High white waist, plaited. White full sleeves confined at the wrist. The trimming consists of bands of ponceau silk, braided with white. Corselet girdle of ponceau silk, ornamented with white braid. Straw hat trimmed with ponceau and gray feathers.

Fig. 3.—Dress of pique, with narrow scallops around the bottom, and extending up the breadths of the skirt almost to the knee. The scallops are bound with a contrasting color, and those up the skirt are ornamented with fancy buttons. High corsage, pointed in front and with short coat-tails behind, and coat sleeves, all trimmed to correspond with the skirt. Round chip hat, trimmed with feathers and narrow velvet ribbon.

CONTRABANDS COMING INTO CAMP.

THE negro furnishes, in his various phases of existence, wonderful studies for the artist and philosopher. Never, perhaps, has a race seen such a moment as this, when the chains of bondage are breaking from off the limbs of 4,000,000 of men. The distant roar of battle is to them a sound of deliverance. With all the uncouth, odd and queer manifestations of joy, they prepare to reach the camp of the delivering Yanks. Yoking together most incongruous teams before the farm wagon of their fled master, with ass, and ox, and horse, with household gear queerly assorted, with useless truck and little that can rarely serve them, they start for the Promised Land, and may often be seen coming in as our Artist—a most close student of nature—depicts them with his usual felicity of portraiture.

COTTON IN INDIA.

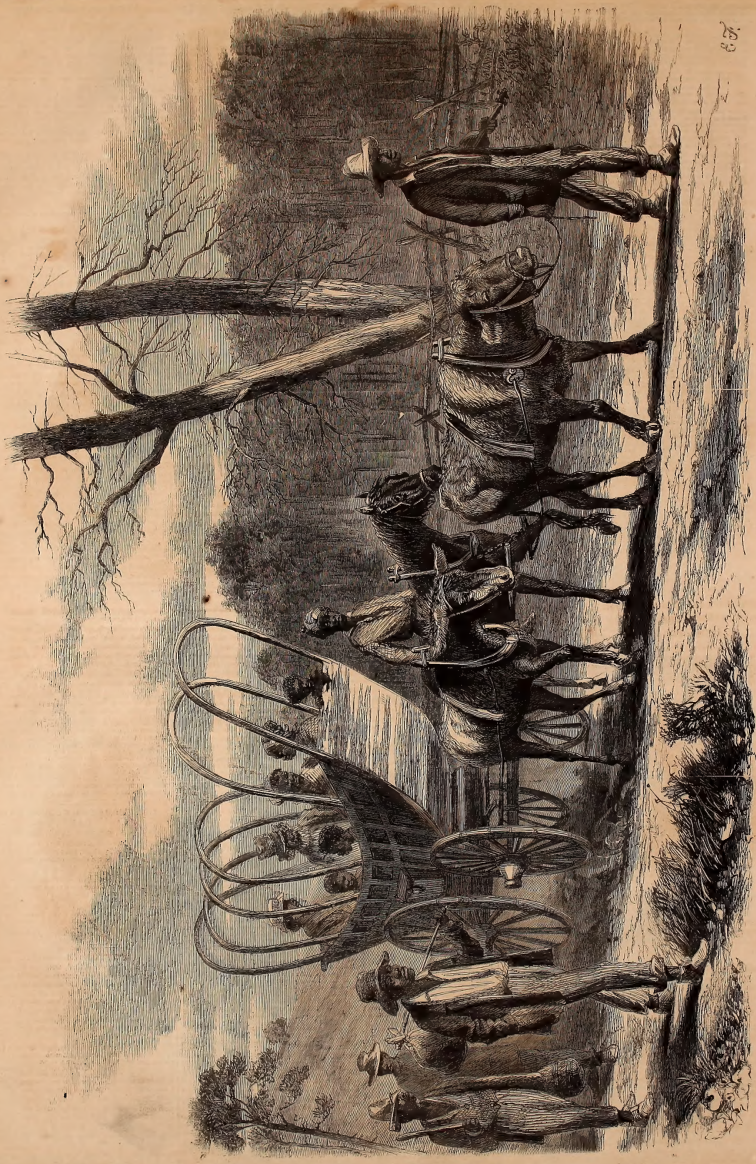
IT is a striking fact that, with all the endeavor made to grow cotton in various parts of the world, some of them old and suitable fields for the plant, the whole amount produced has not yet in any year equalled the immense crops in our Southern States, and, consequently, the price of cotton keeps up at the incredible prices to which we have at last become but too familiar. England is untiring in her efforts to have her own cotton; her agriculturists, her mechanics, her merchants all study how to increase the yield and lighten the expense.

Among the recent inventions brought into use in India is Mr. David Wilson's new patent cotton press, of which, for its simplicity and power, we give an illustration.

The quantity turned out by the old cumbrous cotton-screws (of first and second pressure) is reckoned in India at 50 bales per day, with an expenditure of coolie labor of from 80 to 90 men, whereas the estimate of what may be done by this new press, with a proper arrangement for working the pumps, is at least 100 bales, with eight or ten coolies to press them. As coolie labor is daily rising in price, and becoming more difficult to obtain even at the advanced cost, this saving is a matter of importance. The new press possesses other advantages, in its moderate cost, great strength, quick action and small space occupied in fixing it. We shall briefly describe its working:

The cotton is received in loose bags, and, after being carefully inspected and weighed, is carried to the top of

(*Continued on page* 348.)



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—CONTRABANDS COMING IN TO THE UNION CAMP.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FORBES.



FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.—1. INCROYABLE COAT. 2. DRESS OF LIGHT GREY SILK. 3. DRESS OF PIQUE.—SEE PAGE 339.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES HOME FROM SEA.

BY J. W. WATSON.

My darling climbed upon my knee,
With fond, exultant laughter,
"Papa," she said, "you sweet papa,
'Tis you that I am after!



I want such lots of pretty things,
Such toys, and books, and dresses;
I want a bird with silver wings,
And dolls with golden tresses.

"And then, papa, you sweet papa,
I want a velvet bonnet,
I want a dress of snow-white silk,
With tiny rosebuds on it;
I want a house as high as me,
With chairs and sofas plenty;
And then I want—oh, let me see!—
Of books—I want full twenty!

"I want—" but here I closed the mouth
With kisses and embraces,
And took between my open palms
The happiest of faces.
I said, while gazing in her eyes,
Where love in light lay basking,
"My darling, when my ship comes home,
You shall have all your asking."

CLOUDS never send down to ask the grass and plants below how much they need; they rain for the relief of their own full bosoms.

True Love.

BY MARION POWELL.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, good-bye, George; I'm off," said Fred Hamilton; "I go this way."

"I should like you to go to the theatre with me; I expect to meet some of the boys. Put off your engagement for once, Fred—come!"

"No, not to-night. I hope you will have a nice time and enjoy yourselves; but I must go. So once more good-bye."

So saying, they parted. Fred Hamilton walked thoughtfully along the quiet streets, while his friend made his way towards the gay thoroughfare of Broadway.

Fred Hamilton was a young man of middle height, not in the true sense of the word handsome, for his features were not perfect, but his bright, intelligent, dark eye, his noble brow and glossy brown hair made many think him so. His generous heart seemed to speak from his eyes; to know him was to love and respect him.

After walking some distance he suddenly stopped in front of a large brick house, glanced at the well-lighted windows, then ran up the steps and rang the bell. In a minute or so the door was opened by a respectable-looking girl, who seemed to know him, and at once asked him into the parlor. It was a pretty, neat, bright-looking little room; in fact, both inside and out an air of comfort, though not of wealth, appeared to reign.

Fred Hamilton sat down, took up a book, laid it down again, then looked at the pictures, all of which he had seen dozens of times before, and finally seated himself upon the sofa, and rested his head upon his hand. He was aroused by a gentle footstep. He looked up, and there she stood, bright and smiling as ever.



The hidden Passion revealed.



The Substitute.

"Ah!" she said, holding out her hand, "so you have come again. I thought you had quite forgotten us. Why have you not been?"

"Does it seem no very long since I was here?" and his dark eyes brightened. "The last time I called you were out—had gone to the theatre, I think your father said. Did you enjoy yourself?"

"Yes, very much indeed."

And she blushed, for his eyes were fixed upon her. He saw it, his heart seemed to sink within him, why he knew not. She looked up, their eyes met, and for the first time Lizzie realized the fact that Fred Hamilton loved her. She had looked upon him as a dear friend, and thought he understood it—alas! how could she have been so blind?—but her heart was given to another, and she thought he must know it. Now that her eyes were opened she hardly knew what to say or how to act. Seeing her embarrassment, he broke the silence:

"Lizzie, you seemed pleased to see me; yet now you do not speak, and scarcely answer my questions. Why is it? Have I offended? If so, it was certainly unintentional."

"Indeed, Fred, you have not said or done anything to annoy me. I was only thinking——"

"Thinking! Of whom?" he asked, with a searching glance.

"I did not say I was thinking of any one," she answered, smiling. "But tell me about that friend of yours who went to the war; have you heard from him, and is he well? Poor fellow! he seemed so young to encounter all the dangers of a soldier's life."

Before Fred Hamilton could answer her father entered, followed by Mr. Alton. Lizzie rose and went forward to greet him. He stooped and kissed her. When he turned and saw Fred, he laughed:

"I was not aware of your presence, Hamilton; but, no matter, you need not blush, Lizzie, at my kissing you."

"Not before such an old friend as Fred," added her father; "I dare say he understands all about it. How have you been, Hamilton?" he continued, shaking his hand in his friendly manner.

"I have been quite well, thank you, Mr. Edwards."

"You look pale. You stick too close to business, boy. Come oftener, and have a chat with us. We shall feel lonely when Lizzie leaves us; that lady young enough is going to take her away."

Lizzie! How that name thrilled him. A lucky fellow indeed! Good God! he dared not think of it. What a blow that she was soon to become another's; no wonder he looked pale. Thank heaven they little knew why—no, and what was more, they must not know. He tried to rouse himself and join in the conversation. How could he cast from him the maddening thought aside while she sat before him, drinking in every word that fell from the lips of his rival? It was useless, all attempts were futile, he seemed spellbound, he could not shake off the cloud that had fallen upon him, his heart felt as a deadweight within him.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards both noticed it and consoled with him upon his ill-health, but Lizzie was silent. At last he arose, and pleading a bad headache, left.

How different were his feelings two short hours ago! He then walked the same streets with a light footstep and a happy heart; now the world seemed a dreary blank. As he stood on the steps of his boarding-house he thought:

"O God! Mr. Alton thought me a coward! That night when she retired it was not to sleep in her humble room. Why had she not seen it before? She had not dreamed that he loved her. She thought he understood the sisterly feeling she felt for him, and had therefore paid him more little attentions, which she would not, had she thought he was unaware of her engagement with Harry Alton. A true she had not told him herself, but he was well acquainted with Mr. Alton. But it was plain he had not observed it. Lizzie knew he was a young man to feel such a disappointment bitterly; and even if not, she would never have trifled with the affections of any one. She could not find pleasure in giving pain merely to gratify a selfish vanity. Still she could hardly blame herself, not having done anything to encourage him.

Fred Hamilton was without near relatives, having lost both father and mother when quite young. Almost alone in the world, he was then, as bookkeeper in in a large store, receiving a good salary, which, by his prudence and freedom from the many vices that young men indulge in, enabled him to enjoy the society of those who would otherwise have been strangers to him.

Mr. Alton was in a good business for himself; but very different in all respects to his friend, he certainly had not any close to his business, and had his redeeming points. But there was not the noble, generous heart and manly spirit. He was fond of a fine personal appearance, still he lacked the handsome, open face of Fred Hamilton.

Fred Hamilton's first impulse was not to be led on by his friends, who would have gladly reckoned him as one in all their frolics; but upon second thoughts he determined to bear it like a man, and hoped it was all for the best. If he had been quiet an' reserved before, he was still more so now. He remained at home—if a boarding-house can be called home—every evening and read, or if any of his friends chose to drop in he was glad to see them; they were sure of a welcome and a pleasant friendly chat with him. He still refused to join in their gay parties. Many of his friends noticed the change, wondered why it was, but none seemed to guess the real cause. He called now and then at the house of Mr. Edwards to see how they all were. He generally appeared cheerful. Lizzie was the only one who knew why his visits were less frequent.

The engagement between Lizzie and Mr. Alton was at last pretty well known; still, the time for their marriage was not fixed. Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were in no hurry to part with her; they wished them to wait for another year at least. That year passed on—the war broke out, and our nation was plunged into the deepest distress; merchants failed, families of affluence were beggared; besides the many homes that were made desolate by the departure of the loved ones, who went at the first call to bear arms against the traitors who would have invaded our country.

Among the first to suffer was Mr. Alton; who with his partner lost all. Mr. Edwards also met with some heavy reverses; still he managed to keep his head above water, and took his intended son-in-law into his own office.

This was of course a great trial to Mr. Alton, who felt it would necessarily compel him to defer their marriage for some time; he became depressed in spirits; Lizzie tried to cheer him, saying: "It was for the best—all would be well;" he could not look at things in the light she did, he had not the same faith in Providence: and when she was so cheerful he would complain she did not care for him; still she hoped on and bore all patiently. She had still another trouble in store—the draft commenced, and the nights of anxiety passed—at last the news came—Mr. Alton was drafted.

Poor Lizzie! who had cheered others through their difficulties, was now almost heartbroken. It was hard for her to part with him at all; and then to go, to be surrounded by all the dangers of war, she felt sure she would never see him again! Besides, what made it still worse, he was not right in the feelings, and if he went it would be against his will.

One evening he came pale and low-spirited; he took her hand, kissed her, then without speaking sat down. She stood by his side, laid her little hand upon his head, brushed the dark hair back, pressed a kiss upon his forehead.

"What is it, dear Harry?" she asked; "tell me your trouble, you look so ill. I cannot bear to see you so."

Lizzie, I have come to say good-bye. I must go. I have done my best, but all in vain; there is no alternative but to pay for a substitute; that, dearest, you know I cannot do. Can you bear me, you?"

"If I could only go with you, Harry."

"That would be impossible, darling."

"Then you cannot, must not go! Oh, you cannot leave me! What would become of me if anything happened to you, dear Harry?"

"Heaven only knows, Lizzie, what will become of us both, for myself, I care not whether die than live in such a state of uncertainty. I am almost inclined to put an end to my miserable existence."

"Oh, Harry, do not say so—we have much to be grateful for; there are many worse off than you; we must trust in Providence," and she laid her head upon his shoulder; she felt she could not talk to him—her heart was full—another word and she would be unable to control her tears. It was a hard task for her to perform. If she gave vent to her real feelings it would only make him worse, and if she was not cheerful he would think she did not care for him. Thus she sat, hardly knowing what to do, when the bell rang, and the servant announced Mr. Hamilton. He came in, and seeing the depressed spirits of both, asked:

"Is it then true, Harry, that you are going to the war?"

"Yes, it is; I know not at what moment I may have to start."

"I am sorry for you; it must be a great trial to you, Lizzie." He turned towards her and saw her tearful face. He then said:

"Why, Lizzie, fancy him coming back a hero—you should give way like this! I thought you had more faith and strength of will; it may all turn out for the best; he may come back a colonel. Why look you what a face you have!"

"Yes, and he may never come back at all," she answered, sobbing.

"But you must not hope that he will."

"I feel, if he goes, I shall never see him again."

"That is nonsense—I have often the same chance as others do, more certainly."

"Besides, what makes it still worse, he does not wish to go, it is against his will; he feels he shall never return."

Fred turned to Mr. Alton, who sat silent and dejected.

"Why do you go, Alton, with that feeling?"

"You may rely upon it I would not if I could avoid it in any way; but I cannot, I am saved."

The truth flashed upon Fred. He did not speak. After a few moments' silence he said:

"Alton, you will not go? Come, cheer up, Lizzie. You shall not be parted. I have nothing to keep me home; I will go a substitute myself."

Mr. Alton at first would not listen to it. Lizzie was silent, she could not speak.

"Alton," said Fred, "it is my wish. As I said before, I have nothing to make home dear to me—in fact I have none—with you it is very different—do not refuse me; I will go, and you shall remain."

Drawing a long breath, he added: "Come, cheer up, Lizzie. You shall not be parted. I have nothing to keep me home; I will go a substitute myself."

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"Oh, Fred, it is too kind, too noble a sacrifice. How can we ever repay you? But no, it is too generous, we must not hear of it," she said.

"Lizzy, if you would really show your gratitude you will accept my offer. I will have now, Alton. I can see you are pleased. Good-night."

Feeling her expressions of gratitude would unman him he hurried from the house, almost overpowered by his feelings. He stood for a moment in the fresh air, while the gentle breeze fanned his heated brow.

"Twas heaven gave me strength. Thank God. It is well. Oh, Lizzie, it is for you I go, for you I risk my life. If I fall, it will be joy to know I gave you happy, that one thought will reward and cheer me."

That evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Edwards returned and heard what had passed, they were overpowered by their feelings. What could surpass the generous conduct of Fred Hamilton? Still they were at a loss to know how to advise Mr. Alton. It was hard for them to decide—they felt their child's happiness depended upon it, yet they did not like to persuade him to accept the noble offer of his friend. It was therefore left to the next morning, when he was to meet Fred Hamilton. With what great anxiety did Lizzie look forward to the evening, when she would see Alton and learn the result.

When Alton and Hamilton met he broke out:

"Fred, I cannot consent to your going. I should never forgive myself if anything happened to you; besides, how could I ever repay you. It must not be."

"Alton, not another word. It is for Lizzie's sake I go. As I may never return, I will tell you, Alton, you have won a prize I would have given worlds to win. Is it strange then that I rush to the battlefield and in its exciting scenes seek to forget in cloud and danger I love?' But it is useless—I have already said enough—you can now understand why I go—for go I must. All I ask, be kind and cherish her, may you be happy! God bless you both!"

All arguing was in vain; and Alton, who was too glad of the chance, with some appearance of reluctance, consented. That evening he stepped Lizzie to her future home. Many a blessing fell upon the head of the brave Fred Hamilton—many a prayer went up to heaven for his safe return.

CHAPTER II.

It was a bright morning, the sun arose in all its glory, not a cloud dimmed the clear blue sky; but, ah! there was many a sad heart—many a fearful eye—for on that morning a regiment had leave repairs were to say farewell to their dear friends, and start for the field of battle, to fight for their country. And how few would return to their homes! It was a sad, heartrending, yet beautiful sight, as they marched along with their bright bayonets glittering in the sunlight; how awful to think of the work for which those weapons were intended! The dreadful scenes of bloodshed and suffering in the battle-field. We could behold Among them was our friend, Fred Hamilton; how noble and handsome he looked in his military dress! Ah, how thoughtful, as he marched with his comrades; yet he gave a friendly smile, every now and then, when he recognized a friend, walking with the crowd.

After going through the principal streets of the city, they reached at last the dock where they were to embark on the place of destination. there lay an old, unsafe boat, fit only for the transportation of cattle, instead of brave heroes who were about to risk their lives for their country. Fred stood alone, his thoughts wandered back to the scenes they had just left—to the dear dear old city—of her who dwelt there—should he ever return? ever see her again. Had he been a wise man; he had not, and there he saw Alton and Lizzie; his heart beat wildly; he held out his hands, taking one of each in his, pressed them warmly; for a time did not speak for a moment; then with one great effort he gulped down the choking lump in his throat, and forced himself to speak:

"This is more than I expected; it is very kind of you!"

"Can I ever repay you, Hamilton?" and Alton.

"I can never do one-half enough to show my gratitude to you, Fred," exclaimed Lizzie.

"Hush! only for a few minutes to be together, do not spend them thus; we may never meet again, dear friends."

"Oh, do not talk so, Fred!" and a tear glistened in her bright eyes.

"It is the truth, Lizzie, if it should be so, you will think kindly of me sometimes. Alton, be ever kind and loving as you are now; take good care of her; give my dearest love to Mr. and Mrs. Edwards; I want them to write to me; and Lizzie, you write, too, with Alton—will you? God bless you both! Now, Alton, I am happy!" he took her hands in his, and fixed his eyes upon her sweet face, as though to read her very thoughts.

"Alton," he said, suddenly raising his eyes, "May I take one farewell kiss?"

He stooped, and pressed a kiss upon her lips, which she returned.

"Lizzie, that has repaid me; that kiss shall lead me on to victory! farewell!" with a gentle pressure of the hand—a last fond look—he parted with her.

As he turned he saw the tears roll down her face; he could not, he would not leave any thing to his own eyes, for they dimmed his sight; there he stood with folded arms; he wished to see them as long as possible in view; then he turned away with a sigh, leaned against the side of the vessel, rested his head upon his hands, and gave way to his feelings.

"Oh, God! I thought I was a man, and yet in it unmanly to have feeling? What loved ones have I known to die, and not been crushed? but it is over: the knowledge of her happiness should cheer me. Among all these men there must be many with hearts as sad as mine. I wonder who that poor fellow is? he seems bowed down with grief. Ah! it is Alton. I remember it was a sweet young creature, and beautiful boy, who trotted about and interested the sternest men; he was under the influence of drink! What a sorrow when compared to his? Oh! Lizzie were you mine, could I leave you thus? but why will I dwell on such gloomy thoughts. I will not, shall not be. I wish I could cheer that poor fellow, he haunts my thoughts. When the first flush of grief is over, I will try to speak to him! How fond he appeared of her; how proud of his child; what father would not be proud of such a boy? He was a comfort to his mother; a small image of the one she loves; they both look very young; too young by far to taste a cup of such bitter separation. Oh! heavens, war is cruel, thus to tear fond hearts asunder; to desolate so many happy homes! Why do we fight? When will it end? Patriotism must be a strong passion when men can crush every feeling of love and fond affection, and leave all to die for a bleeding country. He is calmer now; I will speak to him; I pity him from my very heart; may God spare him to them!"

We will not follow the brave boys on their journey, nor relate the many hardships and dangers they encountered when they arrived at their place of destination.

Six weeks have passed since Fred Hamilton left for the scene of action. Lizzie sits alone in the little room where he first felt the pang of unrequited love; where he had so nobly offered to go, and leave her happy with her rival. She is now perusing a letter from him with evident emotion. He has already passed through a battle uninjured, and has written while yet the boom of cannon sounded in his ear.

"Poor dear fellow!" she exclaimed. "Oh, my mother, fancy the danger he has been in; what should I do if Harry was away fighting, surrounded by all the frightful scenes of warfare? I thank heaven! he is at home, and safe. Can I ever show my gratitude to him, who so nobly sacrificed himself? Heaven only knows he may never return!"

"God grant he may; he is too brave and good to fall so young," answered Mrs. Edwards.

"And yet is so often the bravest fall first; Fear he will be reckless."

"I do not think so; recklessness does not display true courage. Fred will not flinch; but he will not run into unnecessary danger. I often think of him, and feel with you we may never see him again; but we must hope Providence will watch over him, we must leave all for the will of heaven."

"God knows what is best for us all," answered Lizzie, thoughtfully.

"And it would be well if we always thought so. Lizzie, my child, come, do take a walk, you look pale, the fresh air will do you good."

Just at this moment there was a ring at the bell, and a young friend came to ask her out; they, therefore, both started for a walk.

Mrs. Edwards returned and found her father already home, and reading Fred Hamilton's letter.

"Where is Harry? I thought he said he would spend home with you to tea this evening; did he not?"

"He may be here soon; he may possibly not come at all, for he is not well; he was obliged to leave the office this morning, and I have not seen him since; he told me to tell you, Lizzie, he would be here at the course of the evening if he feels better."

"What was the matter?" asked Lizzie, anxiously.

"A bad headache; he will be all right again to-morrow; I should not be surprised to see him this evening."

Soon after ten Lizzie was sitting in the little room, when a knock, which, on hearing his well-known footstep, she ran to the door herself to welcome him.

"Harry! I am so glad you have come; I have been watching for you; but how pale and ill you look; you should not have ventured out to-day."

"I could not stay at home; seeing you, dearest, will do me good."

"Now, Alton, this is very wrong; I declare I feel half inclined to send you home at once."

"No, you will not now he is here, he must stay a little while, papa."

"Very well, but take my advice and go home early, a long night's rest will do you good."

"I will get you a cup of tea," said Mrs. Edwards.

"I have taken tea, thank you."

"Yes, but what is the tea you get at the boarding-houses?"

"Do make one cup; you know my wife likes tea; I will get it, then you cannot refuse."

Lizzie ran down and soon returned with it up.

"Here is some cake I made, you must taste that too."

Then she sat on a stool at his feet while he talked of the happy future, when she would gladden him with her bright smile, and tend him if his head ached. The evening passed away, he arose, and bidding Mr. and Mrs. Edwards good night, prepared to depart. Lizzie went to the door with him; he gave her that fond farewell kiss, but still lingered, holding her hand in his.

"This will not do; I must go."

He spoke as he bent her a fond kiss, then with a last loving look they departed.

He walked slowly, for he felt tired and weak; he had stumbled over loose blocks when he met a friend, who induced him to go in and take a drink, assuring him it would do him good. They played a game or two at billiards, took several drinks, then went home together.

The next morning when Mr. Edwards went to the store Alton had not arrived. After some time a gentleman boarding at his house called, and said he was sorry to be the bearer of such news; Mr. Alton was very ill, having been delirious all night. A servant was sent at once with his own doctor to see him. The doctor found wandering, and pronounced it typhoid fever in its worst form. Alton was continually calling to Lizzie to come and hold his head.

"Lizzie do not leave me. Do not take her from me! Where is she? Why are you not, come! Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie, place your little cool hand on my head; it is burning—it feels on fire. Where is Hamilton, Lizzie? Tell him not to leave me; he loves you; for your sake he will save me. I cannot leave you to go and fight, it would kill me. Lizzie, I am wounded, I want to die. Lizzie, you stay with me—do not go away! He says he beat me at billiards, I won't pay—it's a lie. I will not drink—it's not true that makes my head ache; if you stay with me I shall get well."

Poor Lizzie, who was now there with her mother, stood pale as death, holding the hand of her husband, and waited anxiously for the return of his reason.

The doctor was sad and silent, he gave little hope. After a long and weary watch he at last opened his eyes and recognized her. His head was slightly raised, but alas! not for long, he gradually grew weaker, and ere long was no more. He

died with her hand in his, and his eyes fixed upon her face.

We will not try to describe Lizzie's grief, she was almost heartbroken, it seemed to her impossible. What! Alton lost to her for ever?

When the first outburst of grief was over she seemed utterly indifferent to everything, taking no interest in anything; the only thing that ever roused her was a letter or news from Hamilton. He often wrote to them, and she answered, writing long and kind letters to him; it diverted her mind and cheered him through all the hardships he endured for her sake.

Thus months flew by, they had not heard from Hamilton for some time, when one morning Mr. Edwards was looking over the paper, and his eye fell upon the name of Fred Hamilton among the wounded.

"I hope to heaven it is not Fred, and yet it cannot be all a mistake."

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Lizzie, starting up, and glancing over the paper.

"What has happened?" asked Mrs. Edwards.

It was too plain—"Frederick Hamilton, severely." This was a great shock to all of them, and they anxiously awaited further news.

At last a letter came from Fred, penned by one of his comrades; he was in the hospital, improving slowly; every now and then they received a few lines saying he was better, and sending his love. After a long time a line came written with a trembling but well-known hand, thanking them for the many things they had sent, and their words of comfort worth more to him.

One evening as Mr. and Mrs. Edwards and Lizzie were sitting alone, the bell rang, the servant said a gentleman wished to see them. As he came in Mr. Edwards arose and bowed, Lizzie raised her eyes from her work, then started up, and exclaimed:

"Oh! is it, can it be Fred? and so changed."

He came forward with unsteady step and took her hand.

"Yes, Lizzie, I am slightly changed," he said, in a trembling voice.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were unable to speak, but their friendly grasp of the hand and affectionate kiss told more than words.

Fred Hamilton, who was still very weak, was now completely overpowered; he sank almost exhausted into a chair. Lizzie stood by him in silence, holding his hand. Her father handed him a glass of wine.

"Take it, it will revive you."

He let go her hand and took it. The movement threw his overcoat back. Lizzie started, uttered a faint cry, then buried her face in her hands. Her parents looked in surprise, while Fred excaimed:

"What is it, Lizzie?"

"Oh, can you ever forgive me, Fred?"

A thought flashed across his mind, she had seen his armless coatsleeve. Yes, Fred had lost his right arm. It was a great shock to both Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, as well as Lizzie. They sat talking for a long time, and insisted upon him remaining with them, he would be sure of good nursing and every comfort. It was indeed more than he had hoped; while he reclined upon the sofa, Lizzie sat and read to him. Thus weeks passed, and he began to be more like himself again. One day when he had been out, and returned home very tired, he threw himself upon the sofa. He looked quite pale and careworn, Lizzie noticed it and sat by his side.

"What is it? why are you so sad and low-spirited to-day? Has anything happened to annoy you?"

"No; do I really look so sad and pale? It is indeed ungrateful when I have had such excellent nursing," he sighed.

"You look tired, shall I turn the blinds so that you may get a nap? or would you like me to read to you?"

"Oh, Lizzie, you are too kind!"

"No, I cannot be too kind, I cannot do too much for you."

"Yes; fancy how sadly I shall miss all your kind attentions when I am far away."

"When and where are you going?"

"I hardly know myself," he answered.

"Why do you go?"

"Because I must—I dare not stay—I have been here too long already—it must not be."

"How can you talk so, Fred? You know how much we all think of you, we shall miss you sadly indeed. Why do you think of leaving us yet?"

"For many, many reasons, Lizzie; how can I repay you for all your unremitting kindness and attention?"

"Say, rather, can we ever repay you? Oh, Fred, when I think of it—the debt of gratitude I owe you!"

"Do not mention it, Lizzie, I pray. You have repaid, aye, doubly repaid me!"

"No, Fred, I can never repay you, I only wish I could."

"Lizzie, you can, it is in your power."

"How? tell me, I beg."

"By becoming my wife."

She was silent.

"Forgive me, Lizzie. Is it too much—dare I hope? Can you love me, or will you try?"

"Fred," she began in a trembling voice, "it is not worth while trying, for I do love you," and she rested her head upon his shoulder.

"Lizzie, this is more than I hoped for—I am too happy. Thank heaven!" He drew her closer to him, "is it a dream?—tell me again that you love me, Lizzie, and that you will be mine!"

Yes, she did love him, 'tis true, with a different love to that she had felt for Alton, but none the less true and lasting.

When Mr. and Mrs. Edwards heard the news they were overjoyed; it was what they had long wished but hardly dared to hope.

"Take her, Hamilton, my boy, and be happy—you deserve to be! May God bless you both! I have reason to be proud of my brave and noble son-in-law."

With what unbounded joy did Fred Hamilton look upon the blushing Lizzie, who was so soon to be his bride. How doubly rewarded did he feel for all the dangers he had encountered, for the sacrifice he had made, when he called her his own, a prize he had so fairly won.

WHERE IS THE SUMMER.

BY JOHN HILLYARD CAMERON.

It has wafted away its fairest things
  Beyond this far blue sea.
It has skimmed the wave with its sunny wings,
  For the clime where its home should be;
And its voice has breathed forth its saddest tone
  For the land it has left with its dead alone!

It has wooed the breeze with its whisper low,
  From the wild wood's trembling shade;
It has robbed the groves where the streamlets flow
  Of the song that their murmur made—
And has stolen away from the field and flower
The fragrance it shed in its brightest hour.

It has lured the songsters of joyous note
  From their rest on leaf and spray,
It has swept the mead where the bee-birds float,
  And the summer insects play;
And has borne with its joyous train along
The forests' last breath of feathered song.

It has color'd the clouds that softly hung
  Like flakes in the air on high,
It has treasured the light that the sunbeams flung
  On those flakes as they shot them by;
And has fled away with their golden hue
Where the sun's more bright, and the sky's more blue!

A STROKE OF FORTUNE.

Ah, what a beautiful lookout had the studio of Armand Le Claire, on the fourth flat back, of No. — Rue Victoire. There was an angelic grisette, who lived across the yard, at the same elevation, and had two little flowerpots, one for a rose and the other for mignonette, invariably on her window-sill. Was it because his friend Felix, who passed most of his time with him, admired her so much, and flattened his nose so often for her sake against the glass, that she bestowed so much attention upon them? We will see.

It is morning, and the two friends have just extemporized a breakfast over an apparatus heated by a spirit-lamp. Felix, as usual, is gazing pensively at the apartment of the fair Lucette (for such was the name of *la petite*), while Armand, after trying in vain to compose himself at his easel, rises and begins to pace the floor with an air of anxiety and vexation. His studio was like all other studios, cans, paints, pots, easels, brushes, pallets, figures, broken casts, etc., were all commingled in picturesque confusion. Finally Lucette shuts the blinds, a sure sign of her departure for the day (for the little woman was a seamstress). Felix philosophically lights a cigar, seats himself in a chair, elevates one leg upon an adjacent table and reposes the other upon the head of a plaster Shakespeare.

"My dear Armand," said Felix, "be cool. Take comfort. It will be all the same thing a hundred years hence."

"Bah!" replied Armand. "Cool! Comfort! I am inconsolable, wretched beyond description. Hang philosophy! Wait till you have suffered as I have."

"By the way, now that I think of it, what is the matter?" said Felix. "It is deucedly vulgar to be miserable, unless indeed it is to be happy."

"Why, you know Angelique d'Hautville?"

"The little heiress, with red hair?" said Felix, leisurely puffing his cigar.

"Wretch! No; a sylph, with auburn tresses. We first met in the Bois de Boulogne. It was before my father died from grief at the loss of his fortune, through infernal stock speculations. I was then rich, but an artist from choice. I painted Angelique's likeness, read with her, gazed with her on the pictures in the Louvre (for she was devoted to art and to me) by sunlight, moonlight, starlight, twilight, midnight—in fact, by no light at all, save what flashed from her own beautiful eyes—and, finally, we became engaged. Old Bullion, her father, blessed us both, and we were as happy as——"

"Two clams in high water, as the Americans say," replied Felix.

"*Peste!* No! Old B. heard of my mischance, and forbade me his house when he found I was penniless."

"Cheer up, old fellow," said Felix. "There's nothing in all that to make you miserable. I should consider it pleasant—devilish pleasant—that is, if my charming little Lucette was not concerned."

"Since that time I have not seen her; but I have no doubt of her fidelity and devotion. And now, robbed of my love, I am beset with duns, my pictures are damned by the critics, and I have serious thoughts of suicide and occupying public attention for three days in the Rue Morgue."

"Nonsense!" said Felix. "It is infernally uncomfortable to be fished out of the Seine and disembowelled for the anatomical benefit of hospital students. And now that I think of it, I know a man that will extricate you out of your difficulties, restore you to the arms of your Angelique, and make you a rich man besides. Of course you know M. Tobias Canard?"

"Tobias Canard! No; never heard of such a person."

"What! Not know Canard! Tobias!" exclaimed Felix. "The greatest operator on the Bourse! Poor innocent youth! Your early education must have been sadly neglected. Wait a while, and I will bring him to you. This is a lucky thought."

Saying this, Felix darted out of the room, leaving Armand to bitter reflection and cold coffee. He tried to paint, but inspiration had fled; he looked out of the window, but Lucette was not there. The sight of her bright, innocent, beautiful face (eclipsed only, in his opinion, by that of Angelique) was wanting. So he mixed himself a glass of cognac and sugar, and plunged into the mysteries of the latest effusion of Dumas *père*. While thus agreeably occupied, the bootmaker, tailor, landlord and other friends visited him on financial matters, but he managed to get rid of these, and again dropped into gloomy abstraction. At length his reverie was broken by the appearance of Felix, accompanied by his astounding friend, M. Tobias Canard.

Tobias was astounding. Fat, miraculously dressed, a gorgeous cravat, a hat knowingly cocked on one side, with an immense curl, a gold-headed cane, an eyeglass stuck in one eye, and an easy, confident manner, may give the reader some idea of the magnate of the Paris Bourse. They were introduced.

"Ha!" said Tobias, taking out his watch, "have just got fifteen minutes to spare—must be on 'Change directly—any quantity of things to do—stocks to buy, etc., etc. What can I do for you, M. Armand Le Claire? Your friend, Felix, has been telling me your position, and I'm the man to get you out of it. Down to day—up to-morrow. That's my motto."

Tobias laughed with an easy assurance, and squinted at some pictures on the wall as if with the one eye of a critic.

"My dear Monsieur Canard," said Armand, "I fear you can be of little service to me. I am crossed in love, broken in fortune, crucified by the critics—in other words—I am used up."

"Never mind," said M. Canard, turning round quickly. "I know your case. I'll fix you out all right. The secret of success in this world is comprised in one single word, and that word is itself a secret. But to oblige you, I will impart it. Let me whisper it in your ear."

Here the magnate placed his mouth to Armand's ear and whispered. Armand suddenly jumped a pace or two backwards, and in evident astonishment exclaimed:

"Humbug! Did you say humbug, M. Canard?"

"'Decidedly and emphatically humbug—plain humbug. That's my motto," complacently observed the magnate. "Have you any friend or relative, my dear Le Claire, from whom you may reasonably expect any little legacy?"

"None," said Armand, gloomily. "Not one from whom I expect a brass farthing. To be sure I have an uncle in the East Indies, but whether he is rich or poor I know not."

"His name?"

"Belmont," said Armand. But, pshaw—"

"No pshaw about it," said the magnate. "He's a nabob, I feel assured that he is nothing short of a nabob, and we must kill him immediately."

"Kill who?" cried Armand. "What do you mean, Monsieur Canard?"

"Mean! I said kill—yes, sir, kill. We shall kill him at once, and you shall inherit the whole of his immense property. You'll see. Felix, amuse your friend while I am writing."

Saying which, the busy little man sat down and commenced writing.

Armand looked at Felix and congratulated him on having such an amiable cut-throat for an acquaintance. Felix looked out of the window and mused on Lucette and flowerpots. At length M. Canard rose, and read as follows:

"Sad intelligence from Bombay. By the latest advices we are apprised of the death of the venerable and respected M. Belmont, the head of the wealthy and ancient house of Belmont, Rothschild & Co., of Bombay. The whole of his immense property falls to his nearest heir and nephew, M. Armand Le Claire, a young and accomplished artist of this city. By this stroke of fortune M. Le Claire comes into possession of upwards of ten millions of francs. We are pleased to learn that the young gentleman is in every way worthy of his good fortune."

"There," said Tobias, "I flatter myself that will make a sensation item in to-morrow's newspapers."

"And do you think," said Armand, "that I will lend myself to such an imposition? No, sir! Emphatically no!"

"Felix," said Tobias, after quizzing Armand through his eyeglass, "your friend is green—remarkably verdant. However, Monsieur Le Claire, we shall not quarrel. I shall give you an opportunity of making your fortune. To-morrow, your paper on the Bourse will be as good as Baron Rothschild's. They will see it in the papers. Everybody will see it, and you shall be a rich man in spite of yourself."

"I won't submit to such a humbug—such a villainous hoax," exclaimed Armand. "My honor, my—"

"Fiddlesticks!" said Tobias. "Leave it all to me. Here. I want you to buy some stocks. Which do you prefer? Many are choice—some my own getting up—and they are rising, sir, rising like an immense balloon."

Here the magnate took out his stock book and marked down Armand for so many shares of this, so many shares of that, and so on to the tune of about two millions.

Armand stood astonished. He made up his mind that Tobias was a quiz—so he decided to let the play go on.

"No matter," he said; "put me down for what you please. I'll take anything—everything—will take the Bourse, if you choose, or the superintendence of the *credit mobilier*. I'm your man."

"Bravo!" said the magnate. "You are a very sensible young fellow, I really believe. Sign these notes (for the stocks), and you, Felix, endorse them. Before twenty-four hours are over you will be a rich man."

Armand and Felix did as requested, both thinking the whole thing an immense *canard*. Whereupon the gay and festive Tobias, after saying *au revoir*, took his departure, humming an air from one of the latest operas. On the stairway he happened to meet Mr. Stultz, the *tailleur par excellence* of the world, who, with a formidable piece of paper in his hand and a countenance irate, was proceeding to pay a visit to our friend Armand.

"Ha! Stultz, my boy—how are you? Give us your hand," said the magnate, slapping him violently on the back; "I suppose you have come to congratulate Le Claire upon his unexpected good fortune."

"I have come," replied Stultz, "to congratulate him with this," showing a bill of huge proportions.

"A mere trifle. Clap on at least a hundred per cent. He'll pay it. Of course you've heard the news. Why, man, do you stare so? Don't you know his uncle is dead—nabob—worth ten millions, and he'll have it all. I am going to have charge of his funds for investment. Ha! ha! old fellow. Clap on the items."

"I'm thunderstruck." said the bewildered and unhappy Stultz; "I must see him at once. Of course he will want a new full suit of mourning. His uncle must have been a very nice man, and I am very sorry to hear of his death."

Whereupon the sympathetic tailor wended his way to the *atelier* of Armand, and Tobias took himself off in the direction of the Bourse.

The two friends after the magnate's departure burst out a laughing, but their merriment was suddenly dispelled by the fatal Stultz.

"My dear, worthy friend, Le Claire, let me embrace you. Oh! I could weep and cry both at this moment. Your poor uncle—only ten millions! Ha! ha! ha!"

Here Stultz gave way. His feelings were too much for him, and he fell upon Armand's neck, after the most approved manner of the latest sensation school. Armand had not been blessed so vigorously since old Bullion blessed him and Angelique. In turn, he squeezed Stultz till he was glad to let go, and then quietly submitted to be measured for the suit of mourning. The leader of fashion would not hear of the payment of the old score.

"Any time—any time will do," he said; "and now adieu. Bless you both. Monsieur Felix, I shall expect you to visit me soon, and look at my new styles."

Stultz departed, leaving Armand and Felix more astounded than before. The whole thing, in their opinion, was excellent; so Armand resumed his pencil, and Felix proceeded to cook the dinner.

The next morning Armand met some of his former friends—those that had shaken him off, and all seemed glad to see him, and insisted upon his dining with them. Such a revolution! What did it mean? Was the moral world turned upside down?

The magnate, on the other hand, went to the Bourse, and sold old Bullion the stocks opposite the name of Armand, at a net profit of five hundred thousand francs; but unfortunately they collapsed at the next board.

After breakfast, Armand and Felix were surprised by the entrance of Bullion and Mr. Canard, arm in arm, the latter smiling and twirling his eyeglass with an air of triumph.

"Monsieur Le Claire," said Bullion, "pardon the neglect of the past two years. Give me you hand. Let the past be the past. M. Canard and I both agree that Angelique shall be yours. The dear girl consents, and we shall all be so happy—oh, so happy—"

"In the country, of course," suggested the magnate, putting his right forefinger alongside of his nose.

"Monsieur Le Claire," continued Bullion, "I had the misfortune to lose yesterday half a million—but it was to you, and I am consequently so happy—"

"Of course you are? What is half a million to the happiness of this young man, and your angelic, long suffering Angelique," exclaimed Tobias.

"Let a father embrace you. Bless you—bless you, my son," said the affectionate Bullion, clasping Armand in his arms.

The scene was touching—the tableau was striking. The magnate knelt upon one knee and bowed his head, while Felix again flattened his nose in the direction of the apartment of Lucette.

"Ah! the French are sublime."

"Yes," said Bullion, frantically; "she is yours, and I will add another half million as her dowry."

And then in a low tone, he whispered to Tobias,

"Did you say ten millions, Monsieur Canard?"

"Only ten," said the magnate, *sotto voce*.

Need we write more? Why harrow up the souls and feelings of the Parisian community, by detailing the happiness that flowed in upon the fortunate Armand and his beloved Angelique. Suffice it to say that they were married. Felix (for we must not leave him out in the cold), wooed and won the fair Lucette, and Tobias, the magnate, alternately lives at Armand's house and at his friend's.

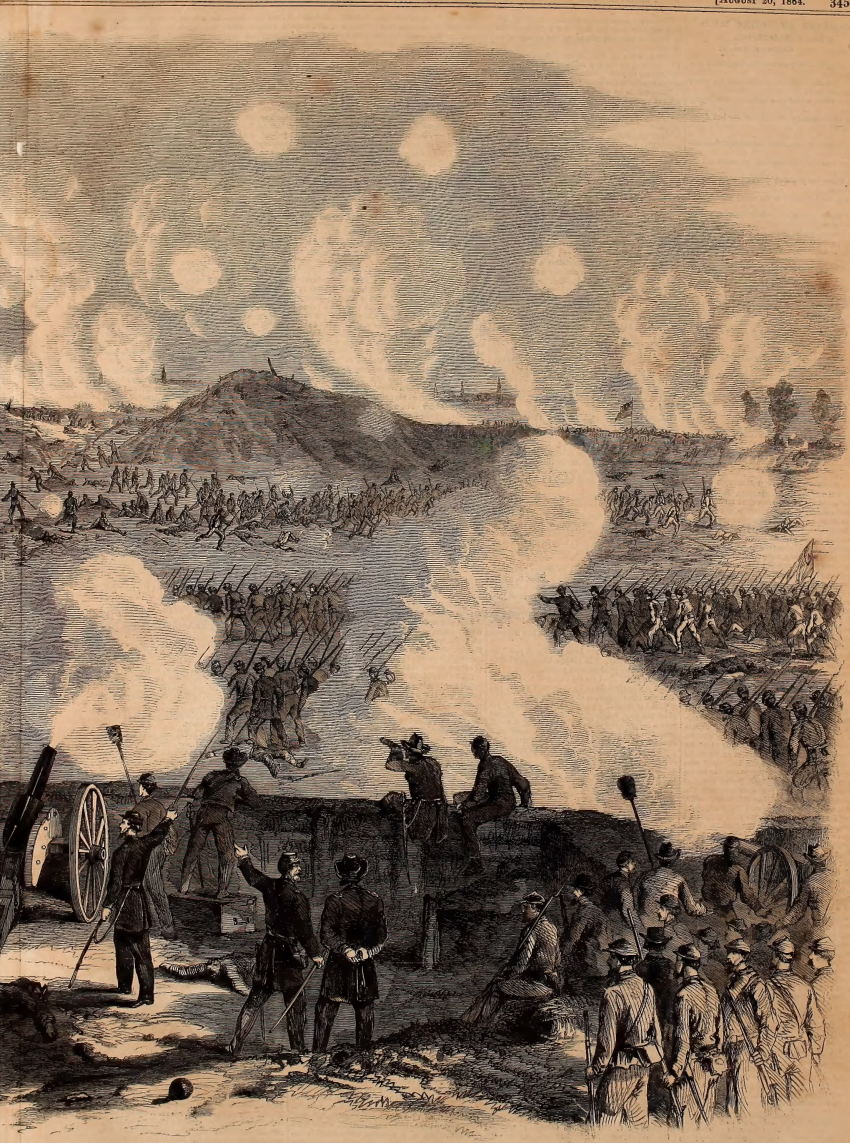
THE OURANG-OUTANG.

In Sierra Leone is a species of ourang-outang, so strong and so industrious, that, when properly trained and fed, they work like servants. They generally walk upright on their two hind feet. Sometimes they are employed to pound substances in a mortar, and they are frequently taught to go to rivers and to bring water in small pitchers, and if they are not soon taken off they let them fall; and when they perceive they are broken the poor fellows sometimes weep like a child in anticipation of the flogging they are to receive.

Buffon saw an ourang-outang that performed a multitude of funny tricks. He would present his hand to lead his visitors about the room, and promenade as gravely as if he was one of the most important personages of the company. He would even sit down at the table, unfold his napkin, wipe his lips like any other gentleman, use spoon or fork in carrying food to his mouth, pour his liquor into a glass—for it seems he had not become a convert to the principles of total abstinence—and touch his glass to that of the person who drank with him. When invited to take tea he brought a cup and saucer, placed them on the table, put in sugar, poured out the tea, and, after allowing it to cool, drank it with the utmost propriety.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE NINTH CORPS CHARGING ON THE ENEMY'S WORKS AFTER THE



ER THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE, JULY 30.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

SUGGESTED BY SEEING WILD ROSES BLOOMING

Beside the Railway Track.

On its straight iron pathway the long train was rushing,
With its noise, and its smoke, and its great human load:
And I saw where a wild rose in beauty was blushing,
Fresh and sweet by the side of the hot dusty road.

Untrained were its branches, untended it flourished,
No eye watched its opening or mourned its decay,
But its leaves by the soft dews of Heaven were nourished,
And it opened its buds in the warm light of day.

I asked why it grew there, where none prized its beauty?
For thousands who passed none had leisure to stay;
And the answer came sweetly, "I do but my duty,
I was told to grow here by the side of the way."

There are those on life's pathway whose spirits are willing
To dwell where the busy crowd passes them by;
But the dew from above on their leaves are distilling,
And they bloom 'neath the smiles of the All-seeing Eye.

They are loved by the few—like the rose they remind us,
When tempted from duty's safe pathway to stray,
We too have a place and a mission assigned us,
Though it be but to grow by the side of the way.

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER III.—THE FOG THICKENS.

Duncan Milnthorpe St. George, Earl of Gillingham, could not have been called an estimable character, even by the most servile worshippers of the aristocracy. He lived in pleasant oblivion of the Decalogue, breaking every commandment that men can break without being taken to prison or incurring any plebeian penalties.

Nature had not been niggardly to him at first starting; but he had ruined a fine constitution by his excesses, and his face had become so disfigured by the constant indulgence of evil passions and bad habits that it was difficult to conceive how he could ever have been thought a handsome man. He could put on a manner of gracious ease and dignity when occasion required, and was the first to resent any familiarity which the exposure of his vices might have caused; still, even in his best moods, he was not to be trusted, since you could not tell but that he might suddenly change his smile for a sneer, his smooth pleasantry for a bitter retort. He was one of those men whom it is hard to flatter, dangerous to offend, and impossible to deceive.

The principal part of his morning was generally spent in the stables; and occasionally, after what he styled a heavy lunch—by some strange contradiction of terms, since it consisted of liquids rather than solids—he would joke the grooms about their sweethearts, even suggesting a transfer if he found these same sweethearts at all to his own taste; but woe betide the individual who ventured to get in the least degree familiar on the strength of his lordship's little jests; the earl would smile—true, but the next morning the house-steward would call the delinquent aside, give him a month's wages, a curt dismissal, and a warning that it would be worse than useless for him to apply for a character at Rendlesham Court. And this was the man who, believing Nina Marsh to be everything that was pure, honest and beautiful, had allowed his thoughts to dwell upon her, and had even dared to covet her for his own!

Lord Gillingham had never intended to marry; but his cousin and heir, Maurice St. George, had been staying with him these last few days, and his confidence in the matter of succession had suggested a scheme of revenge. His lordship liked to disappoint people; and he was more than ever resolute in securing Nina for himself because Colonel St. George had acknowledged to an acquaintance with her with a reluctance which was not certainly his wont when a beautiful woman was in question.

This reticence raised the earl's suspicions. What could be the motive, unless his cousin was enamored of Miss Marsh himself, and feared the confession might provoke rivalry? His lordship began to scent another relish in his wooing, even more agreeable than the first. He hated Maurice St. George for being his heir, for having a good constitution and a fine figure, and for looking a young man still at thirty-six, when he himself, at forty, was quite old and worn out.

They were both bad men, but had pursued different principles in their vices. The earl had rushed headlong at pleasure; the colonel had sipped at the cup quietly, and had, therefore, kept the flavor longer on his palate. Lord Gillingham had rather despised his relative for his temperance in days gone by, but now he began to think that his system might have been the right one, after all. He looked down irritably at his gouty leg, swathed in bandages and supported on cushions, and then smiled at Colonel St. George, seated opposite him at table. But the earl's smile was by no means a pleasant one, and Maurice was not duped into believing that it was intended as a sign of extra goodwill.

He pushed aside the bottle which Lord Gillingham had just sent his way, as if to indicate that he meant to keep his wits about him in case of an attack.

"Why, hang it, St. George! done already? You usen't to be such a milksop," exclaimed the earl, trying to look pleasantly convivial, but failing miserably in the attempt.

"Enough is as good as a feast," answered the colonel, putting his hand over the glass which his officious relative was about to refill.

"Ah, that is always the creed of you cold-blooded people."

"And the safest too. A little stimulates one agreeably; too much surfeits one disagreeably."

"And when did you first turn stoic?" inquired the earl with another of his dangerous smiles.

"Since I discovered the expediency of propitiating father Time."

"And of spiting me for having taken him by the forelock, eh?" said the earl, with a malicious sneer."

"My dear lord," answered the other, in a tone of insolent triumph, "it is not generally known, because success always has been and always will be popular, but there is often quite as much skill and good generalship displayed in conducting a retreat as there is in consummating a victory."

"Only that the results are not so substantial and satisfactory. Ah, by-the-bye," resumed the earl, after a pause, "what has become of Mrs. St. George? Nobody hears anything of her now-a-days."

"There is no reason that they should, considering that she has been in her grave above a year," replied the other quietly.

"Come, now, St. George, that won't do."

The other did not seem the least annoyed or discomposed at his relative's scepticism, only the earl noticed that he filled his glass again and drank off the contents without one pause to catch the flavor, and his lordship surmised therefrom that the colonel was not quite so cool and collected as he wished to appear.

"Egad! St. George," pursued this amiable nobleman, speaking with unusual sincerity, "I am glad to find that you are vulnerable on one point, at least."

"I never pretended to be otherwise," answered the colonel, smiling disdainfully into the other's eyes. "A man does not exactly care to be reminded of past follies, even when he has outlived the consequences."

"But have you outlived the consequences? That's the question."

"Certainly, since Mrs. St. George has been dead now exactly one year, one month and five days."

"By Jove! Maurice," exclaimed the earl, with brutal cordiality, "one can't help having a certain sort of respect for you, you make your lies sound so much like the truth."

"I am sorry not to be able to accept your lordship's compliment," replied the colonel, in a tone of smooth contempt. "I haven't the certificate of Mrs. St. George's death by me at present, but if you will call at my lodgings some day, when you happen to be in town, I will show it to you with the greatest pleasure."

Lord Gillingham looked staggered, but not convinced.

"You had better have brought it with you," he said, significantly. "It always looks suspicious when you can't produce your proofs."

"I can easily send for the certificate, if that is all. I will order it down by to-morrow's post, and then you can examine it at your leisure."

"Oh! it doesn't signify to me, you know," replied the earl, carelessly; "only, if you should take a fancy to one of those Marsh girls, it would look well to be ready provided with some such document for the old gentleman's inspection."

"I don't think Mr. Marsh would take upon himself to doubt my honor."

"I don't know about that. Mr. Marsh is not one to be easily cowed, let me tell you."

"I have no wish either to cow him or to marry one of his daughters," said the colonel, impatiently.

"Oh! well, never mind; don't let us quarrel about nothing. Fill your glass."

And so Colonel St. George did, over and over again, drinking even deeper than the earl himself, and seeming to forget that he had been preaching moderation earlier in the evening. Towards eleven o'clock the butler brought in some strong coffee, and then the two gentlemen retired to the drawing-room, where the card table was set, and *écarté* prosecuted with unwavering zest and equal relish, until four in the morning, when brandy-and-water, in unlimited doses, closed the sitting.

It was verging towards noon when the earl and his visitor met in the breakfast-room the next—or, rather, later in the same—day. The sun was shining brightly in at the deep bay window, as if to shame the two haggard, nerveless, listless men who sat down in its light to toy capriciously with the good food garnishing the board.

The earl was not in a good temper—he never was of a morning—and Colonel St. George was paying too dear a penalty for his temporary oblivion of a favorite doctrine to feel especially pleased with himself or any one else. He sat moodily playing with his knife and fork, and scattering the curry in fragments over his plate. His appetite seldom failed him under any circumstances, but this morning he felt as if eating were one of the cruelest necessities of life. At last he rose irritably from the table, and went to the window.

"Well, this is deuced slow work, I must say," put in the earl, as he followed his example; "let us have some bitter ale, then light our cigars, and take a stroll. I feel quite unnerved myself."

"You go to the Marshes to-night?" inquired the earl, presently, when they were out into the grounds.

"Yes," was the laconic reply. And the colonel walked on at a sharper pace, apparently occupied with his cigar.

"That second Marsh girl is a fine specimen of womankind," continued his lordship, looking keenly into his cousin's face. "She is a sort of person no one would be ashamed to own anywhere."

"Certainly not."

"By Jove! she's handsome enough to make us regret that we are not marrying men, eh, St. George?"

"It would take a great deal to make one regret that," answered the other, carelessly.

"I don't know," replied the earl, whom any one not understanding him well might have thought most charmingly candid. "This sort of life one leads is all very well up to a certain point, but it gets deucedly tiresome and wearing at last. Now, here am I, for instance; if I happen to be ill I may get well as I can, or die like a dog, and go to the devil too."

"I don't think a wife would be much assistance to you in preventing that catastrophe—only, perhaps, hasten it," said Colonel St. George, with a cold, cynical smile. "My opinion is, that when people are well off they'd better keep as they are."

"And when they are not well off?"

"A change may not better their condition."

"That is true enough, but still it is worth a trial."

"And fall from Scylla into Charybdis!"

"You're such a deuce of a stoic now-a-days," said the earl, resentfully, and he led the way to the stables. "Come and take a peep at Bonny Bird, if you haven't lost all your taste for a prime piece of horseflesh. After all, perhaps you are right about the women—one's safest out of the way; but a good horse serves you whilst he can, and when he's worn out you shoot him, and there's an end of the matter."

And the earl entered the stables as he finished speaking, and here the conversation dropped. But his lordship had certainly won the day. Colonel St. George was quite deceived, whilst greatly priding himself upon his penetration. He believed the earl's candor to be a lure. He had spoken of marriage, for the first time in his life, with tolerance, even approval, and his cousin imagined therefrom that matrimony was the farthest from his thoughts, and that his sole object in discussing it in terms of commendation was to render him tremulous as to his inheritance.

The earl had well calculated the effect of his frankness. He knew that the other would suspect him of murder or manslaughter rather than suspect him of telling the truth; and he chuckled pleasantly to himself over the success of his stratagem, pretending to have arrived at a solemn conclusion that honesty was the best policy after all.

He certainly did mean to marry Nina Marsh, and had no fears as to rejection; but he reserved this revelation for a surprise, thinking that the sting of disappointment would be stronger and deeper to his cousin if it came upon him suddenly and without warning. He did not mean to be balked of one iota of his triumph; at the very moment the colonel thought himself the most secure, the blow should be struck.

He was not deceived as to Colonel St. George's true feelings towards Nina Marsh. He smiled when she was mentioned, but he winced too—on the sly. A man who has passed his whole lifetime nursing his own bad passions, and raking up those of others, grows at last as keen as he is cruel.

Lord Gillingham wanted Nina for himself, because her beauty pleased his eye and satisfied his pride; but the first and true stimulus to possession, in a man benumbed by satiety like the earl, could not be the loveliness and virtue of any woman, were she a Cornelia dowered with a Helen's imperial charms. He wanted something to quicken his relish and give it duration, and he saw these now in the misery and disappointment of a man robbed of a long-promised inheritance.

The earl thought it probable that Colonel St. George had drawn largely on his expectations. As it happened, his lordship was mistaken; but this conviction was exceedingly agreeable to him, since it promised that his scheme of revenge on his too-confident cousin would be crowned by his utter ruin; and the future, for whose enjoyment he had been nursing his constitution, and restraining himself in his pleasures—that future would be a prison. The earl chuckled to himself quite joyously. He only wondered that he had never thought of this before. He could almost have blessed the sweetness and beauty of Nina Marsh for having suggested to him such an easy and pleasant vengeance.

That evening Colonel St. George left for Beechwood Manor. He arrived just as the first dinner-bell was ringing, and therefore went straight to his own room. After a careful toilet he descended, the butler meeting him in the hall, and conducting him to the presence of his host. The drawing-room at Beechwood was a large, handsome apartment, and the scene within, as the door opened, was brilliant and striking.

Mrs. Marsh, still beautiful in face and slender in figure, reclined on a gold and crimson couch, sharing it with her eldest daughter, whose large but handsome form, languid fairness, and sleepy eyes made a pleasingly voluptuous picture. At the fireplace stood Mr. Marsh and his nephew, carrying on a low, earnest conversation, whilst at the other end of the room sat Nina, attired in a simple dress of black net, her fathomless eyes, darkened by some inward feeling, turned eagerly towards the door.

But the scene changed, as if by magic, directly Colonel St. George's name was heard. Mr. Marsh went forward to greet him in his quiet but cordial way; Cyril wheeled sharply about, and fixed his stern, jealous eyes on Nina, almost threatening her, daring her to show any emotion; whilst Nina herself, rising, as if by some uncontrollable impulse, took refuge at her mother's side—standing there, pale, upright, calm and dignified, her lips compressed and hardened into one thin crimson line, but her whole air full of royal pride and inexorable disdain.

They met thus—the colonel bowing almost to the ground before her—when Mr. Marsh waved his hand that way, and mentioned her name—she haughty and distant, but a gray shadow seeming to creep over all the sweetness of her beauty, leaving it cold, and hard, and unwomanly.

Another minute and Colonel St. George was speaking to her—some few light, courteous words which the apparent shortness of their acquaintance seemed to warrant, and then Captain Marsh, cool and watchful as some inflexible Nemesis standing sentry over his prey, saw Nina stoop, ostensibly to repossess herself of her pocket-handkerchief, and yet leaving it on the ground longer than was necessary, as if to pique the other's gallantry; and with a strange, fierce thrill he noticed Colonel St. George lifting carefully amongst the folds of delicate cambric and lace a tiny paper, manage to separate the two, unperceived by the others, then return the handkerchief to its owner, the note to his own pocket.

Presently Colonel St. George vacated his place, being challenged to conversation by Mr. Marsh, who thought no guest could be fittingly entertained unless entertained by himself. Then it was Cyril's turn to draw near and stoop down to his beautiful cousin's ear.

"What is that letter you have just given to Colonel St. George?" inquired the young man, in a tone as despotic as severe.

She faced him with resolute, defiant eyes.

"I have given him no letter," she said.

"I thought a Marsh never lied," was his retort, spoken gently now, almost sorrowfully.

"The Marshes are like other people—they compromise with their consciences at times when hard pressed."

"That is poor policy, Nina, to give it no worse name."

"Who made you a judge over me?" exclaimed Nina, almost fiercely, for her conscience was backing his words with stinging severity, and condemning unflinchingly, less a course of action which now seemed to be rendered inevitable by circumstances than the oblivion of duty and principle from which all this deception had sprung.

Captain Marsh, perhaps, divined the self-reproach which leavened Nina's sharpness, and in fact, created it, for his voice was almost tender in its exceeding softness when he next spoke.

"Nina, don't you know that a woman like you has great influence either for good or evil, since her beauty is a crown and kingdom, and makes her power absolute over many subjects? You ought to hold a pure court, and wield a stainless sceptre, making those who are first subjugated by the sweetness of your gracious loveliness the wiser and better for their worship. You should give them a truer and better reverence for womanhood through your goodness, and nobler purposes through your nobility. This is a woman's mission when God has dowered her with the gift of touching all hearts with a look, and swaying the strongest with a smile. Nina, if you reject the best part in your authority to take up with the vilest, you will have a great deal to answer for some day—more than you can believe. Do not forget the responsibilities that go hand-in-hand with your privileges."

He paused here, awaiting her answer.

"I forget nothing," said she; "I wish I could; perhaps then I might suffer less."

Her voice died away in a low, restrained sob; and Captain Marsh was about to speak again, when Colonel St. George crossed the room, and placed himself in front of Nina, addressing her in a tone of light *badinage*.

Nina laughed, and Captain Marsh turned away, disgusted and sick at heart.

He did not know how harsh and unnatural that laugh was—how unlike the clear, free, joyous sweetness of her gaiety in times gone by. He had never seen her happy. Though but nineteen, all the richness of her youth had gone from her before he had even set his eyes upon her face. Nina could remember having once been light-hearted, as she could remember some pleasant, far-off dream. A dark abyss of misery connected those days with the present. The dread gulf which stands between our mortality and the promised immortality would have seemed to her more easy to traverse than one backward step into the terrible past. It was not death she feared; there is something immeasurably worse to a proud woman who reverences the honor of men because it is the symbol of her own purity, and that is shame.

The weary evening dragged on in torture to Captain Marsh. He was truly thankful when he saw the tray of silver candlesticks brought in, and Mr. Marsh, with the quiet, easy courtesy for which he was noted, conduct Colonel St. George to the door of the drawing-room, wishing him a good night. Then the members of the family also retired, excepting Mr. Marsh, who stayed behind a little while merely to propose to his nephew that they should start early the next morning for a distant part of the estate which had not been shot over, in order to give Colonel St. George a good day's sport; he then casually mentioned that Lord Gillingham and a few other neighbors would dine with them that same evening, after which they both shook hands, and separated to their respective rooms.

But Captain Marsh did not feel as if sleep were possible to him that night. He tried to read, but a dark syren came to shadow every page, and distort its meaning. He felt inwardly hot and restless. To his powerful frame he added an energetic temperament. To sit still, with his hands idle before him, was purgatory to Cyril Marsh. He began to pace his room up and down with sharp, hurried strides; then he suddenly remembered that the one beneath him was occupied by Madeleine, whom his restlessness might keep as wakeful as himself, and he decided to go and walk on the terrace, hoping that he might ease the weariness of his mind by transferring it to his body.

He passed softly down the stairs, quietly unbarred the door, and passed out into the night.

Everything was profoundly still, one side of the house lay in deep shadow; the other was illumined by a broad pale beam of moonlight. In the air was the scent of the dying roses; not a breeze stirred tree or shrub, which lay pencilled against the clear gray sky in tranquil repose; the low, murmuring sound of the distant brook came in fitful echoes through the shrubberies: in everything there was the beauty of autumn, fading softly amongst the dewcast leaves.

Captain Marsh felt tranquillised by these influences. His heart was still hot within him, but he could reason with himself now; only he had arrived at that point when his struggles, instead of quenching the flame, fanned it into stronger life. He wrestled against loving when he already loved. But he could still deceive himself, and gain a little peace that way. Even at the last, when his brain march had made him feel as if sleep would never be possible, and he had, therefore determined to go in, he turned out of his way on some specious excuse, in order to feast his eyes on the shadow of a bent head marked clear against the light in Nina's window.

Mrs. Trent was unlike an ordinary dependant, inasmuch as her beauty and self-reliance gave her a marked position, and exerted notice. Her place in the household seemed an important one merely from the tone of reverence with which it was held. You could not overlook her, and, perhaps involuntarily, unconsciously, you would address her when you spoke as an equal rather than a menial. Captain Marsh, strong and trustworthy himself, had failed to divine instinctively those qualities in Mrs. Trent which answered to his own, and felt a certain interest in analysing a character whose service nobility lent grace to her homely duties.

It was, perhaps, through receiving Mrs. Trent's claims to consideration that Nina came to look curiously in the direction of her room. To his astonishment, knowing the regular hours kept at Beechwood, the door was ajar and the place well lighted. He just glanced through the aperture as he passed, but was still more surprised to see Mrs. Trent standing erect by the table, with a white but determined face, whilst Colonel St. George, also in a chair opposite her, seemed by his mere attitude to express defiance and disdain.

"My good creature," Captain Marsh heard him say in a tone of comical triumph, "all the talking in the world would do no good to either. You are both tarred with the same brush."

"We could match pitch, even in ignorance, without being defiled," was the contemptuous reply.

"Vastly complimentary to me that last remark of yours," said the colonel, stretching himself up in his chair, and yawning widely; "but as I did not rob myself of a whole hour of sweet sleep in order to hear flatteries that would sound just as well in the middle of the day, we will proceed to business if you please."

So far Captain Marsh had listened in such perplexity and surprise that he had not remembered the imputation to which he would render himself liable were he discovered. But the word "business" contained the abstraction, and Cyril was so strictly honorable that he not only went away at once, but also felt hot with shame at his involuntary breach of integrity. Retreating hastily from the sound of Mrs. Trent's voice, fearful lest he should distinguish another word of her conversation, Captain Marsh reached his own room, and was quickly in bed, where his bodily fatigue soon dissipated by several hours of quiet repose.

CHAPTER IV.—A DINNER PARTY AT BEECHWOOD MANOR.

Mr. Marsh seldom gave more than two dinner-parties a-year, but these two were carried out in style to add reputation for them—to say di rectly the invitations were sent off the mark would be false. Trent's attendance in his own room, and interview with her many guests were accurately, and what sort of provision he should make for them. Cookery was left to her, and so well fulfilled her part. Mrs. Marsh was no more consulted about any of the arrangements than if she had been a baby. Her only care was in the matter of toilette, upon which Mr. Marsh was apt to be very fastidious on these occasions. He liked to see everything done well. Dress was necessary to ladies both as an occupation and a distraction, he used to say; and as they had nothing else to attend to, they should make an effort to ensure a satisfactory result. Knowing, therefore, from long experience, Mr. Marsh's opinions on the point, his wife's trouble may be better imagined than described when, on going into Nina's room before descending to the drawing-room previous to the arrival of her guests, she found her daughter dressed in the everlasting black, and unadorned by a single jewel or flower.

"My dear Nina, what can you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Marsh, with a look of blank dismay. "Have you forgotten that friends are coming to-night?"

"No, mama," answered the other quietly.

"Then surely you could not have intended to wear black alone? We are not in mourning, and you know how particular your papa is."

"Mother, if this were the mere gratification of some caprice I would yield at once, for your sake; but it is a question of duty and good feeling, and therefore I cannot give up the point."

"But, Nina, your papa will be sure to blame me."

"No, he won't, mama; he has found of late that I have a will of my own, and am not to be guided by a silken string, even in such a kind hand as yours. Besides, I will tell him candidly that it was my obstinacy and not your forgetfulness."

"But pray, just to oblige me, put some ornament in your hair. You look now as if you were going to be present at a funeral instead of a dinner-party."

Nina's lips quivered with a vague, undecided effort at self-control, but she faced her eyes steadfastly on her mother's face. But this expression soon yielded to one of determination and scorn.

"Mama, you are mistaken in saying, 'you are quite papa's slave. None of us could get near you to tell you our troubles, for everything would go wrong if you were not by to advise. He can't be much to us, or rather to me. I love him, but dread him; and if he kisses me I shudder."

"Oh, Nina!"

"It is true, mama. When he comes into the room where I am, and says where is gone at once. We have heard of the tortures of the Inquisition, but what are they to mine? I am on the rack all day, and really come off to bed at night, when I could almost hate the sleep that gives me strength to bear the renewed tortures of another day."

"Oh, Nina!" said Mrs. Marsh again, and this time her soft blue eyes were stained with tears.

"I must speak, mama—I must—I am choking. Don't you see? Oh, Pity me, pity me the mother that some women are to their daughters. you would have saved me so much sorrow, so much shame! If I could only have gone to you when I knew that the first taint of evil was making its way within me, and felt sure that my confidence would have been safe with mother, would you would have spared me! But you never belonged to me, you were bound to papa from infancy, and you would have betrayed me—you know you would—only to gain one single glance of approval from him. And now—"

But here she suddenly paused and broke into a wild, forced laugh.

"I am giving you a whole chapter of heroics which is rather unfair, when you consider how much I dislike to listen to them myself," she added, turning from Mrs. Marsh and moving to a drawer near. "Now see, mama, will this do?" and she moved round so as to face her again, a wreath of myrtle stars encircling her head.

The glow on her cheek and the gleam in her eye were startling. Oh, Pity and Compassion, melt the snow of her myrtle crown. Mrs. Marsh regarded her with admiring tenderness.

"How well and pretty you look at last. "Only do try to be a little more gay—you've seemed so miserable since your illness—and don't talk in that sharp, angry way. You know I don't like it, and why but my first duty is to your papa, and it would not be right that I should keep anything from him."

"I don't see that."

"No, my love, because you are not married. you will understand all this fully some day. And now give me a kiss, and mind to be a little more like your cowsel this evening."

Nina answered Nina, quietly, and as she spoke she felt that she might and could be more gay.

Be it a sin or a sorrow, when once you have grown accustomed to it half its burden is gone. It is against the laws of Nature that grief should be eternal, and though it may cast a shade on all with life, every day as it darkens into night takes something from its intensity and power to sting, until what is intense must be dulled. Human passions can only be renewed by some sudden shock.

Nina was young and healthy, and had to come to right to the favor of men. If she could not take pleasure in life she must have a certain satisfaction in the exercise of her powers and self-control. She loved supremacy, and "and Pamela," she knew, might be charming enough for a time, but a gay butterfly could never be a fit companion and power. Nina was wise in the wisdom of this world, and she said to herself:

"If you could I love you still by my youth? I have strength enough to expiate my sin. Besides, I am no worse than hundreds of others, after all. The record of Donnelaes hangs over every girl's head, but it may never fall. Only let me remember that, and I shall be in no danger of sinning again to me, that my shadow would fall like a curse on a pure hearth; only mindful of this, I may get some little happiness out of life, and be of use to it will, be the future bring what it may—shame, despair, death. I have my youth and beauty as capital to begin with, and I must make the most of them."

As Nina entered the drawing-room that night Captain Marsh's keen eyes detected at once a radical change in her face was hardened, her manner reckless, her eyes brilliant but cold. Cyril looked at her with pain and a sense of mystery what her new change portended; and though he had longed to see her glad again, her last laugh struck to his heart with a chill. She was in the hamper of his elbow, a sweet, unconscious child, but still a tempter in his present state of feeling. Katie was standing about him, pulling down his cravat so as to long, silken beard, as Nina walked into the room.

"Here's Nina," she exclaimed, moving away at once. Then she suddenly returned, dug her little rosy fist into his closed fingers, and tried to lead him along with her.

"You are to come," said the little lady, imperiously. "You weren't good and kind to Nina the other day. I heard you saying naughty things, and making her sad. But now you've got to come and be kind to her, or else I won't love you any more."

"Ah, but I will and I'll hurt you harder in the heart my next pull, if you don't do as I tell you."

In view of such a dire penalty, I suppose I must obey. But what am I to say when I get there?"

"Say!" repeated Katie, disdainfully. "The first thing I always hear, when company comes, is, 'How do you do? I hope you are quite well?'"

"Oh, then, I am to ask Nina if she is quite well?"

"Of course," answered the little lady, looking as if she thought her cousin's education had been shamefully neglected.

Perhaps from a sense of an excuse to sun himself in the new brightness, for he turned sharply on his heel and walked up to Nina's side.

"Katie is anxious that I should be anxious about your health," he said, "though why it is impossible to say—your eyes and cheeks both give brilliant contradiction to her fears."

"Don't you know that love is blind?" replied Nina, with a light laugh.

"Then you are glad to pity him were he here to-night."

"Now I perceive what I have all along surmised," said Nina, in a tone of deep bitterness. "You have no respect for me, or you would not pay me compliments."

He was astonished at her penetration. Cyril only spoke lightly to those of whom he thought lightly. But Nina, however, he had often been discourteous and tyrannical, but never insincere. But now, when he spoke of her beauty as a desirable and gracious gift, it was with jealous irony, for he could almost have torn and crushed the myrtle crown for becoming her so well. He thought of Cleopatra, also so deceitfully to Colonel St. George the evening before, he thought of the many falsehoods which had stained the richness of those bright locks, and Nina's loveliness turned him as sick as if it had been a foul leprosy.

"I will conquer her," he said to himself, with a fierce thrill. "I will teach her to look beautiful as she does now, but without disdaining or lavishly the sweetness of her smiles, the touch of her hand. I hate her now, but I will have her all the same. You shall not dare to run from me. Do you think that my heart is made of snow? Have scores of the passions that burden other men lost me their power to feel, and refuse to worship at every shrine in my way? She is nothing to me beyond any other woman whose beauty is pleasant to look on, but I will make her mine, if it is only to humble her and show her what it is for a woman to play with the affection of an honorable man, as she has played with those of others. I have the wrongs of my own to avenge; I am heart-whole. The very knowledge of her own greatness to me there, for I have been in her presence now for days and hours; I have seen her sad and gay, and heard her voice both in mourning and tone, and kept my senses all through. I have nothing to fear at present, but may take up my task with a cool head and steady hand. She is somewhat of the panther breed—sleek, and beautiful, and false, and she may tear my hand in the scuffle, but she will never reach my heart. She is terribly guarded against her wiles. I may have thought love possible, days back, but now—oh! I am safe now."

Captain Marsh had such contradictory reflections with a triumphant smile as he stepped carelessly on across the room to where Nina stood, a hamper by Nina's chair. He was too happy in believing himself so secure not to be indulgent to others. He gave Nina the confidence he could not share. He was sublimely unconscious that the fact of tolerance lay in the sharp shudder with which Nina had heard Mr. George approach.

But so it is—let them say what they like—men deceive themselves far oftener than women deceive them.

There was a look of confidence in Cyril's face that was almost boyish as he stooped down, smiling and twirling his huge moustache. But Colonel St. George had scarcely exchanged three words with Nina before the door opened, and the first guests were announced:

"Mr. and Miss Dawes."

Miss Dawes was a good-looking girl, with a high color, and a look of perfect happiness and good temper. She was rather fond of slang, passed the best part of her time at horseback, and was an inveterate flirt. Her education had been very imperfect. Having lost her parents when quite a child, she had been left to her brother's indulgent guardianship. John, of whom everybody spoke very highly, called performed his trust to the best of his ability. He engaged a most sensible governess, who undertook to teach everything she (the governess) knew in general, and nothing in particular. In the scramble, Anne Dawes was fast losing all the while she possessed, and her brother suddenly awoke to the rescue, dismissed the paragon, and recommended the stable as a finishing school. Anne took to it with great enthusiastic readiness, and soon became an apt scholar in Jack's hands.

"I suppose you can read and write and do a little arithmetic, Anne?" had inquired Jack, a little anxiously, of his sister one day.

"Of course I can," was the reply.

"And play a little air or two on the pianoforte when there's company?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so, Jack."

"Then what the deuce do you want more?"

"I don't want anything more."

"That's a good girl," said Jack, obviously immensely relieved, and patting her shoulder with his huge hand. "Just go and see Mrs. Bounce make a pudding some day, and then you'll do."

Jack's theories upon female education were somewhat peculiar, and he was a little unconfortable at first as to how they would look in practice; but when he saw Anna growing straight and tall and lithe, that she could ride and drive, play well with perfect ease, and amuse herself in wet weather, Jack chuckled to himself in great glee, and loudly declared that he had hit the right nail on the head this time.

As to his own advantages in respect to education, they had been remarkably meagre, depending entirely upon his own exertions; and, as he passed the day outdoors in all weathers, and went to sleep immediately after dinner of an evening, it may be surmised that Jack Dawes had not plucked enough fruit off the tree of knowledge to render it a very unsightly object. Jack frequented all the fairs within a hundred miles, and never missed a race, even if only a sporting meeting.

Dinner parties were Jack's abhorrence as a rule, but Jack nourished in his secret soul a deep, hopeless, chivalrous passion for Nina; and to sit in the same room with her a whole evening, listening to the sound of her voice, sunning himself in the brightness of her eyes, was a privilege Jack valued more highly than all his patrimonial acres. He was conscious he did not shine in society, and bemoaned over his huge red hands as he tried to squeeze them into gloves; but amidst all his awkwardness, there were occasional glimpses of true honest feeling, and a sort of rough dignity, which raised him above contempt, and gradually created affection and confidence where you might have thought it impossible at first to bestow either one or the other.

Jack was always the first arrival.

"It's such a deuced long bore, you know, Nan," he used to say to his sister, "to be marching in when the room's full. Somehow, it takes away the use of my legs. I shouldn't mind what John Dawes is now-back, because I feel at home there; but when you get me into drawing-rooms, and tell me to sit just so, and behave prettily, I'm out of my reckoning. Nan, and that's a fact. I'm always so infernally off my head, and on such occasions. Foreign kickshaws are poor food, now, aren't they? I think I see myself doing a hard day's riding without substantials, and plenty of good ale to wash 'em down!"

Jack and his sister had scarcely taken their seat before Lord Chillingham arrived. He was quickly followed by Madame de Pêne and her daughter. The two last were people who could not be overlooked in any society where they chose to frequent. Madame de Pêne was the widow of a French officer of rank, and had taken up her abode at Beechwood on account of the attractions of the neighborhood, and her old school friendship for Mrs. Marsh. As a small cottage was all she could afford to rent, but her elegant taste soon converted it into a fitting habitation for any lady in the land. As her trifling ornaments peculiarly disposed, a moderate supply of muslin and flannel, and through the happy art and individuality of the inanimate, her dress always looked as fresh and luxurious as the boudoir of a queen. The same genius which regulated the toilette of herself and daughter. She could not afford to buy cheap things, she said, and certainly no one would have thought it, but she had a conviction against anything they saw on either Madame or Mademoiselle de Pêne. For herself it was a rich but somber suit of black, which people can easily hire, because the ornaments, accompaniments, or whatever they may be called, were judiciously varied; and Mademoiselle, in her pure muslin, always looked as fresh, and sweet, and ladylike, that gorgeous ballrooms were always at a disadvantage when contrasted with her and her maid about white muslin and natural flowers.

ANECDOTE OF THE SITOR.

The stork in Schleswig is the pet of the county people, who cherish all manner of superstitious concerning him. They encourage him to build upon their roofs, and consider it a good omen to have a table to the locality of their wives. Happy is the cottage at the summit of whose gable the head and back of in *nuce engage* are to be seen ringed are the nest of sticks in which she broods over her coming covey. Among many stories that revolve in which the stork figured I noted one as being particularly curious and well authenticated:

A mischievous Schleswigian damsel took advantage of the momentary absence of a brooding stork to remove the eggs and substitute those of an owl. When hatched the young owlet was wet kept, and it was found that the domestic happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Stork was seriously compromised by the appearance of the newly born. Stork *pere* was manifestly puzzled and put out by the unusual appearance of his offspring. There was nothing of the paternal profile about them, and probably his suspicions were strong, when, returning home late of evenings, an ill-looking, blank-eyed fellow, to whom he recognized in them a certain family likeness.

After addressing remonstrances to his wife in the guise of some pretty severe pecks, he flew away, but presently returned, bringing with him other storks of grave aspect, probably the elders of the tribe. They held a solemn conclave, and sat upon the offenders, threw them out of the nest and killed them, after which they attacked poor mother, killed her also, and then flew off, departed. Doubtless they had acted as seemed to them best for the case, and had come to the right conclusion the best passed, after constituting themselves into a Crowcrat court extraordinary.

LIFE IN BED.

We all know that sleep is as necessary to the support of animal life as food. Our vital machinery would soon wear out without it, and it was not for the intervals of healthful insensibility that sleep afford to the brain we should read with such intense relishing. Even plants sleep, and the cold lymph that flows through their venous systems would cease to circulate if the active principles of their existence were not recruited by repose.

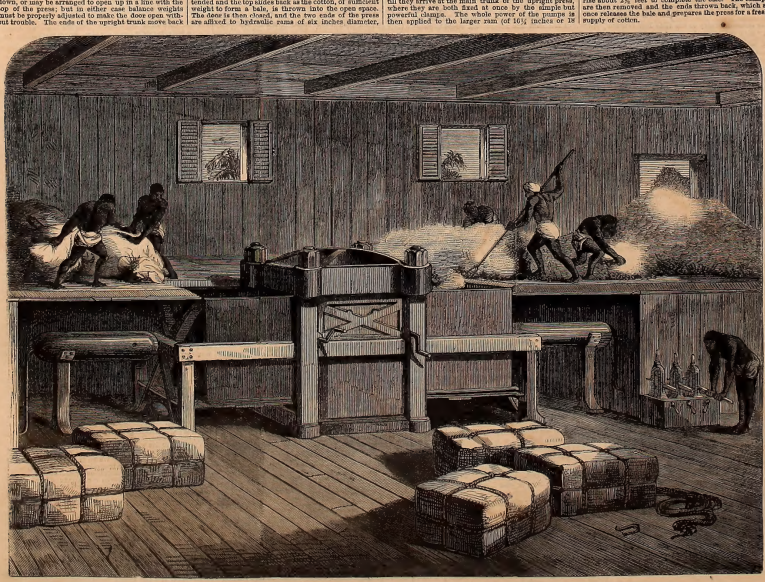
Children are believed to grow faster during their slumber than when awake; and although some very small mortals sometimes have adventurous fits, they that it is possible for man to live and enjoy life without sleep, the chances are like the equally absurd one that it is possible to live without sustenance, is so manifestly absurd that nobody would be eager to try it. Total bed is not for sleep society. We lie down to slumber, we pass hours of our best in bed, sometimes painful, hoping, languishing. The courses of our lives are shaped, to some extent, as we look forward to the stretch of bedtide. On the still nights and early morn are born nightly the best and worst efforts out to the world. The mind seeks from a profound and dreamless slumber all the life and energy required and emboldened. Sometimes that repulsed as when fatigued and overworn after half the forenoon in the presence of an intellect stupefied by partial sleep.

Sleep to the brain what prostration on the bosom of their mother earth was to Hercules: we arise from it "regains refreshed." Perhaps the myth which represents the "dooming" of these rebellious divinities as having had such a genial effect on their muscular powers, was intended to typify the use of "first nature's sweet restorer." There are both strength and wisdom in the pillow, else why should the propriety of consulting it have grown into a proverb?

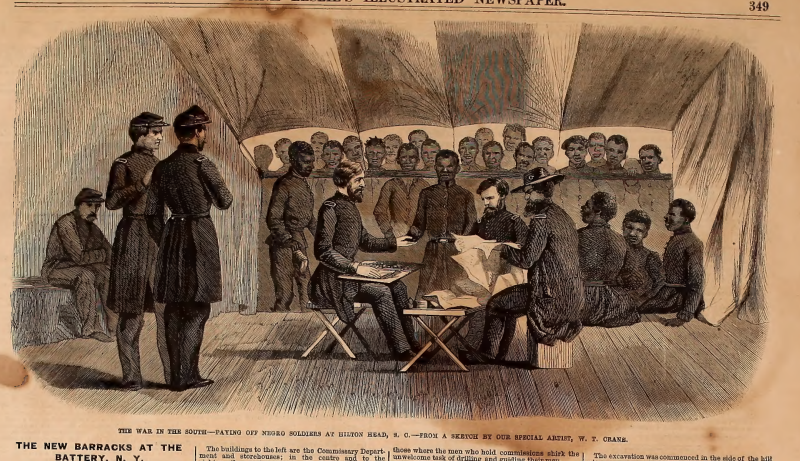


OUTDOOR AMUSEMENTS OF ENGLISH LADIES—NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING AT ALEXANDRA PARK, MUSWELL HILL, NEAR LONDON, JULY 6, 7 AND 8.

the press. The door for taking out the bales (shown in our illustration by the strengthening crossbars) slides down, or may be arranged to open up in a line with the top of the press; but in either case balance weights must be properly adjusted to make the door open without trouble. The ends of the upright trunk move back to a distance of about three feet, and slide between the front sides and bottom of the press, while these are extended and the top sides back as the cotton, of sufficient weight to form a bale, is thrown into the open space. The door is then closed, and the two ends of the press are allowed to hydraulic rams of six inches diameter, which drive the ends forward in less than a moment (the whole force of the pumps being applied to the rams) till they arrive at the main trunk of the upright press, where they are locked at once by simple but powerful clamps. The whole power of the pumps is then applied to the larger ram (of 16½ inches or 18 inches diameter, and acting perpendicularly, the cylinders being below the ground-line), which has only to rise about 24 feet to complete the bale. The clamps are then removed and the ends thrown back, which at once releases the bale and prepares the press for a fresh supply of cotton.



COTTON PACKING IN INDIA.—DAVID WILSON'S NEW PATENT COTTON PRESS.



THE WAR IN THE SOUTH—PAYING OFF NEGRO SOLDIERS AT HILTON HEAD, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

THE NEW BARRACKS AT THE BATTERY, N. Y.

WHEN New York had its fort just below the Bowling Green, a few rocks in a shoal place before it occupied the site of the present Battery. This was gradually filled in and a few guns planted as an outer defence, giving it the name it has since borne. The species of castle or fort which was subsequently added has had a curious history, and as the Battery became in time a fashionable promenade, the Castle became a Garden, in days when gardens were the rage; then it was transformed into an Opera House, and has now become the centre of that most important and well-managed institution, "The Commission of Emigration." The Battery has long ceased to be a fashionable promenade. The fair and their admirers no longer visit it to enjoy the delicious breezes from the bay or the panorama of the commerce of the great city. It is a pity to have such beauties thrown away, but with the uptown tendency of fashion it has become deserted.

Our Park has for a time been given up to the Government for barracks, recruiting booths, etc.; those have now been removed, and one of our Artists gives our readers a view of the Battery as it is, with the newly erected barracks, which have invested it once more with the neatest of looks.

Governor's Island in the background and Castle Garden will enable our readers to fix the position of the barracks, which are commodious, well built and far superior to those in the Park in every respect.

The buildings to the left are the Commissary Department and storehouse; in the centre and to the right are the quarters of the men. In the front is the recruiting Office, where Supervisor Blunt labors so earnestly to fill up New York's various quotas; to the right are the Hospital and the Sutler's Department; the latter under the charge of J. L. Frazer, formerly Colonel of the 47th New York, at whose hands the soldiers know they always receive fair dealings. On the right, near Castle Garden, is the wharf where conscripts and volunteers take steamer to go to Hart's Island.

PAYING OFF NEGRO SOLDIERS.

HOW strange it is now to look back at the commencement of this war! What advance has been made in many ideas. When it was first suggested that the negroes who escaping from slavery were becoming a burthen on the Government should be armed and drilled, a feeling of intense bitterness was aroused. The opponents of the Government and the sympathizers with rebellion were of course loudest and most vehement in their denunciation of the system. The rebel Government threatened and has fulfilled its threat of refusing quarter to negro soldiers and their officers, but Government persisted, and a considerable part of the army now consists of negro soldiers. The matter is no longer an experiment. The regiments differ greatly; those with capable, diligent officers surpassing of course those where the men who hold commissions shirk the unwelcome task of drilling and guiding their men.

Our Artist before Charleston sketched the paying off of one of the negro regiments; and if we may judge from the bearing of the men, they have found officers who aim to do their duty to their command and their country.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

The Explosion of the Mine—The Attack on the Rebel Line.

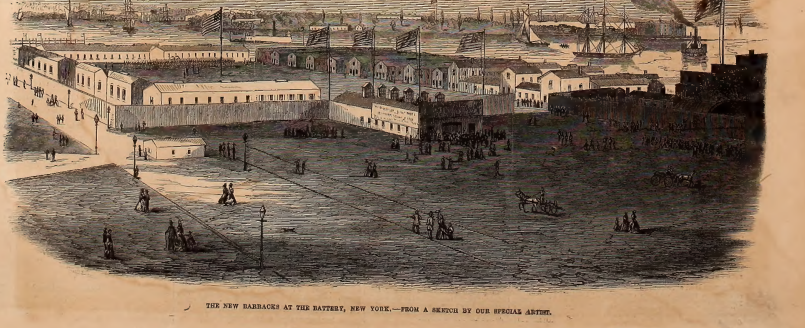
SINCE our last, issued just as the news came in of the explosion of the rebel mine, filling all with exultant hope that another day would give us news of the effectual breaking up of Lee's army, further details have come, unfortunately damping our expectations.

Our readers will readily understand the position of affairs by our illustration on pages 260-1 of this volume, a few weeks since. The fort there shown was that which Lieut-Col. Pleasants, 48th Penn., with his skilled miners, undertook to mine. The work was commenced on the 25th of June, and was prosecuted with the utmost secrecy, the very soldiers in the adjoining breastworks being ignorant of the plan, and wondering at the subterranean baking. The muddy boots of the men as they marched in from work puzzled some, but few suspected the truth.

The excavation was commenced in the side of the hill wherein our exterior line of works runs. The tunnel, or to use the technical term "gallery," is about four and a half feet high, nearly as many feet wide at the bottom, and two feet wide at the top. The usual army pick was not suited to the work, as the flukes were too broad to permit their swinging in the tunnel. This difficulty was easily overcome by filing down the flukes to the size of the regular mining pick. Water was met with not far from the entrance, and for a time gave no little trouble. The floor, however, was planked, and the sides and ceiling shored up. A quicksand was met with, which provide it the range of the tunnel was carried upward, so that the latter half was several feet higher than at the entrance. The earth, as soon as excavated, was carried in handbarrows made of cracker boxes or half barrels to the mouth, where it was emptied into bags which were afterwards used on the top of the breastworks. In this manner no betraying accumulation of earth took place. The ventilation was ingeniously effected by fires.

At length the end was reached, and the triangulation was abundantly verified in the noises overhead. The sealing of timber and planks could be distinctly heard, and left no doubt that the men were directly beneath the rebel fort. The enemy were evidently making a flooring for their artillery. As near as could be ascertained, the distance from the tunnel to the fort was 20 feet.

After it was sufficiently evident that a point directly under the fort was reached the construction of the mine was commenced. The angle of the fort projects towards our line, and under this line the tunnel diverged



THE NEW BARRACKS AT THE BATTERY, NEW YORK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

fate two galleries, each running, as near as could be ascertained, under each side. Six tons of powder were placed in it, and at 4.40 a. m., on the 30th of July, the mine, or mines, was fired. In an instant a column of smoke earth rose in the air, as high says one as Bunker Hill monument, then curled over like a fountain and fell; human forms, arms, limbs, guns, and other ungraspable in the mass. A dull smoke seemed to fill the horizon, shutting out Petersburg from view. The 1st North Carolina, an old and sturdy regiment, was buried out of existence. At once a hundred cannon opened along our front, and at half-past five the 9th corps charged, carrying the fort with a part of the line on each side.

The 2d division, which was in the centre, advanced and carried the second line, a short distance beyond the fort, and rested, holding ground with the utmost determination.

It was at this time the colored division, under Gen. White, was pushed forward and ordered to charge and carry the crest of the hill, which would have decided the contest.

The troops advanced in good order as far as the first line, where they received a galling fire, which checked them, and although quite a number kept on advancing, the greater number seemed to be very utterly demoralized, and sought refuge in the fort, and the remainder returning to the rear as fast as possible.

They were rallied and again pushed forward, but without success, the greater part of the officers being killed or wounded.

During this time they seemed to be without any one to manage them, and finally they fell back to the rear, out of range of the volleys of canister and musketry that were ploughing through their ranks. Their losses are very heavy, particularly in officers, as will be seen by the following figures: 251 colored, 18 officers killed and wounded, 402 men, including missing; 208 U. S. colored, 11 officers, 120 men killed, wounded and missing; 27th colored, 6 officers, 160 men killed, wounded and missing; 31st colored (formerly the 30th C. V.), 9 officers, 270 men killed, wounded and missing; 43d colored, 7 officers, 220 men killed, wounded and missing; 43d colored, 7 officers and a large number of men; 30th colored, several officers, about 250 men, killed, wounded and missing.

The loss in the 2d division, 9th corps, was not severe, and is estimated at from 1,000 to 1,500.

The wounded colored men in reaching the fort with the commander, but having accidentally broken his cork leg, was unable to get off the hill. He, however, took possession of the ground for several hours, and only surrendered when all hope of escape was gone.

The result of the movement, well concerted and direct, was very heavy. The troops charged into the mine, and none but veterans should have been sent on so important a service. The time lost enabled the rebels to gather, and we must add it to our other great repulses. We threaten the working of the mine, and also the charge afterwards explosion.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A LADY who sings in the choir of a certain church in Eighth street, having been fined 25 for marrying a very small man, remarked that she had always found short meter hime the easiest to get along with.

ALBONI, in reply to a friend who wanted to know why she perspired so profusely when singing Verdi's music, replied that it wasn't ordinary perspiration but Verdi-grease.

AT a camp meeting in this State, recently, a zealous backer excused himself for "hooking" and appropriating to his own necessities some "good old rye" by saying: "My dear brethren, sisters, and ladies, the 'spirit' should be most freely 'poured out.'"

JEAN PAUL thus addresses young girls: "The young men fall on their knees before you, for remember it is an infinitely before you—but they may conquer and kill; or as the hunter, who only on bended knees takes aim at his victims."

WE consider the old man's reply to his son as to the meaning of the word humbug, scarce correct than Webster's. "Humbug, my son, is when your mother says she loves me, and don't sew the buttons on my shirt."

THE following order, *verbatim et literatim*, is said to have been received by an undertaker from an afflicted widower: "Sur—mi wife is ded, and wants to be berried to-morrow. At wunnur clok. If none wair thar dog the likes to the side of mi too Usher wells. Let's be deep."

SOON after the death of the poet Wordsworth a man met a farmer in the neighborhood, and said to him:

"You have had a great loss."

"What loss?"

"Why, you have lost the great poet!"

"Oh! ay," said the farmer, "he is dead; but then, me doubt wife'll carry on 't bus'ness, and mak' it as profitable as ever it was."

"WHAT are you doing?" said a father to his son, who was tinkering an old watch.

"Improving my time," was the rejoinder.

CHLOROFORM is recommended as excellent for scolding wives. A husband who has tried it says: "No family should be without it."

A FELLOW who has some "music in his soul" says that the most cheerful and soothing of female melodies are the blended tones of a cricket, a teakettle, a loving wife, and the cooing of a baby.

"PATRICK," said a judge, "what do you say to the charge, are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Faith, 'tis difficult for your honor to tell, let alone myself. Wait till I hear the evidence."

"IT is strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how the communications converge good manners. I have been entertained by ventriloquism all the evening, and now by a tumbler myself."

WHAT a boy that objects to taking "a dose of oil" like a pugilist? Because he shies his castor.

WE don't see why a lady in crinoline should go abroad for companionship. Let her be content in her own circle.

MATRIMONY resembles the moderator lamp. There is always something the matter with it.

WHY do hens always lay in the daytime? Because at night they become roosters.

SOME 50 or 60 years ago old Philog, up in Chester county, was telling his friend Jones concerning a fight. Philog had very little education, but knew was a man of right smart reading. So Philog went on telling the fight "at and fit."

"And," said Jones, with a knowing look, "did they keep on fitting?"

Old Philog drew himself up, and looking sour as buttermilk on Jones's face, he said:

"You're mighty precise about language—but, then, blast you!"

A WITNESS, in his eagerness to leave the court-room, forgot his manners, and put on his hat before he had quite reached the door. A surly officer, standing near, said gruffly:

"Take your hat off!"

"I am taking myself off as fast as I can," was the reply; "and if you have no objection, I will take my hat off with me."

GEORGE III., speaking to Archbishop Stretton of his large family, used the expression, "I believe your grace has better than a dozen?"

"No, sire," replied the archbishop, "only eleven."

"Well," rejoined the king, "it is not that bitter than a dozen?"

A KINGLY HERITAGE.

I HAVE a little drop of blood
Whose course is wild and fleet;
Sometimes I feel it in my soul,
And sometimes in my feet.
Sometimes it courses like a sill
And sometimes like a flood,
And often I am conscious of
This little drop of blood.

I know from whence the heritage—
From out the hearts of kings;
Sometimes it grows ethereal
And spreads itself in wings;
And then I feel the winds of winds
Go bearing me away,
Back to the high ancestral halls
Where kingly blood was born.

Within the royal temple's sides
Divinest singers sing,
And at the holy altar shrines
The sweetest censers swing,
The incense of whose pure perfume
Melts through the azure dome,
And forms part of the atmosphere
In the Mighty Spirit's home.

The crowns that graced the haughty brows
Of my ancestral kings
Were not of pearls and gold and stones,
But glorious eagles' wings.
Their palace-halls—the boundless woods,
Their chariots—the wild steed,
Their singers—all the birds of Heaven,
Their incense-cups—the flowers.

The temples that they worshipped in
They were not built with hands,
And they had their hunting-grounds of One
Who never sells His lands.
Ye sleepy, city worshippers,
Beneath the forest trees,
Put your proud hearts and souls still about,
Upon the woodland breeze.

Sometimes they tramp across my heart
As through a hunting-ground;
I feel a hundred Indians leap
Within it at a bound,
'Tis but a little drop of blood,
And yet I feel it free,
As if a thousand tomahawks
Were lifted in my soul!

It lights the secret council-fires
Within my heart and brain,
At which the soul in silence sits,
And deigns not to complain.
Your royal pulses, royal kings!
They reign in me at will,
And bid me, with imperial pride,
To suffer and be still.

They do not teach, when smote, to turn
And give the other cheek;
Alas! O lordly ancestors,
Ye were not over meek.
Too much of eagle in your sons,
Too little of the dove.
My heritage is rich in hate,
But poor enough in love!

ANTIPATHIES AND FEARS.

IT is a difficult matter to account for the dislikes some persons have to cats, more to entertain. Yet many instances are upon record of unaccountable antipathies, so deeply rooted that no exertion of the mind was capable of eradicating them. Of this we have a striking instance in the brave Marquis de la Roche Jacquelein, who was so unbalanced in the field of battle, yet could never help trembling and turning pale at the sight of the harmless animal. It was the fear to laugh at his own weakness, but his utmost efforts were never able to overcome this involuntary fear.

Cardinals Cordons and Caraffa, a Venetian nobleman of the family of Barbarani, and Lady Montague, one of the maids of honor to Queen Elizabeth, shared in the same sight of a rose.

There was once a family in Aquitaine which entertained so great an aversion to apples that the mere sight of one set them into convulsions. The very best particle of olive oil introduced in any dish, and however well disguised, was as obnoxious to a Count of Darmstadt as he was unable to eat with fastidious fingers.

We are informed by Bartholus, that he knew a man of a bold and courageous disposition, who could not see a dog, no matter how small, without immediately showing all the appearance, and, having armed with one, give trembling in his left arm and in his hand.

Wilmington knew a person, of a noble family, who was not able to bear the gaze of an old woman; and being once met by her in his chamber, just after the presence of one, what was only intended as merriment by his friends ended in death for him, for he fell down and died on the spot. The terrors felt by some persons at the various phenomena of nature are less unaccountable. Augustus was so much alarmed at meteors that he ordered about the skin of a wolf—found in the forest—to be carried about him, as something sacred during a thunder-storm, according to Suidas. Pliny sought refuge underground, in vaults or cellars, when he observed unusual lightning. Whenever it thundered strongly, Tiberius hid his head under a seal's skin. Caligula, also, leaped out of it, and hid himself underneath.

A bishop of Limoges, Gharles d'Arcos, always fainted at the beginning of a lunar eclipse, and remained insensible as long as it lasted. This weakness proved eventually fatal to him, for, when old and infirm, having fainted, as usual, at the beginning of an eclipse, he was too weak to recover, and expired.

In the year 1564, a French soldier was obliged to quit the service, because he could not overcome his violent repugnance and disgust towards animal food.

Dr. Frost knew a person on whose mention acted as a poison. He could not eat it in any form. This peculiarity was supposed to be owing to caprice, but the person was repeatedly disgusted, and nearly produced the same result—violent vomiting and diarrhœa.

Hahn relates of himself that for seven or eight years before he could produce convulsions. Many are unable to endure cats, and rakes or pullings having upon their composition produce serious disturbances in the health of such persons, if they are induced to eat them without knowing it.

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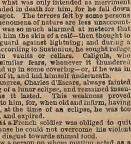
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 465—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly, 13 Weeks $1 00.

Mobile—Admiral Farragut's Operations and their Military Importance.

In the late daring and difficult, but brilliantly successful operations of Admiral Farragut, below Mobile, he has administered a staggering blow to the rebellion in the South-west. In running the gauntlet of Fort Morgan—a large, substantial, defensive work, carefully built by the United States, at an expense of $1,500,000, and raking, with more than 100 guns, at short range, the main inlet to the bay—the indomitable old Admiral repeated that bold and perilous enterprise which carried him up to New Orleans; in capturing, with the assistance of Gen. Granger's land forces, Fort Gaines—another substantial Government work, mounting 50 heavy guns; and in dislodging the enemy from the supporting sand batteries on the adjacent islands, he secured complete possession of Mobile bay and the gateway and island line of navigation thence through Mississippi sound and Lake Pontchartrain to New Orleans. With these advantages gained, the intelligent reader will readily perceive the great value of Farragut and Granger's position, in support of Sherman in Georgia and Grant in Virginia.

We write this article in advance of any authentic reports of any farther successes by our land and naval forces below Mobile. We think it probable, too, that, from the extreme shallowness of the water in the upper portion of the bay, and from the number and extent of the enemy's works on all the land approaches leading to the city, that its reduction will yet require something of the labors of a regular siege. It will, however, suffice for our present purpose, that Farragut and Granger are in occupation of the bay and its land and water approaches from the New Orleans side. In possession of these, the work towards the reduction of the city may be deliberately prosecuted; and in the meantime the imminent danger which menaces Mobile extends to Atlanta and to Richmond.

To strengthen the army of Hood against the exhausting pressure of Sherman, Mobile had so far been drawn upon, that on the approach of Farragut's squadron, the able-bodied men at the disposition of Gen. Maury, we have no doubt, were diminished to the detachments needed to man his ironclads, cottonclads, regular forts and earthworks, perhaps not over five thousand men all told. He, in turn, must be heavily reinforced, or Granger's infantry, with Farragut's light draft fresh water gunboats, will speedily enforce the evacuation of the city. But from what quarter are these indispensable reinforcements to Maury to be drawn? The necessities of Hood in Georgia have resulted in draining the country of its rebel reserves, regulars and guerillas, infantry and cavalry, from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi river. It is apparent, then, that Hood's army or Georgia must be sacrificed to save Mobile, or that Mobile must be abandoned to save Georgia. Assuming that the latter alternative is adopted, the Union forces at Mobile, by those navigable rivers the Tombigbee and the Alabama, secure at once, in a military view, possession of the State, for those vital commercial channels along which are established the most important of all the depots of "Confederate" cotton and corn, amounting to hundreds of millions of dollars in value, cannot be lost without losing the State.

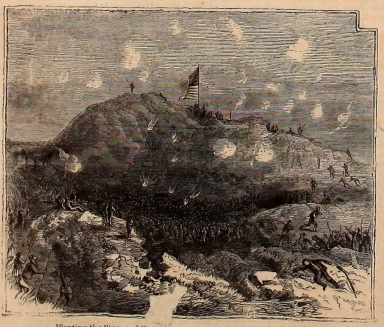
But the possession of Mobile will not only dispossess the enemy of Alabama—for, by way of the navigable Alabama river to the Montgomery railroad, it will enable our forces from Mobile to move conveniently, with reinforcements and supplies, to the support of Sherman in Georgia. We are, therefore, inclined



Rebels carrying water to the Union wounded and holding up their canteens as flags of truce.



"Come, Yanks, for God's sake take me out of this place! It is all over now, and there's no use letting a fellow stick here."



Planting the Stars and Stripes on the rebel works after the explosion.



The Union wounded running the gauntlet of bullets to reach the entrenchments.

INCIDENTS IN THE BATTLE OF PETERSBURG AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE MINE, JULY 30.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

to the opinion that there is a foundation of truth in the rumors afloat that Gen. Lee has been compelled to weaken his army in Richmond, in order to strengthen Hood in Georgia. If this has been done, however, the next defeat or retreat of Hood will, in all probability, be followed by the stealthy removal of Lee's entire army southward; and from a careful review of the military situation in that quarter, we have every reason to expect that a disastrous retreat or defeat of Hood will be the next great military event in Georgia.

The Seven-Thirties.

WHAT ARE THEY?

We trust that a large portion of our readers have pondered the appeal of Mr. Fessenden, our new Secretary of the Treasury. The purport of it is that the People of the United States, acting as a body through their agent the Government, wish individuals to lend them two hundred millions of dollars for three years, at seven and three-tenths per cent. annual interest, payable every six months. For this they offer Treasury Notes—that is, in reality, notes drawn and endorsed by every man in the country. The loan is wanted for a great national purpose, to effect which every man, unless he be a traitor at heart if not in act, is solemnly pledged.

The Appeal is addressed not merely to a few great capitalists, but also to the many whose aggregate means constitute the mass of the wealth of the land. The notes upon which this loan is asked are from $50 upward. Every man who has fifty dollars can take part in this loan. Apart from patriotism and the duty which all owe to their country, no investment is so desirable as this.

It is secure. Every dollar of every man's property is pledged for the punctual payment of the interest, and of the debt when due. The security is increasing in value. For some years before the war we were earning 1,000 millions a year more than we spent. During the three years of the war, owing to the high prices and constant demand for labor, we have earned more than ever before.

No man who could or would work has been idle; and, except for the war, we have spent less than before. In three years of the war we of the United States have certainly earned 3,000 millions more than we have spent apart from the war.

The cost of the war may be set down at 2,000 millions. Deducting this from our net earnings, the People who are security for this loan are 1,000 millions richer today than they were when the war broke out.

No other investment can be so easily convertible. The man who has a Treasury note for $50, or $100, or $1,000, can turn it into money readily, and upon better terms, than if he were invested upon bond and mortgage, or in railroad stocks.

The interest offered is higher than can be realized from any other safe and convertible investment. It is, moreover, readily collectable when due. To each note are affixed five "coupons," or *interest tickets*, due at the expiration of each successive half year. The holder of a note has simply to cut off one of these coupons, present it at the nearest bank or Government agency, and receive his interest; the note itself need not be presented at all. Or a coupon thus payable will everywhere be equivalent, when due, to money.

Thus, while this loan presents great advantages to large capitalists, it offers special inducements to those who wish to make a safe and profitable investment of small savings. It is in every way the best Savings Bank; for every institution of this kind must somehow invest its deposits profitably in order to pay interest and expenses. They will invest largely in this loan, as the best investment. But from the gross interest which they receive they must deduct largely for the expenses of the Bank. Their usual rate of interest allowed to depositors is five per cent. upon sums over $100. The person who invests directly with Government will receive almost 50 per cent. more. Thus the man who deposits $1,000 in a private Savings' Bank receives $50 a year interest; if he deposits the same sum in the National Savings' Bank he receives $73. For those who wish to find a safe, convenient and profitable means of investing the surplus earnings which they have reserved for their old age or for the benefit of their children, there is nothing which presents so many advantages as this National Loan.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 27, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA.

The anticipations as to a new and more formidable rebel invasion of the Free States since my hitherto seen have not been realised, and the haters of this country and its institutions are not to be gratified with the sight of Washington in ruins.

The appointment of Gen. Sheridan to the command of a department, embracing the area of rebel incursion, has been hailed with unanimous applause.

McCausland was pursued in his retreat by Gen. Kelley, and attacking the Union commander on the 1st at Folck's mill near Cumberland, was beaten; and at New creek, on the 4th, at three P.M., was completely beaten and retreated by night. On the 7th Averill overtook McCausland at Morefield, defeated him again, taking all his artillery and 500 prisoners. Bradley Johnson was there, but escaped in disguise, and the wretch McCausland barely escaped in the mountains.

Early retreated from Winchester on the 11th, with an immense train, closely pursued by our men. On the 13th, Mosby attacked a train near Berryville, and succeeded in burning 16 or 17 wagons.

VIRGINIA.

It was known that the rebels were busy countermining, and everything was in readiness. Their mine proved, however, a miserable *fiasco*. It was exploded at five P.M. on the 26th, so far from our lines that not even a clod was hurled within the entrenchments. They came on pelting like hounds, but when the smoke cleared away found themselves under a concentrated fire and retreated.

There have been no important movements since. A brisk fire on our shipping in the James is being steadily kept up.

Col. Stedman, commanding 2d brigade, 2d division, 18th corps, was mortally wounded by a sharp shot.

On the 7th an ordnance boat, while unloading, was blown up, causing a fearful destruction of life and property.

GEORGIA.

Sherman still holds his position before Atlanta. Since the repulse by Logan, Hood has made no attempt on Sherman's lines. His great success has been the capture of Gen. Stoneman and part of his command, near Macon, on the 30th July. Stoneman set out from Decatur on the 27th, to release, if possible, our prisoners at Macon. He destroyed railroads and other property at Gordon, and near Macon; but between Clinton and Hillsborough was attacked by the enemy in force. Stoneman charged in front, driving them back, but a rebel charge on his flank threw his whole force into a panic. About 600 were taken prisoners, including Gen. Stoneman.

On the 31 Stanley, with the 4th corps, attacked Gen. Wheeler, and gained some advantage.

The rebels are sending reinforcements to Atlanta, and Bragg, Johnston and other generals are at Macon, to save, if possible, the cause of rebellion and treason.

ARKANSAS.

The rebels, under Cooper, Gano and Standwaite, 5,000 strong, with 12 pieces of artillery, advanced on the 31st to attack Fort Smith. Gen. Thayer came out for them but advanced a mile and a half, and in half an hour routed them completely. They did not wait to stand, but retreated in haste from our cavalry.

On the 29th Major Carmichael, with a small force of the 19th Indiana cavalry, and some negro troops, attacked a rebel force near Helena, and defeated it. Our loss was 40 killed and wounded; that of the rebels is known to be over 100.

KENTUCKY.

Guerillas are ravaging Brandenburg and Grahamtown.

TENNESSEE.

Gen. A. J. Smith started on the 8th with an expedition against Price.

TEXAS.

A party of loyal Texans captured Eagle Pass from the rebels, on Oct. 31st, and another party rose on the rebels at San Antonio, defeating them and holding the town till an overwhelming rebel force came on. The garrison not expected have evacuated Brownsville and other points on the Rio Grande, retaining possession only of BRAZOS.

ALABAMA.

On the 4th Admiral Farragut attacked the forts at the mouth of Mobile bay. The next day Lieut.-Col. Williams abandoned and blew up Fort Powell.

On the 5th Col. Charles Anderson, 21st Alabama, surrendered Fort Gaines, with 600 men and six months' provisions, and the stars and stripes were raised.

The rebels were not more successful on water. The monitor Tecumseh, Capt. Craven, was blown up by a torpedo, near the obstructions, but after a desperate fight, in which our loss was severe, we captured the rebel ram Tennessee, with Admiral Buchanan severely wounded. The rebel Selma, Lieut. Comstock, struck to the monitor Metacomet, Capt. Jouett. The other rebel boats, the Morgan and Gaines, took refuge under the guns of Fort Morgan. The Philippi, one of Farragut's boats, was burned at sea. Fort Morgan is invested by land and water.

FLORIDA.

On the 23d July Gen. Birney marched from Jacksonville, and on the enemy at Whitesville, pushed on to Baldwin, capturing a large quantity of arms and supplies, and destroying much of the railroad and rolling property. A battle ensued between the 10th and 40th regiments, on the 1st at Brandy Station. The Alice Price was recently run aground and lost, after doing much service.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Foster's step in procuring rebel generals to put under fire at Charleston has had good effect. The rebels attempted to prevent the erection of houses for them, and, satisfied that they could not succeed, have ceased their opposition. A paper on exchange. Five of our Generals—Seymour, Wessels, Seammon, Shaler and Hickman, and 45 field officers are known to have received the exchange. They have since, however, been sent to large number of our officers to Charleston.

LOUISIANA.

On the 26th July, Gen. Washburn, on the Glyde, proceeded to Lac Fausse Pointe, routed the rebels and destroyed flatboats building there, and two steamboats.

On the 29th a skirmish took place at Morganzia, in which the rebels were repulsed with loss.

On August 5th Major Remington, 11th N. Y. cavalry, was attacked near Donaldsonville by a large rebel force, but cut his way through.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

Our authorities having declined Father De Smet's plan of pacification and preferred war are reaping the fruit. The Indians are sweeping the road from Fort Kearney to South Pass, and a general combination from Texas to the British line is spoken of as actually plotted.

NAVAL.

A new rebel pirate, the Tallahassee, Capt. John T. Wood, C. S. N., on the 12th August, destroyed at the entrance of New York harbor the brigs Carrie Estelle and Richards, the barque Bay State and schooners S. A. Boyce and Athantic. He also captured the pilot boat A. Funk and schooner Carroll, bonding the latter. He subsequently took and bonded the barques Solitaire, but burned the ship Adriatic and pilot boat Wm. Bell.

TOWN GOSSIP.

HEAT, heat, nothing but heat intolerable! That "oldest inhabitant," of whom we have all heard and read, tells us confidentially, that such nights as the past few have not been known before here in New York. August nights, by rights, should be cool, no matter how scorching the days, but in this case the rule is reversed and the nights are hotter than the days—and a thing can be imagined.

Few grown people we have little sympathy when they are crowded and jammed together in cities during the hottest term. The country cries aloud for labor of every description, and there is no reason why the city should not be relieved of some of it, and at the same time the laborer gain the advantage of fresh air and wholesome food. But for the children who are not free adults, there should be large sympathy. To see his poor emaciated, sickly, careworn babies that crowd the streets and sweltering nurses patiently enduring the semicooking that is gradually sending them prematurely to a enough to make man forswear his race and live in a cave.

There is no reason whatever that one-half of all the deaths that occur in this city should be children. We contend that they are killed by the carelessness or ignorance of their parents. There is no medium in the case of children; they are either over-attended, or utterly neglected. We have seen within a day or two a mother in her whole wrapper but little out of bed, and a child we naturally asked. "Because they were not healthy." And so the little child went gasping through the hot summer hours, with no pure breeze, but only a baker's bread, chunks of meat and tea. If it lives through the season it will be a wonder. Upon that it is constantly on a horse, and if it dies—well, the mother will not be indicted for murder!

Then we see the derangement of the currency, and the high price of all things keeps people in town, or the whole family go from extravagance to watering-places and in travel. Stewart's, Lord & Taylor's and Legatta's do all the business they want to do by orders from out of town, and by those who run in for a day to do their shopping. These establishments tell us that they are not anxious to sell, as they do not know, even at the present inflated prices, that they will be able to replace their stock, so uncertain is the state of gold.

Legrain says that if he could be left to stand at his door and receive the gold, showering from his gorgeous sides and valves, and burning them away satisfied with the night's work, he would be able, within the distribution, to repay the Republic, while he would be carrying away a fortune. But seeing that this is impossible, he is content to groan and alike, that this winter he may not be able to buy La Fusa a double set of teeth. Even now, he cannot forbear getting a glimpse into the smile, unobservable to the fair buyer, but startlingly directly from a crisp in the pocket.

While these weighty matters of dress and pleasure are occupying the minds of the fortunate few, certain their locks and masters are fearfully exercised by the fact that the City Debt is coming near 20,000 men, and the fact that our masters, the Supervisors, Aldermen and Councilmen are beginning to keep it. Let us see how every little country town has sway with our bone and sinew, by the way the Supervisors' Board has run and great city. We hardly think the people realize its importance. The conscription has been stolen at least, and often that they cannot believe they will ever be stricken by it. But the draft will be unmistakable. The blow will certainly come, and, no matter what the cost, will be enforced. In plain and plebeian words, while the retribution will be appreciated by Dublin, he would be sorry to see the Supervisors' Board attempt to enforce any such appropriations and alike, that this winter he may not be able to buy La Fusa a double set of teeth. Even now, he cannot forbear getting a glimpse into the smile, unobservable to the fair buyer, but startlingly directly from a crisp in the pocket.

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during this excessive heat, when the inside of a theatre is little less than purgatory, to discuss what is going to be done for our amusement during the coming fall season, but perhaps the very discussion will be cooling.

To begin then, Maretzek inaugurates the opera on the first Monday in October with Gounod's "Mirielle" and Donizetti's "Don Sebastian," both new to the American public. His candidates for public favor will be Carlotta Carozzi Zucchi, from La Scala of Milan; Elvira Brambella, from Madrid; B. Massilmiano, tenor robusto, from Madrid. What may be the quality of these new artists report saith not, but without doubt, passable, or the maestro would not offer them for the suffrages of a New York public. Of the old company, Morensi, Bellini, Susini and Lotti are engaged, while a *debutante*, Frida de Gebelle, a contralto, will make an early appearance in the season.

The Winter Garden opens this week with John S. Clarke as the attraction, and new paint, putty and pretty things as assistants. The house has been renovated throughout, and once more will look like the Winter Garden of ye olden time.

The Olympic is undergoing a dressing of the same sort. When and of what the opening is to consist has not yet been announced.

The Broadway remains closed until the last Monday in August, and then Mr. E. Owens will circulate his figure as the bright, particular star, and an attempt will be made to show the public something new.

Niblo's still sticks to Lucille Western with tenacity. This week she is doing "East Lynne," herself as Lady Isabelle and Madame Vine. On the conclusion of her engagement Miss Heron follows.

Wallack's are still doing the Irish, with Dan Bryant as its expositor. "The White Horse of the Peppers" is the attraction for this week, and at the end of which time Mr. D. B. withdraws into the burnt cork and banjo line once more. Miss Olive Logan, a western actress of some celebrity, has been elected to join the company, and make her first appearance on Monday of the present week.

Barnum's has a new pantomime, "The Enchanted Horn," before the public, and the public seem to have given it their approval.

Such places of amusement as are open have nothing to complain of. They are all full nightly, some of them uncomfortably so.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The City Inspector reports that the deaths in New York during the past week were 675—138 men, 104 women, 242 boys and 191 girls—an increase of 86 upon the mortality of the previous week, and a decrease of 295 as compared with the mortality of the corresponding week of 1863. Of the deceased, 380 were children under five years of age. The mortality by the principal diseases was as follows: Cholera infantum, 130; consumption, 74; infantile convulsions, 41; diarrhea, 38; infantile marasmus, 35; dropsy in the head, 20; typhoid fever, 12; inflammation of the brain, 18; small pox, 5; deaths from external causes, 34—among which are reported two premature births, eight drowned, and five killed by accidents. There were 102 deaths in the institutions, and 49 interments in Potter's Field.

—— There 193 deaths in Brooklyn during the past week, being an increase of two over the previous week. There were 33 men, 30 women, 57 boys and 73 girls. Their nativity were United States 146, Ireland 35, England 5, Germany 3, Scotland 2, West Indies 1, British America 1. The principal diseases were cholera infantum, dysentery, consumption, convulsions and congestion of the brain.

—— The New England Agricultural Society will hold their first exhibition at Springfield, Mass., from September 6th to the 9th inclusive. Liberal prizes to the amount of $10,000 are offered. Farmers meetings are to be held each evening, and the exhibition will close on Friday with an address from his Excellency, John A. Andrew, Governor of Massachusetts.

—— The hay crop this year is going to be light, but the dairymen in this vicinity say it will be really worth more than the crop last year, and that two loads of the present crop will be worth as much for feeding purposes as three loads of the last crop, when the stalks were unusually coarse, heavy and hollow.

—— Milk is 16 cents per quart in Baltimore.

—— A correspondent asks: "How is it that salaries and wages have come up in the South and not in the North? The mechanics and clerks in New York are worse off than the same classes are in Richmond." Simply because the price of labor has risen with the necessaries of life.

—— There seems to be a great disposition in the War Office to overstate the quota due from New York on our two last drafts. A commission was appointed to correct the former injustice, and now again Gov. Seymour demands a second commission to arrange the present difficulty, which threatens to be very serious, since Adjutant-Gen. Sprague asserts there is an excess of nearly 15,000 men in the present apportioning.

—— A grand McClellan mass meeting was held on the 10th August in Union square, comprising in the aggregate hardly less than 100,000 people. There were four stands, from which the numerous multitude was addressed by able speakers. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed, and notwithstanding the vast number present all separated in quietness.

—— There were 1,828 emigrants landed here last week, making a total of 116,660 since the first of January. The number that arrived in the corresponding period of 1863 was 96,984. The commutation balance now in bank is $69,673 92.

—— The Indians in Nebraska are becoming very troublesome, stealing stock, burning trains and killing whites indiscriminately. There were 11 dead bodies seen by the roadside near Fort Kearney, but a few days since. Six whites were killed at T[illegible] Mile Creek on the 9th. It is supposed that the [illegible] are urged on by members of Quantrell's band of murderers.

—— Some time since charges of a serious nature, relating to the business of the Commissioners of Emigration, were made against Mr. Bernard Casserly, their agent. A thorough investigation has been held, and the report of the committee fully exonerated Mr. Casserly, and the board fully sustain the committee.

—— Nearly all the New England delegates to the Chicago Convention will participate in a conference at New York previous to going West. With one or two exceptions all the Maine delegates are peace men.

—— The new stamp duties went into effect on the 1st of August. It concerns everybody to know that all receipts for amounts over $20, and all checks or drafts at sight, whatever the amount, must have a two cent stamp. Several changes are also made in the other stamp duties.

—— The newspaper reporters of Philadelphia have determined to form an association for self-protection, mutual improvement, and "the elevation of the members to an exalted standing in society."

—— A terribly hot wind from the south-west, similar to a sirocco or simoom, passed over Ontonagon, south shore of Lake Superior, a few days since. Vegetation withered under its influence, as though it had been a blast from a furnace.

—— The Shakespeareans, under the lead of Field-Marshal Davidge, drill their troops with great assiduity. It is considered certain that the managers will have to surrender to the actors, as they have to the musicians. Eventually the public will have to pay an increased rate of admittance.

—— A correspondent says that the Kearsarge Base Ball Club was not defeated by the McClellanites—it being a drawn game. We took the account from the *Herald*. A match will shortly come off in Hoboken between the Union Club and the Lone Star Club.

—— Edward A. Stevens has announced his intention of building a railroad from Long Branch to Sandy Hook, connecting them by a fast boat with New York.

—— The thermometer stood at 96 in Washington on 11th inst., and 94 in New York. Some declare it to have been the hottest day for 28 years.

—— The authorities in Chicago recently commenced a crusade against the Cyprians of that city, with so much brutality that several of them, wearied with being hunted about like wild beasts instead of fallen human beings, destroyed themselves with poison. A party of six hired a carriage, and going to the lake drowned themselves.

—— The fish in Little river, Conn., were poisoned the other day with sulphuric acid, from a factory at Hartford. There had been a total stoppage of water near the factory for 24 hours, and the poison as soon as as the water was "let off" by the heavy rains entered the river below in large doses.

Southern.—The Mobile *Advertiser* gives this anecdote of Gen. Sherman: "Beckwith, the commissary on Sherman's staff, went into the General's tent a few days since and accosted him thus: 'General, we must make another contract for beef; we have not enough to last three months.' 'Have you enough to last two months?' inquired the General. 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, in less than two months the army will be in —— or in Atlanta; if it goes to the former place we shall need no beef; if to the latter, we shall find enough. Make no more contracts, Beckwith.'"

—— The Southern papers are very severe upon Capt. Semmes. The Atlanta *Appeal* says: "Notwithstanding his great and valuable services, Capt. Semmes will, no doubt, receive the censure of the country and incur the displeasure of his Government for having accepted the challenge of the Kearsarge, by which he lost his own noble vessel. As the Alabama was not, in the strict sense of the word, a vessel of war, it was no part of Capt. Semmes's duty to engage in mortal combat with the enemy on any other pretext than that of self-protection. It was rather his duty to have shunned a conflict with the enemy when it was in his power to do so. We fear it will be long before we shall look upon the like of the Alabama again."

—— The Atlanta correspondent of the Mobile *News* says: "I can give you no idea of the excitement in Atlanta. Everybody seems to be hurrying off, and especially the women. Wagons loaded with household furniture, and everything else that can be packed upon them, crowd every street, and women, old and young, and children innumerable, are hurrying to and fro, leading pet lambs, deer and other little household objects of affection, as though they intended to save all they could. Every train of cars is loaded to its utmost capacity, and there is no grumbling about seats, for even the fair ones are but too glad to get even a standing place in a box car. The excitement beats anything I ever saw, and I hope I may never witness such again. But in the midst of all this the soldiers are cool, and cheerful, and sanguine."

Personal.—Lieut. Frank Brownell, the avenger of Ellsworth, has been appointed Assistant Provost-Marshal of one of the sub-districts of St. Louis.

—— The Union Convention of Ohio nominated Eggleston for Senator by 84 over S. P. Chase, who had only 39 votes.

—— The Committee of the Sanitary Fair, through Mr. Blodgett, have presented to Inspector James Leonard, as a testimony of their esteem, a most superbly mounted revolver. Capt. Leonard has the good fortune of being that *rara avis in terris*, popular with all parties, a distinction he has won by 20 years unswerving integrity, graced with the courtesy of the gentleman.

—— Mrs. Tyler, widow of the late ex-President, denies the marriage of his daughter with a Union soldier.

—— The venerable missionary of the American Board, Rev. Jonas King, D.D., of Athens, Greece, arrived in this city on the 9th of August, in the steamer Washington, 12 days from Havre. It is 36 years since Dr. King left the United States.

—— Admiral Dahlgren has received a photograph of the malicious forged plan of campaign placed by the rebels upon his son's body, and says the paper is a barefaced, atrocious forgery, so palpable that the wickedness of the act is only equalled by the recklessness with which the miserable caitiffs have adhered to it.

—— The Free Town *Observer* (Sierra Leone) states that M. Jules Gerard, known as the Lion-Killer, has failed in his attempt to reach the interior of the continent by the route to Timbuctoo. He had been attacked and plundered by the natives, and with difficulty escaped with life.

—— The London *Morning Herald* speaks of its correspondent "Manhattan," the late Joseph B. Scoville, "as a splendid instance of lofty virtue."

—— Miss Bateman will return to England in October.

—— Miss Braddon has agreed to write a new novel for the *St. James's Magazine*, its title, "Only a Clod."

—— Mr. Secretary Stanton, the American Mars, we are glad to see, is not insensible to the charms of Venus. He has released the pretty rebel spy, Annie Jones, commonly called "Major Jones."

—— John Forney, the proprietor of the Philadelphia *Press*, is about to pay a visit to Europe. He will probably take Dr. Shelton Mackenzie with him as his private secretary. His mission is—so it is rumored—to Lord Palmerston.

Obituary.—James McCall, one of our city millionaires, and President of the Metropolitan Bank, died on the 11th of August, in New York, of disease of the heart.

—— Isaac L. Varian, formerly Mayor of New York, died at his residence, at Peekskill, on the 11th Aug.

—— The Hon. John Brown Francis, one of our most respectable politicians, died, Aug. 9, at his residence, Spring street, Warwick, L. I. He was born in 1791, graduated at Brown University, 1808, and had occupied the positions of Senator and Governor.

—— Capt. Stephen R. Reynolds died on the 30th July, aged 29, from the effects of a wound received in the battle of Cold Harbor. He was an officer of distinguished gallantry.

—— Says the Wheeling *Intelligencer:* "Rebel prisoners recently captured report that Major Barry, formerly agent of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Moundsville, and well-known in this city, died in Richmond, not long ago, of dropsy. It will be recollected that Major Barry was compelled to leave Moundsville on account of his secession proclivities."

Accidents and Offences.—During a shower in Philadelphia, lately, a little girl named Clarissa Hurd, residing corner of Lackawana and Church streets, met a sudden death. She was seated by an open window sewing. While her hand rested her needle pointed outward. A flash of lightning rent the sky, and before the peal of thunder followed the child was stricken a corpse. The electric fluid touched the point of the needle, passed through the child's body, and crossing the apartment, shattered a chimney-piece into ruins. Through the hole thus made the subtle agent of destruction passed from the house.

—— The Reformatory at St. Vincent de Paul has been burned down, it is suspected, by an incendiary. Two of the 75 inmates are supposed to have perished.

—— Three substitute brokers recently kidnapped three boys from Brandon, Vt., the oldest of whom was only 16, and took them to Poughkeepsie, N. Y., where two of them were sold as substitutes, being induced to swear that they were from Canada, and were 18 years of age. The third boy, whose name is Ollery C. Wheeler, and whose father is a wealthy and well-known citizen of Brandon, refused to perjure himself, and stoutly refused to enlist. He was then brought to Troy, kept three days a prisoner under the influence of liquor, and sold as a substitute. The boys' parents have taken means to recover them.

—— Mr. Orson C. Cone, editor of the Somerset *Messenger*, who was brought before U. S. Commissioner Whitehead, at Newark, last week, was arrested for violating the 25th section of the Enrollment Act, approved March 3, 1863, by republishing from the Newark *Evening Journal* the article which caused the arrest of Mr. Fuller.

Foreign.—When Sydney Smith said that no reform would or could take place in the railroad travelling till a bishop had been roasted alive, he knew the English nature to a nicety. The recent murder of a respectable banker's clerk in a first-class car has had the effect of calling the attention of the public to the danger of being locked up, sometimes for hours, with either a felon or a madman. Some of the journals are advocating the adoption of the American system.

—— A Paris correspondent of the Newark *Advertiser* says: "The population of the French capital, according to returns just issued by the Hotel de Ville, amounts now to 1,696,251, contained in 20 arrondissements or districts, each of which is presided over by a Mayor. There are, therefore, in Paris no less than 21 Mayors, the Prefect being the Chief Mayor, and presiding over all. According to these same returns, which I was looking over the other day, I find that the number of births in the last year was 53,312, of which 26,505 were boys and 25,507 girls. Of the whole number, 14,591 were illegitimate, and 37,721 were born in wedlock. The number of deaths was 42,185, and the excess of births, 10,127. The marriages celebrated were 15,916."

—— Here is what Ruskin says of his countrymen: "We English, as a nation, know not, and care not to know, a single broad or basic principle of human justice. We have only our instincts to guide us. We will hit anybody again who hits us. We will take care of our own families and our own pockets, and we are characterized in our present phase of enlightenment mainly by rage in speculation, lavish expenditure on suspicion or panic, generosity wherein generosity is useless, anxiety for the souls of savages, regardless of those of civilized nations, enthusiasm for the liberation of blacks, apathy to enslavements of whites, proper horror for regicide, polite respect for populicide, sympathy for those whom we can no longer serve, and reverence for the dead whom we have ourselves delivered to death."

—— A new spire, 554 feet high is building on the church of St. Stephen, of Vienna, and will, when completed, be the highest in Europe.

—— The *Salut Public*, of Lyons, says that dresses with crinolines require three metres more material than the ordinary ones. As no less than 20,000,000 of ladies' dresses are made every year in France, the additional quantity used is 60,000,000 of metres, which, at two francs a metre, makes a sum of 120,000,000 francs. Two extra petticoats required cost 120,000,000 more. The steel cages, at 15 francs each, add a further sum of 150,000,000. These three sums together make a tribute of 390,000,000, or about one-fifth of the State budget.

—— Vela, the Italian sculptor, has been commissioned by the Empress Eugenie to execute a colossal statue of Christopher Columbus, to be erected in some public square in Paris.

Chit-Chat.—There is an old man at North Adams, named Burdick, who was drafted at Berlin, New York, and served in Vermont, in the war of 1812, and was never discharged from service, and is now entitled to 50 years pay, which, including rations, amounts to $5,000.

—— The *Opinione Nationale*, of Paris, says: "An intimate alliance between England and France is regarded at London as more and more probable. Here is what is written on this subject to the general agency of correspondence: 'The programme which the Palmerston ministry seems to have decided to follow, since its victory, cannot fail to be important—at home, measures of reform; abroad, a revival of the Anglo-French alliance, in terms of the greatest cordiality, with the formal intention of endeavoring, in conjunction with France, to put an end to the dreadful carnage of which America is the scene and the victim. If Lord Russell does not frankly adopt this programme he will give place to Earl Clarendon."

—— The London *Times*, in commenting on the harshness shown by the Prussians to the Danes, says: "It is easy to perceive from this how little the Germans are accustomed to the position of conquerors."

—— A correspondent, who seems to be an aspirant for the honors of martyrdom, *à la* Lafayette, calls our attention to the remarkable significance in the initials of both the *ex* and the present Secretaries of the Treasury. S. P. Chase meaning *Shin-Plaster* Chase and W. P. Fessenden, *Waste-Paper* Fessenden. In a word, says our malignant correspondent, they are both about equal to greenbacks.

"LATE" IS NOT "NEVER."

"Of course, murder will out; aye, and then there's God's vengeance upon the murderer, and the rest of it. Yes, and you believe all that; ah! *tant mieux*; but, shall I tell you a history?"

"Well, the night is fine, as our October nights here are apt to be; the coffee is not bad; the ice, that orange and pistaccio, among others, far from despicable; the tobacco was passable; you are disposed to listen; there is a crowd here in Florian, which is equivalent to solitude, for no one knows what his neighbor is chattering; Anna Bazzuri in "Beatrice" has excited you far beyond sleep, albeit the Campanile clock has tolled out its solemn One. They will let you in at Daniele's at any hour at which you choose to ring the bell which hangs, *delcussée*, on the Piazza dei Shiavoni, so half an hour, more or less, signifies little. I am not indisposed to talk, and will tell you a story. *Bottega! un caffe e fuoco.*"

Let me place my interlocutor before my readers. A man whom a careless observer might have described as old, for his hair was gray, "but not with years," as you discovered when you looked at him. There was a roundness of contour, a vigor, a flexibility in his movements that pertained not to advanced age, and belied the promise of the grizzled hairs, in which but few chesnut remnants recalled their earlier hue. All this showed that the aspect of age was but the disguise of prematurely blasted youth, and arrested attention on the person who, one fine night, in St. Mark's Square, Venice, thus bespoke him who now writes. There was bright moonlight; the broad square was afloat in radiance; the many-domed, multi-pinnacled cathedral loomed out like some Cyclop work in frosted silver; down the arcade streamed lines of idlers, purposely gloating over the glittering goldsmith's ware at the arched angel of the "Merceria," or the equally glistening, if less costly, *objets de Venice*, the shell gauds of the neighboring traveller traps. In Florian and Sattil overflowed a mass of loungers, frothing over into the outer breadth of the piazza, playing chess, drinking coffee, eating ice, hatching treason, abusing the Austrians; it was 1859, and the Lombard campaign was imminent. There is your scene, now for the *dramatis personæ*.

Imprimis. Your servant, not very tall; stout (his enemies say squat, but that's mendacious), auburn of hair (the detractor's aforesaid call it red, but that's their ill-nature), not ill-looking (his private opinion), very expressive countenance and gentlemanlike exterior—of course.

Secundo. The narrator, nothing out of the common; none of your melo-dramatic heroes, not the slightest flavor of daggers or trapdoors about him, all nineteenth century, modern and polished. He was prematurely grizzled, not his fault, as he said, but his misfortune. The man could moon all day over Basilica, *chiesa*, or *Accademia*; was unwearying in sight-seeing, the most exhaustive of tests; had a wrist of catgut in a *salle d'armes* could sit up till daylight at opera, or post opera orgie; seemed to renounce sleep and disown fatigue, yet had the exterior of elder manhood. He lived as one beyond all sordid necessities, all the waifs and strays of Venice flocked round him as to a certain haven for mendicity, and the omnipotent Austrian police was cap-in-hand to him in all places. I never understood him, and ended by giving him up.

Let him speak for himself.

"I think I hinted that murder now and then managed to slip through the meshes of our wisdom; of course you will say that to be safe it must be subtle, that the coarse, violent assassin pays a premium on detection.

"I knew a man, a 'party' if you like, since the *mot* is popular. Where did he live? well, say India; Hindostan is wide. Suppose we call him Smith, the forgery may be pardoned.

"I knew him—not a bad creature, kindly and well enough disposed towards his fellow men. We will describe him as a subaltern of Native Infantry, aged nine-and-twenty or so, and married for the past three years; his wife, a fairly pretty woman, some four years his junior. He was a popular, pleasant man, and content with his lot. But—aye! there's always a but—this man, in a sort of fool's paradise, lived content. When, without any particular warning, his life clouded, his wife fell ill, grew worse, medical men did their best (we won't say to kill her), and the end of it was that she he loved 'lay a dying.'

"'My dear fellow, nerve yourself, we can do no more, she will die,' so spake the regimental doctor, and the rumble of his departing wheels rolled out the requiem of his hearer's longings, and he knew that all the devotion of years was coming to naught, and he had to tell her. How was it to be done? God knows how, but in some incoherent wise it was accomplished, and, out of his insanity knowledge came to her. She knew that she must die; and he, more shattered of heart than she, grovelled by her couch and, what? prayed? Did he? I suspect he must have gone nearer to what you would have called blaspheming.

"When a hand touched his, and a voice spoke: 'Tom, don't break that simple man's heart of yours about me,' and somehow there was a hard cynical ring in the tone which grated on the husband. 'I am not worth it, Tom. I have carried about me long enough the weight of deception, the burden of a lie. In my own despite, in the candor of death, I am speaking out. I shall teach you to curse me, my poor Tom; but I must tell you, I cannot die and hoodwink you. Your manly faith has not faltered, and I must at last be true.'

"What was going to be disclosed, what black arcana were to be revealed! He sat in paralysis, she went on, and of what she said this is the epitome.

"Suddenly ordered on service (his regiment had take part in the Sutlej campaign), he, like so many others, had to leave his wife behind, and alone. One they knew had, in the long weariness of those lonely days, wormed himself into her confidence, her affection, had triumphed and remained exultant. On her fell sickness, repentance, confession, death; on her husband, solitude, without even a loving regret to mitigate its bitterness—he remaining unscathed.

"Well, well: and Nemesis? Listen. A January afternoon, a broad expanse of level yellow-green (a crop of wheat and pease; these things ripen then in India), a line of coolies, two Englishmen, gun in hand, away buzz the quail—*brrr, brrr—piff, paff*—'my bird,' 'your eye wiped, old fellow,' 'hold, on, load,' &c., &c., 'all right, '*line bandho*,' '*chulo*'—*brrr, brrr—piff, paff*—'Oh, my God! and a hurry of feet, and a man down, and blood on the trampled corn, not blood of quail!

"And while men of dark skin hurry away on foot to seek aid, one fair-skinned and fair-haired man, unharmed, bends over another who lies prone in the ripening harvest. The wounded man is very pale, the sound man, with fingers compressing the wound in his companion's thigh, to all appearance very earnest for his welfare. Brown-hued humanity is hurrying hither and thither. The white man unhurt, watches closely, the injury done by his unlucky shot (his uncocked gun had exploded suddenly), a space is left about the twain. Then speaks he who is unscathed.

"'Bryan, you will never more mislead wife of mine.'

"And he removes his finger from the severed artery.

"And straightway the wounded man, who, with every fibre in his shot-shattered frame has been holding on to life, abjures existence; looks up in his friend's face, sees in it what extinguishes all vitality in him, tries to speak and fails, and in the sudden horror—dies.

"And murder will out? *Bon á savoir! Bottega! un gelato di limonada.*"

He ate his ice, looking just a little pale, for he had excited himself as he went on. We strolled round the piazza; and then, passing in front of the cathedral and the palace, parted at the corner of the Piazetta. In a day or two afterwards the rail rolled me away towards Milan and Turin.

This odd story has since recurred to me, while, at times, I recall scraps of my quondam associate's conversation, which had in them hints of many years spent abroad, and in torrid climes. And again, he had a way of looking at the Austrian troops, whenever he saw them under arms, and a quick appreciation of defects or good points in their *tenue* or their manœuvres, that had in it a smack of the barrack yard and parade ground.

Had he ever lived in India, I wonder? Was it, perchance, his own story which he had just half-scoffingly sketched?—who knows? He was just the kind of man whom I should decline to trust, if feeling that I had played him any trick for which he was likely to bear me malice.



THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—CHARGE OF THE 2ND DIVISION, 9TH ARMY CORPS, INTO THE CRATER, JULY 30.—FROM A SKETCH BY ANDREW McCARTER.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.—1. WALKING DRESS. 2. EVENING DRESS. 3. WALKING DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.

EVENING.

Upon the ocean's pallid strand
I sat and dreamed alone,
While on the waves, like golden sand,
The sun's last beams were strown,
And twilight, in a converse land,
To early day had grown.



Methought I heard an olden tale,
Told in the water's tune,
That breathed of home and that deep vale
Where, in the month of June,
We sat and talked with faces pale
Beneath the quiet moon.

All day we sat and talked, and kept
The feast of love all day,
Till, with his lamp, the fisher crept
Along the darkling bay,
And she, like April, smiled and wept,
But never said me Nay.

All day, till twilight from the hill
In deepening shadows fell,
And far across the distant mill
We heard the evening bell;
And then the voice which haunts me still
Whispered—"Mine own, farewell!"

The past is past for evermore;
My memory now is cold;
And only on the surging shore,
Or in the whispering wold,
I feel again the love I bore
In those bright days of old.

If the ant gives an example of industry, it is much more than a good many uncles do.

Jane Benson's Trials.

BY CHARLES F. PRESTON.

CHAPTER I.

HERE, you, Jane!" called Mrs. Mordaunt, harshly, down the back stairs, "where are you going, I should like to know?"

"I am going to school, aunt," was the timid reply.

"No, you are not," was the decisive reply. "I can't spare you this morning. You must stay at home and help Bridget."

Jane took off her plain straw bonnet with a sigh, and hung it upon the nail behind the door. Then without a word she went down into the kitchen where she was soon busied in washing potatoes for dinner.

She was now about thirteen years old. Despite the plain calico dress which she wore, her sweet attractive face made her appear to advantage beside her handsomely-dressed but irredeemably plain cousins, Sophia and Annette. Of this the latter seemed quite aware, and as if Jane was culpable on the score of her looks, never lost an opportunity to sneer at and illtreat her. Annette was about Jane's age, Sophia two years older. They attended a fashionable school, where they learned a little of everything superficially. Mrs. Mordaunt paid the high rate of tuition without a murmur, feeling ambitious that her children should associate with their social superiors on a footing of equality. She had framed and hung up in a conspicuous position two landscape drawings which Sophia had accomplished with considerable aid from her drawing-teacher. Although Nature appeared to a decided disadvantage in these artistic efforts, Mrs. Mordaunt felt proud of them as an evidence of her daughter's talent.

"She takes after me, Mrs. Bent," she remarked to a neighbor. "When I was a child I was for ever making pictures on the slate. I have no doubt that I should have done myself credit if circumstances had allowed me to gratify my tastes."



DISCOVERY OF AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT.

And who was Jane?

She was the only daughter of Mr. Mordaunt's sister. At four years of age she had been left an orphan, and had ever since been an inmate of her uncle's house. Mrs. Mordaunt represented that she was an object of charity, and claimed the credit of providing her with a home. Jane believed this to be the case. There were very few who were aware that her uncle held for her in trust a property yielding three hundred dollars yearly, which considerably more than compensated him for any expenses he was put to on her account. He and his wife quietly ignored this circumstance, and made Jane a household drudge, making her sleep with the cook, whom she assisted by day. The fact was Jane's little fortune had been



A CUSTOMER FOR FRENCH BOOKS.

swallowed up by unsuccessful speculations, and her uncle would have found it difficult to replace it.

We left Jane washing potatoes in the kitchen.

She had scarcely finished this task when she was pressed into the service of the laundress, and sent to hang out clothes.

The little girl sighed.

"How shall I ever learn anything," she thought to herself, "if I am kept out of school half the time. Then the teacher will blame me because I don't study out of school. I am sure I would if aunt would let me, but she keeps me at work all the time. Perhaps she will let me go to school this afternoon."

But poor Jane was destined to be disappointed in her hopes.

"You will have to stay at home this afternoon, Jane," said her aunt, presently. "I want you to sew on Sophia's dress."

"Miss Whitcomb scolds me for not coming more regularly," said Jane, timidly.

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Mordaunt, coldly. "You must tell her you are needed at home."

"Can't I sit up this evening and sew instead, aunt?"

"I desire you will say nothing more on the subject, Jane," said her aunt. "You can't go, and you need say nothing more on the subject. How-

ever, if you will be a good girl I will give you one of Annette's old dresses."

This did not impart so much pleasure to Jane as might have been expected. Her cousin was somewhat smaller than herself, and her shape quite different. Jane had taste enough to perceive that she appeared by no means to advantage in Annette's cast-off dresses, and under the circumstances she did not feel inclined to express her gratitude very warmly. She therefore said nothing.

"Well, Jane, what do you say?" asked her aunt, sharply.

"I don't know, aunt."

"Don't know! Where's your manners, child? Don't you know what you ought to say when you receive a present?"

"Thank you," faltered Jane; "but Annette's dresses don't fit me very well, aunt," she ventured to add.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Mordaunt, stopping short and transfixing her niece with her cold glance, "here's vanity for you with a vengeance. Perhaps you'd like to have me buy you a silk dress, miss?"

As each of her cousins had several, the desire might not have been altogether unnatural on the part of Jane, particularly as it would have been bought with her own money. She felt emboldened to say:

"Sophia and Annette wear silk dresses."

"And suppose they do," retorted Mrs. Mordaunt. "There's some difference between you and them, I should say. We have enough to do for you as it is, and much thanks we get for it. But you are not worth wasting words upon. You will stay at home from school as I have bidden you."

At this moment the door bell rung, and Mrs. Mordaunt, adjusting the folds of her moire antique, walked complacently to the drawing-room, to receive her callers.

Jane, with a sigh, went back to her menial employments.

CHAPTER II.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Mordaunt sent her own daughters to a fashionable school, it is not for a moment to be supposed that Jane was allowed similar advantages. Indeed it must be acknowledged that her plain, unfashionable and unbecoming attire would have make her cut a strange figure at Madame Pompadour's Select School for Young Ladies, while madame herself would have been sensibly shocked at the proposition to take such a pupil. However, her susceptibilities were in no danger. Nobody was likely to make an application in Jane's behalf.

Jane was extremely fond of study. She learned rapidly, and with moderate advantages would have made a brilliant scholar, far excelling her superficial cousins. One day she picked up an elementary French book which had belonged to Sophia, but had been thrown aside for one of a higher grade. As it was not likely to be inquired after she took it up to her attic and hid it away in her trunk. Whenever she found an opportunity she pored over it, trying hard to master it. Of course she found the way beset with difficulties, but perseverance and hard labor enabled her to overcome many of these. To her delight she found she was actually making progress. There was one point, however, which puzzled her. She did not know how to pronounce the words. She determined, without betraying her secret, to apply to her cousin.

"Sophia," she said, one day, as that young lady lay stretched on a lounge in what she doubtless considered an attitude of elegant repose, "I wish you'd read a little to me out of your French book."

Her cousin opened her eyes in amazement.

"What on earth do you want me to do that for?" she inquired, in undisguised curiosity.

"I thought I would like to hear how it sounds," answered Jane, deprecatingly.

"It's too much trouble," said Sophia, languidly.

"But I should like so much to hear just a little," pleaded Jane. "I heard you saying something in French the other day to Annette, and I thought how glad I should be if I knew as much as you."

Sophia was vain, and this compliment had its effect.

"Oh, well," said she, "just bring me that book on the table. Only I don't see what good it's going to do you. You would never be able to learn French. You haven't got ability enough."

Jane thought it best to ignore this uncomplimentary remark, and brought the book.

Sophia could pronounce French better than she could read it, as Madame Pompadour, who was a Frenchwoman, took special pains to practise her scholars in this way.

Jane followed her cousin most attentively as she read, and her quick comprehension enabled her to seize the prominent principles which regulated the pronunciation. Occasionally she asked a question which Sophia, who felt that she was showing off her knowledge to advantage, graciously answered.

When the lesson was over Jane thanked her cousin gratefully.

Sophia looked at her curiously.

"You're a queer girl, Jane," she said. "Why should you care about all this? I can't conceive."

"I just thought I'd like to know how it sounded," said Jane, apologetically.

"Have you got any gloves, Jane?" asked Sophia, who felt unusually gracious.

"No," said Jane.

"Then here's a pair of mine you may have. They need mending, but they'll make a very good pair then."

"Thank you, Sophia."

So by dint of perseverance Jane managed to get through her French book. By this time she had become so much interested in the language that she felt anxious to go on. But there was one great difficulty. She had no more books, and no more money to buy them with.

"What's the matter wid you, Janey?" inquired her humble friend Bridget, who felt a sincere affection for the young girl who was left so much to her companionship.

"I was thinking, Bridget," said Jane, with a sigh, "how much I should like a little money."

"And what would you do wid it?" asked Bridget.

"I'd buy a French reader and a French dictionary," said Jane.

"Does your cousins learn French?" inquired Bridget, not over grammatically.

"Yes, Bridget; and I should like to learn too."

"It's a shame of the misthress to niglict you so entirely, poor dear. I'm sure you'd make a better scholar than them, if she'd only give you a chance."

"She thinks I am only fit to work in the kitchen," said Jane, sadly. "I shall grow up ignorant, and that's worse than not having money."

"I don't know about that, darlin'," said Bridget. "If you had money you could ride in your own coach, and have a fine house, and wear silk gowns ivery day in the year."

"I'd rather be able to sing and play, and be a fine scholar."

"It's likely yer right," said Bridget, a little puzzled; "but I'd rather have the money to buy fine things wid. And what's the price of them books that yer cousin's got?"

"I could buy second-hand copies for two or three dollars," said Jane. "Second-hand ones would do just as well."

"Why won't you put their names down on a bit of paper like?" said Bridget.

Jane complied with this request, though she did not know what it meant; and Bridget, poring over the paper with an air of owl-like wisdom, put it in her pocket.

The next day a bookseller was considerably surprised at a visit from a stout, red-faced Irish girl, who presented a piece of paper with the remark:

"Have ye got them books, sir, that's down there?"

"They are French books," he said, looking up at her.

"Av coorse; I know that," returned Bridget, for it was she.

"Yes, I have them," he answered.

"If ye have them second-hand, sir," said Bridget, "they'll do me just as well. Maybe I shall be wanting to buy some more."

"Are you intending to study French yourself?" the bookseller could not help asking.

"What else would I be wanting the books for?" returned Bridget, with an air of importance. "My education was niglicted when I was a girl, and now I want to learn something."

Bridget was determined not to betray Jane's secret, and for this reason gave the ludicrous impression that she wanted the books for her own use.

"A queer customer," thought the shopkeeper with amusement.

A serviceable though well-worn copy of each of the volumes was found. The price proved to be fifty cents for the one, and a dollar and a half for the other.

Bridget took out her pocket-book, and with an air of great satisfaction produced a two dollar bill.

"Ye may rowl 'em up for me," she said, consequentially.

The bookseller, though not undertaking to roll them up, carefully wrapped them in paper, and the promising French scholar walked off with her purchase.

"I've got something for ye, Janey," she said, mysteriously, to our young heroine, after she got home. "It's upstairs."

Jane accompanied her to the little attic room, and there lay the books she had so much coveted.

"What, Bridget! did you buy these for me?" she exclaimed. "You ought not to have spent your money for me."

"Whisht, my darlin', I may spind my own money as I like. Was them what you wanted?"

"They are just what I wanted. How kind you are!"

"Hush now—it's nothing at all."

"When I am grown up I will earn money and pay you, Bridget."

"Well, my darlin', just as you please. Maybe instead of that you can teach me a little of the lingo. Mesilf would like to know how it seems to spake in that outlandish way. It must be mighty quare entirely."

"O yes, Bridget; I'll teach you a little now."

"Will ye?" asked Bridget, delighted.

"Yes. Now, whenever you want to say yes, you must say '*oui*.'"

"We! That's mighty quare entirely. Then its the two of us make yes?"

Jane laughed.

"No it isn't that kind of a wo. It is spelt o-u-i.'

"And what means no?" inquired the French pupil.

"*Non.*"

"Nong!" repeated Bridget, with a strong Hibernian accent.

"Yes, Bridget, that's right. Shall I teach you some more?"

"Not to-day, Janey. That's all I can remimber to once."

With great pride in her new acquirements, Bridget kept repeating to herself "we" and "nong," till at the teatable, when Mrs. Mordaunt asked her to bring in a fresh supply of tea, she blurted out:

"We."

"Bridget talking French!" exclaimed Sophia, nearly choking with laughter.

"Yes," said Bridget, recovering from her confusion and assuming an air of importance. "It's mesilf that took lessons once."

Such a burst of laughter followed that poor Bridget retreated to the kitchen in confusion.

Jane, however, lost no time in availing herself of Bridget's gifts. Occasionally she would encounter obstacles which she found it difficult to surmount, but in general her quick apprehension carried her bravely through them. When her French reader was finished, Bridget bought her another book, and before a year was over Jane, little as her cousins suspected it, was a considerably better French scholar and read the language with greater readiness than either.

But Jane thought it best to keep this new acquirement to herself.

CHAPTER III.

So four years slipped away.

Jane was now seventeen years of age, about the middle height; with a face that had lost none of its youthful sweetness, she possessed more than ordinary beauty. Mrs. Mordaunt could not help acknowledging to herself that her niece would prove a dangerous rival to her plain cousins if any opportunity of comparison should be offered. She determined to allow no such opportunity. Jane was kept more than ever in the background. She was strictly confined to the servants' quarters whenever there was company, and was still dressed in the cast-off clothes of her cousins. This was a bitter humiliation to her. She would have been contented with anything of her own, however plain, but it chafed her pride to be treated as a beggar.

"But, after all," she thought, "am I anything more? I am a humble dependent on my uncle's bounty. If I am ever so situated as to earn my own living, I shall be happy."

At this time her leading idea was to become a governess or teacher in a school. This would be respect able and to her taste. But she felt that, in order to compass this she must be well educated, and how could she ever acquire an education in her present circumstances?

In the last chapter an account was given of the manner in which Jane succeeded in acquiring the French language, thanks to Bridget's timely loan. But, as may readily be supposed, she did not stop there. She ascertained what books her cousins used in other departments, and one by one obtained them. Though without a teacher, her firm resolutions enabled her to acquire a more thorough acquaintance with them than her cousins, with all their advantages, succeeded in doing.

In one respect, however, they had the advantage. Instrumental music was quite out of her reach; she must be content to do without it. Yet as she heard Sophia and Annette drumming away on the long-suffering piano in a manner which might well jar on the susceptibile nerves of a genuine lover of music, she often felt, with a sigh, that she could acquit herself with much greater credit if she only had the opportunity.

One day she made a discovery which materially improved her position.

In the loft was an old barrel filled indiscriminately with old rags and paper litter.

Her aunt seeing her at leisure one afternoon chanced to think of this barrel, and ordered Jane to go up and pick out the rags, and burn the old paper.

Somewhat unwillingly she undertook the task. She had recently commenced Latin, and was promising herself an hour or two to spend upon it. But sometimes it happens that our apparent hardships are really mercies in disguise. When Jane climbed with unwilling feet the steep and narrow staircase, she little dreamed of the discovery which she was destined to make.

For about half an hour Jane pursued her uninteresting task. She was required not only to separate the rags from the paper, but again to sort the rags into white and colored.

In her search she came at length to a small collection of letters addressed to her uncle. One yellow with age was open. Casting her eye upon the signature, suddenly Jane's heart beat fast and tumultuously.

The letter was signed "Mary Benson," and this she recognised as her mother's name. She had always felt a strong desire to learn something about her mother, but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Mordaunt ever seemed disposed to speak of her. It may be that their sense of the wrong they were doing the child made the mother's memory unpleasant.

Jane felt no scruples about reading the letter. She first kissed it reverently, and then sitting down upon a small hair trunk turned to the first page, and commenced reading.

The characters were small, and the ink had faded so as to make it difficult to read, but Jane would have persevered if it had taken the entire afternoon.

This was the letter:

"MY DEAR BROTHER—I sit down to write to you, feeling that I have but a little while longer to live. Consumption has fastened upon me, and I cannot hope to escape from its deadly grasp. I do not think I dread death. I have confidence in my heavenly Father, and I feel that He will consider mercifully my many shortcomings. I have one reason for wishing to live. My little Jane is now three years old. She promises to grow up an unusually attractive child. I feel that she will need a mother's care, and for her sake I could wish to live. Yet if my heavenly Father ordains otherwise, I am in His hands.

"This leads me to the request which it is the object of this letter to make. When I am gone I wish you to receive my little girl, and care for her as you would for one of your own daughters. I particularly wish that she should have a good education. I think nothing will make up for the lack of that. I do not feel to say more upon this point. You will understand me, my dear brother, and I think you will not refuse to co-operate in carrying out my plans and hopes.

"In making this request, my brother, I am glad I shall be imposing no expense upon you. I shall leave Jane five thousand dollars, safely invested. The interest of this sum will reimburse you for any expense you may incur. When she is eighteen, I wish her to have the immediate control of this sum. She will, no doubt, be willing to be guided by you as to the proper mode of investment.

"But this letter has tired me. I grow tired easily now. With many prayers for the happiness of yourself and my little nieces—I remain, your affectionate sister, MARY BENSON."

The emotion with which Jane read this touching letter may be imagined. But, mingled with this, there was a deep feeling of indignation against the brother, who could so cruelly disregard a sister's dying request. Her heart bounded with the thought that she was no longer the poor dependent she had supposed. She had money enough to support her in comfort, and it would be hers in less than a year.

Yet how had she been reared? As the companion of her uncle's servants, with the most limited advantages of education. That she did possess a fund of knowledge and information was due solely to her own efforts. She had acquired, not by her uncle's help, but in spite of him.

A new resolution had inspired her. She had hitherto submitted uncomplainingly and unresistingly to the demands upon her. She had toiled as a servant. Her time had been consumed in menial occupations. This she had done, feeling it her duty to compensate her uncle for her board. Now that she had learned that she was no dependent, that he had received more than a full equivalent for all he had hitherto expended upon her, her soul revolted against this oppression. She determined to assert her independence, and that without delay.

Carefully concealing the precious letter in her bosom, she left her unfinished task, and went downstairs.

She met her aunt on the landing.

"Have you finished sorting the rags, Jane?" inquired Mrs. Mordaunt.

"I have not," said Jane, coldly.

"Then what are you down here for? Go up immediately, and finish them."

"I would rather be excused," said Jane, coolly. "You can give the task to some one of your servants."

"What!" exclaimed her aunt, her face white with anger, "do you mean to defy me? Do you dare to refuse obedience? Go up immediately."

"I must decline, aunt," said Jane, perfectly collected. "I may as well give you notice that you must find some one else to do your drudgery. I have slaved for you for years. I have resolved to do so no longer."

"Good heavens! are you mad?" exclaimed Mrs. Mordaunt. "What has come over you?"

"I have only come to a resolution which I am sorry I had not come to before."

"You ungrateful trollop!" shrieked her aunt, her anger at a white heat, "do you expect we are going to support you in idleness? It would serve you right to turn you out to shift for yourself."

Jane turned her gaze meaningly upon her aunt.

"Very well," said she; "let my uncle make over to me the five thousand which my mother left him in trust for me, and I will go to-day."

Mrs. Mordaunt's face turned white, but this time with consternation.

"Who has told you of this?" she ejaculated.

"It matters not," said Jane, marking with a feeling of inward triumph her aunt's dismay. "It is enough that I know it. I shall require a private interview with my uncle to-day. Meanwhile, madam, if I am to remain under your roof you will assign me a better room than I at present occupy; I shall at once require new clothing, and an opportunity to make up the deficiences in my education, which has been so shamefully neglected."

Mrs. Mordaunt did not venture upon a reply. Without a word she turned and descended the stairs. Jane's assertion of independence had come upon her like a thunderclap. She felt that she must at once consult her husband.

CHAPTER IV.

SOMEWHAT to his wife's surprise, Mr. Mordaunt heard her narrative without exhibiting signs of disturbance.

"I think," he said, after a pause, "it will be best to send her off at once to a boarding-school."

"What!" exclaimed his wife, in astonishment. "Are you going to give up to her like that?"

"I will tell you my object," said her husband. "You remember hearing me speak of my uncle Joshua?"

"Yes."

"He has been in India for the last thirty years, and, as I believe, has accumulated a princely fortune."

"Well?"

"This morning I received a telegram, dated Halifax, informing me that he had got thus far on his way home. Of course I shall invite him to take up his residence here, and it is our fault, wife, if we dont induce the old fellow to remember us handsomely in his will."

"Yes, I see," said Mrs. Mordaunt, eagerly. "What a fine thing it will be for the dear girls."

"He has no other near relation except Jane. It is just as well that she should be out of the house. Then there will be less chance of her coming into competition with our daughters. As to Jane's inheritance—though it will trouble me to raise the money—it will be nothing to what we may get from Uncle Joshua."

"Yes, yes—let her go at once—the farther off the better. I don't like the girl—and that's the truth of it. I should feel like killing her if I thought she was likely to interfere with Sophia and Annette. How much do you think your uncle is worth?"

"Half a million, I have no doubt."

Mrs. Mordaunt's eyes sparkled. Visions of a splendid house, a fine carriage and magnificent furniture danced before her imagination.

"Let us get Jane off without delay!" she said. "I tremble lest your uncle should arrive before she comes."

"Send her up to me."

Five minutes after Jane entered the room.

"Jane!" said her uncle, abruptly, "would you like to go to boarding-school?"

"Very much," was the cold reply.

She did not express any gratitude, because she felt none. This plan of her uncle's she regarded as a tardy justice.

"It is best that no time should be lost," said Mr. Mordaunt, somewhat annoyed by her manner. "Can you be ready to start to-morrow?"

"Where am I to go, sir?"

"To ——, Pennsylvania."

"I have no dresses fit to wear."

Mr. Mordaunt drew out his pocketbook.

"Here are one hundred dollars," he said. "You may go out this afternoon and purchase a trunk and the necessary materials for dresses. They can be made up when you have arrived."

"Very well, sir."

Jane felt as eager to go as her uncle and aunt to have her. Her cousins at first sneered at the idea of her going to boarding-school, but when they learned their father's motive they hastily approved it.

The next afternoon Jane had started on her journey.

A day later Uncle Joshua arrived.

* * * *

They were all sitting round the breakfast table a week later. Uncle Joshua, a man of sixty-five, small and dried up by Indian heat, appeared to enjoy thoroughly the cordial family circle into which he had stepped. All seemed to vie with each other in showing him attention. How should he suspect their motives to be interested?

"By the way," said he, "'didn't your sister Mary leave a daughter?"

"Yes," said Mr. Mordaunt, uneasily.

"And where is she now?"

"I have had the charge of her ever since her mother's death. She is now at boarding-school."

"I hope she is as sweet and attractive as her mother. I remember her as a charming girl."

Mrs. Mordaunt put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Ah, sir," said she, "it is a painful subject. It is well that her mother did not live to see how she has turned out."

"You startle me" said Uncle Joshua, with an air of concern. "What is the matter with her?"

"She has been very unruly and disobedient from the first. She could never be got to attend to her lessons. She is shockingly ignorant for her age. We have been obliged to send her off to a distant boarding-school to see if something cannot be made of her.

"I am truly sorry to hear it—Mary's child to!" murmured Uncle Joshua sorrowfully. "As you say, it would have pained her poor mother to know how she has turned out."

"Yes, and it has grieved us all very much. But let us change the unpleasant subject. We will hope for a change for the better."

While this conversation was going on Bridget was waiting on the table. The honest handmaid's indignation was stirred to hear her favorite so unjustly spoken of. She would like to have interrupted Mrs. Mordaunt, but thought of a better way.

"O, you could sinner!" she said to herself, mentally shaking her fist at her mistress. "Won't I expose yer dasatful doings!"

"I'd like to spake a word to you, sir!" fell upon Uncle Joshua's ears in a strong Hibernian accent, before the day.

"Indeed!" was the astonished ejaculation.

"Well, say on, my good girl."

Bridget did say on. In a tone of indignant eloquence she told Uncle Joshua the whole story of how poor Jane had been snubbed and ill-treated, and made to work in the kitchen; how she had been cut off from all educational advantages, and made to consort with servants, until just before her arrival she had been packed off to a boarding-school. Bridget told how she had secretly found means to study, and with an eloquence born of friendship, she took none of its effect because the language was uncouth, praised the poor girl whom her aunt had sought to vilify.

Uncle listened in silence.

"Where is this boarding-school?" he finally asked.

"In ——, State of Pennsylvany," responded Bridget.

"I will go there at once and see Jane. If I find that you have told the truth, you shall not go without your reward. Meanwhile don't say anything about what has gone."

"That I won't, your honor," said Bridget with a joyful look.

Uncle Joshua explained to his host that he must make an unexpected journey, but resisted all hints to reveal his destination.

The explanation came in due time.

Four days later Mr. Mordaunt received the following letter:

"Sir:—You will observe from the date of this letter that I resolved to satisfy my mind as to the truth of the stories you and Mrs. Mordaunt chose to tell me about Mary's child. I would inquire your motives. Enough that I am convinced you have done her a cruel injustice—and that intentionally. You have cruelly abused her dead mother's trust. That she is not as you have as your wife represented is only accounted for by her studying in secret. As to her temper, I find that she has been shamefully misrepresented.

"I must call your attention to the fact that she will be eighteen nine months from to-day. At that time my grandchild's cousin, and I shall call upon you, in her name, to surrender the estate which legally belongs to her.

"I shall immediately purchase a house in the city and install Jane as its mistress. My present intention is to make her my heiress. Had I found things as they should be, she would only have received one-third, and your daughters would have shared equally with her. This is now impossible. You and your wife have only yourselves to blame for this disappointment. Had you behaved properly you would have had no occasion for repentance now. It will be my endeavor to make up to the poor child the advantages of which your cruel parsimony has deprived her.

"Your uncle,

"JOSHUA MORDAUNT."

Mr. Mordaunt crushed the letter in his fingers, and turning to his wife assailed her with bitter reproaches, charging upon her this bitter disappointment. She retorted, and a scene of harsh altercation followed.

Jane was avenged.

Sophia and Annette, as they walk along Broadway, gaze with envy and jealousy at Jane's sweet face as she rides by in her uncle's handsome coach. They are ready to fawn upon her now, and are eager to claim relationship. Jane receives their advances politely but coldly. She cannot have forgot the past. As for faithful Bridget, she occupies a prominent place in Uncle Joshua's household, and is remunerated so handsomely for the services that she possesses no less than three silk dresses, a white satin bonnet in its latest style, and a gold breastpin of mammoth proportions. Her evident prosperity has led to overtures of marriage from several admirers, but Bridget likes her place too well to be lured from it.

"What would I do wid a husband, shure?" she says. "I wouldn't have my swate young mis thress if I could have tin of 'em." And that settles the question.

LILY'S BALL.

LILY gave a party,
And her playmates, all
Gaily drest, came in their best
To dance at Lily's ball.

Little Quaker Primrose
Sat and never stirr'd,
And, except a whisper,
Never spoke a word.

Tulip fine and Dahlia
Shone in silk and satin;
Learned old Convolvulus
Was tiresome with his Latin.

Snowdrop nearly fainted,
Because the room was hot,
And weak wavy Mother Hen
With sweet Forget-me-not.

Pansy danced with Daffodil,
Rose with Violet;
Silly Daisy fell in love
With pretty Mignonette.

But, when they danced the country-dance,
One could scarcely tell
Which of these two danced it best—
Cowslip or Heatherbell.

Between the dances, when they all
Were seated in their places,
I thought I'd never seen before
So many pretty faces.

But of all the pretty maidens
I saw at Lily's ball,
Darling Lily was the prettiest
The sweetest of them all.

And when the dance was over
They went down stairs to sup,
And each had a Queen Pineapple,
With dew in a Buttercup.

And all were dressed to go away
Before the set of sun:
And Lily said "Good-bye-e!" and gave
A kiss to every one.

And before the moon or a single star
Was shining overhead
Lily and all her little friends
Were fast asleep in bed.

THE THREE MISSES PINKERTON.

BY A. BROCK.

THERE was Miss Sarah Pinkerton, Miss Lucinda Pinkerton and Miss Bunty Pinkerton, the last name being a corruption of her proper one, Abstinence. Whether the paternal parent had indeed felt that in his third daughter he had a sufficient supply or not, I cannot pretend to say: at all events, Dame Nature had early took him and caused her favors, only revenging herself by making the little creature's figure suitable to her name and the reverses of her station, namely, that Miss Sarah (or, as I believe the fashion now makes it, Sadie) was tall and thin, Miss Lu a kind of size on her part to place herself on a level with all around her, had contracted a habit of stooping which made her very round-shouldered. She was not "fair, fat and forty," but sallow, slim and "Having fifteen years before safely crossed the placid little bay of childhood, she had ever since been searching for a manly hand to guide her down the stream of matrimony, but unsuccessfully. Several times had her spirits been revived by hope, as some masculine craft would come sailing by her side, but what! each time as they approached the first look, where it is a necessary the keeper should tie the two vessels securely together for ever before entering the matrimonial stream, they ignominiously backed out, and she was left, each time more cofeebled, to urge her barque away from the influence of the old maid's channel, to which it was evident she was drifting. These disappointments had somewhat affected her disposition, but she was too proud to let others see the trouble, and indignantly said:

"She would not marry the best man living. They never knew when they were well off, but expected the wife to be always ready at a beck or a nod. Always with the eternal smile on her face. No matter if the baby has cried all day long, teething, and Buntly has gone off and left you with all the housework to do, while your own head aches enough to split, 'tis you husband that needs comforting, therefore be sure to have a good dinner ready, and to smile as though angels took your direct to heaven on his departure, and only brought you back in time to meet him at the door on his return. Remember, the poor fellow has been down town all day, toiling hard at reading the newspapers and picking his teeth in the easy chair, with his feet up on the desk, or possibly exercising sufficiently one arm to pay some old Molly four or five cents for a couple of splendid apples, to spoil his appetite for the dinner which requires so much care to suit his fastidious lordship. No, no! She did not want to be the slave of any man."

Nevertheless, we surmise she would not have refused that honor had the opportunity occurred, but would have leaped out the "Yes" as sweetly as her neighbors.

Miss Lucinda was a little morsel of humanity, twenty-six years of age and not weighing over ninety pounds. A most solid reasoner, with an speck of dust her little black eyes failed to discover would never be found. Whew! what a little scold it was.

"Sarah Pinkerton," she would say, not at all in awe of her big sister, "I should be ashamed if I could not put the covers on the preserve jars way better than you have done. Here is this black currant jam dropping all down on the shelf where you let the brandied paper dip into them yesterday, and these peaches I shall have to boil over again, you tied them so loosely that the air has got to them and they are working like journeymen."

Miss Lucinda had been more successful than her sister, for once she had a lover and was soon to be married, but in a fit of anger at some misdemeanor on his part she ordered him to leave the house, which he did, and to her great sorrow never returned.

And now for Miss Bunty. There is no gainsaying the fact, that although she was too fleshy for good proportions, she was nevertheless as sweet a little dumpling as you could find, and a perfect darling in the bargain. Bless her heart! she never showed him the door, but was so frightened off her lovers, scolding like Miss Lucinda, but amiable and sweet-tempered, frank and affectionate, never turned her. Indeed she had no occasion to abuse the opposite sex, for even if dear old Dad will want to marry her, there was not one among them who would not properly appreciate any piece of folly on her account.

She was now twenty-two years of age, though you would have guessed her eighteen, with the rosiest cheeks and blackest eyes imaginable. She had not a lover, never had a lover, and declared she did not care if she never got married; she liked the boys first-rate as they were, perhaps a nearer acquaintance might quite high opinion of them. Now she could go skating or coasting, whichever she pleased, and there was no one to tell her that her hair was ugly and rude except Sadie and Cind. They treated her as though she was still a child, and seemed to consider her almost too young for long skirts and high-heeled waists. But she was very well suited to be thought so, for I overheard her one day fully insinuate to her companions (lazy little thing), that it saved her a world of trouble, and she was afraid it wouldn't be long before she would be lecturing her on the propriety of being in boys' society so much, and Cinda would be introducing her into the mysteries of pie and bread-making.

But "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," she quit growing as she left them, and tripped lightly up the stairs to the house, and—into the arms of a gentleman who was conversing with Sadie just inside the door.

"Oh!" exclaimed Bunty.

"Dear me, you rude child!" said Sadie.

Not a word to the gentleman, but closely watched her with an amused face, as with her rosy cheeks still rosier she hurried upstairs out of sight.

"Then you think it would be impossible for you to accommodate me with a room, Miss Pinkerton? I have a friend who wishes to board in-town."

"I am very sorry, sir, but we have only one spare room, and that we always like to have ready for our friends, but I think, perhaps, our next-door neighbor has one."

"Thank you, good morning."

"Sadie, who was that?" piped little Miss Curiosity, from the top of the stairs.

"Nobody that concerns anything about, Bunty, and I will be obliged to you if hereafter you will keep to act more like a lady, and less like a hoyden. Rambling about upstairs arms in that rude, boisterous fashion."

"Now, Sadie, don't be cross, you know I could not help it, and you never will happen in—you know the rest. So now tell me what he wanted, Sadie's dear sis?"

"He wanted me to take him to board. What could make him think we wanted boarders, I cannot imagine."

"Well, but who is he, Sadie?"

"Why, what a tosses you are. He is the new professor at the college, and his name is—let me see, here is his card—Prof. Arthur Smithson. He is a very gentlemanly person. I don't think I have met one of the opposite sex in some time who has pleased me so much. I shall get papa to ask him here to tea some time."

"Oh! do. Won't we have fun, and perhaps he'll take a fancy to you, Sadie, and become my brother-in-law."

"Don't be silly, Bunty."

"No; I'll try not to, but I thought he looked as though he was in a hurry to leave your delectable society when I came in, and from what I saw of him he looked like a first-rate old gentleman."

"Oh! no such thing," and the blush which she had held her breath to bring to her face at Bunty's former words died away. "I'm sure he's not a day over thirty."

"Oh—my," exclaimed the amazed Bunty, as her irate sister hastily disappeared in the sitting room. "I guess I'll take a look at this professor the next time I meet him. What new notion has that dear old Sadie got into her head now, I wonder?"

True to her word Sarah prevailed upon Mr. Pinkerton to bring the professor to tea one evening, and true to her word Bunty took a good look at him, and inwardly pronounced him a mighty good-looking fellow, and (as Sadie had said) not a day over thirty. Mrs. Pinkerton having previously quitted this wicked world, Miss Sarah, of course, did the honors of the table, inquiring most solicitously if his tea was sweet enough, and smiling sugar all the while. Miss Lucinda took her seat opposite their guest, and dealt out to him with a lavish hand her choice preserves and cakes, while Bunty, her black eyes twinkling, her glib tongue worked as though she was storming a fort, and each word was a bullet or cannon-ball, with a terribly effective aim, and a perfect hail thereof, while Bunty, the most wicked of them, sat demure and innocent as a kitten, planning mischief while she quickly offered him butter or cheese, and peeping slily at him while the finishing grace was being said.

Alas! poor professor! Tribulation in petticoats is getting possession of you. Everything is going wrong. Many, many visits he made to the house after that evening, but Bunty, knowing full well whom he really came to see, and that it was no accident which made her meet him every afternoon when taking her walk, no matter which way she went, at first for fun and afterwards for fear, denounced and declared the courtship to be his future visit to the house had suited the question, and that anybody could see with what respect and almost adoration he looked up to her, and daring to offer himself for fear of rejection, thereby losing her beloved society.

On the strength of this supposition Sadie thawed a little from her dignity, throwing a portion of the oil of tenderness into her manner, and trying to persuade her sister that she suppressed a laugh. And thus several months passed; Sadie feeling more and more sure of her conquest, Bunty meanwhile feeling the blame, when one day she chanced to mention, in the presence of Lucinda, her expression of a wedding in the family before long.

"Yes," replied Lucinda, with an attempt to blush, "I think myself he will make known his intentions to papa before long, however, he will not be in too great a hurry for me to have time to get a handsome outfit. I think I had better begin immediately, to make my dress."

"What!" said the astonished Sadie. "Why, my dear sister, I did not know that you, too, contemplated matrimony. Do tell me who it is? Perhaps we can have a double wedding."

"A double fiddlestick, Sarah! You don't mean to tell me you suppose I am capable of matrimony. And as to the person I am speaking of, anybody with a grain of sense can see how dearly the professor loves you, though he has not had the courage to mention it. Good Lord! Sarah, what is the matter? Bunty! Bunty! Come here —quick! Sarah's fainted! Run and get the camphor."

Such it was unnecessary. Miss Pinkerton's wrath quickly recalled her senses, and a perfect torrent of epithets, such as "perfidious wretch," "traitress," and "double-faced," duly replied to by the equally angry Lucinda. An hour and a half of tears and abuse ensued, during which Bunty, terrified at the storm she had helped to raise, fled to her room and locked the door. Sadie did not see her sister, but Sarah and Lucinda were invisible during the remainder of the day, and the week hardly spoke to one another, each, however, treating the poor professor as their own property when he called, but infinite politeness.

At last one day Mr. Pinkerton came home, looking very important, and with a letter in his hand: "Girls, girls!" cried he, "I've news for you! Your approval, as he seems very earnest about it"—here they could not restrain looks at each other. "I do first determined to keep this answer about, but on reconsidering the matter concluded to let the principal owner see her very own property," both started forward to receive it, but gave a little scream as Mr. Pinkerton quietly continued—"my dear Bunty, take it."

But Bunty sprang to her father, and clasping her arms around his neck sobbed as though she had lost a dozen brothers rather than gained one.

"Why, Bunty, daughter, don't cry so. I am sure I do not wish you to marry him if you feel so much about it. Perhaps you love him?"

This made Bunty laugh.

"I guess I do, a little, papa."

"Only a little?"

"Well, yes, a little more than a little. On the whole, papa, I think I will marry him—"

"If you don't I shall sue you for breach of promise, my darling," said a manly voice at her side.

"Sadie!" and Bunty, taking her in his arms, "it is full two months since that promise was given, and I shall claim its fulfillment soon."

"Was there ever such another deceitful child?" quoth Miss Lucinda.

"Never," sighed poor Miss Sarah.

THE SICK BRIGAND.—HENRY WARD BEECHER says of one of his characters in Constitution and Laws—let that in all stages it was the opinion of every man who thought the Constitution that slavery was wrong, and that they did not feel as you or I would have felt, but said 'Take it up in every way.' Slavery was like some brigand brought into an Alpine convent, where he was given a room and a place to prepare to die in decently, and the old brigand did not die, but called in his confederates, and razed the very hospital where he was being nursed for a Christian burial."

A CHIEF who broke out of jail in Ohio, the other day, being captured, told the sheriff that he was not ashamed, but he had considerable scruples about surprising his guards.



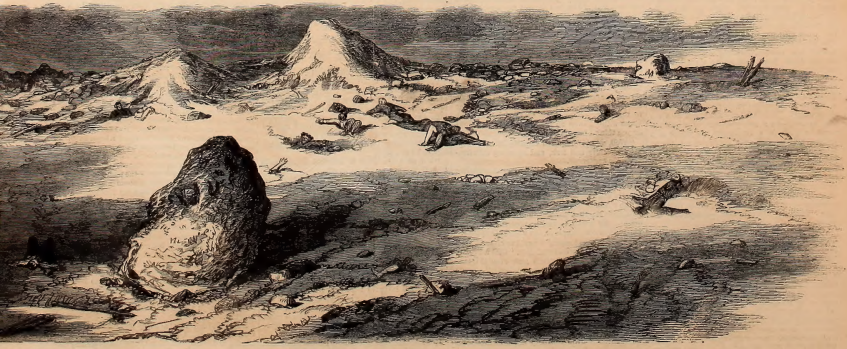
THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—BATTLE OF JULY 30—EXPLOSION OF THE MINE AND CRA



THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—BATTLE OF JULY 30—VIEW OF THE



D CHARGE ON THE ENEMY'S WORKS BY THE 9TH CORPS.—From a Sketch by Andrew McCallum.



F THE REBEL WORKS AFTER THE EXPLOSION AND BATTLE.—From a Sketch by E. F. Mullen.

SEASHORE FANCIES.

O PEARIANT waters, rippling on the sand,
Green and pellucid as the beryl-stone,
With crested breakers heaving toward the land,
Chanting their ceaseless breezy monotone,
What sunny little feet at gitlish play
Have ye not kissed on Newport's beach to-day?

O waves, what foam around you lonely rock,
Boding the distant storm with honnor roar,
Has not some ship, beneath that tempest's shock,
Gone down, a piteous wreck, to rise no more
Lost in the mighty billows' wrath and scorn?
What gallant hearts have ye not stilled to-day?

O dancing breakers, fresh from other seas,
Whereon the lingering, loving sunshine smiles,
Your spray is fragrance on the fragrant breeze
Borne from the spice-groves of those palmy isles
Where dusky maids make merriment alway—
Have ye not lured their perfect forms to-day?

O tossing billows, come ye from afar,
Where over icefields the Aurora beams,
Dimming the radiance of the northern star
That through the lengthened night of winter gleams
Upon the toppling iceberg, grim and gray?
Have ye not loathed their frozen sides to-day?

O sea of life, whose waters heave and roll,
Ye have sad wrecks and joyous youthful forms,
Ye bring sweet fragrance to the weary soul,
And chill with the breath of icy storms:
Here, on the shore, we smile, and weep, and pray,
O waves, cleanse all our sins from us to-day!

NINA MARSH;
OR,
THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

MADAME DE PENE was no favorite with Mr. Marsh, because he hated clever and sprightly women as a rule, and had a strong prejudice against her coming into the bargain; but he always behaved to her with marked respect. High-born, poor, and alienated by her own exile from those relatives whose rank and influence must have determined her own position in the world, Madame de Pene's situation was one to excite the sympathy of every true gentleman, and Mr. Marsh treated her, as if she were not a dependent even on a reigning queen. The two ladies always walked up to the manor-house, because they could not afford the expense of a carriage; but Mr. Marsh took care that they should be driven home, and was invariably at the door to receive them when they arrived—a courtesy which he would not have extended to any duchess or countess in the land.

Madame de Pene was led by her attentive host to a seat on Mrs. Marsh's sofa, and then Gabrielle slid away to Nina's side. There was a strong friendship between these two, totally dissimilar though they were both in disposition and temperament, perhaps all the more on that account. But there was one great difference in the affection each felt for the other. Gabrielle was full of trust towards everybody, and especially towards Nina, to whom she would willingly have confided a secret affecting her very life, if she could have had any such; whereas Nina had no faith in women at all, not even Gabrielle, and would, had she been sore pressed, have gone to a man, even a stranger, rather than have confided in her nearest female friend. But still they were sincerely attached to each other, with a likeness on Gabrielle's side which was returned by a moderately tender partiality on that of the other. Nina deriving a passable degree of pleasure from an intimacy which made the young French girl's life rosy with joy.

With a refined gleam in her great velvet eyes Gabrielle crossed tenderly to Nina's side, and was welcomed by a smile. They could have a little cosy conversation together in their corner, for the other guests were arriving, and diverted attention from their neighborhood. First the Honorable Lawrence Vane strolled indolently into the room. He was inclined to be patronising and supercilious, but, catching sight of a superior star from his own firmament, he graciously condescended to modify his too-overpowering distinction, and fawned about Lord Gillingham until the ears turned up, and growled out some such terms pleasantry which was not intelligible to the by-standers, but very flattering to the object of their neighborhood. First the Honorable Lawrence Vane, then Gillingham, and then the Honorable Lawrence became suddenly humble, and gave no one any trouble through the rest of the evening. Lord and Lady Boughton were the next arrivals—he a tall, pompous, consequential man, as sour as a crab-apple, as yellow as a guinea, and as stiff as a poker; she a severe, interesting creature of forty, who was playing the young bride for the fourth time, and seemed to have begun to practice. Then came some nouveaux riches—a Sir Barnard Sykes, with his over-dressed wife and under-dressed daughters. The clergyman of the parish, a gentleman and a scholar—a good, amiable man, whose very failings "leant to virtue's side"—completed the party.

No sooner were all the guests assembled than dinner was announced. Nina had become a prey of Lawrence Vane, and Captain Marsh thought himself lucky in securing Gabrielle de Pene. The little French girl looked as artless as a child, and seemed quite as engaging. She talked a great deal, treating Captain Marsh as if he were an old man, and as antediluvian in appearance, and as to be quite a curiosity in his way. Gabrielle thought a long beard an absolute sign of patriarchal years, and referred to Cyril's reminiscences as worthy of all respect from their antiquity alone. Her companion was sufficiently amused at her innocent impertinence and sprightly sallies, but he quite intended to make profit out of her neighborhood, and skilfully drew the conversation on to Nina's beauty, hoping that it might lead to some revelation of Nina's sentiments and tastes. The young French girl looked askance at him through a long, blinding sweep of silken lashes. She was evidently measuring her ground, and trying to discover what interest he had in her reply. But Captain Marsh, divined the unspoken thought, and met her scrutiny with a careless smile.

A simple country girl has no chance with a man of the world. When she has displayed all her little arts and wiles, and feels that her little stock-in-trade is quite exhausted, it is just as far advanced in reality as if she had sat mute and passive all the while. In both cases she would be "quite at sea," and there she is left, "with her fair side all unguarded," quite at the mercy of the victor. Poor Gabrielle's innocentlittle weapons were roughly hunted by her adversary's fencing, and she was soon, or appeared to be, blurting out all she knew with the most charming confidence in the world.

That dear, darling Nina was just as good as she was beautiful. Did he know what happened about her the other day?

No, he did not, and cared very little besides, to judge from the absent look of his eyes and wine on his plate. At the same time he had no objection to lending half an ear to her candid prattle.

"Well, dear child, you know an old woman here named Dame Oldum?"

"No, indeed, I do not."

"How strange! She is quite the character of the neighborhood, a wicked, cunning, hardened old soul, who hasn't the least bit of heart that any one can find out. All dear Nina has to do, poor child with her she cheats, some of the villagers she intimidates, and the rest she what mama calls 'cajoles.'"

"Well done, Dame Oldum!" explained Cyril, with considerable gravity. "She should keep a school for embryo diplomatists."

"You needn't interrupt me," said Gabrielle, with an arch sidelong glance at Captain Marsh's profile. "We hate the old woman, Nina and I, because she is so servile, and begins to flatter us and tells us how angels we are directly we begin; but

"And you don't like to be told you are pretty?"

"*Cela dépend*," answered the French girl, with a little shrug of her graceful shoulders. "It is all in such people; we neither of us could, you know, because we understand why it is done."

"But if I were to tell you how charming I thought you, would it afford you any gratification?"

"It wouldn't elate me to any unsafe degree."

"You are too accustomed to the assertion, I presume? We are told that French ladies live on homage and compliments."

"Not very substantial food! Mama and I conform more to the customs of our adopted country and patronise less ethereal fare."

"And leave the bonbons and compliments for dessert?"

"We are neither of us at all *gourmande* in that respect. But are you going to let me tell my tale or not?"

"Certainly. I am all interest and attention."

"Well, you know how fast it rained the day before yesterday? Soon after it was fine again and pelting, so that you could not be out in it five minutes without being wet to the skin. But I was out, nevertheless, enjoying myself as much as myself. Mama was anxiously expecting a letter, and as it was close upon dinner-time the servant could not conveniently be voluntiered to go and get it. I met no one until I came to the churchyard, to get which abomination I must saw Nina just in front of me, walking very fast. She was so strangely dressed, too, in some sort of costume that gave one the idea of flight. Every now and then she looked anxiously behind her to see if she was observed, and once I caught sight of her face, which was perfectly colorless and white. You may be sure this excited my curiosity, and I was most desirous of fathoming the mystery which could have driven her out in the rain. I watched, not hiding up at all, for Nina could have seen me well if she had turned my way, which, by some chance or other she did not do, though we were both going the same road, and up the churchyard path to the old Dame Oldum's post-office, she slackened her speed, looked cautiously towards the village, and then knocked softly and audibly at the door. Dame Oldum was on and surprised in my life, for I had often heard Nina say that nothing should ever tempt her to go there again. I was close behind now, but as she absorbed was she in her own thoughts that she never once perceived me. Presently Dame Oldum came to the door. Nina stepped quickly into the house without even an invitation, and then what do you think I heard her say?"

"Well, what?" inquired Captain Marsh, dropping his knife and fork, and speaking with irrepressible eagerness.

"Good-morning, dame. I hope your rheumatism is better to-day."

And Gabrielle rose from her seat, swept him a demure little curtsey, and followed the ladies out of the room.

Captain Marsh was exceedingly annoyed at his defeat. He began to realise now that Gabrielle was not quite so simple as she wished to appear.

"I might have known," he said to himself, with a bitter sneer at his own credulity, "that a French girl could only be a French girl, even if transplanted to another soil; a leopard does not change its spots with clime. At any rate, I have been completely fooled this time. That girl has got my secret out of me as sure as I'm alive."

Cyril ended his reflections by a dubious pull at his long beard, then buried his cares in a glass of *lacryma christi*.

Meanwhile Nina and Gabrielle were chatting together on a little couch in the drawing-room, pleasantly constructed for the accommodation of one stout person, or two more slenderly fashioned not notedly repugnant to a little home-pressure.

"I have made a great discovery to-night," said Gabrielle at last.

"Well, what is it?" inquired Nina.

"That the gallant captain is desperately in love with your beautiful self."

"Nonsense, Gabrielle!" said Nina, her voice cold enough, but her face as warm as a rich red flush could make it.

"I assure you it is an absolute fact. I suspected that it would be so, and to-night I have gained the certainty I required. And how do you think I did it?"

"I don't know—how should I?"

"Well, it was cleverly managed, though I shouldn't say so, perhaps. I told him some long story about your visit to Dame Oldum the other day."

Nina gave such a sharp, sudden start that the very sofa shook.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Gabrielle, anxiously. "Are you in pain, or did I startle you?"

"Neither, Gabrielle. Go on; a pin pricked me, that is all."

"Well, it was a rich study; you should have seen! Captain Marsh was careless and a little inclined to be sarcastic at first, to be greatly occupied with his dinner, and hardly deigning to glance my way; but I made the whole affair appear so mysterious, declared that you were in disguise and afraid of being seen, etc., until I piled the agony up with your stealthy knock at Dame Oldum's door and subsequent entry. And then what do you think I heard her say?' was my conclusion, and I came to an impressive pause."

Nina tried to speak, but her voice died away in her throat, and her hand, which had fallen down helplessly at her side, was clenched and hot. She had just strength left to sit upright and listen, that was all.

Gabrielle looked puzzled. She dared ask no questions, but she went on mechanically, without any pleasure in her recital.

He had dropped his knife and fork, and was turning my way, with such an eager, excited face. I am sure his heart stood still to listen, and he forgave me for the little stratagem when I saw him in which I held him. 'Well, what?' he almost gasped at last. 'Good-morning, dame; I hope your rheumatism is better to-day,' said I, and then I made him a little curtsey, and slipped after you out of the room."

Nina heaved a long sigh of relief.

"Was that all?" she inquired, in a deep, hoarse voice. "You didn't tell him anything more?"

"What more could I tell him, Nina? That was all I heard?"

"Oh, Gabrielle!" said Nina, drawing a long breath, "you did frighten me terribly. I would have given almost anything rather than Captain Marsh, above all people, should have known that I went to Dame Oldum's that day."

"And why?"

"I can't tell you now, in case he should ask,' murmured Nina, evasively; "but I may, perhaps, let you know when he is gone."

Gabrielle said no more, but she drew her own conclusions, and the first of them was that she had been nearer the truth than she had supposed in attributing some mystery to Nina; but her impression was that this mystery concerned both Nina and Captain Marsh, and related to some love-passages between them, which, for some incomprehensible reason, they desired to conceal. This encouraged her in her affection, while it increased and sent her wits. She withdrew into a corner and watched the game, and it seemed strange, even to herself, with her suspicions and suspense upon her, Nina took the place of her former love and trust.

Meanwhile Jack Dawes had possessed himself of the vacant chair by Nina's side. Jack was supremely happy in all but one respect, and that was he could think of nothing to say. He racked his brain till he was ready to commit suicide, and squeezing on his gloves. This operation afforded him some relief, as it might appear a tolerable excuse for absence of mind during the difficulty of the undertaking, but when once it was concluded Jack felt more uncomfortable than ever. He got redder and redder. Nina was very composed, until Miss Dawes's womanly compassion was aroused in his behalf, and she furnished him with a subject of conversation.

"Have you been hunting much lately, Mr. Dawes?"

Jack's face brightened immediately.

"Well, you see, Miss Nina, this isn't the country I used to be in. It isn't the sort of thing; the farmers are so dev—I mean so very tetchy, and have put up no end of wires fences on purpose to kill the horses and break our necks. But we'd a jolly run, as times go, yesterday. Nan was there, and got the brush, after the pluckiest thing I ever saw."

And Jack glowed with brotherly pride and satisfaction as he spoke.

"We all knew what a splendid horsewoman Miss Dawes is," said Nina kindly.

"Well, you see, Miss Nina, I stuck to her when she was young, and there's nothing like a beast; and Nan's uncommon clever at anything. The way she amuses herself is wonderful. I always thought ladies were rather down in the mouth and fidgety in wet weather, but she isn't; and the best part of it is she amuses herself with nothing at all."

Jack stopped short to laugh and was honestly elated at his own success, never having found half so much to say to Nina in all his life before. He began to think he had understated his own conversational powers, and that modesty, and not want of ability, had hitherto kept him from shining in society. Jack was going to begin again before the steam went off, as he mentally expressed it, when Lord Gillingham sat himself down on Nina's other side, and bent his head to whisper some exaggerated compliment in her ear.

He meant to do the agreeable to Nina, he had taken his seat with that distinct purpose, and also something to punish Jack Dawes for daring to pooh on his manor. He began to launch out some of his bitter, biting pleasantries at the young squire. Jack bore them patiently enough at first, because he saw marks of disapprobation on Nina's face. He was determined not to be bullied into a retreat, and Lord Gillingham was equally determined that he should find it convenient to shift his quarters, and that, too, pretty long.

Lord Gillingham was not a man to remember that he was an earl for anything else but the privilege his rank bestowed, and the opportunities it gave him for riding roughshod over anybody that cringed in his path. He could appear very courtly when like to do so, also, exceedingly severe, which made it impossible for any gentleman to quarrel with him, unless he made up his mind to answer in blood. Jack Dawes sat doggedly silent, and quite as obstinate in his purpose as the earl himself. He lordship grew savage at last, according to his usual habit when opposed; he spread out his long thin white hand on his knee, glanced from it, significantly to Jack's bulky fist, then said, in a tone of smooth insolence:

"Would you oblige me, Mr. Jackdaw, with one of your cast-off gloves? I want it for my cabinet of curiosities."

"Yes, it is a pretty big, stout hand," answered Jack, a sudden glow of fierceness creeping into his eyes, "but it's nothing to my arm. I believe I could felt an ox without shaking in my shoes. I was at Roydon fair the other day—not in such good company as I might have been, perhaps, but still honest lads enough, as honest as lords, maybe—and one man, who was the worse for liquor, began imitating the scale of a jackdaw, and pointing me out to the crowd, and jeering at me. Now, I stand most things, except being made game of, so I drove my fist into his face and knocked pretty well all his front teeth out, besides damaging one eye; and now nobody cares much to molest me, peer or peasant, for I'm not apt to be partial at all—only, perhaps, if I have a little bit of fancy one way or the other, it is for a lord, when it comes to fighting, because they give in soonest, and are more easy to beat."

Telling coxen and knocking out people's front teeth are scarcely drawing-room accomplishments, it seems to me."

"And I don't profess to be a drawing-room man. I was reared, and so I suppose I shall remain to the end. come; but, another time, I'll just ask who's to be here first, for a good dinner's one thing and good company another."

And the young squire rose, squeezed Nina's hand, with an accompanying glance, earnestly beseeching her to be as true as he was, and mean anything against you and yours—I am only protecting myself;" then, with a sort of rough dignity it was not necessary to respect that he showed, he crossed the room to fetch his stater, went, with her on his arm, to bid his host and hostess good-night, and left the room.

"What an insufferable boor!" exclaimed his lordship, but not before the door had fairly closed upon Jack Dawes.

"I don't agree with you," answered Nina, shortly.

And she left her seat at his side and joined Lady Boughton and Madame de Pene.

Lord Gillingham gave vent to a suppressed oath and rose too. As he was borne homeward in his softly-cushioned carriage he decided, without hesitation, that he had said agreeable so much in his cooling as he had led himself to expect.

CHAPTER V.—DAME OLDUM HAS A LITTLE EVENING PARTY.

THE village of Beechwood was shadowed towards the east by a semi-circle of gaunt old hills. Most of the cottages nestled under the Beechwood sheaf, glad of the slighter from keen winds in winter and the hot sun in summer. They were built so evenly side by side—Mr. Marsh, to whom they all belonged, having the genius of order in a high degree—and were so nearly alike, that one by its opposite neighbor, that Beechwood could boast quite a respectable street.

The first house from the east was the last house in the village, and had formerly been advertised by a flaming signpost. A sandy lion, with a golden mane, was seen bounding the air with his paws, and opening wide its huge jaws at the evident risk of dislocation. A terrible rampagious hunter he was depicted by the brush of the last generation, who stole scared, but charmed, glances at him as they passed by to their games on the common, and certainly he did look as if he humas veal would at all offend his palate—rather the contrary. Made dizzy by the sight of his way: he preferred *tiplck au naturel* to the cunningest *ragoût* that could be devised, and, instead of having his picture carved at the sideboard, he kept them under his own paw. But the lion was getting old now, and could not pick a bone as he used to do, for he had lower fangs, and their courage rose with its weakness. They tell us of a race of Indians who, when their fathers grew old, and could no longer follow the chase or go to war, immediately slaughtered them and dished them up. The Celts did not deal so with, for the simple reason that he was not composed of digestible materials, but they put him to a perpetual shame, and otherwise maltreated him, until at last he was so battered and subdued that he had only two fore-quarters and a half an eye with which to bid defiance to his enemies.

At the back of the inn there was a narrow, zigzag path, which led, past the post-office, to a little cottage perched on the very summit of the hill, and resembling more the cyrie of some bird of prey than the abode of a human creature. This was Dame Oldum's castle, and the rendezvous of all the gossips whose wind was as long as their tongues.

Dame Oldum, was a keen, wicked little old woman, with small reverence for any authority, human or divine. Self-interest was the governing principle of her life. She despised weakly people,

always insisting that everybody might be healthy if they liked. She had never called anything in her life, and could do a good day's work as when she was young, and perhaps better, for, as she was wont to say, she knew more how to begin now so as to make her time go the furthest.

Dame Oldum was rather an important person in the village, and the *entrée* of her house was considered a great privilege. Her parties were always select; but it may be noted that no one was invited who could not in some way compensate for the expense incurred for her entertainment, either in the information she could supply, the advantages she could insure to her hostess, or the assistance she could afford. Little Rose, her son Ben's betrothed, was unwillingly exempt from these conditions, and only brought her blushes and pretty manners to the feast, thereby greatly conducing to Ben's enjoyment at the expense of the rest.

Dame Oldum's cottage was always neat and trim, but to-night it looked unusually gay. She had placed a few china ornaments on the mantelpiece, and, between each, a nosegay displayed on a white cloth, kept in countenance by a large dish of shrimps, another of plum-cake, with slices of bread-and-butter in abundance, there certainly seemed no mean inhospitable welcome for her guests.

Eliza Wells, the under-housemaid at Mr. Marsh's, was the first to arrive. Eliza wore a red silk shawl and white yellow, had her long pink streamers flowing down her back, and brooches and bracelets *ad nauseam*. Eliza was a person of education, and cut off the tips of her words by way of showing she had been to a grammar-school and was accustomed to good society.

"Well, Liza," said Dame Oldum, giving her an encouraging nod, "how are you all at your place?"

"Thank you extremely," answered Eliza, "but they are not what may be called particular salubrious. Miss Rosa has been a poor creature ever since her illness."

"Perhaps she's got something on her mind, and that keeps her back?"

"What should she have on her mind?" said Miss Wells, a little scornfully; "she can buy anything she wants for money, to, and is made as much of by the gentlefolks as if she wa's a queen; besides, it's as clear as noonday to any one that's got discernment that my Lord Gillingham would give anything to have her."

"And what does she say to him?"

"Not much as anybody can find out; but she's not a person to show her feelings; she was always reserved-like that can remember."

"And the two gentleman staying there now, are they fond of her at all?"

"That's more of us can make out. Sometimes they seem to be, and sometimes they don't seem to be."

"And there's nothing particular or mysterious like in the manner of either of 'em?"

"What should there be?" And Eliza opened wide her pale gray eyes, and looked considerably astonished at the question.

"Oh, nothing," answered Dame Oldum, a strange, crafty smile hovering about her thin lips; "only sometimes the courting is done secret. But servants are cleverer than their masters take them for, and we what is going on anderhand without wanting any telling; that was my meaning. But now you'll sit down, won't you? We shall have Jim's company, I suppose?"

"Thank you; he'll be here punctual at eight o'clock. He can't get away before, but he'll come for certain then."

"Jim's a tidy little fellow," said Mrs. Oldum, more as if she were commenting than questioning.

"So he may be as far as looks go, but his habits are not good."

"What's the matter with them?"

"He's too fond of the 'public' for my taste," answered Miss Wells, with a resentful flutter of her long black streamers.

"You see, young men will be young men," was the current consolation Dame Oldum volunteered.

"So they may be for aught I care," retorted the young lady, with whom this was, naturally, a sore subject; "I'm not beholden to Jim for his favor in any respect. A person of my education can pick and choose pretty well where I like."

"I know that," answered the old woman, with one of her fawning smiles; "still, you might go further and fare worse. Jim's a nice little fellow, and has plenty of gumption."

"I've no notion of such gumption," said the other, sharply.

And Dame Oldum, seeing that the wound was too recent for her remedies to take effect, prudently changed the subject. She tasted almost all the room, in order to give her visitor time to recover her equanimity; then she replenished the fire, and set the kettle, hissing, amongst the logs. This cheerful sound fell pleasantly on the housemaid's ear.

"A cup of tea is a refreshing thing," she remarked, when Dame Oldum turned her way again. "I'm always partial to tea now, for our meals at there are not what they used to be, and the mess complain sadly about limits in their beer."

"How's that?"

"Why, you see, since this last housekeeper came, she's been more for master's interest than ours. Not that we haven't enough, and so on, but still the quality of it isn't as it used to be; we only get poultry now second-hand from the other table, and we don't have anything hot for breakfast, which I miss in particular, for my constitution is one that requires a great deal of support."

"Do you hear any talk of giving away soup this winter?" inquired the old woman, presently. "If so, you'll speak a kind word for me, won't you?"

"Nonsense, mother!" said Ben, entering the kitchen in time to catch her sentence; "we don't want any charity things."

"We want whatever we can get," answered his mother, sharply. "If a poor lone widder-woman, who has worked and slaved all her life, doesn't want such things, I don't know who does."

Ben, a great, stalwart fellow of six feet high, put up his colossal shoulders, and gave a little significant whistle, then he said, in a tone, saying he was going a little way down the hill to meet Rose, and should be back in a few minutes."

"So I must suppose," said Eliza, scornful," inquired, or, rather, remarked, Miss Wells, when Ben's huge person had disappeared through the doorway. "I wonder he does't look higher, I'm sure."

They were on Mrs. Oldum's sore subject now, and Eliza was determined to make the most of it.

"It's no use talking," said the old woman, harshly; "you can't alter things. Men are all fools where the women's concerned. If they can get hold of a face with a little pink about it, their mothers, or anybody else, may go to the workus for what they'll hold out a hand to save 'em. There's Ben, as might marry so well, if he'd a mind to it," she added, with a little malignant glance at the china ornaments and well-filled board, "a-going to throw himself away on a little chalky bit that, when she's got some rubbers and waters, a hailing mother, and a father with no gumption at all. It's enough to make one forget one's manners, and say far worse. All I can say about now, I shouldn't have minded. I dare say you've made some little savings, and you've been brought up in a way as will bring credit to say but by; but as for her, I could—"

But here Ben's mother failed Dame Oldum, or expediency disciplined her temper, for she came to a sudden pause.

"But couldn't something be done to put a stop to it?" suggested Eliza, simpering over the compliment to herself. "It's a shame to see such a fine young man as Mr. Ben making so much of himself as to condescend to a common laborer's daughter. If he could be made to see that she wasn't the suitable match for him, it would be thought—"

"Poor little thing!" and the old woman cast a look up into her lover's face, and pressed closer to his strong arm.

"Love you mind, little one," said the great fellow, bending down to her with eyes of earnest regard, "I'd have what I like in my house, and them as can't be civil to you can keep away from it."

"I'm sure I'm very glad to see Miss Rose," said the housemaid, with an unmeaning smile on her lip, but eyes that said different things; "I hope you are well, miss."

But Dame Oldum still kept a sullen silence.

"I'd better go home, Ben," whispered Rose, in tears; "I'd rather; please, Ben."

"Then I won't go," answered Ben, with despotic tenderness. "I've stood just as much pottering down and riding over rough-shod as I mean to stand. If she can't make herself more agreeable to them as I invites as well as to them as invites, why, I'll send the company, that's all. There's a cottage to let down, and there and then they'll be nothing to keep us from being married at once."

Dame Oldum turned sharply upon him.

"Yes, and forsake your poor old mother, who has worked hard off her fingers to keep a roof over your head; you're a pretty lad, you are!"

"I don't want to forsake you, mother; I only want you to behave pleasant to Rose, and make her welcome when she comes to the house."

Dame Oldum advanced into the middle of the room with a smile, vastly wicked and cunning, and spoke to Rose, and Rose only, then she made an elaborate curtsey.

"I am very glad to see you, miss, and thank you for coming," she hissed at Rose through her clenched teeth.

"Thank you for having me, dame," answered little Rose with great sweetness, and seeing her mistake, began to make overtures to the old mother, and, moreover, was too indolent by nature to take the trouble of quarrelling if he could help it, pretended to be satisfied too, and helped Rose to remove her things.

She was a pretty creature—almost a child. Her fellow-boarders at Mr. Marsh's spoke about her as a face, the deep violet eyes stealing sly glances at you from under the weeping brown lashes. In the sun there was gold in her hair and the glow of an amethyst in her tender eyes. Red-lipped, brown-cheeked, with the bloom of health on her cheeks, and the unshackled freedom of nature in her supple limbs, was it to be wondered that great Ben from his six feet of height and breadth should look down with a species of admiring worship on the sweet flower of this child?

Ben had often stealthily compared his hand with hers as it nestled in his broad palm, contented but tremulous, and he marvelled in his wondering, honest heart how anything could have been fashioned so small and weak. Ben's passion might have been rough, but it was chivalrous. Ben had solemnly promised himself that, when Rose belonged to him, those frail fingers, reddened with their constant toil, should be cared for, tended, and that Rose should gain more from his virge of arm than the protection promised them.

Rose's position was by no means an enviable one that night, in spite of Ben's loving care. Presently other guests arrived, but they all took their tone from the mistress, who was too strong in her wicked craft to be set at defiance by ordinary people. Rose ate but little; under such a battery of envious eyes she could only sigh and be silent. Dame Oldum was as malicious as she dared be, significantly inquiring if Rose took sugar in her tea, as if it were a luxury to which she could not be accustomed, and, therefore, had no right to expect. But Rose was very patient and gentle by nature, and she would not have uttered a complaint or shown any resentment for the world. There was nothing she so much dreaded as any breach between Ben and his mother. She would have been very miserable, only that her lover's great hand sought hers now and then under the table, and seemed to speak a pressingly of his feelings, that all the rest was endurable after that.

When tea was over the table was promptly cleared, and a dirty pack of cards produced. Miss Wells kindly volunteered to teach them all, herself always serving as counters. Rose was soon forgotten in the excitement of the game; and, on Jim's arrival a little later, the fun raged so fast and strong that Rose could venture to ask all her nuts with Ben's, and even show him each card, consulting him earnestly as to how much she ought to stake.

Luck favored Rose, as if to spite her tormentors. It was astounding how often she had *vingt-et-un*, and how many she turned out of their deal; until, at last, as Miss Wells whispered to her neighbor, "There was no doubt but what she did it out of spite, on purpose."

The game did not proceed very rapidly, as most of the players were weak at addition, and stronger in detraction than subtraction. They were often innocently waiting to be paid when they had exceeded the unbroken number by nine or ten. But Miss Wells kept her sharp eyes on all, and under auspices creditors received their own. At last—perhaps a bottle of homemade wine was put on the table, accompanied by the remains of the plumcake and another dish of nuts, and after this refreshment all prepared to start.

Rose was the first to go, because, as she whispered to Ben, she did not like to keep her father up late after his day's work. Ben stealthily filled her pockets with the nuts they had won together, knowing how much unexpected treat would rejoice the hearts of her little brothers and sisters at home. Rose put on her bonnet and shawl, almost ashamed of their shabbiness, after knowing that she, in her neat but common things, looked far more a lady than the others in their flaunting finery. At the last Rose let go of Ben's arm and went to Dame Oldum, who received her in a sullen silence.

"Thank you for inviting me," said the sweet little Jessie; "I have passed a very pleasant evening, and am very much obliged."

But from the free breath drawn outside, as she grasped almost nervously at Ben's arm, you might have divined the heavy burden lifted from Rose's heart. Her step was buoyant now, her laughter ready and unrestrained. Ben could see by the moonlight with a meaning smile on her lip, but eyes that said different things; "I hope you are well, miss."

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FIREFLIES.

'Tis June, and all the lowland swamps
Are rich with tufted reeds and ferns,
And filmy with the vaporous damps
That rise when twilight's crimson burns;
And as the deepening dusk of night
Steals purpling up from vale to height,
The wanton fireflies show their tiffid light.

Soft gleams on clover-blooms they fling,
And glimmer in each shadowy dell,
Or downward with a sudden swing,
Fall, as of old a Pleiad fell;
And on the fields bright gems they strow,
And up and down the meadow go,
And through the forest wander to and fro.

They store no hive nor earthly cell,
They sip no honey from the rose;
By day unseen, unknown, they dwell,
Nor aught of their rare gift disclose;
Yet, when the night upon the swamps
Calls out the buzz and misty damps,
They pierce the shadows with their shining lamps.

Now ye, who in life's garish light,
Unseen, unknown, walk to and fro,
With Death ahold, bring a dreamless night,
May ye not find your lamps alow?
God works, we know not why nor how,
And one day lights, clear hidden now,
May blaze like gems upon an angel's brow.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Queen's speech prorouging the British Parliament was delivered by commission. It regretted her failure to make peace between Germany and Denmark, and declared her intention still to remain neutral in the American civil war.

The House of Lords had finally declared against Mr. Wortley's marriage. That independent body had announced her determination of moving the case into Scotland.

An armistice for nine months had been agreed on between Prussia, Austria and Denmark. The general world comments had taken the case out of the hands of the Federal Government, much to the disgust of those solemn nihilists, who had protested against the acceptance of the emperor's mediation, and by many high and mighty principalities, many of which have not as many square miles as Rhode Island, New Jersey.

The Emperor Napoleon had considered moderation to the cause of Austria and Vienna in their dealings with Denmark, in whose favor much sympathy existed in the British and Prussian peoples.

The French press were much annoyed and surprised at Lord Lyons's recognition of the insurgent regime in Mexico, as he did not consider it quite established yet. It is considered, however, most probable that Mr. Lincoln will not accept an ambassador from Maximilian, and therefore the minister from Juarez will be accredited, despite the *Moniteur's* deliberate assurance that Lord Lyons had assured the French minister that the authorities of Washington would recognise the Mexican Empire.

AN HONEST DEACON.

DEACON N——— was an honest old codger, a kind soul too, a good Christian, but lackadaisy! the deacon would occasionally get exceedingly "fresh," and almost every Sunday at dinner he would indulge in his favorite cider beverage to such an extent that he was with difficulty he reached his pew in the broad aisle, near the pulpit, and between the ministers and the village squire's. One Sunday morning the parson began his text, and the deacon's screaming, sounding many glaring sins so conspicuous among them, that they would have taken immediate notice of the gospel he happened to be severe. The afternoon came, and the deacon had overslept himself, and set out to hear their neighbors "dreamt down," by the minister, who, after well opening his big mouth, commenced upon the transgressors with a loud voice, with the question:

"Where is the drunkard?"

A solemn pause succeeded the inquiry, when up rose Deacon N———, his face red from frequent draughts of his favorite drink, and steadying himself as well as he could by the pew rail, looked at the parson, and replied in a trembling and piping voice:

"Here I be."

Of course a consternation in the congregation was the result of the honest deacon's response, however, the parson went on with his remarks as he had written them, continued to denounce the drunkards, and closed by warning them to forsake at once such evil habits, if they would seek salvation and flee from the coming wrath. The deacon then made a low bow and seated himself.

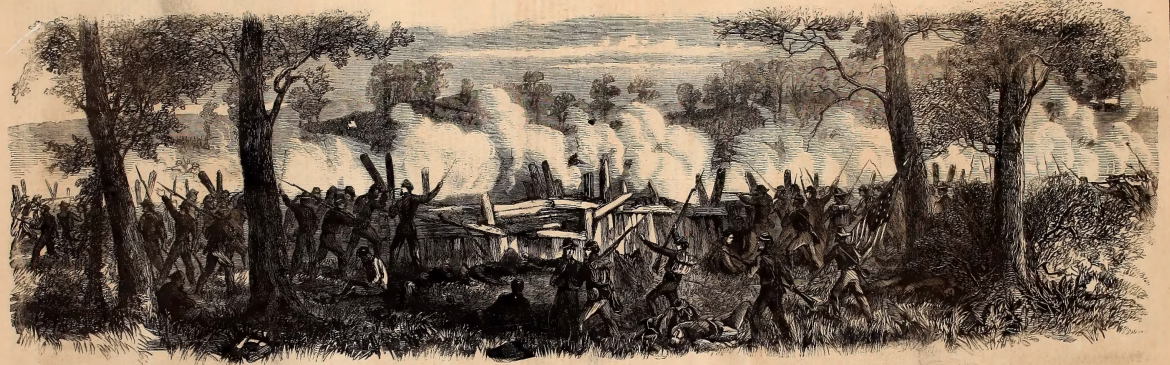
"And now," asked the preacher, in his loudest tones, "is there any drunkard present?"

A pause, but no one responded. Eyes were turned upon the deacon, but he kept his head down and appeared to be asleep; presently, and indeed the parson seemed to exploit, he was about to close the meeting, when the deacon raised, or where it should be said, arose from his seat, and looking at the parson, he tapped on the shoulder, and thus addressed him:

"Now, squire, why don't you stand up? I did when he called on me."

THE new loan offered by the Secretary of the Treasury, the details of which will be found in our advertising columns, is one that appeals to the prudential considerations of every class of men. It is one of the best and safest investments that can be made. The banks have been compelled to take it, and the people will be compelled to take it. Every shrewd speculator in Savings' Bank and gets for himself. Every man who has a dollar to spare helps Government and securely paying 7-30. To say nothing of the loss avoided, and the profit being patriotic in assisting the Government.

FIGHT BETWEEN A BULL AND AN ELEPHANT.—The *Correspondencia* of Madrid furnishes the particulars of a fight between a bull and an elephant. The elephant is the largest and oldest that has ever been seen in Spain. It has recently been taken from Africa, and for a long time with the female, who died recently, since then the surviving animal has been confined in the menagerie of Aranjuez, which his keeper has appeased with great difficulty. When the combat was between the *Plaza de Toros*on a fiery young bull was turned out. The bull rushed furiously upon the elephant, and the latter received the slight shock without attempting to push him, in order to wound him; but the elephant, with his trunk, seized the bull by the forehead, did not allow it to approach. Finally the bull attacked him in front; but, encountering the trunk, he found himself surrounded on an impregnable barrier, he did not succeed in wounding him. At last, in one of the assaults, the bull succeeded in thrusting his head beneath the tusks; but, before he could penetrate the tough hide of the elephant, he fell to the earth. The spectators only saw the elephant bend his head slightly and rest the extremities of his trunk, which had been plugged, upon the back of the bull. From that moment the bull was *hors de combat*, and when they afterwards killed him it was found that three ribs were completely crushed by the almost imperceptible movement the elephant had made in holding him with his trunk. It appears that the proprietor of the elephant intends to take him to Madrid for another contest.



THE SIEGE OF ATLANTA.—REBEL ATTACK ON GEN. LOGAN'S CORPS, JULY 28.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BATTLE OF ATLANTA, JULY 28.

GEN. LOGAN'S 15th corps has again added to the imperishable honors won on many a bloody field. It has met the enemy again and routed them. The battle of the 28th was more brilliant than any of its predecessors, from the fact that the whole rebel army was massed against a single corps, with a view, if possible, of breaking it, and getting at our communications in the vicinity of the Chattahoochee.

The army of the Tennessee, which for so long a time held a position on our left, had been ordered to take up a position on our right, and had executed the movement with great skill and celerity during the night of the 27th, so that by morning they had not only reached their new position, but had fortified at strongly, and were prepared to receive any attack which might be made.

The rebels, early in the morning, discovered that some change had been made in our position, but were unable to make out its character, and immediately commenced demonstrations on our right. Indeed there is reason to believe they thought that wing had been weakened rather than strengthened, and Hood thought to take advantage of it. He believed himself able to flank Sherman and make him abandon the works he could not force after two terrible battles, and with that view he massed his troops as already indicated; and his dispositions evince that he possesses no mean order of military talent. Had his designs succeeded, he would have so interrupted Sherman's communications that that commander would have been compelled to give battle at a disadvantage, and on Hood's own terms.

The skirmishing commenced early in the morning, but several hours were consumed in the preliminaries. Loring's corps was on the left, and it was to it that the chief flanking movements were assigned; while nearly all the remainder of the rebel army were massed directly in front of Logan, a few brigades extended further to the right and confronting Dodge. The reason of Hood's extreme caution was his entire ignorance of the strength of the opposing forces. Was it only a brigade left to protect communications? He doubtless believed so. But when once he saw by the movements that we were not long in discovering his mistake. The assailants, after driving in our pickets, moved up steadily and with a steady step, opening out when within 400 yards of our fortification. Gen. Hood superintended the movement, and was seen riding up and down the lines encouraging his men, and pointing out the easy victory he anticipated. Meanwhile his subordinates were equally busy in urging the lines forward. Along our lines they observed a General and his staff moving slowly and hastily, as if to confer with some influential commander; but not a head was seen above the works, and for aught the assailants positively knew, they were breastless, save by the few pickets and skirmishers in front of our line. Upon this mount over the entrenchments. They, however, suspected from the proper positions of the General in question that there was a purpose in the movements between them, and they were right. The commander was Gen. Logan. There was a storm of bullets flying around him; he wavered not, but continued his movements down the lines. "Keep your men here," was his order to each regimental commander, "till the rebels are within easy range, then let on and he throws away." Heeding no force, the assailants took courage, and when within 200 yards raised a tremendous yell and started on the double quick, but at that instant the signal was given, and every battery double-shotted with canister was let loose, and the apparently deserted fortifications being lined with heads, and at every foot a shining musket was aimed at the assailants. I have frequently heard of the murderous fire poured forth from the heights of Fourker Hill and from behind the cotton bales of New Orleans, but how feeble those when compared with the destroying volley which swept on a single instant hundreds of men into eternity and laid thousands upon the earth maimed, many of them for life, on the plains before Atlanta.

The human tide which flowed on with apparently irresistible force now ebbed and rolled back in terror and dismay. They halted to second fire; another, and the army would have been nearly destroyed; they therefore sought shelter as speedily as possible beyond the range of our guns. Prisoners stated that at this juncture Hood had great difficulty in rallying his troops, but finally they were brought a second time to the charge, but this time they advanced cautiously, insidiously and without their wonted confidence. In the hundreds of their comrades lying scattered upon the ground, they saw, as in a magic mirror, their own fate, and that fate was met by other thousands before the dreadful carnage failed. By this time Loring had tried our flank, but it was not unprotected, and his troops were repulsed at every point with great loss, he himself very severely, and some say, mortally wounded, while leading the charge. He had evidently in his course at New Orleans was looked upon with suspicion, and from that hour he had hoped by a subordinate position in the field, and he determined by his courage in attacking, to, had conwounded honor. But it is probable that his life paid the forfeit. Skirmishing, too, had commenced in front of Dodge's corps, but it was only heavy skirmishing. There was no serious attempt to make a charge. The main advance, however, continued for some hours, but all would not avail; firing, and then rising, advancing a short distance and falling down again; but all would not avail; in two hours the field was clear of all combatants and only occupied by the dead, the dying and the severely wounded; the assault had been abandoned. Pursuit was not attempted, our men at once commenced burying the dead and taking care of the wounded. By this time, 713 bodies had been interred; but it is believed that at least 100 were carried away by the rebels. Over 1,000 severely wounded but it is believed that at least 100 were carried away by the rebels. Over 1,000 severely wounded were left in our hands, and estimating the loss in the proper proportion of wounded to dead, it could not be much less than 6,600.



THE STEAM YACHT CLARA CLARITA, OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THE NEW STEAM YACHT CLARA CLARITA.

AMONG the novelties that have made their appearance in New York harbor this summer is the elegant steam yacht Clara Clarita, of the New York Yacht Club. Beautiful in build, swift beyond any screwboat of her length, furnished like a palace, and armed like a warrior, she might produce a vivid sensation. As our readers observe she is schooner-rigged, and of an exquisite model, every graceful line proclaiming her speed. She was built at the yard of Lawrence and Foulks, Brooklyn, her engineering designed by J. V. Holmes, and made by the Novelty Works, under the superintendence of Chief Engineer William Vanderbilt. She is 192 feet long, 22 feet beam and 12 feet deep. On her trial trip, July 2, she ran down to the Lightship in 2 hours 7 minutes from Castle William, equal to 15.2 miles per hour.

Her cabin fittings are of rich rose wood with satin panels. She is upholstered with silk reps lined with gold satin; her cushions are of green silk plush. Her floors are covered with velvet tapestry; her ceiling is white and gold. She carries two 12-pounder steel rifled guns.

A CURIOUS BOATRACE IN ENGLAND.

At the King's Lynn Royal Regatta on the Ouse, above the Free Bridge, a curious sight was witnessed this year, and one peculiar to the district. This was a race for ship's boats, each paddled by six men with corn shovels or scoops. The men sit facing the bows and use the shovels in the way that an Indian does his paddles. Five boats entered the lists, and the sight of the great sinewy competitors shovelling their way through was most assuring, adding greatly to the enjoyment of the day. Our illustration was taken soon after the start. The boat Active won the first prize of £2 10s.



THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—THE FIFTH CORPS AWAITING THE ORDER TO ADVANCE, JULY 30.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.

THE BATTLE OF PETERSBURG.

July 30.

WE give no inconsiderable space to-day to the sketches sent from the front by our Special Artist, portraying the vivid scenes of the explosion of Pleasant's mine and the operations of the army after the enemy's works had been hurled into the air.

On our double page will be found a fine panoramic view of the scene at the moment of the explosion. In the background, near the centre, may be seen the spires of Petersburg and the stark ruins of houses destroyed by our bombardment. The Petersburg railroad, on the left, may be noticed and followed, as it approaches the line of the enemy's works, with their forts frowning defiance. Our own line is seen nearer to with batteries in position and the 9th corps ready to advance. The explosion of the mine, bearing aloft the wretched garrison and obscuring the sky with its dark mass, is the centre of interest.

The sketch below is an accurate representation of the enemy's works as they appeared when the explosion was over. It was taken at the moment when the rebels had fled from the works, fearing another explosion, at the moment when our charge, if made, would have been successful.

The charge made finally by the 2d division of the 9th Army Corps is shown from the hand of one who witnessed it near at hand. It was made bravely, but from faults which the court of inquiry will explain, time had been lost, officers were absent, and the result was a sad slaughter of men whom the country cannot afford to lose.

The 5th, awaiting the order to charge, forms the subject of the last of the series, and furnishes a sad commentary on the mismanagement which turned into a disaster what every indication promised to render a success.

Incidents.

With our other illustrations we give some incidents of the exciting 30th of July. A correspondent of one of the dailies says:

"No pen can adequately depict the sufferings of the wounded who lay between the lines of the two armies after the fight. Most of them that were able ran the gauntlet of bullets, and either fell by the way or arrived within our entrenchments, but the badly wounded may be seen writhing in their agony and wildly lifting their hands to Heaven for aid and relief. Their groans and cries for water, water, can be distinctly heard in our entrenchments without the power to relieve without a certainty of being shot. To the credit of the rebs, however, be it said, they have done what they would not allow our men to do—carry water in their canteens to some of our suffering wounded, holding up their canteens as flags of truce.

"On arriving at the exploded fort, our troops found it a heterogeneous mass of loose earth, guns and gun-carriages, dead and wounded gunners, &c. One poor fellow, pulling the dirt out of his eyes, in his delirium, said: 'Have we been attacked? Are we driving them? That's right. Give them hell!' He soon revived, however, to find himself a prisoner. Another, buried up to his armpits in loose dirt, on being approached, cried: 'Come, Yanks, for God's sake, take me out of this place. It is all over now, and there's no use letting a fellow stick here. Come, take me out quick, and I will do as much for you some time.' He was taken out.

"One of the charging officers, noticing the dirt move near him as if a mole or gopher were at work under it, commenced digging, and finally dug out a rebel lieutenant, who actually revived, and conversed freely with the officers before being brought from the ground. Several others were exhumed from their living graves, and restored to consciousness, and will survive."

PARIS FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

OWING to the absence of the Imperial Court from Paris, and the departure of many families for the baths de mer, the Paris fashions for August must be considered as those rather of the Emperess than of that favored locality which generally gives an impulse



A STRANGE ENGLISH REGATTA—A SHOVEL RACE OF COOK PARTISANS.

to innovation. Nevertheless, the peculiar stamp of the Parisienne will not fail to be recognized even at hundreds or leagues from the capital; and, though she may reign with less *éclat*, her influence will not be felt the less during the time when she may be regarded as abdicating a portion of her claims to the admiration of the rest of the world, in matters of taste and dress, by the adoption of such toilettes *négligées* as those which compose our present engraving.

Although easy of wear, these light costumes are not without their peculiar complications; and, to be altogether graceful, require care in the selection and arrangement of the colors for occasions. In addition to the ordinary disposition to patronize vivid shades and bright contrasts, which has been bestowed upon white muslin dresses of the day, there is a decided fantasticality in the shape of side flounces in all directions, according to the caprices of the modiste. Indeed, these flounces are accentuated with still stronger effects, as time wears on, and are now very small pieces—that do not conceal, but only vary the simple undulated, and really comfortable, outline of the dress—even in the highest quarters.

The headdresses and bonnets worn at this season are extremely varied in style and shape. The chapeau Windsor in Tuscan shown in one of our illustrations, is one of the most fashionable of the round description of hats, and is composed of white Italian straw, trimmed and with or without bavolet—complete, *a vaste*, the white muslin costume just alluded to. The bavolet is usually replaced by a bow in tulle or by a garland of small flowers gracefully arranged.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. Walking Dress.—Robe and paletot of gray foulard, with large rows of dark violet silk and pinked moiretie trimming on the skirt; round the edge of the paletot, across the shoulders, and on the cuffs, a single row of similar trimming is adopted with a most pleasing effect. The small round chapeau is in white Italian bouillonné, the bavolet being replaced by a large tulle bow; crape bow and ribbons.

Fig. 2. Evening Dress.—Very pale aqua robe, ornamented with silk embroidery in several colors of velvet. The skirt especially presents a very pretty and novel appearance, and the dress is completed by the Moldavian vest, and the muslin chemisette, of which the small collar is seen in front of the dress with the lace edged with violet. The headdress is the coiffure Catalane, in Valenciennes lace, with black and violet bow in front.

Fig. 3. Walking Dress for a Young Lady.—Light straw-colored foulard, the paletot and skirt being of uniform color, but trimmed with pink silk ornaments of snatches. The paletot is relatively more abundantly decorated than the skirt. Tuscan chapeau Windsor, almost covered with eagles' feathers and white feathers, the latter placed in front.

SENDING SEEDS AND PLANTS BY MAIL.

The late act of Congress in authorizing the sending of seeds, plants and cuttings by mail at low rate of postage is one of no small importance to the great mass of the people, extended as they are over so wide a district of country. It is often difficult in many parts of the country to procure fresh garden seeds, cuttings of choice grapes, and new and valuable plants in order them by express, even on express routes, the charges in many instances will exceed several times the value of the things ordered. But the late act of Congress authorizes the sending of seeds, cuttings, etc., at so low a rate of postage as to bring them within the reach of all.

The law specifies "seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots and scions," which may be sent in packages not exceeding four pounds in weight, the specified limits of the law, at a rate of postage of two cents for every four ounces, or the same for any additional fraction of four ounces, prepaid by stamps.

Formerly these things were subject to letter postage, and were generally put up in sized silk, which is quite expensive, but since the reduction of postage the method of carrying has been so extensively adopted that there has been so prepared as to render it impervious to water, and which can be had at comparatively low prices. Seeds may be secured by gluing a cost of paper around oil, with a small quantity of dissolved India rubber added. Those who like to prepare paper for their own use can make an article equally good by giving it a coat of linseed oil, and when dry, or nearly so, give it a coat of shellac dissolved in alcohol, reduced to the consistence of common varnish. Fine Manilla paper should be used.

To insure the safe transportation of plants in the mail the roots should be protected with a covering of half an inch or less in thickness of swamp moss, or that gathered from the logs or rocks found in deeply shaded woods and on the north side of steep hills. This moss should be moderately damp, and spread out upon the paper of suitable size, and with a small portion of the moss mixed among the roots. The whole is then rolled up snugly and tied, and then again covered with a wrapper of common post office paper, to receive the direction, and marked "Seeds" or "Plants," as the case may be.

VEGETABLE LIFE.—It has been calculated that the sandwort produces 4,500, and a single thistle 24,000 seeds the first year; therefore, the second year's crop would amount to 16,000,000 of seeds in the former, and 576,000,000 of seeds in the latter, which may appear almost incredible; but when the fertile which may spring from a single seed "illegible for the purpose of vegetable existence is not destined to give rise to a future generation. Millions of seeds or vegetable germs are annually called into existence, but a variety of causes destroys their incipient life. Many are consumed as food by animals and a great many more decay. Were it not for the operation of these causes by which the species is kept within prescribed limits, such is the fecundity of nature that there can be no doubt that the seed from a single thistle or dandelion would, in the course of a few years, be sufficient to cover with plants not only every square inch of the superficies of our own world, but the entire surface of every other planet in the solar system. But although nature has been thus careful to insure a repetition of their beautiful enamelment forms, all plants multiply within prescribed limits which they cannot pass; fecundity is, therefore, no barrier to the variety which everywhere prevails, which is the principal charm of the vegetable creation, and from which we derive so much instruction in the study of their individual forms. When, therefore, the seed falls into a soil favorable to its germination, it will grow and develop a plant in accordance through all the phases of the vegetation of its predecessor.

EFFECT OF LIGHT.—Dr. Moore, the metaphysician, thus speaks of the effect of light on body and mind: "A palpable confirmed in darkness would never have any idea of color; but instant being deprived of sight, true light will very soon into a simpleton idiot, incapable of a beautiful and reasonable being. Hence, in the deep dark progress and retreas of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy shows the traveller. It is a strange, melancholy idiocy. Many citizens are incapable of augmentation speech; some are dead, some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is in all places a marked difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect with regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often most partial in its labors.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

NEWSPAPER people are proverbially temperate as well as virtuous. We believe one of the craft did get slightly tight a few days ago, and the following is a sample of his paper the next day: "Yesterday morning, at four o'clock P. M., a small man, named Jones or Smith, with a hole in the bottom of his pocket, attempted to enter by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest rendered a jury that the deceased came to the fact in accordance with his death. He left a child and six cents in money, and the rest of the unfortunate loss. In death we are in the midst of life."

A GENTLEMAN, on board a steamboat with his wife, was asked by a passenger, "What made the boat go?" when he gave them a very minute description of the machinery and its motions, in his following words: "You see, my dears, this thingumbob here goes into the thingumbob, and then the thingumbob here, then connects with the crinkum-crankum; and then that goes—but I'll explain the whole thing if you will just what-do-you-call-it with a long poker, and they all ran down to the cabin as fast as they could.

A GENTLEMAN was once arguing with a Scotch lady, when at length he stopped.

"I tell you what, madam," said he, "I'll not argue with you any longer; you're not open to conviction."

"Not open to conviction, sir!" she indignantly replied. "I scorn the imputation, sir; I am open to conviction, sir, as open as I can be, sir, and, moreover, I know me the man that can convince me."

"AS to being overcome by the gent," said Mrs. Partington, "high living doesn't always bring it on. It is beclevered in some families, and I have known from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, disinherits it from his wife's side of the house."

A FEW days since I was sitting with Mr. Dow, the lawyer, in his office, when a stranger came down town, and said:

"Mr. Dow, the livery-stablekeeper, took me in dreadfully yesterday, and I want to be even with him."

"What can I do for you?" said Dow.

Client: "I asked how much he would charge me for a horse to go to Bangor, and he said twenty dollars. I took the horse and went, and when I came back I paid him twenty dollars. Now, sir, what I want is, whether I can fifteen shillings for coming back, and made me pay it. I think I can recover fifteen shillings."

Dow smiled, and after hearing the client immediately acted upon as follows:

"Mr. Livery-stablekeeper," said he, "you owe this gentleman fifteen shillings for coming back, and made me pay it. I think I can recover fifteen shillings."

Stablekeeper replied: "Thirty shillings."

"Harness him, then."

Client went to liaison, came back by railroad, and went to stablekeeper, saying:

"Here is your money," paying him thirty shillings.

"Where is my horse?" enquired stablekeeper.

"He's at Hallen," says client; "I only hired him to go to Salem."

COOKE, once performing in a country town, became indebted to a tailor for a suit of clothes. Sheare called to get him a new coat, but the tailor would allow him to play Catesby to his Richard. Cooke assented, and the tailor, determined to have his money, went to the theatre, and, when the curtain rose, Cooke appeared dressed to make a bit. Cooke looked so fiercely that Sheares, in a fright, ran off the stage, rushing out the beginning of his answer, unfortunately, in his middle. "I'll be d—d if I play with you, Cooke, if you don't appear in a coat. Cooke surveyed the speechless offender for a moment, and, enjoying his agitation, replied with an audible tone, "Way, in the name of mischief, should I appear in coats?"

It is said there are "tricks in all trades," and we believe it. Here is a development in this direction which the reader can sell to the present stock of facts proving the truth of the old adage.

"Never you buy a Cat in a New York," was the advice given us by one who had been there.

"And why not in New York?"

"Cause, you see, they fat 'em too fast for the New York market sometimes."

"How so?"

"Why, you see, some of them west country dealers fetch their pigs in pretty nigh skin and bone. Well, when they gets to New York they gives 'em corn and whatever but yeas corn and salt—no swill, no water. Next day they weighs 'em afore they're sold, and expects 'em to put as much water as they kin drunk. The pigs put into it, and it's a drinkin' match between the pigs and the average they swallow about a pail apiece. That makes a fat hog sometimes weigh a hundred or two more than it ought, and there's no heart about it. Now, you see, the cats, they don't drink water, and consequence you've been sold. So if you're a-goin' to New York, and your cat don't pen next morning, and you won't find nothin' but a hot brass, and your tabby gone, don't be surprised, for that's one nothin' about his pigs: I've been there, and I've seen 'em sometimes."

A HANDSOME young lady being asked if she gave a kiss, replied:

"No; but I often have one stolen."

SOME people allow their affairs to become so deranged that their liabities quite go out of their hands.

WHO IS A QUARTERSMASTER?—The man who gives the price soldiers one quarter, and keeps the rest himself.

"UNION is not always strength," as the sailor said when he saw the purser mixing his rum and water.

LOVE generally makes a wise man act like a fool, and interest sometimes make a fool act like a wise man.

A LAWYER'S ELOQUENCE.—A young American lawyer recently argued his first cause in a case of trespass with the following sublime burst:

"Gentlemen of the jury, the defendant's hogs are permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of my client, with impunity. My principal goes, then—why, then, indeed, have our forefathers fought, and bled, and died in vain!"

"MOTHER, where's Bill?"

"Why, son, do not let me hear you say Bill again. You should say William."

"Well, mother, where's William?"

"In the yard, feeding the chickens."

"Oh, yes, I see him now. But, mother, what makes the chickens have such long tails?"

"Go out to your brother directly, you little scamp, or I'll wax your jacket."

A WOMAN had a man taken before a magistrate for coming into her house and insulting her in bed of an assault.

"Really," said she, "he called me out of my name."

"But that's a civil action, madam," said the counsel for the defendant.

"No; it's not a civil action," cried the indignant lady, "and nobody's lawyer shall say it is."

"I SAY, Sambo, can you answer dis conundrum; suppose I gib you a bottle of whiskey shut well a cork, and you drink you get de whiskey out without pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle?"

"I gibs dat up."

"Why, bush de cork in. Yah, yah!"

A COCKNEY conducted two ladies to the observatory, to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late: the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "Oh," exclaimed our hero, "don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a very polite man, and I am sure he will begin again."

A MAN may very well afford to have gray hairs, when a wife or sweetheart is getting too blind to distinguish them.

A ROMANTIC and laughable incident occurred lately at a London railway station. A lady "fair, fat and forty," expecting her husband to return to London by a certain train, went to the depot to meet him. After looking through the cars for railway carriages, as they are termed in England) for some time, she astonished the natives by exclaiming, in a voice loud enough to be heard by the whole building, within ear-shot of Adam, exclaiming in a flurried and distict voice: "Oh, you dear old Charley, I've found you at last!" After sundry salutations of the basest order, she released the object of her warm regard, and, on taking a second sight, exclaimed in hasitful accents: "Oh, dear, sir, I am afraid I've kissed the wrong man!"

The awed and gallant Lothario, taking off his hat, replied:

"Madam, I cannot but regret that I am not the right man and in the right place. Allow me to salute you for Charley!"

SOME way tells a story of an old gentleman whose sight or his clerks have led him continually with conundrums. Going home one evening, he was stopped in front of a school store by a conundrum was asked:

"Can you tell me, my friend, why this store is corrugated?"

"Go to blazes with your conundrums," cried he. "I've been bored to death with 'em these three weeks!"

"YOUR PURSE OR YOUR LIFE!

Aspirants for fame in a photograph frame.

HAVE a passion so morbid to hang in the street.

That the pain of removing makes the crown of the town

Renders famous the mortal whose face you don't mount.

A MARRIED lady, who was in the habit of spending most of her time in the society of her neighbors, was requested by her husband to remain ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The doctor ran a short distance, but soon returned, saxiously exclaiming:

"My dear, where shall I find you when I return?"

THE following epitaph conveys a backhanded compliment (unconsciously, no doubt) to the deceased's wife. It is said to be genuine:

"Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged 80 years. She lived with her husband 50 years, and died in the confident hope of a better life."

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U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

The Secretary of the Treasury gives notice that subscriptions will be received for Coupon Treasury Notes, payable three years from August 15th, 1864, with semi-annual interest at the rate of seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum—principal and interest both to be paid in lawful money.

These notes will be convertible, at the option of the holder at maturity, into six per cent. gold bearing bonds, payable not less than five nor more than twenty years from their date, as the Government may elect.

They will be issued in denominations of fifty, one hundred, five hundred, one thousand and five thousand dollars, and all subscriptions must be for fifty dollars, or some multiple of fifty dollars.

The notes will be transmitted to the owners free of transportation charges as soon after the receipt of the original Certificates of Deposit as they can be prepared.

As the notes draw interest from August 15, persons making deposits subsequent to that date must pay the interest accrued from date of note to date of deposit.

Parties depositing twenty-five thousand dollars and upwards for these notes at any one time will be allowed a commission of one-quarter of one per cent, which will be paid by the Treasury Department upon the receipt of a bill for the amount, certified to by the officer with whom the deposit was made. No deductions for commissions must be made from the deposits.

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IT IS A NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK, offering a higher rate of interest than any other, and *the best security*. Any savings bank which pays its depositors in U. S. Notes, considers that it is paying in the best circulating medium of the country, and it cannot pay in anything better, for its own assets are either in Government securities or in notes or bonds payable in Government paper.

It is equally convenient as a temporary or permanent investment. The notes can always be sold for within a fraction of their face and accumulated interest, and are the best security with banks as collaterals for discounts.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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No. 466—VOL. XVIII.] NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

The Peace Question—The Ultimatum of Jeff Davis.

In the late peace mission of Messrs. Gilmore (or Edmund Kirke) and Jaques, to Richmond, although a volunteer enterprise on their own responsibility, these gentlemen, in our opinion, have rendered no small service to the Government and the common cause of the loyal States. From various sources through the newspaper organs of the unconditional peace party of the North, there had been much positive and circumstantial assurances of a disposition on the part of the chiefs of the rebellion to enter into negotiations for peace, and upon terms that would be acceptable to the North, that, looking to the practical unity of the North, it had become a matter of great importance to ascertain the real opinions of Jefferson Davis upon this question.

We have no doubt that Messrs. Gilmore and Jaques were themselves persuaded, before undertaking their journey to Richmond, that, in view of the desperate situation of the rebellion, they would find the rebel President and his ruling associates prepared to listen to almost any propositions that would open the door to negotiations for peace. From the interesting report submitted to the public by Mr. Gilmore, through the *Atlantic Monthly*, of the results of this mission of himself and patriotic colleague, we infer that they had also argued Mr. Lincoln into such active sympathy with their hopeful anticipations, that he not only aided them in every needful way upon their journey, but that, in the conversation with Jeff Davis, they spoke according to the suggestions they had received at the White House. In other words, although they acted upon their own individual responsibility, and without any official credentials to back them, they doubtless appeared before Davis as in reality the representatives of the President of the United States, and were manifestly so entertained and dismissed.

Hence the importance of the essential facts connected with this remarkable peace conference between Mr. Gilmore, the learned and experienced traveller in the South, and anti-slavery romance writer, and his brave and patriotic colleague of the church militant, the Rev. Col. Jaques, on the one side, and the implacable despot of the so-called Confederate States on the other side. The peace overtures presented by Mr. Gilmore included the abolition of slavery, a general amnesty on behalf of the parties concerned in the rebellion, no confiscation, the return of the rebellious States to the Union, the debts of the so-called Confederate Government to be ignored, and the debts of the United States to fall alike upon all the States North and South. These propositions, we will assume, make up President Lincoln's ultimatum in behalf of peace. We think, too, whatever may be said of the condition precedent of the abolition of slavery by the rebellious States, the remaining propositions will be among the leading features of a treaty of peace, whether undertaken before or delayed till the 4th of March next.

The peace ultimatum of the rebel President, on the other hand, allows no margin whatever for peace negotiations or an armistice. The independence or subjugation of the rebellious confederated States is all that he has to offer. His people, he tells us, are not fighting for slavery, but for independence; that they cannot and will not return and place themselves again under the Government of the United States upon any terms; that, in fact, they are resolved upon an independent Southern confederacy, and will "die in the last ditch" rather than surrender. Accepting this report of Mr. Gilmore as conscientiously correct, we accept this fact as thus abundantly established—that our only available negotiators for peace are such masters of diplomacy as Gens. Grant and Sherman, and that invincible seafaring ambassador, Admiral Farragut. From a careful reading of Mr. Gilmore's report of this late peace mission to Richmond, we can arrive at no other conclusion. Gen. Grant, therefore, is the proper man to send into the rebel capital as our next ambassador in behalf of peace. His style of argument in favor of reunion is so convincing that we are quite sure his presence in the rebel capital will at once settle the question. Nor can we believe that any overtures or any arguments in view of peace negotiations or an armistice will be entertained by Jeff



FARRAGUT'S NAVAL VICTORY IN MOBILE HARBOR—THE HARTFORD ENGAGING THE REBEL RAM TENNESSEE.

Davis while he remains in Richmond. His situation is desperate; but he cannot yet run the hazards of any approach towards submission. He still points defiantly to the army of Gen. Lee, and leaves the issue of Union or Disunion to be settled between him and Gen. Grant. Anxious, therefore, as we are, from every consideration of interest and humanity, for the return of the blessings of peace, it is manifest that these blessings can only be recovered with the restoration of the Union, and that this consummation can be reached only through a vigorous prosecution of the war. In this view of the subject we have every cause for encouragement; for we are entirely satisfied that as this rebellion, originally supported in men and supplies from 12,000,000 of our Southern people, stands now reduced, practically, to a confederacy of less than 5,000,000, one-half blacks, the end must be near at hand.

The Seven-Thirties.

WHAT ARE THEY?

We trust that a large portion of our readers have pondered the appeal of Mr. Fessenden, our new Secretary of the Treasury. The purport of it is that the People of the United States, acting as a body through their agent the Government, wish individuals to lend them two hundred millions of dollars for three years, at seven and three-tenths per cent. annual interest, payable every six months. For this they offer Treasury Notes—that is, in reality, notes drawn and endorsed by every man in the country. The loan is wanted for a great national purpose, to effect which every man, unless he be a traitor at heart if not in act, is solemnly pledged.

The Appeal is addressed not merely to a few great capitalists, but also to the many whose aggregate means constitute the mass of the wealth of the land. The notes upon which this loan is asked are from $50 upward. Every man who has fifty dollars can take part in this loan. Apart from patriotism and the duty which all owe to their country, no investment is so desirable as this.

It is secure. Every dollar of every man's property is pledged for the punctual payment of the interest, and of the debt when due. The security is increasing in value. For some years before the war we were earning 1,000 millions a year more than we spent. During the three years of the war, owing to the high prices and constant demand for labor, we have earned more than ever before.

No man who could or would work has been idle; and, except for the war, we have spent less than before. In three years of the war we of the United States have certainly earned 3,000 millions more than we have spent apart from the war.

The cost of the war may be set down at 2,000 millions. Deducting this from our net earnings, the People who are security for this loan are 1,000 millions richer today than they were when the war broke out.

No other investment can be so easily convertible. The man who has a Treasury note for $50, or $100, or $1,000, can turn it into money more readily, and upon better terms, than if it were invested upon bond and mortgage, or in railroad stocks.

The interest offered is higher than can be realized from any other safe and convertible investment. It is, moreover, readily collectable when due. To each note are affixed five "coupons," or *interest tickets*, due at the expiration of each successive half year. The holder of a note has simply to cut off one of these coupons, present it at the nearest bank or Government Agency, and receive his interest; the note itself need not be presented at all. Or a coupon thus payable will everywhere be equivalent, when due, to money.

Thus, while this loan presents great advantages to large capitalists, it offers special inducements to those who wish to make a safe and profitable investment of small savings. It is in every way the best Savings Bank; for every institution of this kind must somehow invest its deposits profitably in order to pay interest and expenses. They will invest largely in this loan, as the best investment. But from the gross interest which they receive they must deduct largely for the expenses of the Bank. Their usual rate of interest allowed to depositors is five per cent. upon sums over $500. The person who invests directly with Government will receive almost 50 per cent. more. Thus the man who deposits $1,000 in a private Savings' Bank receives $50 a year interest; if he deposits the same sum in this National Savings' Bank he receives $73. For those who wish to find a safe, convenient and profitable means of investing the surplus earnings which they have reserved for their old age or for the benefit of their children, there is nothing which presents so many advantages as this National Loan.

It is convertible into a six per cent. gold-bearing bond. At the expiration of three years a holder of the notes of the 7-30 loan has the option of accepting payment in full or of funding his notes in a six per cent. gold interest bond, the principal payable in not less than five nor more than twenty years from its date as the Government may elect.

For six months past, these bonds have ranged at an average premium of about eight per cent. in the New York market, and have sold at 109 to-day (August 12th), thus making the real rate of interest over 10 per cent.; and besides, to make the inducement even greater, Congress by special act exempts its Treasury notes from State and municipal taxation. Could Shylock ask more? Was patriotism ever so liberally rewarded?

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Gen. Grant, on the 14th Aug., commenced a new movement by throwing Hancock's corps and the divisions of Terry and Foster across the James at Deep Bottom. The rebels were completely surprised. Gen. Birney cleared the riflepits; Barlow carried part of the works, taking many prisoners. This brings Hancock within two miles of Fort Darling.

Gen. Butler is engaged here in digging a canal across Dutch gap, by which seven miles on the river will be saved. The recent movement of Hancock took a battery that annoyed the canal workers.

On the 18th Warren, with the 5th corps, advanced to and crossed the Weldon railroad. He took up a strong position and was soon attacked by Hill, who forced him back a little, but was finally compelled to retire.

On the 19th Birney's 10th corps was attacked, but the colored troops repulsed the enemy.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

A blockade-runner attempting to get into Charleston ran ashore on Sullivan's island on the 12th, and was entirely destroyed by the Morris island batteries.

GEORGIA.

Sherman has pushed his right around to East Point, cutting off Hood's communication with Montgomery and Macon.

On the 6th Aug., in an attempt on the enemy's lines, the 23d army corps gained some advantage but lost over 500 men. Sherman's batteries are actually in the city of Atlanta sweeping the streets.

Darien, in McIntosh county, is said to have been burned by our raiders.

Gen. Wheeler, with 1,700 men, on the 14th Aug., invested Dalton and demanded its surrender. Col. Siebold had but 800 men, yet he refused, and held out till he was relieved by Gen. Steedman, when he took the offensive and drove Wheeler off, a colored regiment throwing them into confusion. Wheeler lost 150 men. He is attempting to cut off Sherman's railroad line, and especially to destroy the tunnel at Tunnel hill.

Gen. Steedman started from Chattanooga and engaged Wheeler at Greysville. The action was severe; Steedman was wounded and Col. Streight killed.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Gen. Sheridan has his army well in hand ready for Early's threatened advance. The position is one of almost uninterrupted disaster heretofore, and we trust that Sheridan will add to his laurels by a decisive victory.

Early has been reinforced by part of Longstreet's corps, but Sheridan is driving him down. In a recent fight at Front Royal, Meredith's cavalry division routed a party of rebel infantry, taking several hundred prisoners, 47 officers and three battle flags.

On the 11th Aug. Custer engaged the enemy near Winchester, and with Devens and Cesnola utterly routed them. The difficulty of guarding all the passes and preventing rebel attacks on his flank, rear and supplies, has induced Sheridan to fall back to Berryville, so as to be able to watch all important points.

MISSISSIPPI.

A sharp skirmish took place near Abbeyville on the 10th of August, in which Gen. Hatch defeated the rebel Chalmers, taking prisoners and caissons.

On the 13th Gen. Smith destroyed a part of Forrest's command at Hurricane creek, killing 50.

ARKANSAS.

The steamer Empress, from New Orleans, when near Guiness landing, was attacked from the Arkansas shore by a battery of six 12-pounders, supported by cavalry. Sixty shot and shell struck, killing five and wounding 11 of her 500 passengers. The Captain, Malley, was killed, and she would have been taken but for the fortunate appearance of gunboat No. 3.

KENTUCKY.

On the 13th of August 300 guerillas attacked Selma, Livingston county, but the garrison, 30 men of the 4th Kentucky, repulsed them, killing 8, wounding 15, and capturing more. The Union loss, three killed, one wounded.

A more successful party plundered West Point. The rebel Johnson still holds Henderson, and a party, under Hall, is at Brownsboro.

TENNESSEE.

A rebel force has taken possession of Cleveland, and a Union force left Chattanooga to dislodge them.

ILLINOIS.

Guerillas, on the 13th of August, captured three steamers near Shawneetown, loaded with cattle for Government. The rebel force (1,500 strong) was commanded by Col. Johnson.

NAVAL.

Since our last the Tallahassee has burnt the pilot-boat Wm. Bell and the ship Adriatic, from London. She captured also the brig Billow, schooners Spokane and R. E. Pesker, barque Glenalvon, and many others. Most of these were either captured or burned. She took 25 sail off Martinicus rock, six off Cape Sable, two off Portland, and then ran into Halifax. The British Admiral stopped her coaling, and she sailed again on the 20th.

Admiral Farragut's report gives his loss in the battle off Mobile at 44 killed and 88 wounded.

Farragut demanded on the 9th the surrender of Fort Morgan, and on its refusal prepared for a combined attack. The rebels destroyed all the outbuildings and burned the last of their vessels at the fort.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE is very little to interest us in the news from the Old World. Peace had been agreed upon between Denmark and the two great German Powers, but the price paid by the former was very high. Denmark had given up Schleswig and Holstein and part of Jutland.

The British people were very indignant at the wholesale territorial spoliation inflicted on Denmark by Austria and Prussia under the peace treaty drawn up at Vienna. Denmark could not resist longer in arms, the English Government and crown would not, or could not, aid her, so the brave little kingdom had to succumb. The real friends of Denmark were consoled with the hope that the Germans would quarrel over the division of the booty, and be in the end themselves robbed by Napoleon to a much greater extent.

The President of the Danish Council had communicated the matter to the Rigsraad, at the private sitting, and on the following day a motion was offered, and supported by a considerable number of the members, declaring that the silence with which the announcement was received must not be construed into an approval of the conduct of the Government.

Furloughs have been granted to all the Danish recruits undergoing preliminary drill. Troops were returning to Copenhagen from Funen.

The German papers assert that the Duchies have been surrendered in their entirety without reservation, and that Austria and Prussia have full liberty to dispose of them.

The Austrian Government has addressed a circular note to its representatives abroad, giving an analysis of the preliminary peace, and stating all questions relative to future disposal.

The arrogant manner with which Austria and Prussia had taken the entire affair out of the hands of the Germanic Confederation, had deeply wounded that pugnacious and pompous body, and would very probably end in widening the breach between the people and the unpopular King of Prussia, who had forbidden the circulation of *Punch* in consequence of its bitter attacks on him. Some numbers of the London *Times* had been seized for similar articles. Bismark, the Prussian Premier, was rapidly forcing on a conflict between the Prussians and their King, but the Teutonic is a very patient race, and the most experienced journalists of France and England had arrived at the conclusion that the daring and despotic minister would triumph.

The London and Paris papers adhere to their opinion that a new Holy Alliance had been formed between the rulers of Russia, Austria and Prussia. The *Opinione Nationale* says it will have the effect of cementing the alliance between France, England and the German people as against their tyrants. The King of the Belgians was on a visit to Louis Napoleon at Vichy.

The *Moniteur de l'Armée* says officially that "a notable part of the French army in Mexico" is to be brought home this year, and in the enumeration of the regiments, battalions and companies which are to return in 1864, gives the impression that this "notable part" will consist of about 10,000 men. As for the rest of the army, circumstances will decide the epoch of their return.

TOWN GOSSIP.

WE cannot see that anything is so absorbing at the present moment as the coming draft and the means to avoid it. We fear patriotism among those who are left behind is almost a dead letter, but we also believe that it burns as bright in our armies as it ever did, and consequently that the draft is an excellent tonic and calculated to revive, especially if the patient should happen to get a front seat before Atlanta or Petersburg.

We will give the patriotic stay-at-home citizens of this great village just one month more to realise the force of what is coming. If then, with the taking of nearly 20,000 men from among us, they do not wake up to the fact that we have a war on hand, we are mistaken. There can be no doubt that this conscription is a bitter pill to take, but we feel that New York deserves it, and deserves it precisely in the shape she will receive it, that is, harder than any district or county in the State. With her immense wealth she could have avoided its severity. Money would have eased the road and left but little to do on the 5th of September, but unfortunately for the people there was nothing for the political masters who govern us to make, no job to be managed or stealings to be gotten, and consequently the people are left to suffer, while every other part of the State, with a mere fraction of our wealth, has carried away our men by the inducement of higher bounties, and is rapidly relieving itself of the incubus of the coming draft. In the meantime bounty brokers and runners are getting rich at the cost of our citizens and the men whom they are sending to represent them in the field. An able-bodied man is worth near about $1,000 bonus, and a stipend of $16 per month for three years. The risks are not large, and the man who is temperate can come out of the matter in a year or so with his $1,000 intact, and have enough to buy and stock a farm, or start a business for himself, provided he does not share the sum with a bounty broker, against which folly we would not insure one man in ten

Apropos of the draft, we were shown a very pleasant letter a day or two since from a "gintleman," a native of that isle commonly called "green," but of whose natives we can vouch that they partake of none of the color. We had assisted in putting the "gintleman" through as an able-bodied substitute to represent a friend of ours in the armies of our country, helping him to say in the long future that he had shown his patriotism to the extent of $900, in the hope that the innocent-looking alien who bore a musket in his name might bleach his bones on Southern soil to his the Yankee born's credit. The enlisting was well and speedily done, and $900 in greenbacks greeted Patrick's palm, more money than he had ever seen before, and our friend shook hands affectionately with him, giving as a parting injunction that he should never turn his back on the enemy, and that he should write and inform him how he was and if he wanted anything. Three weeks elapsed and the following letter reached our friend:

"ON BOARD SHIP—THIS DAY—1864.

"Misther P——l, rispicted sur:

"Matein yer wishes, I take my pin in hand to rite yees a line, and hape my blissin's, an' those av Bridget, an' the childer, on yer head. May the blissin' av hivven wait on ye for the help ye've given a poor by to get along in the worreld. The granebacks ye was pleased to presint me didn't go a great way, blissid sur, in gitten sov'reigns, but there's enough to make the ould cabin at home my own; to buy a cow, a pig or two, an' mayhap put some sthicks av furnitur in the place, an' a drap of male in the tub, to say nothin' av a sup of whiskey an the day. It's many a night an' day in ould Enniskillen I'll be thinkin' av ye, and blissin' the hour I went to Amerriky to list. Befor this litter raches ye I'll be on the broad Atlantic, far from the "home av the free an' the land av the brave;" but maybe, av yees don't git over yer throubles I'll come back, misther P——l, an' list agin. By the piper I'll do more, sur, I'll tell all the bys at Enniskillen, an' they'll come over an' be yer substitutes as I have. Me love to Mrs. P——l, and the childer, an' yours, to command till deth.

"PATRICK MCDOWD.

"P. S.—As yees told me av I wanted anything to ask ye for it, why it jist sthrikes me that av ye would sind over by the nixt packet a small, little tub av boobon whiskey, the like av which I kind av took to while I was in Amerriky, it would plase the boys at Enniskillen, an' maybe fitch 'em along quicker as substitutes. An' resave me blissin' agin. PATRICK MCDOWD."

Enough on that head, for Julia who stands beside us, watching with a great pair of brown eyes all we are writing, says she does wish we would write about things of more importance than the draft: hoops and crinoline, now, for instance, or milk, or the advance in stage fare, or the high price and deteriorated quality of sherry cobblers and ices, and a hundred other things that agitate society every day. Accordingly we shall take them up consecutively.

Hoops, she says, are gradually going out, more's the pity, and ladies are coming back to the old days of a multiplicity of skirts hanging heavy and limp from the waist. Nor is this all, for it seems that a plot is on foot to inaugurate their banishment by frowning down every hoop appearance at the coming season of opera. Upon what this movement is founded we do not positively know, but we opine that it has something to do with the late agitation at the Grand Opera, Paris. If this is so, we can only inform the fair dandizettes who are making the effort that the Parisian crinoline excitement did not arise among the audience, but was an absolute order issued by the director to the coryphees and lady attendants upon the stage, an order against which they rebelled, but which has been strenuously carried, and should be adopted in our own theatres. The object gained is that it makes the understandings of the ladies less apparent when they are not absolutely dressed for a pedal display. In other words, a chorus may be got up superbly in all outer covering, but from a supposition on their part that their long skirts hide the omission the shoes and stockings are oftentimes positively objectionable, and the use of crinoline makes the display unavoidable. That is the secret of the Paris opera crinoline talk, and we hope our own managers will profit by it.

And now about milk. Can any of our rural friends realise the good city of New York without milk for its breakfast? And yet this thing does occur sometimes, especially on last Wednesday morning, when the singular spectacle was presented of thousands of people traversing the streets, from six to nine A.M., carrying pitchers and pails of every size, and searching for the lacteal. The milk train of the Erie road had collided with an up train, near Turner's, and New York was milkless until after twelve o'clock, the only ones escaping the general impoverishment being those who believe in the stump-tail article and act accordingly. An incident of the kind only shows how perfectly we are creatures of habit, and how the deprivation of even so unimportant an article as milk is calculated to overthrow the whole social system.

Next comes the rise in stage-fare, which is being quietly carried out this week, though only a few weeks since it was put down by universal acclamation. This time the stage proprietors have gone moderately to work,

and have only tacked two cents on, making the whole fare eight cents, a rise for the sanction of which they have appealed to the public in a card tacked up in each bus, wherein they explain to their patrons the relative prices of hay, oats, feed and iron in 1860 and now. We think that the public will now generously admit the rise, and not frown it down as they did a few weeks since.

The week has been signaled in the dramatic line by the re-opening of the Winter Garden, new painted and puttied, and with a partially new company. The night was inaugurated by Mr. J. S. Clarke as Major de Bootes in "Everybody's Friend," in which he brought to bear those inimitable legs, which have already electrified the public as the property of Mr. Toodles. Among the new candidates for favor this season are Miss Carr, who did what little she had to do, as Mrs. Major de Bootes, very cleverly, emphasising her "Major!" with considerable vim; Mr. Walcot, jun., as Felix Featherly, reminded us much of his father, not that we would insinuate he is as good an actor as his father once was, but that there is something of the senior's mannerism about him; Mrs. S. Brown, as Mrs. Swansdown, was neat and pretty, as she is in everything she does, and is a real addition to the company. Of the old company, the pretty and always good Mrs. Chanfrau deserves first mention, and next comes Dolly Davenport, who seemed to partake of the spirit of the new paint and putty, and to act in that way.

The adornments of the house are not very extensive, but are enough to do entirely away with the mouldy, dilapidated look it bore last season. The proscenium has been illustrated from the plays of Shakespeare by Mr. John Lafarge, of which illustrations, as works of art, the less we say the better it will be for Mr. Lafarge. The footlights have been sunk the same as in the Olympic—a great improvement—and the stage has been recarpeted, but there is still room for great additions to the scenic stock. The orchestra is under the leadership of Mr. Robert Stoepel, which will be a warrantee for its having been strengthened and improved. All things considered, we congratulate Manager Stuart on his advance, and earnestly hope that the house will never again run into the sere and yellow leaf that it did under last season's direction.

Mr. Dan Bryant closed at Wallack's on Saturday last, and Miss Olive Logan commenced on Monday with a new play by Mrs. Bateman, called "Eveleen," of which next week we shall have something to say.

The new Broadway, once Wallack's, opens on Monday next, with Mr. John Owens.

Heller announces his opening for the 12th of Sept., and among the new things in which he has been getting posted is that last sensation of London entitled "Anthropoglossos."

The Anthropoglossos is a single mechanical head which sings six songs with a human voice. Heller proposes to give us a whole dozen of Anthropoglossos, arranged as a minstrel band. We tell the thing as it is told to us, without comment. Beside which the magical man promises several new things from the other side of the water, calculated to rather stultify matter-of-fact people.

The actors have held another meeting, and Mr. Davidge announced their success in most emphatic terms, declaring their numbers at about one hundred, and comparing the movement to that of the Anti-Corn Law League, which began with thirty-five members and ended with a whole nation.

Barnum is doing a splendid summer business with his pantomime company, and bids fair, by present appearances, to make it a winter company also.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A telegram was received on the 17th August by Gen. Hays emanating from the War Department, and conveying instructions to have all the enrolment lists ready by the 1st of September, as it is the intention of the Government to carry out the draft on the 5th. Notification of completion of the enrolment will be transmitted to Washington, in order that the proper quotas may be set down. It is stated that a large number of troops will be sent to the city to enforce the draft.

—— A great wrestling match was held on the 17th of August between Harry Hill, the proprietor of the Cremorne Garden, and a young Philadelphian, Prickett, for $500. Prickett was the victor. Harry Hill is nearly 50 and his antagonist but 24.

—— A large and enthusiastic mass meeting of the printers of this city, and co-operating delegations from the various working men's associations, was held in the City Hall Park on the 18th Aug. A large body of the printers, headed by a band of music, marched in procession to the Park, where speeches were made and resolutions adopted setting forth the justice of the demand of the Typographical Union for the increased scale of prices.

—— The official report of the Treasurer of the recent Sanitary Fair in Brooklyn has just been published, and shows the receipts of the Fair to have been as follows:

Cash donations	$208,523 36
Admissions	50,572 07
General sales	126,971 66
Dept. of articles, relics, etc	10,502 08
"Drum Beat" Committee	3,051 06
Post Office	830 55
Skating pond	587 45
Refreshment saloons	15,975 16
New England Kitchen	4,815 99
Sales of buildings, etc	1,609 88
Total	$403,423 28

The expenditures were as follows:

Buildings and decorations	$12,749 93
Rent of Academy	4,750 00
Doorkeepers, ticket sellers and clerks	2,017 50
Gas, fuel and insurance	728 72
Music, badges, flags, etc.	1,125 44
Certificates to contributors	1,236 40
Advertising and printing	5,483 59
Other expenses	938 97
Total	$29,029 54

—— The Metropolitan Gas Company have notified the city authorities that from Sept. 1 their charge will be $50 per year for each street lamp—just double the present price. No contract exists with them. Their district is that part of the city between the rivers and 42d and 79th streets. The Manhattan is the only Gas Company now under contract with the city. The contract extends to 1868, at $15 per lamp.

—— Nearly 16 millions of the National loan have been taken.

—— Seventeen newspapers have been discontinued in New York State since the 1st of August, on account of the high price of material.

—— The largest gambling-house in America, outside New York, is kept by John Morrissey at Saratoga.

—— In Idaho nothing goes as a circulating medium but gold dust. Every man carries his little buckskin pouch, and, no matter what his purchase is, he pays for it in the precious legal tender of the realm, which is weighed on scales kept for the purpose, whether the article bought be a cigar, a drink of whiskey, or something of more utilty and value.

—— The barbarities practised by guerillas in Missouri have probably no parallel in any war on record. They appear to act more like fiends than men in human form with human impulses. Some of their atrocities are most horrible to relate. A few days ago a young man named Hart was murdered in St. Francois county, under circumstances of the most revolting character. When found after his capture by the bushwackers he was suspended from a tree in such a way as to have produced a lingering and excruciating death, his hands being tied behind his back by hickory thongs passed through holes bored in his wrists. Other marks of aggravated torture were found upon his person. Another case of extraordinary atrocity was the killing of an old Methodist preacher, named Morris, in Platte county—a man 60 years of age—whose eyes were first put out, and then he was shot. The shooting of innocent, unarmed citizens is a thing of daily occurrence.

—— The New York horse railroads intend petitioning the Legislature to increase the fare to 10 cents.

—— It is reckoned that the summer residents of New Orleans is larger than it has ever been before, numbering 175,000. Since the Union forces have occupied the city there has been no yellow fever.

—— Litchfield, Conn., has voted an additional $500 to every one who will volunteer.

—— The imports for the first seven months in 1864 exceeds those of 1863 by $40,000,000, while the gold duty increase is $16,000,000.

—— Patrick McGrath, a Massachusetts shoemaker, went to Canada to escape the draft, and died of starvation in the streets of Quebec.

—— The "pretty waiter-girls" have all been expelled from the concert saloons in Philadelphia, under the operation of a new law enacted by the Legislature.

—— The hard-working car horses in New York are kept in good order from 13 pounds of hay and 17 pounds of meal per day.

—— A coachman, of aristocratic proclivities, advertises for a situation, with the proviso that "none need apply who have not kept their carriages over three years." A hit at shoddy.

—— A substitute broker in Poughkeepsie got rightly served a few days since. In trying to get a countryman drunk he took too much himself, and was enlisted by the individual whom he hoped to sell. He did not find out his mistake until the next morning.

—— Mr. John Mullaly, editor of a weekly paper in this city called the *Metropolitan Record*, was arrested on the 19th by United States Deputy-Marshal Peel, on a warrant issued by Commissioner Osborn. The warrant of arrest was issued on the affidavit of United States District Attorney Smith, which warrant sets forth that the said John Mullaly, in an issue of the *Metropolitan Record* of the 6th of August last, caused to be printed, issued and published an article entitled the "Coming Draft" and other articles, in which he counsels one Seymour and other persons to resist the draft ordered by the President of the United States, to take place in September next. The accused was brought before Commissioner Osborn to answer; but examination into the case was postponed till the 23d of Aug., Mr. Mullaly in the meantime being admitted to bail in the the sum of $2,500.

Military.—Hexamer's battery, which left Hudson county three years since, and has served with great distinction in the Army of the Potomac, was mustered out of the United States service at Trenton on the 18th, and returned home on the 19th, arriving in Jersey city at three P. M., where they received a public reception, both military and civic. The number of men returned is 65; 31 have re-enlisted and remain; three were killed during their absence; the time of nine of them expired a few weeks since, and the balance have been discharged on account of wounds, disability, &c. They went out 152 strong. The members of the battery have participated in the following battles: West Point, Gaines's mills, Malvern hill, Harrison's landing, Bull run, Fairfax Court-house, Antietam, first Fredericksburg, second Gettysburg, Battle of the Wilderness, Coal Harbor and Petersburg.

Personal.—The Davenport Brothers, with their manager, Harry Palmer, sailed for Europe on the 20th of August.

—— The American Consul at Alexandria, who has had a difficulty with the Egyptian Government, is not Mr. Charles Hale of Boston, this official not having arrived at his post yet, being detained in England.

—— Gen. Burnside is at Providence, R. I., on a visit to his family. It is said he is at variance with Gen. Meade, each blaming the other for the misfortune of the 30th ult.

—— Edmund Kirke, who lately paid a visit to Jeff Davis with Col. Jacques, is about publishing a volume on the subject. An excellent way to puff a work.

—— Lady Franklin is said to be a strong sympathizer with the rebels. She recently entertained a party of them at her residence in London. The reasons for such sympathies in that quarter are not understood.

—— Queen Victoria has been pleased to confer the dignity of Baronet of the United Kingdom upon Sir Charles Lyell, the eminent geologist, by the title of Sir Charles Lyell, Baronet of Kinnordy, in the county of Forfar.

—— Admiral Buchanan, who has been taken prisoner at Mobile, was commandant of the Washington Navy Yard in 1861. He resigned on the 19th of April, and afterwards asked to be restored, but his request was refused. He commanded the Merrimac in her attack on our fleet in Hampton Roads, and in the battle with the Monitor, and blew her up when Norfolk was occupied by Gen. Wool.

Obituary.—The Utica *Herald* announces the death of Philo Gridley, former Justice of the Supreme Court of this State. He had been in low health for a long time. Judge Gridley was a native of Connecticut, and was born in 1797. He selected the law for a profession, and made his residence at Hamilton, Madison county, where he resided for over 30 years, highly respected. In 1838 he was appointed Vice-Chancellor of the Fifth Circuit, by Gov. Marcy, and continued in office till the adoption of the Constitution of 1846, after which he was elected to the Bench of the Supreme Court, and held that position six years. He was the Judge before whom the notorious Alexander McLeod was tried for murder in 1841. As a jurist he had few superiors, and his dispatch of business was rapid. The "delays of justice" and the "uncertainty of the law" were not axioms of his court. After the expiration of his official term Judge Gridley removed to Utica, where he spent the remainder of his life. His death removes another of the veterans of Western New York.

—— Simeon Hagen died at Sprague, Conn., July 22. He was 95 years old, and was born in the house in which he died.

—— Zelger, a bass singer, long connected with the Italia opera in London, died lately at Ghent from poison very singularly administered. It appears that some three years since M. Zelger, having to perform the part of Walter in "Guillaume Tell," at Covent Garden, and having to whiten his moustache and beard, made use of a new composition, which, in the course of the night, brought on a violent fit of vomiting, which was succeeded by a long lethargy. From that time, says the London *Musical World*, his health was never completely restored, and he sank, in all probability, a victim to his imprudence or heedlessness.

Accidents and Offences.—Emanuel Herzberg, a physician, 51 years of age, having an office at No. 1 Amity street, was arrested on Aug. 16 by officer Croker, of the Lower Police-court, on a warrant issued by Justice Hogan. Dr. Herzberg was charged by Miss Mena Baddendick, a girl 16 years of age, living at 439 Washington street, with having, by force and violence and against her will, committed an indecent and felonious assaul upon her. The complainant called at the doctor's office to consult him in regard to her health, when he sent her to an upper room of the premises, where he appeared soon afterwards and committed the crime.

—— A few miles from Utica the other night a wounded soldier knocked at the cottage door of a woman, whose husband is a soldier in the Potomac army. She kindly made him welcome, and upon his showing her his honorable discharge and credentials to his excellent conduct from his officer, invited him to stay all night. During the night three burglars attempted to break into her house; the soldier flew to the rescue, and killed one; wounding and capturing the other two; one of whom was her brother-in-law. The rascals came after $500 which her husband had sent her the day previous.

Foreign.—The horses in the Emperor's carriage took fright the other day, when a most serious accident seemed inevitable. They were, however, pulled up at last. The Emperor said to the Princess of Metternich, who was with him in the carriage, "We narrowly escaped death." "Your Majesty escaped death—I immortality!" she promptly and wittily replied.

—— A Liverpool magistrate, having had occasion to give an opinion as to a matrimonial difficulty which came up before him, concluded his remarks with the following opinion: "It is always a bad arrangement for married people, whether high or low, rich or poor, to have a wife's sister, or a brother, or other relatives living in the same house with them."

—— Lord Overstone, who has just died, has left personal property valued at £5.000,000 sterling. At the present exchange it equals $70,000,000 of greenbacks. He was formerly one of the firm of Jones, Lloyd & Co., London bankers.

—— Prince Napoleon's newest born is to bear the name of Louis Napoleon. Its godfather is to be the King of Portugal; its godmother, Princess Mathilde.

—— They have a queer monarch in India, whom the Bombay press just now are giving "particular fits." He is called the Gækwar (President) of Baroda. It seems that his highness recently spent £500 in celebrating the marriage of a pair of his favorite pigeons: and he is now about to throw away still larger sums on the marriage of some dogs that have just arrived from Englahd.

Chit-Chat.—The leading article of a London journal of large weekly circulation makes the following confession, while maintaining that England can fight as well as ever: "This nation of shopkeepers is that of the Nile, of Balaklava, of Aliwal—that built the Alabama, that manned her, that carried her into action with the Kearsarge. The men that fought against such odds—the surgeon that sank with the ship rather than desert his post—the gunners that loaded and fired till the sinking of the ship drowned out the fires of the engines—these men were Englishmen—as true hearts of oak, as seasoned chips of the old block, as ever swept the seas with Blake, or with Rodney, Howe or Duncan."

—— Professor Snell, of Amherst College, who has kept a meterological register for 28 years, says that Monday, the first day of August, was the hottest day during that period.

—— Gen. Scott refers to it as "a striking fact, that three ex-Vice Presidents, Aaron Burr, John C. Calhoun and John C. Breckinridge became, each in his day, a leader in treason."

—— A soldier's wife, writing to one of the west-end aldermen, of this city, in regard to her State aid, says: "I have not had any children since my husband went away. I have three, and if I had known of this war I might have had three more, as I should like to send a regiment of my own raising to the army, as I am patriotic and Union clean through, though I am styled a Massachusetts négro, here in New York State, because I am for the war until every man is free as God created him." Great deal of self-reliance about that woman.

—— A few leading Boston ladies have signed a card "to retrench our expenditure in dress." We know of a lady who has not had a new dress for three years, and who has never failed, since this war began, to devote a large portion of each day to working for the cause. When we see ladies in calico dresses we have faith in their addresses.

—— The Vergennes *Vermonter* says that in Ferrisburg, the other day, two sisters, women grown, were seen engaged in most essentially aiding in harvesting the hay. One of the sisters was riding the mowing machine, guiding the horses, and cutting down the grass—the other was riding the horse-rake. It is worthy of mention that the only brother of these sisters is in the army.

—— Charles Gates, a minor son of William K. Gates, of Lee, Mass., wished to enlist, three years ago, but his aged parents objected to it. One morning he was sent to drive the cows to pasture, on his way to work, taking his dinner with him. But at night he did not come back, because he had run away and enlisted in the 10th regiment. He remained through the three years without a furlough, and returned with the regiment, unharmed by the rebel bullets. He arrived at the old pasture at home one night last week, just at "cow-time," and leisurely drove up the same old cows, as if he hadn't been away for three years. His reception was a joyful one, none the less so as his coming was a complete surprise.

—— No proper name can escape being turned to ridicule, by adding to it a droll prefix. Lyon, a great coxcomb, to his serious distress, was everywhere greeted as "Dandy Lion." No man was ever more annoyed than he was by this ridiculous joke, and great was his relief when he inherited an estate, with the privilege o assuming the name of "Winder." Had he laid aside his absurd style of dress. it is possible he might have thus escaped the ridicule to which he had thus exposed himself: his relentless companions merely altered but his nickname, and he was ever afterwards known as "Beau Winder."

—— When the war first broke out, a young married man of Steubenville, Ohio, volunteered. He was reported killed at Perryville, and subsequently his wife received a metallic coffin, which purported to be the body of her husband. She buried it with all due ceremony and affection, and after more than a year elapsed she married again. A few days since an exchanged prisoner passed through Steubenville, and left a message from the husband supposed to be dead, that he would probably be soon exchanged and would be home again. Her present husband is a worthy man, and the case becomes somewhat embarrassing.

—— At the new Richmond Theatre they have two "new" comedies; "The Gay Deceiver" and "Leap Year," and in rehearsal "Sixteen String Jack," "The Bohemians of Paris," and other novelties.

—— "Boy!" called out Brown to the waiter at Sam's. "Don't call me boy, sir; I'm no boy, sir," said the latter. "Then do as you'd be done by," put in Brown, "and don't call this mutton lamb any more!"

—— Cherubini's widow died lately at Neuilly, aged 91.

—— A gentleman at Charleston, who before the war had considerable property and lived well, wrote lately to his mother, in Washington, as follows: "It is trying indeed to me to feed and clothe my family of eight. I shall be thankful if I live through this unnatural and horrid business, and am able to save my little ones from absolute want and starvation. We live principally on corn bread and rice, with not a piece of fresh beef more than once in three weeks, and no coffee, tea or sugar. $25 of Confederate money is really worth about $1 of former times. There are, however, innumerable persons in the South far worse off than us. The following are the prices of living: Beef, $5 ℔ lb; bacon, $5 and $6 ℔ lb; corn meal, $15 and $20 ℔ bushel; flour, $275 and $300 ℔ barrel; molasses, $40 ℔ gallon; sugar (brown), $7 and $8 ℔ lb; coffee, $12 ℔ lb; tea, $28 and $30 ℔ lb; bread (bakers'), small loaves, $1 ℔ loaf—good sized loaf, $2; boots, $300 ℔ pair; shoes, $100 to $125 ℔ pair; cloth, $80, $90 and $100 ℔ yard, and everything else in proportion."

The new Cosmetic, Distilled Dew, is rapidly gaining popularity with the fair sex. It is one of the most refreshing and beautifying preparations ever offered, and has none of those deleterious effects which too frequently attend similar washes. The office is 718 Broadway.

New York and Erie Line.—For persons going West the New York and Erie line is one that particularly recommends itself to travellers. It is a broad gauge line, and the cars are clean, airy and commodious. We must particularly praise the night cars; they are really admirable. The arrangements are under the superintendence of our excellent friend, Mr. Charles Minot, who stands at the head of railroad officials.

The Navies of the World.—The navy of Great Britain carries 14,050 guns; of France, 8,876; United States, 4,184; Russia, 2,013; Holland, 1,220; Denmark, 958; Sweden, 920; Spain, 904; Austria, 852; Italy, 789; Portugal, 362; Norway, 340; Turkey, 297; Brazil, 276; Prussia, 265; Greece, 149; Peru, 104; Chili, 66; and Belgium, 28. The navies of the world consist of 1,684 steamers and 1,296 sailing ships, carrying 36,653 guns.

The red, white and blue—the red cheeks, the white teeth, and blue eyes of a lovely girl, are as good a flag as a young soldier in the battle of life need fight under.

OUR MEXICAN FRONTIER.

Cotton was, from the first, the capital of the rebels in carrying on their operations. As one by one their ports were captured or blockaded the cotton trade was driven to the Rio Grande, and when our occupation of Brownsville interrupted it here it retired up the river to Piedras Negras. Here, on a steamboat, a cotton press was improvised, and as the caravans from the interior reached the bank and crossed the cotton was packed and sent down to Matamoras.

Our Special Artist, while on the Mexican side, visited the depot of this trade, and his sketch will give our readers some idea of the activity with which trade is carried on in this recently lonely spot. The din of commerce, the mixture of English and Spanish languages, costume and manners, make it a most exciting scene.

THE BRIDGE OVER THE MATTAPONY AT MILFORD STATION.

The beauty of American scenery, either when spring first clothes the landscape with green or in the full drapery of summer, or when fall dyes the leaves with those wondrous colors which give a charm to death, can never exhaust in its inspiration poetry and art. This pretty picture of a Virginia scene, how little does it breathe of war? Yet, here within three months the two mighty armies now contending before Petersburg swept by on the path of blood from the Rappahannock to the Appomattox. The Mattapony is a pleasant little river, formed of branches to which fancifully the successive syllables of the name have been given, so that Mat—Ta—Po and Ny combine to form with sound and water the Mattapony. It rises in Spottsylvania county, and after forming the boundary between counties that bear the royal names of King and Queen and King William, swells the waters of the Pamunky, and thus reaches the York and Chesapeake bay.

MONARCHY IN NORTH AMERICA.

Triumphal Entry of the Emperor Maximilian and his Empress into Mexico.

The conclusion has been reached; the empire founded on French bayonets is established! After long delays and hesitation Maximilian sailed to Mexico, and, reaching Vera Cruz on the 28th May, proceeded at once to the capital. His entrance was invested by the French with all possible pomp, and we illustrate it, from a drawing by a French Artist, asone of the great events of the time.

The entrance took place on the 12th of June. The previous day, at eleven A.M., 500 horsemen and 250 calèches, filled with all the important personages who could be gathered, rode out to receive the sovereigns as far as Santa Cruz. Here Maximilian and his wife descended from their carriage, having arrived with a brilliant cortége. Amid the sound of cannon and church-bells, the Emperor and Empress advanced on foot to the city, where they were received by the civil authorities and by many Archbishops and Bishops. The Chapter of the Abbey of Guadalupe conducted them under a canopy to the cathedral, amid a wondering but not very enthusiastic crowd.

They were here received and felicitated by Gen. Bazaine and Gen. Neigre.

The next day, at eleven A.M., they entered Mexico itself with great pomp. The street was lined with soldiers and flowers were thrown before them at every step. If we believe French accounts, the reception was one of the most enthusiastic ever given to a new prince.

A PERSISTENT YANKEE.

A correspondent writing from before Petersburg relates the following:

A sergeant stepped out from a riflepit on Sunday and moved towards the enemy, waving a late paper, regardless of the probability that he would at any moment be shot. A rebel officer shouted to him to go back, but the sergeant was unmindful of the warning, and asked:

"Won't you exchange newspapers?"

"No," said the rebel, "I have no paper, and I want you to go back."

With a singular persistence the sergeant continued to advance, saying:

"Well, if you hain't a paper, I reckon some of your men have, and I want to exchange, I tell you."

"My men have not got anything of the kind and you must go back," said the officer, in a louder tone, and with great emphasis.

Nothing daunted, the Yankee sergeant still advanced until he stood plumply before the indignant officer, and said:

"I tell ye now you needn't get your dander up. I don't mean no harm no way. P'raps if ye ain't got no newspaper, ye might give me sunthin' else. Maybe your men would like some coffee for tobacco. I'm dreadful anxious for a trade."

The astonished officer could only repeat his command:

"Go back, you rascal, or I'll take you a prisoner. I tell you we have nothing to exchange, and we don't want anything to do with you Yankees."

The sergeant said ruefully:

"Well, then, if you hain't got nothin', why, here's the paper, anyway, and if you get one from Richmond this afternoon, you can send it over. You'll find my name thar on that."

The man's impudence, or the officer's eagerness for news, made him accept. He took the paper, and asked the sergeant what was the news from Petersburg.

"Oh! our folks say we can go in there just when we want to, but we are waiting to gobble all you fellows first," was the reply.

"Well, I don't know but what you can do it!" said the lieutenant, turning on his heel and re-entering the riflepit; "meanwhile, my man, you had better go back."

This time the sergeant obeyed the oft-repeated order, and, on telling his adventure, was the hero of the morning among his comrades.

Should Bitter Beer be taken Before or During Meals?—For some time past I have been of opinion that bitter beer, which is now in very general use, possesses the property of suspending or retarding the process of digestion if taken during a full meal, more particularly with meat diet. If it be true that the process of digestion is allied to that of fermentation, may we not infer that whatever possesses the property of arresting fermentation may also arrest or retard digestion? We know that hops, when added to beer, especially in excess, prevents the liquor from passing so readily into acetous fermentation; and I believe Liebig informs us that bitters, opium, tobacco, essential oils, etc., also possess the same property. It therefore becomes a dietetical question whether doctors should recommend patients to take bitter beer (the bitter principle may not always be hops, but something more objectionable) during a full meal on meat diet, or whether such beer should be taken before dinner as an ordinary tonic.

A shopkeeper purchased of an Irishwoman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, he weighed in the balance and found wanting.

"Sure it's your own fault if they are light," said Biddy, in reply to the complaints of the buyer; "it's your own fault, sir, for wasn't it with a pound of your own soap, I bought here myself, that I weighed them with?"

The shopkeeper had nothing more to say on that subject.



EXPLOSION OF THE POWDER BARGES HENDRICKS AND GENERAL MEADE AT CITY POINT, VA., AUGUST 8.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.



OUR MEXICAN FRONTIER.—COTTON PRESS AT PIEDRAS NEGRAS, ON THE RIO GRANDE, THE CENTRE OF THE REBEL TRADE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BOWVILL.

MERCY.

An angel lit on the vesper star,
When the red sun sank to rest,
And her robes were white as virgin snow
On the moonlit valley's breast.

A diamond wand in her right hand bore
A broidered banner sure,
And she sighing looked on the scene below,
Through the brown of the dewy air.

One by one young planets winked
Through the veil of the twilight sky,
Like the stolen glances flashing sent
From a harem beauty's eye.

The raging crescent's trembling light
Fell sadly soft and mild,
And the world beneath was stilly calm
As the sonl of a sleeping child.

The robin hopped along the path
Nigh tame as tame may be;
The black bat flitted closely by
From the shade of the linden tree.

The drowsy daisy had closed its lid,
The forest birds all were mute,
And the stream crooned sweet on the listening ear,
As the notes of a chanted lute.

"I've seen the cannon's sullen mouth
Point straight to a breast of crime,
But the bloodless ball hissed far beyond,
For a mother had asked in time.

"I've seen the blackened chasm yawn
For a ship on the foam-rimmed wave,
But the wild surge shrank like a frightened thing
At the prayer of the wilder brave.

"I've seen the lightning's forked flame
Dart down with a mission to slay,
But the maiden's cry up quicker came,
And the fire-lance turned away.



"There is love even yet for the guilty of earth,
There is joy for the penitent's tear,
O God! that the ensign of havoc should flout
And the rivers run ruddily there.

"Yom spirit, vain man! should be dove-like and pure
As the fount of the jewelly rill,
But the gates of your Eden so passing fair
Ope wide to the serpent still."

The seraph said, and unseen away
Flew back to the realms of light,
And the evening star waxed brighter then
In the gloom of the gathering night.

A RING TO WEAR.

BY CATHARINE BARNSHAW.

CHAPTER I.

It is four years since I last saw Christine Lindsay. Knowing the hopelessness of my love, I still possessed the dear knowledge that she had once loved me even as I still loved her. I could not stifle the memories of other affections or fancies, for to my heart "twas sweeter for her despairing" than a triumphant life with any other. Every scene of splendor or beauty brought her more vividly to my memory, and now, as I leaned from my window, I seemed to be standing again by her side. Ladies and gentlemen were promenading on the piazza below my window—their voices rose in the murmurous music of society in modulated tones. I listened without hearing, wondering if they were as happy as they seemed. The summer season was getting to its height, and every coach to-day had brought some new arrival. I had come from Havre but a few weeks before, and was interested in learning the ways of America's *élite*.

"There's the last carriage from the boat," some one on the piazza remarked, as a carriage wheeled into the approach.

"There's not another boat to-night, is there?"



BRIDGE OVER THE MATTAPONY RIVER, NEAR MILFORD STATION, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. FORBES.

"No; thank fortune. At this rate of arrivals, somebody would be obliged to leave. If this is a big hotel, Lloyd can't store many more away."

"Don't grumble," said the other voice; "these last new-comers are an addition to our society, I assure you. If this moonlight doesn't deceive me, the people alighting from that carriage are the Melvane party whom I met a month ago in Newport. Yes, I am sure. We'll see them at breakfast, and if you say so, I'll present you."

"And who, pray, are the Melvanes?"

"Don't know exactly—they are not Americans. They are very rich, I'm quite sure of that."

Here the two young men walked out of hearing. It was the only connected conversation I heard from the piazza, so I happened to remember it. But it had passed from my mind long before the next morning, and was only recalled by a remark made to me by Felton, one of the gentlemen whose words I had overheard. He sat beside me at table, and asked, after a desultory talk of a few minutes:

"Mr. Standish, has it happened that you have ever met with the Melvanes in your travels?"

"Never, to my knowledge; why do you ask?" I replied.

"Oh, simple curiosity, that's all. They came here last night, but I don't see them at breakfast. They are English, or Scotch, I should judge, and most aggravatingly exclusive. I believe you English always are."

"I won't discuss that," I said, smiling, "for I am not English—I am Scotch."

"Not English!" cried Felton; "I could have sworn you were. Why, Standish is pure English."

"Yes, I know it," I said, feeling the old cloud of my life settling over my face.

Felton looked towards the door which had just opened. An elderly lady and gentleman entered.

"Ah, there is Mr. and Mrs. Melvane. How unfortunate that the star of the party, their ward, remains invisible. I wonder if they will recognise me?"

While my voluble companion rattled on, I looked up at the table where the new-comers had taken their places. They were entire strangers to me, and I only gave them the interested glance that a man gives to fellow-countrymen whenever he sees them in a foreign land. Their look was unmistakably Scotch, of the educated, upper class. Reserving that I would introduce myself to them on the plea of a common nationality, so soon as an opportunity occurred, I went on with my breakfast, listening with placid interest to the talk going on round me.

I was absent all that day. I went out, as I had done several times since my arrival here, alone in a little rowboat. The sea was glowing with sunset gold as I at last left my boat and walked up the sands to the house. Instead of going up the broad gravelled way I passed through a small oak grove that formed a part of the grounds of the hotel. I walked listlessly, with bent head and hands clasped behind me. The path I took wound deviously, and passed behind a little grapevine arbor. When I came close to this I saw the gleam of a lady's hand from between the broad leaves. Some one was half reclined the other side of the lattice, and had passed her hand through the greenery. All I could see was that snowy hand—not rounded as fine ladies' hands are, but with slender fingers, a shape betokening intellect and power. With a suffocating cessation of the pulses of my heart, I had recognised that hand, for whose honorable possession I would give my life. On one of its fingers burned with coal-like fire the ruby ring I had placed there years ago. I stood still, half panting with the suddenness of the recognition. Self-indignant that I had not more control, I governed my accelerated pulses and walked on up the path. I had hardly taken half-a-dozen steps before Felton called to me. He was leaning against the entrance to the arbor; he said:



HAPPY MOMENTS.

"Have you become a wood-or-water-sprite Standish, that you have deserted us to-day?"

His tone indicated that he wished me to stop, but I continued walking, and answered:

"If I have been transformed it is only into a priest of Neptune. I've been on the sea all day."

"Well, come back and tell us about it—or are you in the first stages of starvation? You must be, unless you devoured your fish uncooked."

Thus called, I turned back. Had the girl in the arbor recognised my voice, or had she, with woman's prerogative, forgotten it as a thing of a never-to-be-recovered past?

I stood at the arbor door, and glanced at her face as Felton said:

"A fellow-countryman, Miss Melvane—Mr. Standish."

As I had so often in visions seen Christine Lindsay so she stood before me now. Paler than when I had seen her last, with less of impulse and more of coldness in her face; her mouth showed somewhat of habitual self-restraint, and some would have called it haughty; the purple darkness of her eyes gleamed royally as ever.

She bowed distantly yet graciously, and as sat down she let the folds of her handkerchief over her left hand. Was she afraid that again presume to cherish high hopes because still wore the ring she had promised to Hadabe come to wear it as a task, only for sake and not for love? To think that she ceased to care for me gave a more dreadful than to know that she could never be mine. shall not be bored by any obtrusiveness on my part, I thought. Felton sat down opposite her, but I remained standing. It was evident that he thought this our first meeting, indeed there was no reason why he should not.

"Have you been in the States a long time, Miss Melvane," I asked. "If I understood Mr. Felton, he said you are not American."

"No; I came to Boston some six months ago, so you see I have not been here so long but that I sometimes feel a pang of homesickness."

The old, familiar music of her voice, the old enchanting endearments of her presence; and I was talking with her like a stranger. I wondered if I should ever accustom myself to this intercourse.

"You still are true to your old love of breath and



THE RING RECOGNISED BY ITS GIVER.

mountain then?' I said. "You seem to disprove the doctrine that, for a woman, it only requires absence to induce forgetfulness." If I did not speak bitterly, only in the quiescent tones of one stranger to another.

Involuntarily, and it seemed unconsciously, she raised her handkerchief to her lips, thus showing the subdued sparkle of her ring. She replied:

"Mr. Standish can hardly be a Highlander, if he says a Scotchwoman can ever forget."

"I beg your pardon," I returned, "I only suggested that possibility; I know full well the Gaelic tenacity, I believe I share in it, as I certainly have a right to do."

I stood at the door, half resolved to walk abruptly away. She spoke again, and I listened with downcast eyes, half imagining I stood with Her again in her father's house by the heavy rolling Dee.

"And you—have you just left Scotland? Have you any news from home?"

I looked up and said, with frigid tones:

"I, Miss Morland? I am self-expatriated. I have not been in Scotland for four years."

She turned slightly pale, her lips trembled; she had evidently not expected to hear. And then I went up to the house, leaving Felton to prattle to an auditor who I felt confident would not understand what he said.

Several days passed, during which I only saw the Mclvrace at table. I was favored with incidental bits of various reminiscence; being told by Felton, as an inducement, that Miss Melvrae was going. Though I did not absolutely decline, still I did not go.

At last Felton declared I was ungallant, and a bear. Any other man would be delighted, he said; they were so extensive, he wondered that they had recognised him. Meanwhile, I was trying to imagine why Christine had dropped her own name—that of Lindsay—for which I knew her own name—that of Lindsay—for which I knew her to have a strong hereditary family pride. I wondered if some awful thing had happened to the the Lindsays—were they dead, or dishonored? and so the heiress had for ever cast from her that old, dearest name for the less ancient one of her uncle Melvane. When I had last seen Christine at home she had worn about her neck the Lindsay crest, which the heir of her family always preserved as the token of their implacable hatred to the Drummond clan, with whom they had been at feud across the ocean, if the oldest Lindsay—for tradition had handed the quarrel from father to son.

Since Christine had been with me at the same hotel, her presence had unavoidably recalled still more vividly, if possible, that time of enchantment, mutual love, since it had been discovered that I was one of the detested race of Drummonds and that henceforth, for ever, there would be an impassable bar between me and the woman I loved. Though I fled from this paradise from which I was excluded, I could not bring myself to take the name which belonged to me by birth and blood. I preferred the name by which Christine Lindsay had called me and so I relinquished to my then known younger brother the rights of Angus Drummond.

Sitting alone on the sands, hearing the monotone of the waves on this strange American coast, I imagined and lived again in sweet silence those times when look and brae were dearest sights in the world to me, because I saw them with Christine. Sometimes from the rocks or in a bend of the shore I heard her voice in laugh or talk with some pleasure party, and the sound melted into my dreams and made that memory of the past more real for a moment than this hopeless present. How inexhaustible seemed our fairy mine of joy. But, suddenly and as fairy's ever do, our joy was dashed, our sky was clouded, and a wanderer had fled, our sky was clouded, and a wanderer had fled, our sky was clouded, and a wanderer had fled over the face of the earth. So the thoughts ran into each other as I lay in the sh ow of a rock on the beach, one afternoon in August. One arm was bent over my face, and with my eyes on that when above me, I listened to the roll of the blue at my feet.

A shrill voice near me caused me to start slightly.

"My!" it said, in subdued treble, "here is a man asleep. I do love him, or must we leave him this shady place just as soon as we find it?"

The voice of Christine replied in a low tone:

"It is Mr. Standish, who is stopping at the same hotel with us. We won't disturb him."

I rose to my feet. "I beg you will not leave because I am here, Miss Melvane," I said. "I will not frighten you, if you'll let me stay, or if you desire it, I'll depart."

"You will oblige me greatly if you go away," she replied. "We are not princesses, to drive people from a chosen solitude. We are but Scotchwomen, Mr. Standish."

She stood tracing characters with her parasol in the sand as she spoke. The warm glorious of this summer day had tinted her olive face with a faint crimson, and given to her eyes a languid softness that answered back to the splendor of sky and sea.

"We never consider a happiness as an intruder," I said, with more the air of a gallant compliment than I had intended. She turned her eyes from the water to me with an air of cool surprise, that as I fancied, in spite of its coolness, had a little of grief in it; then she looked towards her companion still regarded me to her. An old mother of ribbons, smiles and kindness, Miss Gervase, from Boston, greeted me with superabundant good will, and while Miss Melvane strolled along the sands in the shadow of the rocks, we chatted together of routs and theatres till I felt as if I had been there during the solemn ministrelsy of the sea.

At last Christine returned and stood by us; there fell a silence between us, broken by Christine, who said to Miss Gervase:

"Dora, if you have satisfied your exploring desires we will go back, for I don't fancy a solitary supper."

The two girls started off towards the pebbly path, down which they had descended to this sheltered nook. Some undefined feeling that they might not want me prevented my accompanying them. I leaned back against the ragged rock-hand rocks and listened to their retreating footsteps, and watching Christine as she walked over the stones. Still musingly looking at the point of rocks round which they had disappeared, I was surprised to see them return, Miss Gervase, in advance, walking hurriedly. As they came near I noticed that the face of Miss Gervase was pale, it seemed to me with terror. I looked eagerly at Christine. Only the crimson tints had left her cheeks, otherwise she looked as when she had left me.

"Oh, Mr. Standish, what is to be done?" cried Miss Gervase, with clasped hands. "The tide has come in over the path by which we came, and we can't get up there."

For the first time I noticed that the water had risen into the gullies of sand, and through a rocky gap, which, when they came, had been green with slippery seaweed and dry sea-thing, sandy look. I remembered the way by which I had reached this spot, and I said:

"There is no need for alarm—at least, I think not. If you are sufficiently hardy to return with me in the rough way I explored, we shall be able to reach the top of the cliff in safety."

"Any way to get out of this horrid place," Miss Gervase said.

Christine smiled, and remarked:

"What an adjective to apply, Dora! I think this the most picturesque spot I've found on the coast."

"Doubtless," was the reply; "I'll agree with you when I can view it from the rocks yonder. Till then, let me despise it heartily."

Meanwhile they were scrambling up the rocks, assisted by my hand and my own steady spirit. The path grew more difficult every moment. My nerves seemed steel, so strong was my purpose to protect the two girls at my charge. I was aware also of a feeling of triumphant joy that again Christine Lindsay was dependent on me for rescue. Once or twice I talk, I felt her eyes upon my face, and when they responded only by actions. We came to a chasm; a huge, black rock, with the water rushing in on both sides of it. Between us, was out downwards in the middle, split through more smoothly than human hands could have done it. Dora opened a shrill cry at this, and I could just conveniently leap across it, when I came down to the sands alone. Could I ever get by this difficulty? The rock was fierce waters that came coiling and then rushing into their home in the sand-gully. Also looking as if some wild spirit had fascinated and was beckoning her to its home—as if she might have heard the music of Parthenope, and would throw herself into the sea for the sake of the melody she heard.

"Miss Melvane," I said, "will you try this leap with me? It is a necessity for us."

She turned towards me, her face glowing with some inner mental struggle.

"Let Dora go first," she replied; "then, if you want to come back, you may take me."

"If I would not be left," I repeated, forgetting myself so far as to look for an instant into her eyes.

I turned abruptly from her, and cautioning Miss Gervase not to make an effort herself, I took her in my arms and jumped across. One look I had, and one only, as both should crash down over the century-hardened rocks, broken, dead. But I safely cleared the gap and set down Miss Gervase, faint and trembling, on the stone, and with an agile bound was back again.

Christine had not moved, looking at the waters flowing; but she had thought of nothing and looked at nothing but me I knew by the expression of her face. I extended my hand without speaking. She refused a step towards me, and then her foot slipped and she staggered towards the chasm. With a shrill scream Miss Gervase fainted. I reached her side and caught her in my arms.

"My God!" I cried. "Christine, you will kill me for all my efforts."

I trembled so that I hardly dared think of essaying the crossing again. She pressed the white face to my frame, and withdrew herself from my arms.

"I have startled you," she said; "I was very careless. I will try to take more heed. I forgot where I was standing."

By a great exertion I brought back my nerves to the keenness of action. I felt tempted to whisper to her, as I again held her in my arms, that I could not deplore a fate that should present us into eternity so long as she was with me, but I said nothing. I took her safely over, and when we were sufficiently secured we walked back to the hotel. Miss Gervase uttered her thanks in a tone so true and womanly that I could have kissed her hand. I done her a service at a greater risk. Christine remained silent till we reached the deserted piazza, then, as Miss Gervase entered, she turned to me and gave me her hand, her left hand, with my ring burning upon it.

"Mr. Standish," she said.

I held her hand in both my own. I waited for her to continue. Her face was averted, and I could not see her eyes. She stood for a moment thus, as if struggling to speak, then withdrew her hand and hastily entered the house.

That evening Miss Gervase spread the story through the parlors, and for the hour nothing else was talked of. Miss Melvane, they said, was somewhat indisposed from the excitement of the afternoon. She did not come downstairs. I stood by the chair of Miss Gervase, that evening, interested by the sweet gratitude I saw in her beautiful face. I felt myself somewhat above the company here, because she had been with Christine, because I now no longer wondered that Christine had chosen her for a friend. Underneath the graceful frivolity of fashionable life I discovered the pure throbs of a kind, impulsive, womanly heart. I was so unconscious of the remarks my attention, coupled with the events of the afternoon, had caused, that I hardly understood Felton, when he said, as he backed me good-night:

"Confounded lucky thing of yours, Standish. Old Gervase is a rich old Boston-streeter. I wish you joy."

I forgot his words without wondering what they meant. Afterwards I found that he only expressed the gossip of the evening.

CHAPTER II.

WRIGHT, a fair, still night of summer, with stars burning warm and yellow, a faint, sweet wind that hardly stirred the tall beach-grass, and that let the boats of the sea fall softly, without rousing it into spray. Such a night calmed my heart as I stood on the piazza. I was pure and cold and free from the gaiety around me. Within there was the crash of a dance, the mazes of enervating, inebriating music, the heavy scent of heliotrope mingling with the perfume of newly kidded hands and the fume of sweet wines.

Outside I was alone. I was suddenly aware of the fragrance of heather floating on the air. I turned quietly. Near me, but half screened by the sea-colored curtains of the festal night, I saw Christine standing alone, and looking, as I had been doing, out at the calm waters. It was not the first time I must gaze on her side and speaking to her. It was a fortnight since I had rescued her from the incoming tide, and I had hardly spoken to her in that time, though not a day had passed without interviews with her friend, Miss Gervase. I stood for a moment irresolute. She seemed to me to be a warm imagination as beautiful and unattainable as a fairy princess. Her heavy garnet silk, with rich bands of the gold she wore, increased rather than lessened her imperial Southern beauty. A blonde would have been overloaded thus dressed, but not so Christine and dusky-purple locks.

I stood by her side. There was snowy lace at her throat and over her neck. I looked in vain for the golden Lindsay chain, whose accompanying vow had been so fatal to my happiness. A sprig of purple heather was in her hair, and in the hand that hung over the railing.

She turned her faultless face towards me with a cold, searching. Her manner seemed like snow, soft and cold, but still not precisely repelling. The absence of repulse in it helped me to imagine a reason, gave me a nameless hope—a hope which I dared not even to myself.

"You are not dancing," in being able to procure heather here at a ball by the American seaside, Miss Melvane. Where in the world did you obtain it? I have a curiosity."

"It is very pardonable," she smiled. "I sent to Boston that morning for it. But see, Mr. Standish," she held the spray towards me, "it is only a frail houseplant, after all. It lacks the fresh bloom of its native earth."

I took the flower in my hand.

"It is homesick, like you, Miss Melvane."

"I?"

She raised her eyes, brilliant and distant, to mine for a moment.

"You are very rapid in forming conclusions."

"Am I not correct?" I asked. "You are not aware how closely I scan your face. What other interpretation can I put on that inexpressibly sad curve of your mouth, that droop of your eyelids when you are alone in the room. You long for the home you have left behind."

The red of something like angry surprise flashed over her face, and for a moment out over the sea before she replied. Then her voice, instead of being indignant, was ironical.

"Mr. Standish is quite somewhat if he now finds amusing occupation in such objectless study of faces."

It was the first allusion, however remote, to the fact of her having known me before. My tone was as cold as her own as I replied:

"I do not study faces; I am no physiognomist."

I could hardly prevent myself from asking why the chain was absent from her neck. Still nothing but her own words could have made me speak of it. I still held her clover in my hand.

"Will you oblige me to return it?" I asked.

"Is the knight begging favors of the lady?" she said, with a subdulated tone behind us.

Miss Gervase stood near us, her sapphire eyes blazing with soft flame. Miss Melvane bent slightly forward, and said, in answer, to my question:

"Yes; if you please," in so distant a manner that I could have flung the blossom, in despairing pride, at her feet.

I placed it silently in her extended hand and turned abruptly to Miss Gervase, saying, as I offered her my arm:

"You see the fair lady keeps her blooms. It must be that I am not a faithful knight—" some wretched impulse prompted me to bend my head towards my companion and murmur the words: "not faithful to her."

I placed my hand over the fair fingers on my arm as I spoke. The cold, serene manner of Miss Melvane had taunted me to it. I had no hope that in hearing those words she would be as miserable as the spirit that prompted me to utter them had made me.

I led Miss Gervase to the far end of the piazza; as we returned slowly we saw Christine standing, with a proud droop of the head, tenderly fondling the flowers in her hand. She turned before we reached her and entered the parlors. Half an hour later, when Miss Gervase and I stood among the dancers, Christine was floating through the mazes with starlit eyes and speaking face, listening with rare kindness to the whispered words of her partners, and her partner was the dashing, fashionable Felton.

His face bore evidence that he was under a more complete enchantment than I had deemed him capable of feeling. At last he whirled his companion near the recess where I sat with Miss Gervase. He stood over her chair, and in the pauses of our talk I heard snatches of their conversation:

"Yes," she was saying, in assent to some remarks of Felton; "they prefer the quiet of the evening to this hush. I left them on the verandah, Felton said something and laughed slightly as he ceased speaking. I glanced at Miss Gervase, she, too, had caught their words, and her cheek flushed as her eyes met mine. I wished to speak, but I could think of nothing to say. Again Christine spoke, but to me with only the casual interest one takes in a stranger.

"Everyway worthy, I presume. Mr. Standish seems to be a gentleman. You say he is a countryman of mine, too, Mr. Felton; if such is the case I ought to be assured of his superiority."

Good heavens, I could not hear Felton's reply, but from his tone he must have murmured a compliment.

I begged Miss Gervase to dance with me, and in a moment more we were gliding past the two whose unwilling auditors we had been.

So completely did Miss Melvane withdraw herself from me, that, had I striven to see her, I could not have succeeded. It was not my purpose to make any efforts towards interviews with her, and my reason told me that I should be glad she had succeeded yet in avoiding me so selfcontrol. Though she was every day in some excursion with me, though every night I saw her in the parlors, she was as far removed from me as though she was in Scotland and I in America. Had I been less passionately and hopelessly in love with her, I should scornfully and hopelessly in love with her, I should scornfully have left the place where she was, thus acting upon the dictates of my conscience. But how could I keep the heiress from the society solicited on that happiness was, of looking upon her as she moved through the rooms and talked with her companions? I saw every expression of hers, though I might be apparently devoted to Miss Gervase.

Unconsciously to myself, I became the cavalier of Miss Gervase, never once thinking the remarks of Felton would be construed by her into any of all it might cause. I escorted her and her self to all places of amusement. I was also sufficient of an egotist to think that she might come to like me; I forgot that my rescuing her from what fearful high I had taken to throw a glamour over her eyes for me. In the sweetness of her heart I found the only relief I could from the bitterness of the fate that was separated me from Christine, and that relief was only momentary and partial. Sometimes, in the darkness of my chamber, I wished Christine and I had never met again after that brief time of happiness for us both. Had I not seen her, I might have been comforted by the belief that she still loved.

How imbecile I seemed to myself in those days! Wretched, and yet happy, and yet unable to leave. Vacillating between what I thought my duty and the inclination that gave me the happiness of seeing Christine, though between us there passed no words.

A month since I had seen Miss Melvane at the Rev. Hotel. Divided between my desire to stay, and the duty that pointed out a different path to me, I had at last resolved to leave and wander in search of the apathy which seemed so far off. I would give myself a few more days of life in the presence of Miss Melvane, but each day I should leave the seashore. I would shut from my life the fair imaginings that only rendered me more dull and sad for—in the life of a man of wealth and leisure. Had the country-seat of my family—the Drummonds—been in any other part of Scotland than subjugated the estates of the Lindsays, I might have resolved to return and devote myself to the sylvan life to which my fancy inclined. But the thought of revealing scenes of such dear reminiscences, with the brand of an exile on my heart, was too keen a reencounter.

These thoughts and memories brooded like dark winged birds over my soul as I sat alone in the grape-vine arbor of the hotel garden. Looking out at the entrance with introspective and nearsighted eyes, I was suddenly aware of a shadow at the door. Some one from my recovery. I retreated to the present—but without moving from my position. It was the handsome, graceful form of Felton who stood there. He saw me turned somewhat from me, and he did not at first notice that I was there. He held a small miniature in his hand, his eyes were on it, and in the tender curving of his lips I knew how the picture affected him. I was not far off but that I could recognize in the picture the unrivalled lineaments of Christine Melvane. How came Felton to have the portrait of Miss Melvane? Their friendship must be fast merging into a stronger feeling. This then was the enduring, the eternal love which was to outlive any separation. Could I forget Christine's face as she had told me how deathless was the passion I for the first time had called mine? It had become now quite imperative that I should forget. Unwilling to penetrate into the privacy of Felton's heart, I dropped the book I had not been reading and yawned. He turned abruptly, with indignant face, but as he saw me, his expression changed; he advanced to my side.

"It is you then, Standish?" he said; "I was afraid it might be some of the tattling old dowagers round here, and I'm in a bad mood for them."

He sat down by me and absently took the book

that had fallen from my hands, turning over the leaves carefully, though he held it wrong side up.

"You seem particularly glum," I said, clasping my hands over my head, and looking lazily at him, though it seemed as if my eyes must read his soul's most guarded hopes.

"Did you see the picture I had just now?" he asked suddenly.

"I saw you had a picture," I replied.

"It was a lady's picture," he said.

"Is it so very strange that the handsome Felton should have a lady's miniature?" I exclaimed.

"Fortunate woman, I should say," he added, with nothing of his easy, graceful assurance. "Here, I don't mind showing you the picture, for if the original refuses me, I shall—do, Standish, I shall be accursed!"

I was startled by the vehemence with which he interspoke. I could hardly recognise in him the brilliant and seemingly care-free acquaintance of this watering-place, and I looked at the shadow of the face he had placed in my hand. The midnight eyes and dewy, crimson lips of Christine met my gaze. I was not to be betrayed into a long look at that bewitching face, I instantly closed the case and returned it, saying:

"You are already favored if she has given you this."

"Yes, so I should think," he said, "if she had given it to me. I just found this by the seat where Miss Gervase has been sitting; it probably belongs to her, and I shall return it to-night."

He did not resist the inclination to look again at the face. Even while I felt the torment of jealousy and despair, I could not but admit that I had never really admired this man till this moment, when I discovered how strongly he loved this woman we called—

"I have laughed at love," he said, at last, "because I thought the fleeting beauties I have loved were all I ever knew. Now, at last the grand passion of my life has met me. Do not laugh, Standish, when I tell you how I long to deserve my love, or her, and yet how I dare not, for fear of that dreadful possibility. Am I so very weak?"

He bent his face to his hands as he finished speaking; I put my hand on his shoulder.

"You are incapable of laughing at you, Felton. Do you wish me to tell what I think of the probabilities of your success?"

He looked up eagerly as a boy, but with all a man's earnestness in his face.

"Yes—tell me!"

"I can only say what I judge from her manner. Telling here as I have been, I have fallen into the habit of observing. I have watched you somewhat, Felton; it seems to my judgment that you will be accepted."

I would have said more, but I would not continue unless I could speak in the calm, cool tone in which I had thus far spoken. His face grew radiant at my words.

"I have sometimes thought," he said, "that she favored me more than others; but somehow I have lost all the egotism I ever possessed, and which used to serve me so well that I never feared a repulse in any matter. I wonder why it is?"

"It is my proof either way it is," I said. "I prophesy a happy future to you." I continued, rising from my seat, for I felt that I could not long sustain such a conversation. Felton rose and grasped my hand.

"You are sincere, Standish," he said.

I could not force myself to wish that another man might marry the woman I loved. I felt myself grow pale as he spoke.

"Don't you wish I may be happy?" he asked, for I stood dumb, strangely different from my manner of an hour ago. I rallied and replied:

"I have prophesied happiness, is not that sufficient? Your love makes you exacting even to your friends."

He looked at me doubtfully a moment, then said:

"You seem very kind to me, but I don't think I understand you yet. For all your apparent frankness with me, I see I do not know you. However, I do not repent having spoken to you."

I returned the pressure of his hand, and said earnestly:

"Believe me, you shall never repent it."

He walked away, having me indignant with myself that I had not better control of emotions which should have been in complete submission. It was humiliating that I had lived all my life a man of the world, and still allowed myself to be swayed by thoughts of things unattainable.

I hardly saw Felton again for a day or two. I was shoving my boat from the sands into the water, preparatory to one of my solitary rowing expeditions, when Felton called to me from the ridge of the beach where he and Christine were standing. I paused in my labors and the two came down to me.

"What in the world are you going to do with that little shell?" Felton asked; "it is not large enough for one, is it?"

"I'm going to take my last row, for I leave the day after to-morrow."

Christine, who was turning over shells with her foot, did not pause in her occupation or look up.

"You have," exclaimed Felton, "that's very unfortunate; we reckoned on you for one of the managers of our excursion inland this week. You'll postpone your departure of course?"

"Impossible!" I said, decidedly.

"Miss Gervase will persuade you," he replied, with a laugh. "I wish your boat was larger, Standish, for Miss Melvane and I were just saying we had never been in a row boat on the ocean. She thinks the scene of nearness to Neptune would give a delightful feeling of insecurity."

"My craft will carry just two," I said, "is it useless to leave it to your own agreement whether one of you shall go?"

"Is it perfectly safe?" Felton asked.

"Oh, yes—entirely so."

"I'm going to try the original method of 'toss up,'" said Felton, "provided you will acquiesce." He addressed Miss Melvane, and further provided that you'll return to the hotel without an escort if I win. Is it agreed?"

She turned his gay, animated face to hers with an expression hard to resist. She looked cold and somewhat distant, but she said:

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"Your ambassadress shall be the Indian's head," he said, tossing a penny in the air.

I could be as indifferent spectator. Though I expected no pleasure, even if Miss Melvane should be my companion, yet I felt a wild hope that I might be once more alone in her presence, and when Felton cried:

"I have won! You have won!" I felt such a vibration through my frame as only Christine could cause. I glanced at her face. Her eyes could cause. I glanced at her face. Her eyes were soft and sweet, but her mouth was curved in the set lines of resplendent pride.

"I fear this expedition is unpleasant to the lady," I said; "I will excuse her attendance if she wishes it, though her presence would give me great pleasure."

"I avail myself of no excuse, Mr. Standish. If you will take me out, I shall like to go."

"I am ready then," I said.

She took my extended hand and seated herself in the boat. I shoved off, feeling that once more I held in my hands the life of Christine, even as I had done years ago in the deiles of Glen Darroch. I tried to take all fear of myself from that thought. But it was hard to have her thus sitting near me, we two alone on the water, and believe that I could not yet love her with a deadly fatality. Without that barrier there rose the brilliant face of Felton to mock unconsciously at any shadow of a love I might feel.

"You do not know but I am a very unskilful boatman, Miss Melvane; yet you trust my guidance, and I will be careful, for to believe that one places confidence in me is one of the happiest feelings."

"I have perceived I would for this hour pass her cool reserve. I would not now seem like the indifferent stranger I had appeared to her and Felton at the shore. She looked up with softened mouth and eyes, and said in her most melodious tones:

"I shall let me be the measure in you of some of your happiest feelings, for I trust in you entirely."

Her eyes flamed, my lips grew hot with the words. I wished to speak, but she turned away with an unmistakable look on her face, which said, "I thus far and no further." I only said in a constrained voice:

"You are very kind, you know that I appreciate your kindness."

An unhappy silence fell upon us. Miss Melvane sat leaning over the side, trailing her hand in the water, till the drops of the emerald sea turned to blood as they gleamed on the ruby on her finger.

Meanwhile the sun was sinking in the sky, fast nearing the western horizon. Miss Melvane and I looked across the water over the softening landscape towards the departing sun.

Miss Melvane sang: "Mr. Standish," I turned towards her. Her hand was raised slightly and extended towards the west to which I had been looking. She sang in a musical undertone:

"Above the sea, beneath the sky,
Suspended 'tween two worlds of blue,
Our cumbrous bonds shall poise and lie
Beclimed upon this dear illusive:
Our fancies fly with your caprice,
Or poise on foam with that summer.

So drift we on in royal state
Over this gleaming sea of glass,
Till out by the sun's fair Western gate
We vered the golden evening mist,
And brought to our wondering eyes perhaps
A glimpse of our longed-for Paradise."

Her voice had murmured into the silence; it ceased, and she bent again over the side of the boat.

"That is not an improvization, is it, Miss Melvane?" I said.

"Oh, no, I was quoting."

"The song of some languid lover afloat with the lady-love, I suppose?" I said.

"No; the song of one friend to another. Shall we go back now, Mr. Standish?"

For reply I turned the boat in shore. As the keel grated on the sand, Miss Melvane waved her handkerchief to some one standing on a little knoll on the beach. I looked up, and Miss Gervase bowed to me.

"Has she become reconciled to your departure?" Christine asked, lifting her skirts and stepping from the boat.

"I do not know yet know that I am going," I replied.

"You are competent to console her, so I need not feel troubled for my friend. Thank you for my row; I have enjoyed it very much."

She gave me a little gracious bow, and walked towards the hotel. Miss Gervase was standing with a group of ladies and gentlemen. I felt almost sure that she would be too to join them, but the remarks Miss Melvane had just uttered made me half unwilling to do so. After two or three hesitating steps in a different direction, I advanced towards Miss Gervase. The slight, pleased smile with which she greeted me softened my personal spirit. Unconsciously to myself I led her apart from the rest, and we two walked towards the hotel. For some reason I did not mention my intended departure to her then. I talked on with reckless haste, till, as we paused at the steps to the piazza, Christine came forward to meet her friend, then I bowed to both and walked away.

In the evening I should receive the farewells of my acquaintances, for I started early the next morning. In the evening I would endeavor to thank Miss Gervase for the kindness she had shown me. I thought of this as I sat in my room nearing the supper-bell; then everything was merged and overwhelmed in the thought that to-morrow I should again be speeding away from Christine, this time with no assurance of her love to console me. Feverishly throwing such thoughts from me, I walked to my window and leaned out, cooling my unhappy spirit by the sight of the everlasting ocean. In a moment, Christine's voice came up through the open windows of the parlor, and all the grand calm the sea had given to me was gone.

I closed the window and sat down; to-morrow night I would be far enough away from all enchantment. I gathered that I would not stay below, that I would spend the evening in my room. I would receive the adieux of my friends directly after supper, and bid them the farewells.

I descended when the bell rang, and met Miss Gervase in the hall. She sat beside me at table, and though she talked gaily of almost everything, she did not mention my departure, though half the people near us asked me questions concerning why I was going, and urged me to remain.

With the hand of Miss Gervase on my arm I ascended through the parlors, offering my respectful eyes to those who chose to receive them. At last we advanced to Christine, who stood by the window with Felton.

"I came to pay my parting devoirs, Miss Melvane," I said; "join with me in the wish that we may happily meet again."

She did not raise her eyes; she extended her hand and replied:

"I do most sincerely unite with you in that wish. Good-bye!"

I bowed, Miss Gervase and I were alone on the gravelled walk. I told him that she had rendered my stay at the seaside infinitely more pleasant than I could have would have been. I offered her gratitude as heartfelt as any I ever knew, and I hoped we might meet again, and then I turned and we parted now.

Till now I had almost forgotten the insinuations I had heard concerning the relations between my companion and myself. I had never guessed that the vanity to imagine her particularly interested in me; now at our last interview I could not but feel that our parting was a friendly one. Though her voice was slightly constrained and somewhat cold when she answered, I had no reason to believe that she resented it.

"I am very happy to have amused you, or driven ennui from you, Mr. Standish," she said; "it is would seem but fair exchange between us; a sort of payment for your assistance on the rocks."

She withdrew her hand from my arm, and said:

"Shall we not return to the house now? A happy journey to you."

She left me at the foot of the stairs, and I ascended to my room.

Shutting out the sounds of company below I retired at an early hour. Fortunately, I slept heavily; a dreamless sleep from which I was sorry to be aroused hideously, and locked my trunks. I had still an hour to spare, and stood by my open window inhaling the invigorating air of the morning breeze. My servant entered to take down my baggage.

"I don't let you lose the first boat," I said, without turning round.

"No, sir; there's time enough," he replied, and advancing to my side, he drew a card, saying:

"The lady wished me to hand you this."

Christine Melvane was the name on the card, and in pencil she had written:

"Have you time to grant me a ten minutes' interview in the back parlor?"

I was surprised that I could have expressed. Crushing the pasteboard in my fingers, I asked the man if the lady was downstairs. Receiving an affirmative answer, the next moment I was standing before Miss Melvane.

She greeted me coolly, seemed prepared for my surprised look, and then said immediately:

"I believe Miss Gervase to be one of my best friends. I would not have you see such."

I bowed silently. Miss Melvane had been absently twirling the ring on her finger, now she paused and rolled her hands together on her lap.

"I know your time here is very short," she continued, "so I will not detain you as possible. You must understand that because I love Dora Gervase, I am interested in her welfare. You must know also that she has not the slightest knowledge of what I intend to say, and that she must never know. Mr. Standish—"

With a seeming effort she suddenly raised her eyes to mine and continued:

"Mr. Standish, judging from your manner, I certainly thought you loved her."

I could not restrain a slight start she dropped her eyes and continued:

"And I am sure she loves you; that she is unhappy that you leave her thus. Had I not felt so assured of your reciprocating that feeling I should not have spoken to you."

I left my seat and walked to the chimney-piece. I leaned my head on the shelf, and held my hand across my eyes. Now I could be assured that this woman whom I loved even wishing me to marry her friend. At last I said, but without stirring from my position:

"It humiliates me as it surprises me to learn that you think Miss Gervase has an affection for me. I cannot but think you are mistaken."

"You must believe me," was her reply; "I am positive."

After a moment's pause she continued:

"You must not think me officious, but it seems to me impossible that you should not return that affection. I can hardly bring myself to believe that I am not to expect the entire happiness of my friend."

Her voice sank to a low tone before it ceased. I looked at her. She sat quietly in a low chair by the table: her hands as she had folded them; the ruby gleaming on her white finger. Her whole aspect to a casual observer was that of a sort of interested quiet. That soft stillness stung me to fury. Only the irregular rise and fall of the tiny crimson rose at her throat showed that she was not as entirely indifferent as she looked.

Impelled by something irresistible within me, I turned fiercely towards her, and cried:

"I cannot bear everything! I have been hunted and wounded enough."

I paused, not because I had not words, but because they came so burning, too overwhelming.

"Mr. Standish!" she exclaimed, deprecatingly.

"Let me speak now, once for all," I interrupted. "It is not enough that I should love you intensely, hopelessly, that I should be separated from you by an eternal cruelty. All I have borne, hoping, believing, that you still loved me, till I met you here. Then I knew that the love of a Lindsay might be as everlasting as her hate. You have said that you wished me to marry Miss Gervase, Christine?"

I uttered the last word as I saw the face of Christine gradually turned to me, with an expression as unfathomable as her smiling. I thought she was going to speak; but she did not.

I went on:

"I have not thought of loving Miss Gervase; thinking of you has always excluded the possibility of such a thing, so I cannot oblige you. I hope you will not be very much disappointed that I am not in love with your friend."

There was silence for a moment, when she said, rising:

"You will please pardon and forget this conversation. Remember that I judge by your manner. I will not detain you."

Her voice was strangely shaken and sweet. I stepped aside to let her by.

"Forgive me," I said, "but you have not worn the Lindsay chain since you have been here. Have you lost it?"

In the one sentence I seemed to return to the years gone by, to stand once more with Christine in her father's house.

A slight tremor came to her lips. She sat down in the chair from which she had risen.

"I have no right to that chain," she said, "for I am not a Lindsay."

I sank on my knees at her feet. A future for which I had not hoped seemed opening before me. I took her hand.

"How always worn this ring only because you promised to do so?" I asked.

She withdrew her hand, and placed it softly on my forehead, as for a blessing it lingered there, and she said:

"I have worn it because ever since you gave it to me I have loved you."

"And I am a Drummond," I murmured, looking into those dusky eyes that answered me. "I am one of the rebellious race, and now it is you who have been mistaken in your lineage. You know I told you, you had not just a Scotch face. Some time you must tell me the story; just now I only want to sit here, and know that between us there is no barrier. Now I can have my deep love united, as we have so long lived separated."

After, she told me:

"A story of romance, Standish," she said, "but the north of Scotland is fruitful in strange stories. I shall explain to you how justly I came by my love skin and dark hair. You know that tribe of gipsies that have from time immemorial encamped on the common at the north side of the Lindsay estate. Cunning, covetous as ever any of her people, the nurse employed by Donald Lindsay was a distant connection of the gipsies on the common. The old tale of their craft, Standish. She placed an infant of her tribe in the cradle where the heiress of the Lindsays had lain. That child was the Christine who grew up so strongly tinctured with all the prejudices of the genuine Lindsays, who grew up the victim of hate with all their vindictiveness. By-and-bye an old gipsy demanded money from Donald Lindsay in payment for a secret that concerned his house. The proofs were incontestable. Unhappily the real heiress died in her childhood. I could not tell you how terrible a blow this was to my father. I shall always call him so. Though he still loves me as his child, he cannot bear to look upon Ellspeth to her whom I have so long thought my sister. Mr. Melvane, who, if I had been the daughter of Donald Lindsay, would have been my uncle, has adopted me as his daughter and heiress, that is why I am with him here. I eagerly embrace the opportunity of escaping from scenes which recalled everything painful to me."

She paused in her narration, smiled a little as she said:

"And now, Standish, I am not a Lindsay, only Christine, the nameless gipsy girl. Do not forget my Drummond pride."

"Your warning is too late," I said, gaily; "besides, you have given the key of honor," touching as I spoke the ruby on her finger.

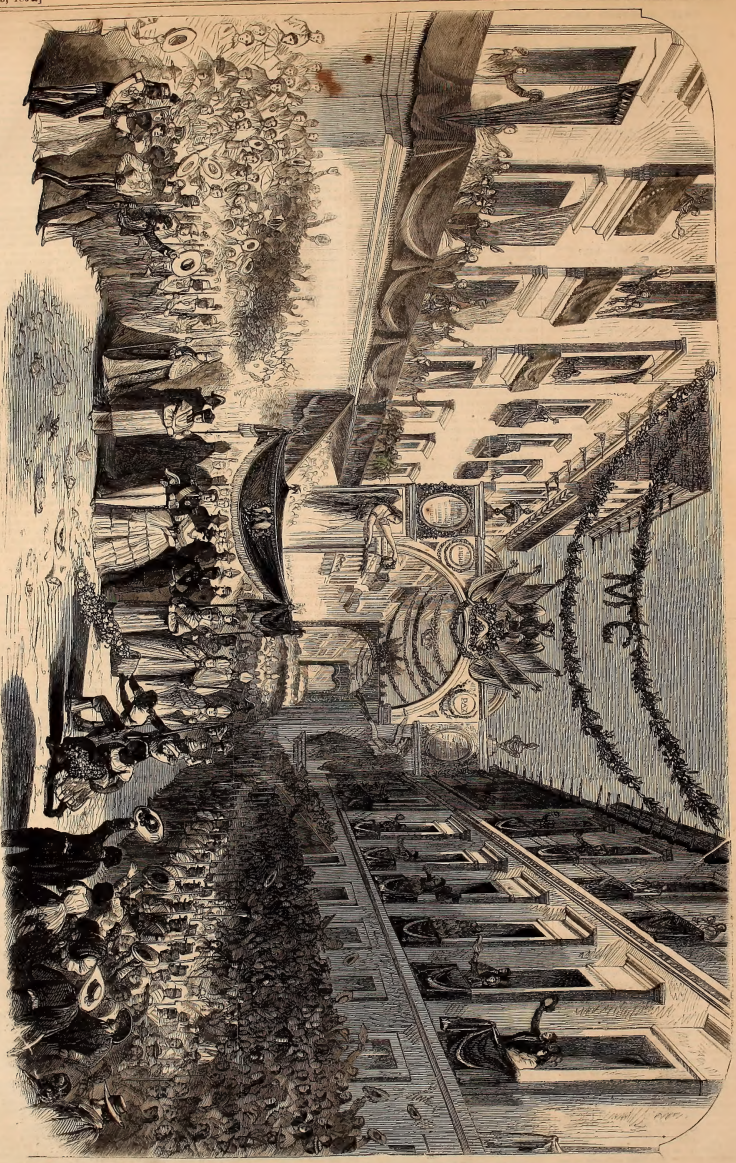
She replied, and the tenderness in her voice atoned for my years of hardness:

"My love, instead of a chain, I have now a ring to wear."

FRENCH PEASANT WOMEN.—Every human female—from mewling and puking infancy to decrepit age—wears a cap, and nothing else, on her head. She may carry most things on her heads, and they carry everything, and perform all the most laborious labors of rural life. In certain districts, the women reap the heaviest trunks from the ship to the custom-house, and again to the cart-yard. We saw them carting in the fields and sowing home the harvest—breaking stones to macadamise the highway—and, along the highway, gathering up with their hands alone, into their aprons, the fresh dropped dung for manure. The leader, the chief of the roller, constant companion and co-worker of the universal donkey is woman; and, of course, she bears the effect of such a position in life. She is, however, always better and neater dressed than men, and seems not unhappy or discontented with her lot. She seems to be as happy as a gipsy slave in his camp, or a negro slave in her dance. But her prematurely wrinkles and grey hair, and her intimate acquaintance, show that her more delicate constitution was not made for such a task.



THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—BURYING THE DEAD BEFORE CEMETERY HILL UNDER A FLAG OF TRUCE, AFTER THE REPULSE OF THE NINTH ARMY CORPS.—From a Sketch by E. F. Mosher.



THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRANCE OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AND HIS EMPRESS INTO THE CITY OF MEXICO, JUNE 12, 1864.

SWEET MEMORIES—RAIN.

How they splashed the window pane—
How they leaped upon the plain—
How they glittered in the dell—
How they pattered, tinkled, fell—
The drops of rain!

Oh, we've not forgotten quite
Those sweet beauties brimmed with light!
Calls dancer, maid with glee,
Blazing blossom, bush and tree,
Soft drops of rain!

Will it e'er entrance again,
Cooling, tinkling, falling rain?
First a sprinkle, then a shower,
With a dashing, drenching power,
Great drops of rain!

BESEECHING.

Hearken, Spirit of the Rain,
Send those liquid gems again—
Now we lift our eyes to thee,
Scorched, we have one only plea,
For drops of rain.

All of blessing's in thy gift—
What's a honor—what's in thrift?
Shrine cripps us flesh and bone,
Days lag on, and falls not one
Sweet drop of rain.

Come, soft sprinklings, gently down—
Bathe the sole and bathe the crown;
Thousands join the fervid prayer,
Thorns it through this dogday glare,
For rain, for rain.

NINA MARSH;
OR,
THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER VI.—A DRAWN GAME.

A SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky heralded in auspiciously the first grand meet of the East Lothlure hounds. There had already been some coil-hunting; but now the season was to begin in right good earnest, and sportsmen welcomed eagerly the promised pleasures.

Jack Dawes merely existed all the summer, but he began to live as soon as he might lift the gun to his shoulder, or guide his hackney across country at the risk of neck and limbs. Booted up to the knees, with sharp spurs at his heels and a red coat on his back, Jack stood this morning on the stone step in front of his house, waiting until Anna should be pleased to appear.

"Now, then, Sis!" he kept bawling out; but, finding his summons had no effect, he delivered himself of a "Confound the girl!" not viciously at all, but more in the nature of relieving his own mind. In another minute Miss Dawes joined him, looking exceedingly well in her trim riding-habit and jaunty hat. Jack put the end of his whip into his mouth, and sounded an emphatic whistle, which was answered in less than a minute by two grooms leading the horses.

Jack and his sister started very quietly, reserving their horses in order that they might be fresh for the grand business of the day. The hounds were to meet in Beechwood Park, the master being a brother magistrate and also a personal friend of Mr. Marsh's.

A breakfast of provisions sufficient to satisfy all comers and tempt all appetites had been prepared at the manor-house; but Jack Dawes felt too sure of meeting Lord Gillingham there to partake of this hospitality, and joined the other gentlemen on the lawn with his sister when breakfast was over.

Nina had never followed the hounds before, but, thirsting for some excitement to dull the gnawing pain at her heart, she had decided to accompany her father on this occasion. Mr. Marsh was not over-pleased with her decision, but he did not oppose it. He felt that she might possibly dare him, and, though he was realising perfectly how much of his authority had passed from him, he did not care to have it actively proved; so Nina had her own way, turning a deaf ear to Katie's supplications and her mother's fears.

Captain Marsh had heard her express her intention of following the hounds, and perhaps he had not believed she would carry it into effect, for he looked almost as much astonished as displeased when he saw her in the hall that morning duly equipped, a bright red feather encircling her tiny hat.

"Are we, then, to have the pleasure of your company to-day?" he inquired, in a tone of very doubtful satisfaction.

"And why not?"

"Because I had hoped that you would do nothing of which you knew your father to disapprove."

"Or, rather, of which I knew Captain Marsh to disapprove."

"No, I did not mean that. I am perfectly aware that I have no claim upon you; if I had, you may be sure I should speak in a more decided way. Did you belong to me, I would not permit this risk to your neck and your reputation."

"Your reputation, so antediluvian," said Miss, scornfully. "Your mother must have been a sister of Noah's at least."

"Nina, upon my mother—remember she is dead," answered Cyril, in a tone of deep feeling. "Any light mention of her name is the worst pain you can give me."

"I am very, very sorry; I spoke without thought," said Nina, stretching out her hand towards him with something of her old impulsive sweetness. "You could not think I meant that?"

"Oh, Nina, why will you not be always like this?" he exclaimed, as he grasped the hand offered him with an ardor that was unpresseable. "Why will you deny your better self—turning my love into passion one minute and into hatred the next? Surely it cannot be necessary to try so many moods when this one becomes you so well. Nature has given you such a very sweet grace—a grace that may be always used without losing one shade of its gloss, one iota of its charm. To be taken into an honest man's heart, to be left and cherished there with a love that is almost fierce in its rare and puissance—is that nothing to you, Nina? Can you stand alone, with no one to rejoice in your beauty because it is his own, and sanctified to the 'quiet uses of domestic life?' Nina, I tell you that you, above all women, are dependent upon love; that even as you shut your heart against it you spurn for it too. Do not turn aside coldly and unbelieving! I am speaking of home and home ties. Do you know what old age is, standing shivering and desolate at the threshold of happier people, watching their joys without sharing them, longing to plack the crown of maternity off their brows, because you are childless, and desolate, and sorrowful, with no husband looking on you as a better and dearer self, no little ones clinging about your knees and calling you mother? Nina, my poor child, you have been sore tried and tempted, perhaps you may even have sinned; but I can forgive. You were so young, I was hardly your fault; you were imprudent. Say, child, am I not right?"

"Childless, and desolate, and sorrowful"—he had taught her in words terribly true what her future must be. She felt her own pain in his pain. "What could she say? She only stood mute before him, her cheek deadly white even in the shadow of the plume.

"Speak, Nina," and his voice was low and eager as he bent over her, "until his blonde beard almost swept her cheek.

"What am I to say?"

"Say that you can conscientiously accept the love of an honest man."

She had grown suddenly calm—the calmness, and awe and despair of the prisoner listening to a judge pronouncing doom.

"I cannot answer you, Captain Marsh," was her reply, very softly and quietly spoken.

And I am to understand—"

"Nothing—or, rather, anything you like."

"And you give up your future—"

"I must—to the past."

Her face had softened again as she spoke the last words, and there was a wistful look in her eyes as she rose into her eyes, almost contradicting her words. Captain Marsh was deeply agitated, his love and his hatred, struggling fiercely in his heart as if they were sworn foes who had met at last. He was still bending over her, soft she did not move, when Mrs. Grimsby suddenly appeared, and she came out into the hall. There was an expression of pity as well as reproach in the look she cast down upon Nina, and, still, with a firmness that sounded almost authoritative—

"Miss Nina, are all ready to start, miss; you had better go. Mr. Marsh has inquired for you two or three times."

Nina started up her skirts, stooped to recover her whip, which had dropped to the floor, and then moved swiftly away. When she disappeared Mrs. Grimsby turned to Captain Marsh and said, decidedly, but respectfully:

"Can I have a few minutes' conversation with you, sir, in the study?"

"I am almost afraid that if, as you say, they are going to start at once, I should be unable," answered Captain Marsh, with perfect courtesy; "but I can come to you this evening after the first hunting gun has rung and the others have gone to their rouse."

"Thank you, sir; I shall not detain you long."

And Mrs. Grimsby went out, and Captain Marsh was already mounted when Captain Marsh got out. The scene was a pretty one when viewed from the high step of the manor-house. The impatient hounds were gathered in a knot at the furthest end of the lawn, and the red coats of the hunting-men grew animated by the background of dismantled trees and russet shrubs. Nina formed a delightful object in it. Her head in its tall cheek had caused a sudden flush of excitement and her lips were apart, whilst her plume swayed backwards and forwards with the motion of her head.

Captain Marsh turned from her with a feeling of shame that was almost loathing for himself. He had no actual certainty for all his terrible fears, but somehow, looking at her there, sitting her horse with as much ease and confidence as self-possession, he felt that red glow on her face and strange wild gleam in her eyes, could not mean nothing. He believe that her silence under his questionings had owned a motive which he dared not misunderstand. If she spared herself and humbled herself to a tyrant; but the instant he could make sure that she was feeling any happiness not taken directly from him, if he saw her gladdening others by her smiles and ravishing them with the memory of her sweetness, he was visited by such keen pangs of jealousy that his heart within him felt like a bitter burning load of pain.

He mounted his horse, scarcely knowing how he got into the saddle, and spurred the poor brute till it reared and snorted with pain. At this moment Mrs. Grimsby, who had not joined the others at breakfast, as Jack Dawes had supposed he would do, came on the scene. His lordship was standing by his horse, and he was not, by, but looked terribly pale and worn, and held his rein in very tremulous fingers.

The hounds now galloped off with their noses to the ground and darted into cover at Grosvenor Wood, about a mile further on. You could hear the soft whining of the hounds and the rustle and stamping of horses' feet amongst the dead leaves and tangled underwood. Presently a stout old Reynard was hunted out of her lair and darted through the wood and into some meadows of Mr. Marsh's, hotly pursued by the eager dogs, the huntsmen close at their heels. Then the chase began in real earnest.

The poor fox was sorely pressed, but she kept up a brave heart all through. She never once turned back to measure the strength of her enemies, or to scan their wherewabouts, but kept steadily on, marvelling a little, perhaps, that what was death to her should of necessity be sport to them. If the injustice of this principle was made clear to her keen instinct, the knowledge evidently aroused a feeling of defiance which served to increase her speed. Perhaps, too, there was another thing that gave her courage and energy, with which she would regale herself after her exertions, should she escape—tasting the sweets near of revenge as the sour ones that she gathered in a somewhat fastidious palate. Certain it is that she began to distance her pursuers by almost imperceptible degrees, and presently the hounds were seen scampering vaguely in all directions, for they had lost the scent of their sturdy foe. The scent was not to be regained, and the huntsman, perceiving this, drew off the dogs to lead groups of disappointed men from the crowd. But Reynard had escaped, and could creep back to her children at night and tell them of her perils; for is there anything, dear mothers and grandmothers, that has not a true and tender heart towards its own? Is the slander of a mother's love is needful even for these, and I cannot tell how far we may be right in depriving them of it for our own amusement.

But old English sports, they say, must not be put down to humor the scruples of a few oversensitive people who have nerves more than sinews, have heart than blood. So be it, then. Let Nina staunchly supported this doctrine to-day, in the excitement of the chase, and glowed with enthusiasm, like the rest, when another fox was found and pursued in its turn. A long, breakneck gallop over field and fence, hedge and ditch, and the gallant brute was caught by the half-maddened hounds, whose fangs were soon reddened with his blood. Nina was present in time and promptly accepted by Anna Dawes, who was, as usual, in at the death. A few mangled shreds of the unfortunate fox were the only signs left of the animal's endurance and of the hunter's prowess, but it is to be hoped that, after the fashion of the day, some huntsman was found to eat his "Remains." The last run had been long and spirited, carrying them some eight or ten miles from home. The horses were jaded as were their riders. None of them cared to say that they had had enough, but they were all ready to start, and did start, each in their jaded appearance. It was verging on four o'clock, and the short day was drawing to a close, and the sunset was red and orbinde, and the deep moan of the autumn wind swept mournfully through the leafless woods.

The return home was so speedily on any unusual excitement seemed to brood over the little party from Beechwood as they quietly wended their way towards the manor and Colonel St. George rode some few yards in advance of Nina and her cousin. Nina was pale and indolent, and looked as if she had suffered from illness. Her horse moved to her own gentle pace, and she was evidently unconscious of the fact that Cyril Reynard was riding close by her side, and had been speaking to her for some time. Not a word of love to Nina, whom he could not respect, he, nevertheless, had been pleading, backed by his own unfailing instinct, had been guided by some strange influence it filled him with dismay to analyse. We know that such a man speaks from passion alone he is apt to regret it a minute afterwards, and to feel, besides, a keen irritation against the object which has caused the demonstration. Captain Marsh was just and discreet in ordinary cases; but here, where he felt so deeply, he was not, by any means, wise. He had been tried in this way before; and perhaps Aristides himself, had he been jealous and ardent by nature, might never have passed the ordeal of "just." It is quite easy to balance your sympathies conscientiously and to argue logically when you are totally dispassionate, but love is the very great mindle. It is when Samson finds himself shorn and helpless in the hands of the Philistines that all the violence of his animal nature develops itself, and then revenge becomes to him dearer than life—sweeter than hope.

Captain Marsh was always pitiless after he had been betrayed into confessions which it sung him have to be wrung out of him irrepressible. Nina's attitude was humble and dejected enough, but it gained her no quarter. Cyril kept his eyes steadily on her face, and his mind, in a cold, measured voice:

"Mrs. Trent knows your secret."

There was a sudden bright flush on her cheek, failing as rapidly as it came; then she turned upon him, calm and free, with a question:

"I have repeatedly informed you that I did not care for your interference in my affairs. You have taken a most unfair advantage of me once already to-day. Just leave me, and things concerning me alone for the future, if you can. You are nothing to me, and I am nothing to you. There are two sides to every road—leave me mine, and cross over to your own."

"But supposing I like your side best—"

"Then I shall take the liberty of reminding you that you are no more to me than I am to you."

"But there is room for two on the path."

"Not without jostling each other."

"I don't be uncomfortable on my account—I don't mind about being jostled," answered Cyril, in a tone of cool obstinacy.

"Then I shall not mind you, Nina."

And, giving her horse a sharp taste of the whip, she cantered up to her father's side, and accorded him a most unusual attention by addressing St. George during the rest of the ride.

"Who was this true?" inquired Nina, bending down to her cousin as he pushed forward to help her alight.

There was a gleam of mischief, and mockery, and triumph seductively mingled in her eyes, and the sweetest smile on her parted lips. She knew she was beloved; she felt her power; and, as she stooped towards him, the fragrance of her breath thrilling him through and through as it swept across his cheek, maybe she was realising, too, all the sweetness that may lie in revenge.

"Well, who won?" she imperiously reiterated.

"Neither," he answered, withdrawing himself from her in resolute stoicism—"it was a drawn game."

CHAPTER VII.—DARKNESS MADE VISIBLE.

It was with a feeling nearly approaching to eagerness that Captain Marsh prepared for his interview with Mrs. Trent. The latter had retired to their respective rooms; so had Colonel St. George. Mr. Marsh was in the library, setting some accounts with his bailiff the latter was busy on his pantry; so that the coast was left clear for Captain Marsh. He knocked at Mrs. Trent's door, and a voice duly summons to enter. The housekeeper looked pale, but was calm and dignified, and the feeling of her own superiority so strongly recalled to Captain Marsh's mind that he forbore to seat himself until he had received an invitation.

Mrs. Trent probably understood his delicacy, for she handed him a chair, and sat down herself. Some women in her position would have considered it necessary to expatiate largely upon the liberty she had ventured to take; but Mrs. Trent had too much independence and self-respect to humble herself before any one. Captain Marsh would not have been there if he had seen anything lowering to his own personal dignity in commenting his uncle's housekeeper. She was a lady, so far as appearance and manner could make her one, and Cyril was too secure of his own position to make those critical distinctions which betray self-made men.

Mrs. Trent began the conversation in a tone of quiet simplicity.

"I know, sir, that you are not easily deceived, and therefore you understood that my interruption this morning was the result of a fixed design, and not accidental, as might have been supposed?"

"Yes, this much I understood, certainly, but I am quite in the dark as to your motive."

"Miss Nina is not free to accept any attention from you, sir."

"Is the obsolete moral or legal?"

"I cannot answer that question."

"Then you leave me quite in the dark then ever, Mrs. Trent. I am convinced that Miss Nina does not perceive any legal barrier to an understanding between us, although she acknowledges to some moral impediment, which, at times, she allows to linger may be surmounted. I am not apt to be over-expansive, Mrs. Trent, but it is useless trying to conceal that which you already know as well; you will excuse me to me, if you really wish, to benefit either of us, you must be more explicit."

"Unfortunately, sir, I am so placed that a full confidence would be not only to a betrayal to myself, but rank treachery to another. I must give my warning without explanation or comment."

"I cannot see my way out of all these mysteries, and they perplex and pain me. It seems to me that I ought to receive candor from you, if not from you."

"There are some things that a woman never tells," answered Mrs. Trent, with a slight constriction of her firm lips.

"But you must remember that, in leading me so far and then forsaking me, you leave me prey to a suspicion which may be far worse than the truth."

"I can tell you this much, Captain Marsh: that Miss Nina is far more to be pitied than blamed—that her heart is wounded in the eyes of God. There may be something worse beyond, but with this I have no right to deal. She judges herself, perhaps, as no one cognizant of all the circumstances of the case would judge her. This is her punishment, and I devoutly hope that it may go no further."

"Is there any risk of this?"

"I hardly know, but I have felt for some time as if we were sleeping on a volcano which might any day break out into full fury. If that hour should ever come when you see me by, remember that Miss Nina will have need of a stout heart and a strong arm to carry her through, and do not fail her in that greatest peril."

"So help me God I will not! And now, Mrs. Trent, before I leave, will you permit me to be impertinent enough to ask you two questions about yourself?"

"You ask them, sir, but I cannot promise to answer them."

"Who are you? (I tell you they were very impertinent questions) and what is your connection with Colonel St. George?"

"I am Mr. Marsh's housekeeper, and I have no connection with Colonel St. George."

"But—excuse me—I saw him here, in your room, the other night?"

"You have also done me the favor to enter my room, but any one cognizant of the fact would make a great mistake if he reckoned upon any connection between us on that account."

"Then Colonel St. George came to ask the same question as myself?" said Captain Marsh, his curiosity overbalancing his discretion.

"By no means. He had known me in happier days, and it was mere information-seeking as to the past that we met to discuss. And now, Captain Marsh," added Mrs. Trent, who had fallen insensibly into the tone and manner of an equal, "it is already a quarter-past six, and Mr. Marsh dines punctually at the half hour; I am afraid you will hardly have time to dress."

"I am an old soldier," answered Cyril, with a faint attempt at a smile; and he went out from this interview, through which he had expected such grand results, not only disappointed, but more perplexed than ever.

Cyril had preserved the impression that Mrs. Trent and Nina were playing at cross purposes. The fault that Nina seemed most to imply Mrs. Trent had denied for her, whilst laying stress on another which all his penetration had not enabled him to discover. And yet, whilst all these miserable complications seemed to leave separate

stains on Nina's loveliness, Cyril did not blanch at the thought of his simple, loyal bond with Mrs. Trent, and solemnly renewed his oath to be all and everything to Nina in her hour of need.

Captain Marsh had joined the family circle, and it wanted but two minutes of the half-hour when the door opened, and to the surprise of all, the butler ushered in Lord Gillingham. It seemed that his lordship's mare had cast a shoe and lamed itself somewhat early in the day, and as it was a valuable animal, a great favorite with its master, he at once alighted, and led it quietly to the nearest village. Here his lordship saw it the next morning, and then, in the inn stables, and shod himself, put it into the hands of a groom sent a man for his groom; but, getting tired of waiting for him, he was not the most patient of peers, finally settled to walk home.

"And now," concluded his lordship, with a frank bonhomie that we well how to assume upon occasion, "I am fain to acknowledge that all my stoicism gave way at the view of your bright windows, and, therefore, venture to present myself before you, trusting to the hospitality of Mr. Marsh and the indulgence of the ladies;" and he glanced apologetically at his top-boots as he spoke.

"Don't mention it," answered Mr. Marsh, with grave courtesy. "I am sure we all feel greatly indebted to your mare for breaking down so opportunely."

"Such a very pleasant surprise," murmured little Mrs. Marsh, scarcely conscious of her own insincerity, as she set out to dislike any one, but Lord Gillingham, with his cold cynical smile, and sneering pleasantries, was her pet aversion, and she drew within herself at the mere sound of his approach. Harmlessness she might be, if her harmlessness included innocence; but there was just penetration enough to see that even her sex would not save her. A gentle, dependent, timid creature Mrs. Marsh might be, but murdered by harsh words as easily as others are murdered with poison or pistol, and she had always a shrinking repulsion in his lordship's presence which destroyed all her comfort for the time.

Lord Gillingham was keener than most men, and he readily perceived that he was antagonistic to his gentle hostess. But this was a matter of no moment to him. She never ventured to have a will of her own, if she might occasionally indulge an opinion. Therefore he did not allow himself to fear that her antipathies would in any way damage his prospects.

The earl was unusually demonstrative to-night, having brought his intentions to that stage which necessitated no further concealment. He kept obstinately at Nina's side, his bold eyes secretly quitting her face, and his manner so marked that it was impossible to misinterpret his meaning.

Colonel St. George watched his blandishments easily for a few minutes, then crossed the room, and planted himself on Nina's other side, nearly facing the earl. His lordship's welcome was a vicious scowl. At first their warfare was dumb, and only carried on by expressive signs. It was the old story of the dog in the manger—Colonel St. George had no especial relish for the bone until he saw it likely to be appropriated by another, and then he began at once to perceive that it was the one of all others to tempt and gratify his appetite. Nina heard the low grumblings of the rising storm, and began to tremble for her own security. Seated between the two combatants, it seemed very possible that she might catch, at least, a passing blow. In her extremity she cast a look of passionate appeal at Captain Marsh, without being able to define the influence that governed her.

Cyril's measures were always prompt and decisive. In a few words he crossed the room, and was standing in front of Nina's chair.

"My aunt is begging for a song; I am sure you will oblige her and me. The piano is open—pray let me lead you to it."

Nina was ready to accept his offered arm, but not so quickly that she escaped the shot launched at her adversary.

"I say, St. George, where's the marriage certificate?"

Nina came to a sharp halt, and her fingers tightened convulsively on Cyril's arm. Her companion also paused, and listened eagerly for the reply which his cousin was awaiting with a scarce fierce and eager pulse.

The reply came forth cool and scornful.

"I have already told your lordship that, as a reward for the interest you take in my affairs and my morals, you should have a sight of the precious document. I shall do myself the honor of calling upon you to-morrow to wish you good-bye, and will bring the certificate with me, in order that you may examine it at your leisure."

The earl gave one of his cynical smiles, whilst Nina drew a sigh of relief, and Lady Captain Marsh sway. A minute later Lord Gillingham quitted the room, refusing his host's pressing offer of a conveyance.

"That Captain Marsh is an impudent fellow, but he is not dangerous," reflected his lordship, whilst walking home as quickly as the unsteadiness of his gouty foot would allow. "It's quite plain that Nina doesn't care a straw about him, and it would only be through her affection for him that he could be inconvenient. But St. George must be got rid of, or I really cannot in some way be aiming at high game, it seems to me. But it will come hard if a coronet, and such settlements as I could offer, should not have more weight in a woman's eyes than a handsome person and an insolent demeanor."

His lordship entered the house at this stage, and turned sharply on the obsequious butler.

"Barnes, why wasn't a carriage sent for me?"

"We didn't know where to send, my lord."

"You might have guessed that I should go into Mr. Marsh's. It is a decent shame to have a set of people about one who can't imagine anything to save their lives. I pay you to think, by Jove! and if you can't think, you'd better go to the devil at once, and have done with it! A donkey would serve me as well as you, if eating, and drinking, and braying are all I am to expect. There, just help me off with my coat, and you, if you are not too proud? I suppose I shall have to attend upon you soon. You're a set of confoundedly idle, slack rascals, you servants. I'll clear the house, I can't wait upon myself for the future."

Barnes looked very penitent. He was accustomed to his master's unreasonable moods to let them trouble him much. The current theory of clearing the house was quite the favorite joke in the servants' hall.

He's just bad enough to make him disagree-able," was the groom's inward reflection as he opened the drawing-room door for his master. He'll have some brandy-and-water presently, and then he'll be all right."

Lord Gillingham went up to the fire and began to warm himself, whilst Barnes waited silently to the end of the room. It was as much as his place was worth for him to move without orders.

His lordship kept him waiting a number of an hour to a second, then he turned round and confronted the patient butler.

"Have you brought the hot-water of an evening, or don't I?" inquired the earl, in the tone of a perverse and irritable child. "If I do, get it; if I don't, make the devil's the use of your standing staring there?"

Barnes bowed low, then withdrew. In a few minutes he had returned with the spirit, etc., on a silver tray, and his lordship mixed himself a glass.

Then Barnes left the room. In about an hour he came creeping back on tiptoe to reconnoitre, and found his master lying full length in front of the fire, with his head on the chair Barnes, who dared not go to bed and leave the earl in this dangerous position, replenished the fire, picked out a comfortable chair he could find, and passed the night watching the drunken slumbers of the prostrate peer.

SWEET FACES.

CHILD-FACES round us beaming,
How wonderful they are!
Although so common seeming,
Yet each a perfect star;
In every crowded city
These new comforts have birth,
And thoughts of God in pity
Are thus express'd on Earth.

When Katie's face I'm viewing,
If dark or sunny play,
Whatever she is doing,
She leads my mind away
To where the angels are winging
Swift flight from tree to tree,
And songs to her are singing,
Or so it seems to me.

There's Rose, a little lady,
Now nearly ten years old,
So quaint and so childishly
So shy, and yet so bold;
In all she says so clever,
And sunlight shines for ever
Her gravest looks behind.

There's Annie, always smiling,
I think she loves from trust,
That smile is so beguiling,
Oh! could I write it down!
Oh! could I to those who see
The perfect charm impart,
To bind through all the ages
The deathless human heart!

If one sweet face has vanished
That seemed to us Divine,
From one delight we're banished,
Yet are not left to pine;
For freely in all places,
As flowers from the sod,
Spring up these childish faces,
So bountiful is God!

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

A Tale of Night-Blindness.

BY H. HIND.

STOPPING at the beginning of a steep descent which led to the lake below, he leaned back, and turning to me, said in an excited tone, "I assure you, sir, it is dreadful thing to be night-blind; it comes on you so suddenly, and you feel so helpless; you stand or sit for a few minutes, and then you see all the objects around, and you think all sorts of things when it first begins with darkness, you become troubled with it, have their own ideas on the subject; they may be right, but it's a curious time of you getting well or bad, and that is why the darkness comes over us. I can tell you though my sensations when I first found out how blind I was is smitten. Just as it begins to get dark everything grows dim at first, and then of a sudden all is black—nothing can be seen, and you feel very much inclined to act as well as stone-blind; you are stone-blind, in fact, as long as the sun is away. It used to be pretty hard in the morning before you can see. First comes a glimmer, then a brightening, then a misty light, and then the sun appears, and following close together."

"Does not suffer in any other way than being temporarily deprived of sight?" "That depends on circumstances. Some men are terribly bad out; I mean that they get frightened and troubled at the darkness, and even when well accustomed for days together, and as one would think, accustomed to it, they at times get nervous and ill at ease. We think they have something on their minds when they feel disturbed. It's lonely work I know. A man has time to think on the past, and he knows that he is seen and is watched by others—for a man's face is wild when he is stricken—his eyes are wide open, and yet he does not see. He stares at you or over you, or as it seems beyond you, and without any meaning in his look. Some, however, always shut their eyes, knowing how strange their look is from what they have seen of others. But I'll tell you to-night how I lost myself, and a short ten minutes will bring us to the lake; it is growing dark, and though I'm not night-blind now, thank God, yet I always like to be in camp before it grows dark." After supper Lacoude came to my tent and asked me if I were ready to hear him. Receiving a ready assent, he threw some birch-bark and dry wood on the fire to make a bright blaze, lit his pipe, and arranged a more serious countenance to assist near the door of the tent; he then squatted down and began his narrative.

THE NIGHT-BLIND VOYAGERS.

Two years ago I was lumbering on the Matawan, which flows into the Ottawa about a mile above Bytown, the principal town and the city of Ottawa, which the Queen has decided shall be the capital of Canada. Night-blind as I am, I have my eyes not uncommon amongst lumberers in the spring of the year, and even after snow has passed away, so that you not unfrequently hear the remark in the woods, night-blindness has been growing on me; but I thought that as I should go on get out of the bush and into the settlement, I should get well enough—as most others do when they reach the clearings. I said nothing to Jerome about the matter, and one evening we crossed the river and walked slowly towards the shanty together, talking of the day's work and watching the long water and now and then stopping to have a smoke. As near as I can guess, we were about two miles from the shanty on a rough country road, when, down hill, with hand-some pine, a yard through at the butt, all around us, I felt a sudden fear of the dark. I was unnerved by anything to one another, quickened our steps. I had no fear, for I thought that if my eyes became dark Jerome would see me, and he, as I afterwards found out, thought the same of me. The day had been hot and sultry, a thunderstorm approaching, and from the hills over which we passed we could see it raining heavily in the north. We reached the Little Rapids Creek, and the crossing place low in a hollow between two hills—the tall pines overhead making it gloomy and dark. Jerome stopped to get a drink of water in his cross; but the current was swift, the crossing bad, and above and below was a mass of rock no one could stem in the spring of the year.

In the middle of the stream there was a rock, bare, except during freshets. The river ought to be 30 yards wide there; but a mere brook in summer. We reached the creek and drank together. Suddenly, before we got to the rock in the middle, Jerome stopped, and striking his axe into the log, put his hand on my shoulder, and said—

"*Voue, Lacoude; je ne vois pas bien.*" (Hold on, Lacoude; I can't see well.)

"What!" said I, at the moment feeling the darkness growing upon me; "are you night-blind?"

"Yes; and have been so for three weeks. I did not tell you I was on my way to the settlement to get cured.

At that moment a flash of lightning came across the sky; Jerome grasped me with a firm grip, but I felt him tremble. I looked and strained my eyes in vain.

"Jerome," I said, "I am night-blind, too; my sight is gone. I am stone-blind now."

We reached the rock which was within a yard of us, and sat down hand-in-hand. Neither spoke for a long time; we listened to the stream gurgling past, and we thought how helpless and terrible we were. If we tried to ford the river it was just as likely we should go skating off into the rapids, and perhaps be carried against the slippery stones. Jerome said he could get across if he knew the river; but he had never been at this crossing but in the day, and the water was rising fast. I knew the stream would guide us in a direction that we might reach the shore, but if the current should sweep us off our legs, and we be carried to the rapid below before we could get to the side, it would be a lost game then. We turned over those chances as we sat on the rock.

"What shall we do?" I said at length.

"We must stay where we are," he replied. "I have been caught before, and I know in the woods, near the shanty, and I heard the shouts and laughter of the men and gropped my way. But here we can do nothing; we must stay where we are," he said daylight comes."

Another flash of lightning revealed all around us for an instant. The near Jerome told us that the storm was approaching.

"Jerome," said I, "when the storm comes we can cross; the lightning flashes will follow quick through, and we can find the crossing."

"I cannot," he replied. "I have no eyes left. I am stone-blind, and we can find the crossing."

It seemed a long time before the next flash came; and then we prepared to enter the water again in the direction of the crossing, but stopped on the edge of the rock, and waiting for the next flash, we both began to feel cold; the water was rising, and nothing but metal rods. Jerome suddenly grasped me tighter, and said—

"The river is rising; we must make haste to cross, or we shall be on the rock all night."

Another flash camped length, and showed us that the river was rising fast, but appeared to be not half hour, and that it would be dangerous for stone-blind men to attempt to pass. I suppose the rock might be about 20 yards from the shore. I thought I could, but I could not be ten feet above the bottom of the creek. Well, we got to the log and sat close together there. Flash after flash showed us how the waters were rising, and the increasing roar told us why because so loud that we could scarcely hear one another speak. Jerome is a bent a quiet man, but now he scarcely spoke a word. He sat with his head bowed down, his hand on the rock, holding on tightly to me, and at length he said:

"The water is coming over the log within three feet of us now. Let me grasp you while I try and reach it with my foot. I can touch it. Do not move, or you must bruise me. Can you feel how mercy on us!"

He drew himself up again, shuddering, and we sat in silence. The storm came close together, and the rain fell in black darkness, with roaring waters rising fast around us. Fortunately there was no rain with wind, and the storm was passing to the west of us. A dash of lightning showed us the moon shining, with some stars and silvery clouds, and then left us in darkness again.

"Now, Jerome," I said, "you never told me you were night-blind before; the storm is over, the water will not rise much higher, we must wait here till sunrise; tell me how you first came night-blind."

"I never liked to talk of it, or I would have told you all about it; it almost made me give up hunting, it shook me so. Put your arm in mine; sit close, I will put my foot out to mark if the creek rises, and it may please God sudden may get through the night."

We sat for a long time without speaking, the noise of the river was too much for us. Jerome was just telling me that the water had risen to within two feet of the top of the rock. I was in the act of leaning forward to feel it, when something thumped heavily against the rock. Jerome felt with his foot, to see if it had lodged. At the same moment there was another thump, then a grating and jarring against the rock; something had ended on it, for the water curled up suddenly, and came within one foot of where we were sitting close together. We strained and pushed, and strained again, but we could not move the lodged stick. Just as we gave up all thought of getting it off, another stick came down, then another, and jammed against the one on the rock, pushing it across. Jerome screamed to me to step over the stick, and I felt my way to it, and taking up my head, did so at once. I tried and slipped, and fell between two sticks, just as they were being jammed together. I felt as though I was broken like a reed and the flesh crushed. Jerome heard me cry out, and thinking I was falling off the rock, pulled me back with all his force. The stick of timber slid over the rock, followed by the others, and away they went down the stream, with a loud and angry clashing; we ran into the water. Jerome pulled me back, asking me what was the matter. Suddenly I saw a light. The joy made me forget my pain.

"It's day again," I cried.

What a sight was then revealed around us! The timber from the upper part of the Beaver creek was coming down with the freshet. Some sticks had lodged on our rock, and it was a mercy we were not both swept away.

My arm began to pain me, and yet in my confusion I saw no way of getting off that rock but through the river—we could be in there or four hours. I was looking up the river watching the timber coming down, and wanting my companion to see, when Jerome said, "It's jamming at the rapid below, we shall soon get off." True enough there was a jam about fifty yards from us at a barn of the river, and near the head of the rapid. Jerome caught a good-sized stick. I held on to it with my left hand, and Jerome, and soon we were safely landed on the jam. We reached the shanty after the men had dispersed to their work, and Jerome and I got a ride to the settlement, where I soon got cured of the night-blind and of my broken arm."

EXPLOSION OF THE POWDER BARGES

Hendricks and Gen. Meade, at City Point, Virginia, July 9.

WE illustrate below the scene one of the most terrible explosions that as journalists we have been called upon to chronicle since the beginning of the war. The Hendricks, loaded with ammunition, and blocking up about 18 feet from the wharf—about 100 negroes of the Pioneer Corps of the Department being employed, nearly 100 barrels of powder still remained on board when she suddenly blew up.

The explosion occurred at a few minutes before one o'clock in the afternoon, and the greater portion of the men were employed in the hold of the vessel at the moment at dinner, rendering the loss of life much less than would otherwise have been the case. There were, however, several instances and a number of whites on board the boats and on the banks of the river.

About 20 seconds, or 30 seconds, after the explosion say the shock was felt a long distance on the side of the canal.

In front of the landing were located a number of officers' quarters, and also the New York Herald and Sun's Express, which were almost utterly torn down, the upper stories being thrown completely from their bearings with slight bruises.

The effect of this is a steep bank—as seen in our engraving—its summit being covered with bulk, which the occupants hastily by the steamers laboring at the levee.

Half of the ground been level the loss of life would no doubt have been fearful.

Shells, balls etc., struck this camp in a perfect shower, while the ground in the vicinity is actually covered with all kinds of stones, a large number of odd saddles and pieces of harness scattered the debris.

Beyond this were a number of tents, a few of which appear to be standing. In the tents, Mr. Wood, formerly cashier of Frank Leslie's establishment, was at the time, having left his home on account of the distance above. He was the only one untouched in the tent, and escaped with the horse safely.

A boat loaded with stones was lying alongside and was blown to pieces, and another was blown to pieces, a large portion being ruined completely out of the water and buried beneath the enormous in the debris.

The loss of life is not exactly known, but no less than 200 dead bodies were found, and from the fragments strewn around it is supposed that at least 300 perished.

The explosion was attributed to a rebel torpedo; others to the fall of a shell in the hold.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

Burying the Dead under a Flag of Truce, after the Battle of July 30.

AFTER the repulse on the 30th Gen. Burnside sent a flag of truce to ask permission to bury our wounded and our dead. On the 1st of August a reply was given, and working parties, white and colored, went out. Our artist sketches the incident. The bodies, after lying in a midsummer sun for two days, were found in a horrible state of decay. Among those who were busily at work, committing to the earth the remains of our comrades, the quartermaster officers met rebel officers at the flag. Among the latter was Colonel Mahone, of the Confederate army, a former, Gen. Pryor. Our dead numbered 1,500 in front of the rebel works alone. The time given for the truce was from five A.M. to noon, and the rebels, under command, took as nearly only random musketry firing was heard.

THE WOLF.—From the Rio Colorado we had been constantly followed by a large gray wolf. Every evening, as soon as we got into camp, he came to my presence, squatting quietly down at a little distance, and, with a long, steady howl, let me know his presence. I soon got used to saluting him about. Our first acquaintance commenced on the prairie, where I killed the two antelopes, and the excellent dinner he then made on the remains of the carcases had evidently attached him to our society. In the morning, as we left the camp, he took possession, and quickly ate up the remains of our supper and some little extras I always took care to leave for him. Shortly after we would track antler or hide which I shot time to adjust the pack saddle or collect wild animals, he sat down quietly, and resumed our march. But when I killed a buffalo, and was in the act of cutting out the meat, he slowly looked on or lopped round and round, licking his jaw and in a state of evident self-satisfaction. I had him twenty times a day within reach of my rifle, but he became such an old friend that I never dreamed of molesting him.



AVOIDING THE DRAFT—AGENTS OF NORTHERN STATES ENGAGING NEGRO SUBSTITUTES AT NORFOLK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

NEGRO SUBSTITUTES.

THE scheme of Northern States sending down to the Borders to pick up negroes as substitutes for white men drafted is one of the curious events of the day. Massachusetts began it. New York city, preferring a draft of her citizens, has declined it. Our Artist depicts a scene of this enlisting, this new kind of negro market. To men accustomed to being sold the affair cannot be strange, except in the feature that they pocket the money. A story is told of a man in Missouri—white man—whose ill luck got him among the drafted. He scraped up enough to buy a substitute and sallied out to the negro quarter; seeing a likely subject lounging by an alley, he hailed him with a—"Hallo! don't you want to make some money?" "How, massa?" was the slowly drawled answer. "Why, I am drafted, and will give any man $500 to take my place." "Don't say, massa, so an I; and I have got $700 to give some fellow to go for me. Will you?"

SHELLING WORKMEN ENGAGED ON REBEL RAM AT CHARLESTON.

We give in this paper a most interesting sketch of the rebel ram building in Charleston harbor, as seen through a powerful glass. This is not a work which our army and navy can allow to proceed uninterrupted; and having got the range quite accurately, as the rebels admit, our gunners drop shell around with a frequency and effect that often compels them to suspend their labors abruptly, and not unfrequently for a considerable time.

GEN. SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS, Harper's Ferry.

THE appointment of Gen. Sheridan, an old and tried army officer, to the general direction of affairs on the Upper Potomac, has restored a confidence sadly shaken by previous miscarriage. Gen. Sheridan, whose portrait we gave so recently that it must be fresh in the minds of our readers, has established his headquarters at a mansion on Harper's Ferry heights, which we illustrate. The originally fine mansion shows marks of the deadly struggles that have been carried on around it; the roof and cornice are torn by shells, and the outhouses are similarly injured. The whole place betokens desertion and neglect.

OCCUPATION OF NEW WINDSOR.

OUR readers will find among our illustrations a view of the occupation of New Windsor by rebel cavalry during the recent raid. New Windsor is a thriving post-village in Carroll county, Maryland, near enough to be visited by rebel raiders. As these parties dash into a town some endeavor to escape with valuables; but are generally pursued and pay dearly. The unfortunate countrymen whose wagons are found standing before the village store are sure to be the first losers, the shoemakers and druggists next, and the publicans, of course, are thronged with sinners. It is a sad record to turn over the pages of our paper for the last three years and see our picture-gallery of ruined American towns and villages; how many a thriving place, in the midst of smiling plenty, with every mark of activity, energy and progress, has been left a mass of ruins or marked indelicately by the red hand of war.

Our sketches, truthful and carefully drawn, can scarcely be appreciated; but we notice with pleasure that in England and France they select our illustrations constantly to reproduce.

FARRAGUT'S VICTORY AT MOBILE.

FEW commanders by sea or land have won their way more successfully to the popular heart than



THE RIVER AT CHARLESTON—SHELLING THE WORKMEN ENGAGED IN BUILDING THE REBEL RAM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



THE WAR IN UPPER VIRGINIA.—GEN. SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS AT HARPER'S FERRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.



THE RAID INTO MARYLAND.—REBEL CAVALRY OCCUPYING THE TOWN OF NEW WINDSOR.—FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERICK DIELMAN.

Farragut. He has that bluff, persistent, daring recklessness that makes the hero. In his bold rush up to New Orleans he gained every point of applause, and now when the moment for attacking Mobile arrives he brushes past two rebel forts in his own style, silences one, compels another to surrender, forces the enemy to blow up a third, engages their fleet, captures an iron ram and one other vessel, drives another ashore, and clears Mobile bay of the enemy, leaving Gen. Granger, who commands the army on land, to reduce Fort Morgan, as the only remaining foothold of treason on the Gulf shore.

About eight o'clock this morning the attack commenced, the ironclads Tecumseh, Manhattan, Winnebago and Chickasaw leading, closely followed by the wooden vessels Hartford, Monongahela, Tennessee, Metacomet, Oneida, Itasca, &c., 18 in all, lashed two and two, in the same manner as when the Port Hudson batteries were passed. The Brooklyn was the first following the monitors and the Hartford (flagship) second. The Richmond, Lackawanna, Ossipee, Monongahela, Oneida, Galena, Port Royal, Metacomet, Octorara, Seminole and Itasca followed.

When the fleet was fairly under weigh the line headed directly for Fort Morgan, the enemy opening a terrific fire from Forts Morgan and Gaines, and assisted by the guns from the rebel ram Tennessee and four other vessels at the entrance of the bay.

Our only reply to the enemy from this range was the sending of a few shells from 100-pounder Parrotts, stationed at the bows of the vessels, but when the fleet arrived at within a biscuit's throw of Fort Morgan every vessel was ready with her broadside, and as the fleet passed they opened a terrible fire, the cannon rattling in volleys similar to an infantry fire of musketry, driving the gunners from their guns and silencing both fort and water battery.

As soon as the bay was reached the rebel ram Tennessee, gunboat Selma and three others attacked the fleet, and almost before the first gun was fired in the action with them the monitor Tecumseh struck a torpedo, which fairly blew or rather lifted her out of the water, when she descended and disappeared. Nearly all on board were lost, but eight or ten escaping. They were picked up by a boat from the Metacomet while the fight was going on. The fighting was terrific for a time; but it was soon evident that we had the best of the action, though the smoke rendered the engagement very indistinct.

As the Tennessee and other rebel vessels were engaging the fleet, several of the smaller vessels passed them, when the Tennessee would attempt to run them down. The Oneida was cut to the water's edge by her formidable ram, and to prevent her from sinking she was run into shoal water. This vessel also received a shot in her boiler.

The rebel gunboat Selma attempted to leave the fleet quietly and steam to Mobile, but the Metacomet discovered the movement and hastened after her. When the former saw that escape was impossible, she surrendered to Capt. Jarrett, of the Metacomet. The rebel vessel had lost dreadfully in killed and wounded, and when her decks were reached, the dead and dying lay around, while her scuppers ran with blood. Her commander, Lieut. Comstock, formerly of the U. S. navy, was lying dead across the breech of a gun with his bowels torn out. He was evidently in the act of sighting the piece when shot.

The engagement with the enemy's fleet took place on the west side of Mobile bay, in the direction of Fort Powell, and out of range of the guns of Fort Morgan.

The Tennessee boldly steamed in the direction of our fleet, as if for the purpose of running down and destroying the wooden vessels, without paying attention to the monitors, except to keep out of their way: but they persevered in following her and cutting her off, when her whole attention was forced to be directed to them. The fighting did not last long between them, however, for the flagship and the Monongahela steamed in the direction of the Tennessee, the Monongahela striking her amidships with her terrible prow, causing the huge rebel monster to reel like a drunken man.

The Hartford then grappled the Tennessee; but further bloodshed was saved by the latter hoisting the white flag from the pilot-house.

Capt. Pierre Giraud led the party who boarded the ram, and the rebel Admiral Buchanan delivered up his sword to him.

The same horrible slaughter was observable all around as on the Selma, and Admiral Buchanan had a leg shot off during the action.

THE CACTUS PLANTS OF CALIFORNIA.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* says: "The cactus—that celebrated family of the floral kingdom, the glory of the hot-houses of Europe and the wonder of travellers, whose flowers and fruits are seen in every league of surface in South California, Arizona and the Peninsula—has never sufficiently attracted the attention of our florists or farmers. Fifty-five species of cactus are known in the botany of these sections, and they include some with magnificent flowers and of extraordinary appearance, forming beautiful ornaments when in the vicinity of other vegetation. If the different species, all covered with thorns, could be got together in a California garden they would form one of the most singular and unique displays it is possible to conceive in gardening, and it is to be remembered that the fruits are as valuable for human food as the flowers are for feasting the eye.

"The Cactacia has an immense range in the altitudes of central North America or in what we may term the California *simulacra* of climates and soils, as they are found from the parallel of Cariboo to Cape St. Lucas, and from the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains in North Dacotah to the Gila river. They are met with in all altitudes between the Gila and Panama, from the line of perpetual snow to that of the seashore.

"Some 200 different species of this singular family of American plants are enumerated in the botany of Mexico, ranging from the shape of a cabbage to that of a grapevine, and looming high as a tree and umbrageous as a small oak. Their flowering is of extraordinary splendor and loveliness, and is from the purest white to vermilion, including every mixture of the prismatic colors. But it is the fruit, the stand-by of the poor and the Indians in the seasons of drought and famine, that unfolds this providential blessing of the desert in all its value.

"Engelman of St. Louis, an eminent writer on this family, enumerates as indigenous to Arizona and South California four genera of the cactus; that is, 37 species of the opuntas or lobe shape, 11 species of the cereus or perpendicular stems, six eumamalarias or mamacs, and six echinocactus or cabbage-heads. Almost every one of these are found in the mountain ranges and deserts of Los Angeles, San Bernardino and San Diego counties. In Lower California many species are met with which are foreign to our parallels and altitudes, one of which, a climbing variety, is found in the dryest months to be full of the purest water. One of the opuntas has a small fruit, specific in scurvies and blood impurities, while others have fruits with the flavor of pineapples, of strawberries, peaches, plums and cherries, of the luscious cheramoya and mangostein, of the fig and grape, and of the lemon, apple and pear.

"The Cactus Opunta, or Indian fig of Mexico—white and red—was introduced into the mission gardens of our State from Santa Clara to San Diego in the early settlement of the country, some 70 years ago; but they are also found indigenous in the mountains of the Colorado, in San Bernardino and San Diego counties. Near the southern missions below Point Conception they grow luxuriantly, particularly at San Barbara, San Fernando and San Gabriel. At the two last-named places they are extremely abundant and luscious. These varieties of the prickly pear are valuable additions to the food of our State, as the fruit is not only very plentiful in summer and fall, but highly nutritive and agreeable, and can be gathered at will, and the plant requires no care. When stripped of the prickles they can be boiled down to an excellent conserve or syrup, or dried in the sun for preservation, as they contain a large quantity of sugar and gum. The plant is easily propagated by slips or seeds, and has a wonderful endurance, vitality and hardiness. It comes to perfection in three years. Its seeds, which are very abundant in the fruit, are roasted by the Indians as a substitute for corn. The mucilage of the leaves or fronds are thrown into water and used in making cements and whitewashes, and gives great strength to these house building materials in the arid districts of Mexico. It is in common use around Los Angeles.

"Being such plentiful and excellent producers of sugary fruit, so necessary to the laboring man in our dry and attenuated atmosphere, this matter should be attended to by our people, as well as the arts of making molasses from maguey, pumpkins, melons, watermelons, grapes, pears, beets, cornstalks, and the wild sugar cane or panoche-carisso of the Tulares. All these fruits are well known to the Indians and Mestizoes of Sonora and New Mexico, and those of Chihuahua and Coahuila, as producing sugar; and particularly the Cactacea and Agave, among the Pimos and Papagos of Arizona, who consider the cactus and the maguey as the gifts of the gods, for, from them they receive food, clothing, shelter and fencing. The reduction of these articles to conserves and molasses is often facilitated among these simple people by a concentrating process of roasting and baking, and boiling down slowly afterwards, with a little water, to a viscid syrup which never ferments in their keeping, though several of them are also used in the fabrication of moscal or spirits. Of such an exhilarating quality is this fire-water that when 'in the spirit' they would not give a *claquo* to call themselves king, priest or judge, for they often give for such alcoholics weight for weight in silver, and bless the vendor for his trade."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A Paris correspondent thus describes an odd scene which he says took place lately at a theatre in the environs of Lyons:

A worthy blacksmith occupied the first seat in the pit (there is no parquette in the theatre) and seemed to be absorbed by the incidents of the drama until the leading juvenile made his appearance, whereupon the excellent spectator leaped on the stage and gave the "leading juvenile" a sound thrashing, which the latter bore with exemplary resignation. The police rushed forward and soon obtained the explanation of the strange proceeding. The blacksmith told them that the "leading juvenile" was his son, whom he believed to be at Paris pursuing his studies, and who drew regularly every month on him for his board, tuition fees and book bill. He excused himself for his impetuosity, but confessed that he could not command himself. The blacksmith agreed to allow the proceedings to continue, and he resumed his seat; but when he shook his fist at the "leading juvenile," and called him blackguard, rogue, knave, etc., whenever he appeared, the laughter in the house destroyed all the effect of the drama. After the curtain fell he collared the "leading juvenile" and carried him home.

Maxims for Husbands.—Resolve in the morning to be patient and cheerful during the day. Laugh heartily on finding all the buttons off your shirt—as usual. Say, merrily, "Boys will be boys," when you discover that the children have emptied the contents of the water jug into your boots. On gashing your chin with a razor, remember that beauty is but skin deep; and in order to divert your thoughts from the pain, recite a speech from Hamlet, or indulge in one of the harmonies of your native land. If breakfast is not ready for you, chuckle and grin pleasantly at the menials; remembering that a merry heart is a continual feast; and go to your daily business with a pleasant smile.

A Quaker, on hearing a man swear at a particularly bad piece of road, went up to him and said:

"Friend, I am under the greatest obligations to thee. I would myself have done what thou hast done, but my religion forbids it. Don't let my conscience, however, bridle thine; give thine indignation wings, and suffer not the prejudice of others to paralyze the tongue of justice and long suffering—yea, verily."

A countryman once brought a piece of board to an artist, with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher as large as life.

"But," returned the artist, "that board is much too small for that purpose."

The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected discovery.

"That's a bad job," said he; "but look'ee, sir, ye can let his feet hang down over the edge of the board."

A few nights since Tom Jones went home to his wife in rather a disguised condition. He had drank so often for the success of our volunteers that he was compelled to eat a handful of cloves to remove the smell of whiskey. While undressing, his wife detected the perfume of the spice, and said:

"Good gracious, Tom, how dreadfully you smell of cloves."

"Eh?" said Tom, starting; "c-l-o-v-e-s?"

"Yes, cloves: any one would think you had been embalmed like a mummy?"

This made his wits go wool-gathering.

"Phew! you are regularly scented with them. Where have you been to-night?" continued the wife.

Tom was thrown entirely off his guard—his brain rambled, and, without the remotest idea of what he was saying, replied:

"W-h-y—hic—Clara, the fact is, I have just been on a little trip to the East Indies, and while I was there fell over a spicebox!"

Then she knew what was the matter.

Judicial Fun.—The late Judge Peters has left behind him a countless host of well-remembered puns; some few of the rarest are worth relating. A gentleman presenting his only son to the notice of the judge, said:

"He is my all."

The boy was a long, thin, whey-faced stripling, and the judge, looking in his face, said to the father:

"Your awl, and your last, too, I suppose; but I can't call him a strapping fellow."

When on the District Court bench, he observed to Judge Washington that one of the witnesses had a vegetable head.

"How so?" was the inquiry.

"He has carroty hair, reddish cheeks, a turn-up nose, and a sage look."

During one of the public days connected with Lafayette's reception, the judge was riding in an open carriage with the general, who regretted that he should be exposed to the annoyance arising from clouds of flying dust.

"I am used to it," said Peters; "I am a judge, and have had dust thrown in my eyes by the lawyers for many years."

A certain Sunday-school teacher was in the habit of making a collection in his juvenile class for missionary objects every Sunday; and this box received stores of pennies which might otherwise have found their way to the drawers of the confectioner and toyman. He was not a little surprised, however, on Sunday, to find a country note crushed in among the weight of copper coin. He was not long in finding it to be a broken bank; and on asking the class who put it there, the donor was soon pointed out to him by his mates, who had seen him deposit it, and thought it a very benevolent gift.

"Didn't you know that this note was good for nothing?"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Then what did you put it in the box for?"

"I didn't s'pose the little heathen would know the difference, and thought it would be just as good for them."

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Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 467—Vol. XVIII.] NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

The late Military Operations in Virginia—Their Important Results.

Gen. Grant has succeeded in another important step towards the reduction of Richmond. He has done this not without considerable losses, but his gains are immeasurably greater. All the late mysterious and, to the common observer, inexplicable movements of our troops from the south side of the James river to the north side and back again, and up the Shenandoah valley and down again, find their solution in the capture and occupation of the Weldon, Wilmington and Charleston railroad, the main artery between Richmond and Georgia, the head and the heart of the rebellion. Without dwelling, however, upon the beautiful strategic movements and combinations which have been crowned with this substantial success, let us briefly consider the value of the new position, over which the lines of the heroic old army of the Potomac have been extended.

Down to the 4th of July, 1863, there were three great railroad arteries, with numerous ramifications, between Richmond and the rebellious States, reaching even to the abundant military supplies and reinforcements on the west side of the Mississippi, by way of some one of numerous crossings along the 300 miles of the river held by the enemy between Vicksburg and Port Hudson. With the capture of Vicksburg by Gen. Grant, all the country on the west side of the Mississippi river, in a military view, was cut off from Richmond. Next, with the terrible defeat and expulsion of Bragg from Chattanooga, including the expulsion of Longstreet from Knoxville and East Tennessee, one of the three great southern arteries to Richmond, the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, was severed. Now, with the late successful extension of his lines by Gen. Grant, the main and direct railroad from Richmond to Georgia is cut off, so that the only railway line now remaining between Richmond and the South is the interior Danville line, a hastily and imperfectly constructed road, passing, by a circuitous and out-of-the-way route, around to Wilmington and Charleston. This single track railway, with its primitive wagon tire rails, is the last remaining link for military purposes between Richmond and Georgia.

Now, when it is remembered that Lee's army and the cities of Richmond and Petersburg are mainly dependent upon Georgia for their provisions, the loss which they have suffered in the loss of the great Weldon line may be imagined. That Gen. Lee fully comprehended the loss of this vital line is very evident from his desperate attempts of three successive days and nights, by furious charges in solid columns, to recover it. The greatest difficulty experienced by Gen. Grant in this campaign has been the difficulty of getting Lee out of his earthworks. From Spottsylvania Court-house down to the Chickahominy, and thence to Petersburg, Gen. Grant, in flanking his wily adversary out of one strongly fortified position, has never been able to catch him till snugly sheltered behind another. But at Petersburg, the chain of Lee's hidingplaces ends; and hence Gen. Grant's flank movement upon the Weldon road, through which Lee's army has, of late, mainly drawn its subsistence, compelled him to come out and do his best to regain it. He chose, for this object, the favorable time of a dark night, and in the midst of a heavy storm, to make his assault. It was an effort marked with the cunning of an Indian, and the energy of despair on the part of the attacking rebel columns, and it was a surprise to our unprotected troops, and yet the attack was a failure, and the game was lost.

From these facts the intelligent reader will perceive, taking the movements on both sides around Richmond, and away off in the Shenandoah valley into the estimate, as parts of



FRANZ MULLER, THE ENGLISH RAILWAY MURDERER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CLARKE.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—SCENE AT TARLETON'S PLANTATION, BAYOU TECHE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

the same game, that Grant is the master of Lee, not only in hard fighting, but in the delicate business of strategy, and that he shapes the movements of the enemy to his own purposes. As the matter now stands, with the loss of the Weldon road, the transfer of reinforcements from Lee to Hood, or from Hood to Lee, becomes a difficult operation, inasmuch as the limited capacity of the Danville line must be monopolized in the transportation of the necessary supplies to Richmond. Nor is this the worst of it to Gen. Lee; for the Danville road is now in greater danger than ever before, and we may be sure that Gen. Grant will not rest until he has reached it, or smoked his adversaries out into the open field to fight for it. Already in the struggle for the Weldon road we have the corroboration of our views of June last, to wit—that in reality the elaborate fortifications of Richmond and Petersburg are of little value to the defence of those cities, while their subsistence depends upon the railroads which connect them with Georgia. Jeff Davis would have us believe that he is in no danger; but the lines of Vicksburg are inevitably closing around him. The advance of flour in Richmond to the extent of $100 on the barrel, since the loss of the Weldon railroad, tells the story.

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In all the recent commercial fluctuations of England (in some of which there has been a complete prostration of all other property), the variation in British consols has not been over five or six per cent. This cannot be said of any other kind of stock. Of railway and bank stocks the great variations and at times wonderful depreciation are notorious. Sudden commercial revulsions have reduced these stocks to one-half their price. Suppose, then, that with gold say at 90 now, and Government stocks at 105, there should be a resumption of gold payments in one year, (and this is a supposition which may become a fact), what would be the relative effect on three kinds of stock—say Government at 105 bank at 118 and railroad at 120? In all human probability the resumption of gold payments in a year would bring them to these relative prices, viz.: Government 90; bank 85; railroad 70.

Judged by *historical experience* this would be nearly the *relative* result. The consequence, then, is that the Government funds depreciate 15 per cent., the banks 25, and the railroads 50. It is more probable, if this statement be thought erroneous, that the actual results would be much more in favor of Government. But we merely give this as an illustration of a general historical truth, that on the resumption of specie payments, or on the occurrence of a great commercial convulsion, the fall in Government stocks will be far less, relatively, than the fall in any other kind of stocks. *The practical inference* from this is plain. The purchase of Government stocks being made for investment, *it is a far safer and more profitable investment for the future,* when gold payments will be resumed, than any other.

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 10, 1864.

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To Correspondents.

First-class stories will be read promptly, and if found worthy of acceptance, suitably compensated.

The manuscript should be legible, on one side of the paper only, and be accompanied with the address of the writer. Poems of a high order and moderate length will meet with attention.

By the decision of the authorities at Washington, Articles for Newspapers and Magazines *cannot* be sent by mail at the rates of printed matter. If sent by mail, letter postage must be paid. Packages over four ounces should be sent by express.

When parties wish MSS. returned by mail, postage stamps *must* be enclosed for the full amount. Contributors of short articles, poems, etc., will do well to keep a copy, as the cheapest course.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Our forces still hold the position gained by Gen. Warren on the Weldon road, the rebels, after fruitless efforts to regain it, having retired entirely from his front. On Sunday, August 21st, they made a most determined assault, but after three repulses retired. This compensated for our heavy loss on the 19th. A whole rebel brigade was caught between the fire of two columns and almost annihilated, the General, Haywood, being killed.

On the 23d a part of the 2d corps tore up the railroad to a distance of three miles beyond Ream's station, and the 5th corps also destroyed the road to within four miles of Petersburg.

On the 25th Gen. Hancock, who was south of Ream's station, was repeatedly attacked, but in vain. At half-past 5 A.M. a combined attack was made on his centre and left, but he repulsed them as he had done before, and the enemy withdrew, leaving their dead and wounded on the field.

The enemy have lost at least 10,000 in the last two weeks.

On the same day an attack was made on Butler's picket line, but easily repulsed.

SHERIDAN'S ARMY.

Gen. Sheridan has now in fact centred his army at Harper's Ferry.

On the 17th Gen. Torbert kept the enemy at bay on the Winchester and Newtown Pike, Col. Penrose, with the 1st brigade of the 1st division, distinguishing himself greatly.

On the 21st a brisk engagement took place two miles beyond Charlestown. The rebels, at 8 A.M., attempted to pierce our front at Summit Point. The 6th corps and Wilson's cavalry bore the brunt and lost heavily. We drove the enemy over a mile. On the 24th skirmishing was renewed on the left and centre.

On the 24th Moseby attacked the stockade at Arrandale, but after an hour's fight withdrew.

On the 25th the rebels attempted to cross at dam No. 4 but were repulsed. The enemy have since fallen back to Smithfield.

GEORGIA.

Wheeler crossed the river above Chattanooga and captured a train near Cleveland.

On the 13th the 15th corps charged the rebel works at Atlanta and carried the riflepits.

Gen. Kilpatrick succeeded in cutting the Macon road without loss, and made a complete circuit around Atlanta, returning with 200 prisoners, 6 cannon and 4 stands of colors.

On the 19th Maj.-Gen. Dodge was killed at Atlanta while posting a picket line.

The Union prisoners at Andersonville, Ga., have sent a deputation to President Lincoln. There are 35,000 prisoners there suffering fearfully.

ALABAMA.

Farragut and Granger are thundering away at Fort Morgan, the Tennessee taking the place of the Tecumseh, and hurling her deadly missiles at the fort she so recently defended.

Gen. Maury is pressing all—black and white—in order, if possible, to save Mobile.

According to rebel papers, Fort Morgan was taken on the 27th of August.

TENNESSEE.

On the 21st, Forrest, by a bold dash, captured Memphis at 3 A. M. and held the town for two hours. The object was to capture Gen. Washburne and Gen. Hurlbut, but they both escaped. Forrest, as he retired, was pursued by Col. Winslow.

LOUISIANA.

Two steamers, the Atlantic No. 2 and M. R. Cheek, while engaged in an illegal cotton trade, was seized by the rebels at the mouth of Sunflower river.

On the 8th of Aug. the rebels attacked the Independent scouts near Goodrich's landing, but as negro troops came up they were repulsed with loss.

NORTH CAROLINA.

A rebel force attempting to take conscripts by force at Greensboro', on August 24, were driven out of the town, their commander, Major Whitfield, and Capt. Keyoe being killed.

NAVAL.

The Tallahassee has destroyed 22 American fishing vessels off North Cape, Prince Edward's island. We have captured the Lilian, a blockade-runner from Wilmington to Nassau.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The foreign news received during the past week is very unimportant. Parliament is prorogued in England, and the most notable work Lord Palmerston can find to do is to cut the first turf of new railroads, and lecture at country towns. At a recent meeting he again declared the fixed determination of the English Government to remain perfectly neutral in American affairs.

France continues in an equally quiet condition. The King of the Belgains has paid his visit to Louis Napoleon, but the object is not known.

The Germanic Confederation is very angry with the King of Prussia for conducting the Danish negotiations, as though the minor States of Germany were of no account. The French press laid Denmark's misfortunes at England's door, adding, that if she had been cordial with France, the Western Powers could also have saved Poland.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Once more we are about to talk of the draft. We do not know any subject so near to the hearts of the people—every one—as that same question of the conscription.

There is no distinction in the classes whom it will affect, the rich man feeling it in his pocket, when called on to disburse a thousand or two for a substitute, and the poor one feeling it in his person and his family. For the first we have no sympathy; it is full time that the rich should do something towards this war, and we cannot believe that the man who goes out with his life in his hands can receive too much as bounty for so doing. New York city started on this belief and was liberal to profusion, but a change has come o'er the spirit of the dream, and now the wealthy town bows before the energy and money of the country, or, in other words, New York, ridden to death by scurvy politicians, has allowed the time to go by when she could have filled her quota, and for the sake of a few millions of dollars, a drop in the bucket of her wealth, has let every little village take away her men by the inducement of higher bounties. There are numberless towns about us that pay $600 cash to one year men, while New York pays only $300 to three year men, and pays even that brutally and grudgingly. The result is that our city is enlisting no men, and to make the matter worse, is, under the prompting of some of these same scurvy politicians, attempting—as we hope, vainly—to sneak out of her duty by trying to prove that she alone has enlisted some 30,000 men in the navy, almost as great a number as there is in it altogether. In two weeks, therefore, New York will be given up to the conscription, and 20,000 men taken away, bountyless and perhaps pennyless, to the field. For this they may thank only themselves, and it is to be hoped that when they return to their homes they will be honest enough in the future to attend to their political rights and vote for honest men, not for a politician who can see nothing that has not a money-making job in it.

From the sublime to the ridiculous. We have discussed the draft, we are now about to fly to omnibusses. We know of how little use such discussion is, but still we hope that some day a millenium will come and the little social abuses under which people writhe in large cities will be crushed out by a popular storm of indignation, enough to deter future violators of individual sovereignty from attempting their deeds without fully considering the penalty.

It was a supposable case that when the people submitted without a murmur to the advance in price, that it would have inspirited the proprietors and drivers to civility and attention in proportion, but, *au contraire*, it seems to have actuated them to assume the position of conquerors, and generated impudence. Within the week we have witnessed at least half-a-dozen cases that should have required the attention of the police, if it were not a characteristic of New Yorkers that they allow themselves to be trodden on without offering even words of resistance. We have seen a driver retain a 50 cent. currency bill, not having change, and refuse to return it until he had carried the owner several blocks past his destination. We have seen a driver refuse to release the strap and let a lady out, who—the driver having no pennies for a ten cent. stamp—could only give him seven cents. In that case the application of a gentleman's knife to the leather speedily released the prisoner. We have heard a driver on a fashionable line apply his mouth to the pay hole and pour through it a torrent of profanity and abuse that would have made it justifiable had he been jerked through the aperture, even though it had been one-half smaller.

Coupled with such abuses as this there is a class of passengers who ride in public conveyances who are public nuisances. The man who crosses his legs or puts his foot upon his knee, allowing a dirty boot to wipe itself on good clothes passing him, is a nuisance of the first water, and managers of city railroads are especially recommended to consider him in their instructions to conductors. The man who gets in chewing the stump of an unlighted cigar, and declines to throw it away because he is not smoking, and consequently stenches the whole conveyance, is a filthy nuisance. The man who sits sideways when the seat is crowded is a nuisance. The man who fidgets in a crowded seat is a nuisance. The man who in getting out lifts his feet so high as to wipe the knees of every passenger is a nuisance. The woman who walks on a muddy day, and brings a slushed dress to bespatter and smear all, is a n——e. The woman that spreads her skirts over several seats, and scowls at every new comer, is a n—aughty creature. The woman who brings large baskets inside, and will not trust them to the driver, is the same, and to the woman who insists upon crowding herself in when every seat is filled, making every one else uncomfortable, we say ditto, ditto, ditto, with all our heart.

An incident comes to our knowlege this week which as we have not noticed printed elsewhere we relate. Its locality is Philadelphia, but the moral applies equally to New York, and shows for the hundredth time the importance of having gentlemen and men of humanity as officers of the police, if we cannot have them in the ranks. Mr. Sylvester O. Post, President of the National Life Insurance Company, and once on Gen. Fremont's staff, had occasion to go to Philadelphia a few days since on business. While there he complained of not feeling well, and towards evening on parting with a friend spoke of his head troubling him. An hour afterwards he was found by a policeman on the sidewalk, and without question or examination dragged to the station-house and thrust into a cell as a drunkard, where in a short time he was found dead. The jury declared his death had arisen "from causes unknown." Had we been upon that jury we should have found the death caused by brutality and ill-usage, and recommended the perpetrators into custody for murder.

Among the movements inaugurated in New York to ameliorate the condition of the middle and lower classes, and somewhat guard against the high prices of the present and coming season, is that of associations of families to purchase the necessities of life, in quantities, from first hands, and thereby do away with the infamous system of middle-men. We have seen this plan in operation both in the coal and provision line. In the first the saving was equal to 30 per cent. by sending an agent to the mines and making a special contract for delivery, and in the last a saving in some cases of 100 per cent. To explain this it will be necessary to tell that speculators and hucksters have got our market laws so arranged that a farmer bringing his produce to the city must dispose of it before eight o'clock, or leave. The result is that he is forced to dispose of it to these dealers, as heads of families seldom reach the market as early as this. We have seen, within a week, vegetables and fruit bought by an agent of an association of families at the understated prices:

Potatoes	$2 00 a bushel.	Dealers' price	$3 00
Tomatoes	30 "	"	"	1 00
Beets	3 a bunch.	"	"	7
Lima Beans	50 a bushel.	"	"	1 00
Squashes	1 00 a barrel.	"	"	2 00
Turnips	1 00 "	"	"	1 50
Cabbage	7 50 a hundred.	"	"	13 00
Apples	75 a bushel.	"	"	1 50
Peaches	1 00 "	"	"	1 50
Musk Melons	75 "	"	"	3 00
Water Melons	8 00 a hundred.	"	"	20 00

All this is simply a fact and capable of demonstration to any one who will go at daylight along Greenwich street towards Washington Market, and question the country people who swarm the street with wagons laden with all the wealth of the soil. Even when they sell in small quantities, the saving is equal to 50 per cent. on the prices of market men. In truth Washington Market is a humbug, and any housekeeper who braves the dirt and stench will find that they can buy just as good and 33 per cent. cheaper in their own neighborhood. We have had within a few days a dealer in the market charge us 60 cents for a half peck of peaches, better than which we had bought that very morning in a small grocery up-town for 40, and 75 cents for a water melon, the superior of which we had just got in the same way for 35 cents.

All these things are worthy the consideration of housekeepers, and might, properly followed up, very much alleviate the distress that must ensue the coming winter, and perhaps have the effect of driving some of the rascally horde of speculators and middle men into honest occupations, or into the army, where their thews and sinews would meet appreciation.

From these subjects, with a jump, let us go to the way New York is amusing herself.

The sensation of the week has been the debut of Miss Olive Logan at Wallack's Theatre, and before we say anything either of the lady or the piece in which she appeared, we wish to denounce the style of criticism with which she has been favored by certain newspapers, calling themselves respectable, of this city. We fail to see that any domestic relation, or any matter of private life, has aught to do with the performer upon the stage. The public and the critic have no right to ask whether the lady, if it be a lady, is maid, wife, widow or divorced woman. She presents herself for their suffrages as an actress, not as a wife, a mother, nor to bear upon her shoulders the prejudices or dislikes that may justly or unjustly belong to her husband, brother or father.

Miss Olive Logan, whom we have just a faint recollection of having seen years ago in some Western city, is of the middle size, neat and compact in form, with a proper stage look for anything but tragedy. She is a good dresser, and with a wealth of hair that is in itself almost equal to a success. She is the daughter of Logan the comedian, who will be remembered by New Yorkers as connected with Burton's Chamber street Theatre, and sister of Miss Eliza Logan, who, though not favoring this city with a taste of her quality, stands well through the West. Miss Olive Logan is the wife of the musical editor of the New York *Herald*, and hence much of the ill-natured notice bestowed upon the lady.

Miss Logan possesses talent of an unquestionable order. What there is of her is nature, and nature that overdoes acting. Though we have never seen the lady in private life, we feel assured that, as she played Eveleen, she acts her part in every day affairs. She has force and vehemence, too much for anything less than tragedy, and yet not suitable for tragedy. A very short time, under proper advice, will calm this down, and the lady is still young enough to profit by all criticism and improve by that study which she will certainly seek. We know this by marking the great change between the first and last nights of Eveleen: the first being almost a failure from the overacting of the heroine, the last almost a success from its manifest improvement.

Of the play, we can only say that it was of the highest sensation school, the first two acts especially presenting tableaux of the most telling order, the third act of the harrowing style, and the last dragging weakly along to a most wretched milk and watery conclusion. The play is put forth as the emanation of Miss Logan's pen, but betrays the hand of a man, and that one who is a reader of Dickens and an admirer. With a proper redressing and strengthening of the last act, "Eveleen" can be made a decidedly clever sensational play, and just the thing for the provincial market.

The Winter Garden is still running Clarke in "Everybody's Friend" and "The Rough Diamond," unto which, as they seem to please the public, we have no objection.

Niblo's gives Miss Heron six nights of "Camille," after which Forrest takes possession, and, as we suppose, will give us a hundred nights or so.

The Broadway reopens, newly painted, puttied and draperied, with Mr. John Owens, and cannot fail to make a success, the house and the location both tending to that consummation.

Barnum has got his whale, all alive, in the new tank, and visitors can indulge their proclivities in that line in a way not get-at-able before. The pantomime company are still at the Museum, drawing crowded houses, and will, according to present appearances, do the same for some weeks.

Clarke's photographic gallery, to which by the politeness of A. Pennal, the gentlemanly director, we are indebted for a portrait of Franz Muller, engraved in this paper, will repay a visit. We noticed several very fine and striking likenesses, among which we may note those of N. P. Willis, Esq., Commissioner Acton, Chanfrau and others.

BOOK NOTICES.

TEN ACRES ENOUGH: A Practical Experience, showing how a very small farm may be made to keep a family handsomely, with extensive and profitable experience in the cultivation of the smaller fruits. New York: James Miller, 12mo., 50 pp.

This is one of the most charming books issued of late years. It is impossible to read without becoming interested in the intelligent and well-directed struggle of the man who undertakes the trials of a small manufacturing business in a city to see what mind and energy could do in cultivating a small piece of ground. As many situated like him it will be a stimulus, a lesson and a guide as to the management of it; give many valuable hints: to the general reader, and especially to the young, it will prove a most attractive little volume. The style is fresh, full of interest, and there is enough of fair criticism and life woven in to give character and point to the whole.

GENERAL ORDERS OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT embracing the years 1861, 1862 and 1863, adapted especially for the use of the Army and Navy of the United States, chronologically arranged. In two volumes. With a full alphabetical index. By Thos. M. Vincent, A. A. G., and Robert Murray, Military Agent. Leavenworth, Kansas. New York: 2 vols., 8vo, 472, 711 pp.

The General Orders of the War Department affect and control so vitally the interests of the country as to render their collection a matter of necessity. Messrs. Vincent and Murray have brought to the whole well and accurately printed, and with a full table of contents and index to subjects and names, and lists of Departments and Bureaus, Quartermasters, Paymasters, Quartermasters, Mustering and Disbursing Officers, Commissaries, Judge Advocates, and, in fact, the whole Staff and Line of the Army. To every officer and soldier the concise and complete form of the publication will prove a convenience and peculiarly commend itself to State authorities and their Militia organizations, also, to military companies, claim agents, and departments of Government, and likewise throughout the Union. Bureaus of the War, Letters and others will find their labors of research vastly curtailed by its chronological arrangement and full index.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The military spr, as stated in the enrollment act, is between 20 and 45, and not between 18 and 45, as stated before.

—The regular meeting of the Union Central Committee of this city was held on the 29th ult. A committee was appointed to visit Washington, and endeavor, by all honorable means, to secure to the troops in the field of New York the 24,000 men enlisted to serve one month, and not yet credited to the State.

—The official recapitulation of the public debt up to Aug. 31 shows the total to be $1,089,170,000 or $20,000 more than the previous week's statement. The unpaid requisitions amount to $86,000,000, and the amount in the Treasury over $18,000,000. The debt bearing no interest has been decreased $5,000,000, while that bearing interest in lawful money has been increased $17,000,000, and that bearing interest in coin $4,000,000.

—The Attorney-General having decided that the law of last session concerning the pay of colored troops gives them the same money, clothing, etc., as white soldiers get, orders have been issued to carry out the law and back pay.

—The plasterers of Brooklyn held a mass meeting on the 29th of August, at which it was resolved to charge $3 50 per day for their labor.

—The Valleytrace Base Ball Club of New York played a match with the Keansburg Club of Hoboken, in which *New Jersey* triumphed by 33 to 13. There was much amusement for the spectators.

—A wealthy gentleman in *New Jersey*, a few days since, enlisted as a substitute, a stalwart and gallant Canadian, paying him $800, and expending a considerable sum per day. When they parted the former promised, at the request of his principal, to write at the first opportunity. The gentleman was a little surprised at receiving a letter from his man, dated Quebec, informing him that the money had enabled him to substitute and his wife to set up a corner grocery, and that they were doing well, and that if his return would give him a call he should have a drink gratis.

—The Jersey City *Democrat* says that one day last week three sharks, the largest measuring over five feet in length, were captured in the Hudson river, near Underhill's point, Westchester County. They were of the species called the mackerel shark, monsters that are probably more of the same sort raiding up and down the river, waiting for what they may devour.

—A convention of editors and proprietors of weekly newspapers, in Western and Central New York, was held on Monday in Rochester, which was largely attended. D. D. Barnard, of the *Rural New Yorker*, was called to the chair, and Edgar Parker, of the Geneva Gazette, appointed Secretary. The principal business of the convention was the adoption of a tariff of advertising and other prices suited to the times. A large advance in all departments of advertising was agreed upon, and that of 50 per cent. for job work.

—Last week, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, a number of canoes were observed on the Beaching to New York, and upon their arrival it was found that five had been spiked on the bow or three on either side so as to necessitate the boring of new vents. So well known has this source of annoyance been since the outbreak of the war that it has become essential, for many months, to send a guard on the mail, as the vents every day or canoes shipped eastward from this point, and we presume the trade is still unchecked. So effectually should be spared to ferret out the persons concerned in thus injuring the common cause, and, when discovered, their punishment should be in some degree commensurate with their offence.

Western.—A dispatch from Fort Kearney reports the arrival of Gen. Sully there to look after the Indians. All the agents, stock and coaches of the Overland Stage Company have been collected at the fort for protection. All the white inhabitants as far west as Denver had left the stage at the last stopping-places or posts, the roads swarming with red skins. The road from Fort Kearney to Omaha had been deserted by whites. The Pawnees are said to have agreed with Gen. Curtis to fight our foes. It is the opinion here that the news sent eastward about Indian atrocities has not been exaggerated.

—In consequence of indications pointing to resistance to the draft, Gov. Brough, of Ohio, at first blush, has issued a proclamation warning the people against such a course, and ordering out the seven penalties which will be sure to follow any such rash attempt.

Southern.—Frazier & Rudolph advertise in the Richmond Enquirer that the Rockbridge Alum Springs (Va.) are open for visitors, and that their terms for this season will be $30 per day, payable in the new issue.

—Among the monuments advertised in Southern papers for sale is one of Jefferson Davis, "erected by the inhabitants of Fayetteville, N. C. One hundred dollars in specie is the sum set modestly by a late Union man and that "there is no other way of access to obtain the article, unless they are on search of health, good water, a pure and healing atmosphere, and unsurpassed mountain scenery."

—Mrs. Lucinda Chipman, a planter's widow of New London, Conn., arrived in that place on the 23d inst., from Macon, Ga., where she has resided for the last four years. She confirms the reports of the utter destitution in rebeldom, and says that corn and meal a few days since were selling at $40 a bushel, and that a few weeks thereafter it was impossible to be had. The cost of the cheapest calico dress in this land of cotton is $100 in Confederate money. The hum of and industrious portion of the people are anxious the war may be ended, but the slaveholders and leading men are determined to prosecute it to the bitter end.

—Hon. Pierre Soulé, from the Confederate States, arrived at Havana on the 27th. His business, if of a public nature, is unknown.

Naval.—The final step that terminated the career of the Tennessee was fired by the Monitor Chickamauga, which was under her stern, giving her the full weight of two 11-inch solid shots from her low turret, which damaged the cover of the main turret. The lieutenant sent off with his engineer to realize the position of the vessel, found that the Confederate flag had brought her after turret to bear, one shot from which carried away the tiller chains and, therefore, rendered her unmanageable, while the other, entering the after-gunport, killed one and severely injured others by splinters. Having already lost her smokestack, the rudder chains destroyed, and the fire in her therefore surrendered at once, hauling down her colors to the Chickamauga, which was commanded by Lieut. Commanding

Farragut.—Mr. Courtney Patmore, the poet and author of "The Angel in the House," has recently become a convert to the Roman Catholic religion.

—Alexander S. Johnson, of New York, has been appointed Commissioner, under the treaty of July, 1863, to settle the claims of the Hudson's Bay and Puget Sound Agricultural Company, in place of James S. Dickinson, declined.

—Mr. Fernando Wood made a speech at Dayton, Ohio (Vallandigham's home), on the 24th, in the course of which he said that between 1856 and 1860 every Democratic candidate for the nomination of a Free Constitution, or a Union ticket.

Obituary.—Col. Abel D. Streight, of the 51st Indiana, who is reported killed in the attack on Dalton, Ga., on the 14th inst., was a native of New Lebanon, said through Alabama, was taken prisoner by the rebels, and was confined in Libby prison, Castle Pinckney, Macon, Ga., and Charleston, and reached the North through the exchange.

—The Hon. John Appleton died in Portland, Me., on the 15th inst., at the age of 70. In 1850, was Secretary of Legation when Buchanan was Minister to England, and was also the editor of the *Democratic Review*. At one time he was the owner of the *Eastern Argus*, a Democratic paper in Portland.

—Miss Catherine Sinclair is dead. She was the daughter of John Sinclair, who died in Edinburgh in the year 1860. She was early distinguished as a writer for juvenile and fashionable taste. Her publications were two title volumes for children, called "Holiday House" and "Modern Accounts of Cæsar." In 1836 her first novel appeared, entitled "Modern Accomplishments," followed by "Modern Society." The popularity of these works is evidenced by the fact that in the first year of their issue 20,000 copies were sold. Since then she has written a number of other and equally successful publications, including "Cross Purposes," "Bill and Walley," "The Journal of Lady Lee," "Modern Flirtations," "Modern Marriage," "Modern Flirtations," "Lord and Lady Harcourt," "Lady Mary's Choice," and "Lady Jane Grey." Her life was principally devoted to minister to the multitudes and to relieve the poor. She was also one of the foundation to be erected in the most crowded thoroughfare of the city, and which was to be known as the Sinclair Institute. Many of her books were translated into the various languages of the continent for the readers.

—Dr. Jonathan Knight, an eminent physician, and for many years Professor of Yale College, died at his residence in that city on the 29th ult., aged 78.

—Hon. John Appleton, of Maine, died at his residence in Portland, on the 15th inst., in his seventieth year. August 23, after a protracted illness. He was born in Beverley, Mass., in 1794, graduated at Bowdoin College in 1834, and was admitted to the bar of Maine in 1837. In 1844 he purchased the interest of the late Nathan Hale in the *Argus* as editor, and continued in that connection for about two years. He was appointed Judge of Probate in the county of Cumberland for some time. In 1845 he was appointed by Mr. Polk Secretary of Legation at the then quite recently chief clerk in the State Department. In 1848 he was appointed Minister Resident to the United States to Bolivia, and on his being superseded, after the change of administration, by Mr. Buchanan, he commenced the practice of law in partnership with Judge Fessenden, which he kept up till the breaking out of the Rebellion. He served as a member from the Portland district in the Legislature of 1862-3, and was for a short time under Mr. Buchanan as Secretary of Legation at London. In 1863 he was appointed Minister Resident to the State when Mr. Buchanan was President. He has since been in the enjoyment of private life at Portland.

—Charles Wentworth Dilke, the principal proprietor and editor of the London *Athenæum*, and a literary critic, died on the 26th of August, in the 75th year of his age. He was a native of Sherborne, in the County Dorset, Somerset-house; but from a very early age literature and literary pursuits had been the chief objects of his life, his tendency ultimately led to his becoming proprietor of the *Athenæum* newspaper, which he had subsequently quickly assumed a leading position as a literary journal. In 1846 Charles Dilke had a brother, editor of the *Daily News*, reducing, but without sufficient pecuniary remuneration, to the post of Minister to Greece. Charles Dilke was devoted much time to reading, frequently writing in the columns of the *Athenæum* the reviews and notices from his pen.

Casualties and Offences.—A railroad bridge in North Fairfield, Maine, was struck by lightning and burned on the 24th inst. Also two barns, a corn-house, and a wood-shed were struck by lightning and blown down by the wind.

—Mr. Hiram Hitchcock, N. Miner, of New York, bound for New Orleans, was struck by lightning on the 19th, and instantly killed.

Art, Science and Literature.—Another treasure to the art world has been discovered. A picture by Leonardo da Vinci, of the Madonna and Child, has been found, a short time since, by a soldier who was quartered in a house in the suburbs of Florence, who is a large silver gilder of the most exquisite workmanship.

—Here is a paragraph from the *Athenæum* which should interest many readers: "The Bible of the literary interest has just been secured by the Directors of the Chetham Library, Manchester. It is the Bible of T. Coleridge, painted by the American artist, Washington Allston, considered by Wordsworth and other friends of the poet the most satisfactory likeness they had ever seen of him."

—A new spider has been discovered at the Arctic regions. The body is of a dull yellow, size of a common tarantula, and is banded longitudinally with several small stripes of brown. The legs are long, set back in furnished with a kind of shell, to which there is a corresponding one on the breast, evidently for the seen leaving and again returning after a short stay outside.

Foreign.—In the English mint there were coined last week 34,316 gold coins, amounting to £141,000 sterling, $28,559 florins, $59,320 shillings, 691,000 sixpences, 1,104,000 fourpences, 764,800 threepences, 1,933,000 twopences, 7,720 silver pence, and of copper coins 1,104,000 pence, 11,040,000 halfpence, and 1,104,000 farthings. There have been coined in the last 10 years 37,224,000 sovereigns, 1,000,000 half sovereigns, and 164,662,685 half-pence.

—Lord de Ros, as an English soldier-son, rebating the question of public schools, expressed himself in favor of bringing at the same time (stating that he himself had been taught to read) the classics of the Archbishop of Canterbury, as he thought it had done him good!

—At the Alhori theatre, in Paris, an opera has lately been played which has the strange title of "Orang-outang."

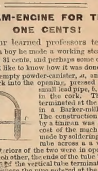
—The Duchess of Beaufort has been elected a Fellow of the Zoological Society of London.

—The English are giving up their idolatry for personal beholden to engineers since the late battles. The Southwestern directors have ordered a glazed circular aperture to be placed in each of their carriages. These apertures, says the *Railway News*, "will be provided with curtains, so as to insure privacy to the passengers, but will, at the same time, in the event of an assault by one individual upon another in a degree of carriage, afford to the occupant of an adjoining compartment the means of identifying the offenders."

—An act of Parliament has been passed in England to abolish all refreshment rooms at 11 A.M. It was put in force lately, and caused quite a sensation in the fashionable world of London. Many a speech ravished was uttered to the highest degree, and left its tail effects on the national health. It seems that the agricultural and manufacturing districts of the north are quite opposed to the abolition of the refreshment rooms. In 1815 of some 23,704,000, England received only 2,000 payments within four years after the termination of the war, and hence a period of prosperity which has scarcely her richest nation of the world.

—The famous Cremorne Gardens of London are no new thing. They have very nearly their counterpart during the period of the Commonwealth. The only thing of any special advantage to us that our working-classes were never in a more prosperous condition. Even the full in Government funds of late, which has so alarmed some timid people, and more than its passage in England, when cereals fell from 107 in 1737 to 41 $\frac{1}{2}$ in 1798, and 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ in 1813, the first latter estimated in depreciated currency. Heavy taxation carried the credit of England through, and still maintains her to her debt. What the country for the balance of power, we, with far greater resources, can stand to bear for similar existence, and with a much better financial lease before us.

A STEAM-ENGINE FOR THIRTY-ONE CENTS!



One of our learned professors tells us that when he was a boy he made a working steam-engine at the expense of 31 cents. Some of our young engineers readers would like to know how it was done.

He took an empty powder-canister, fitted a cork to the aperture, opening, pressed the end of a perforated cork into the small hole in the side of the can. The lead pipe is bought at a hardware store, and is in a Barker-mill engine, a tin conservatory tube. The ball is by a tinman was the principal cost of the machine. It was made by soldering a horizontal shaft, in the middle of a tube, so that the ist core of the tree were in open communication. The tube was open at the ends, and closed. The lower end of the vertical tube terminated in a conical step, and the upper end of the shaft of the vane and was surrounded by low or packed rope, stuffed in steam-tight, and greased. But this device will not survive with little friction. A similar opening was made in the side of each arm of the horizontal tube, and the tube—the holes being in opposite sides. The canister was nearly filled with water before the cork was inserted, and when the water was made to boil by placing a lamp under it, the engine started off at a lively rate.

A mill like this might be made to turn a spit or to grind coffee. A sawmill in the city was running for 30 years by a mill of this form, though constructed, of course, of more substantial materials.

NOTES ON SCIENCE.

Formation of Coral Islands.

M. DE TESSAN, a member of the Academy of Sciences the result of his inspection of coral islands in various parts of the globe as not in harmony with the accepted theory. He says that theory assumes that the polypes which build up the earthy substance of these islands cease to have the power of working when they reach water, and that the subsequent deposit then the waves destroy and wash away the materials. M. de Rochas thinks that the first part of the statement is correct; the second part erroneous. The polypes work and increase above the surface of the water to volcanic agency. "At the bottom of the ocean are upheavals which produce the surface of the water the coral abandoned by the polypes" that is, coral in the state of petrification. The waves, in carrying away the fine sand and fragments which form the upper layer of the coral, leave the solid, and in the waves; and the tides, and the heavy rains which fall on the island has raised it above the surface, remaining in process of consolidation when its inhabitants have long ago, with no accumulation of debris on the surface.

Mystic Pond.

Such is the name given to a lake in the vicinity of Charleston, S. C., which is unusual and quite by coal. Persons employed for procuring for that city a supply of water have discovered that the pond, which is of considerable depth in very pure, containing only four grains of solid matter to the gallon. But this water rests on a denser and much more saline water, containing 69 grains of solid matter to the gallon, and of which of course evaporates vertically, so as to be partially immersed in the lower stratum of water. Consequently all above is concentrated and all below the line of demarcation supplemented by fresh additions. This is the explanation, we are told, why that within the distance of one-fourth of an inch action and no action are marked.

Manufacture of the Voice.

Under the marvels of mechanical ingenuity are included the talking machine which was exhibited at the International Exhibition, there is one now to be seen in Paris which goes by the name of the Automaton Speaker. Hitherto the complexity and delicacy of the mechanism which produces human voice sounds were considered hopelessly beyond human skill to reproduce; nevertheless, Professor Faber, has surmounted the difficulty, and the Parisians are now admiring the figure of a female head, which formed of gutta percha, does not indeed so slightly as a human larynx, but sigh so completely that the deception is complete. It has taken out two whole octaves with the same delicate touch as the keys of a piano. The mechanism which gives to any human voice is said to be of a rather strange kind. Besides the usual mechanical contrivances of speaking machines, there have been other and more delicate ones, for the first of which, we may rely on the reliable Cosmos, the human voice is produced by the human voice of itself, the figure is made to sing any song within the compass of two octaves.

APPEARANCE OF THE SUN FROM THE NORTH POLE.—To a person standing at the north pole, the sun would appear to circumscribe annually about 47 hours without any perceptible variation during its circuit in the meridian, and would be on the first of June at 23 degs. 28 min. above the horizon, a little more than the diameter of the disc above the horizon, the highest point that it ever reaches. From this altitude it would gradually decline in a spiral manner, by a spiral or screw with a very fine thread, and in the course of three months, that is on the first of September, to the horizon, which it reaches on the 23d of September. On the day of the autumnal equinox it would be at its first half hidden below the horizon. It still continues to descend, and on the 23d of October is entirely hidden. It must be borne that in carrying a right twilight around the darkness of the pole. From the horizon it ascends less and lower, this twilight gradually grows lighter till it forms away. On the 20th of October the twilight reaches to within 23 degs. of the zenith, the sunlight on the highest place on the 21st of June, and his annual course is completed.



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—SCENE ON THE FARM OF S. R. PRITCHARD, WHERE SHIELDS FOUGHT STONEWALL JACKSON IN 1862, AND WHERE CROOK WAS DEFEATED IN AUGUST, 1864.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

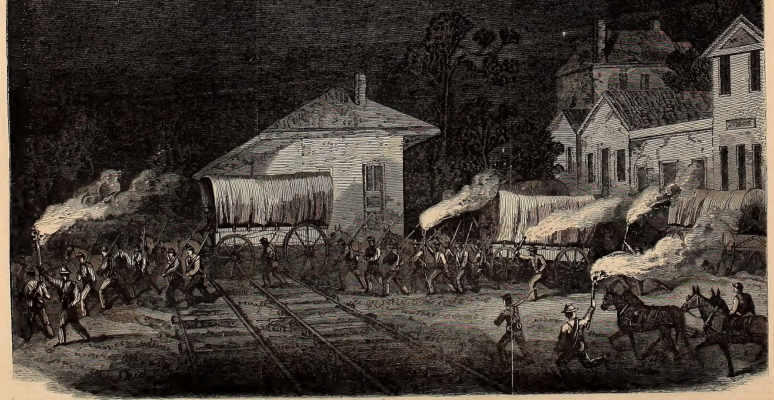
BATTLEFIELD OF WINCHESTER.

THE spot shown in our engraving is one where the contending armies have twice met in battle. Here, two years ago, Shields met Stonewall Jackson, and here but a few weeks since the gallant, devoted and unambitious Col. Mulligan was killed. The place goes by the name of Carrsville, although the designation does not often appear. It is the farm of S. R. Pritchard, and lies three miles from Winchester.

In the rear, surrounded by oak trees, are a church and schoolhouse. Here and in the more distant woods the rebels lay. Our men were posted behind the clapboard fences in the foreground and behind the ruinous stone wall. At the walnut tree on the left Col. Mulligan fell, pierced by three balls while rallying his men.

WAGON TRAIN PASSING RESACA BY TORCHLIGHT.

No General probably ever attempted a task like Sherman's, so far removed from the base of his operations. The line of railroad is so precarious a dependence that we can well understand the present attempt of the rebel Wheeler to save Atlanta, and perhaps destroy Sherman, by demolishing the road to Chattanooga, burning bridges, blocking up tunnels, &c. The supplies are forwarded to Sherman under great danger, and the advantage is taken of the darkest nights. Our Artist shows a scene which would be interesting from its picturesque beauty, did not its importance invest it with an interest of a far deeper character. A wagon train is passing through the now battle-famous Resaca, guided in the darkness by the light of torches.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—WAGON TRAIN PASSING RESACA AT NIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. HILLEN.

ORPHEUS;

Or, the Birth of Song.

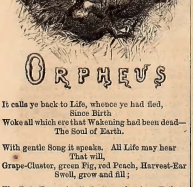
BY ROSENBERG.

The blue Hills danced with Joy, and the ribbed Leaves
Of the broad Chestnuts quivered—the lithe Palms,
Bending their Whiplike Stems in the glad Air,
As golden Grain in a Sun-ripened Field,
Swept over by the swimming Evening Breeze,
Answers its toying Breath. All Nature throbbed
Through its quick Pulse, responsive to the Touch
That first awoke the Lyre, calling out Song,
Freshborn and joyous from its quivering Wires—
New Threads on which great Thoughts and Dreams were strung
Into the Web of the young Melody.

Wheeling through the blue Breadth of cloudless Heaven,—
The delicate Birds swept nearer; in the Grass
The crouching Panther slecked its speckled Hide,
With rasping Tongue, and quenched its fire-lit Eyes
Beneath a strange Delight; beside it moved,
In many Coils, the pied and glittering Snake,
Glancing, a living Rainbow in the Gladness
Of its awakened Hearing; while the Doe
Forgot to browse, as on its gentle Ear
The unwonted Music rippled. Beast and Flower,
Reptile and Bird, and Tree, and Cloud, and Earth,
Ocean and Stream, woke to the first-born Song:

"Ere Music spake to ye, how chill and dark
Was Earth;
How Coarseness and Pollution stamped their Mark
On mortal Mirth.

God gave the Lyre. He bade me wake its Voice.
I heard,
And strike it. Let all worldly Things rejoice—
Beast, Herb and Bird.



ORPHEUS

It calls ye back to Life, whence ye had fled,
Since Birth
Woke all which ere that Wakening had been dead—
The Soul of Earth.

With gentle Song it speaks. All Life may hear
That will,
Grape-Cluster, green Fig, red Peach, Harvest-Ear
Swell, grow and fill;

The Date Tree raise its fruits—a luscious Hail—
On Earth;
Sun-rounded Melons from that Sun inhale
Their juicy Worth";

The Lion crouches by the Lamb's white side,
Subdued;
While the fierce Tiger's black and tawny Pride
Bathes not in Blood;

The Serpent weaves in long and swimming Rings
Its Girth;
Near it, the gray Dove's plumed and fluttering Wings
Fan Grass and Earth;

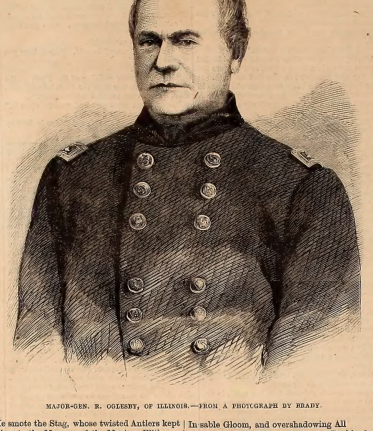
The Eagle seeks the Thrush, and learns to build
Its Nest,
Where Sunshine's mellow Flashes light and gild
Its speckled Breast;

The Hand of Man no more shall stain with Red
The Earth,
Whose Fruits and living Things with him were wed
By God from Birth.

God gave them all to him, to bloom and grow
In Love.
Love is the Spell of Joy with all below
And all above.

Then let him hail all Things, this side of Death,
With Mirth,
And twine from yearning Life, Love's gentle Wreath
Round all on Earth."

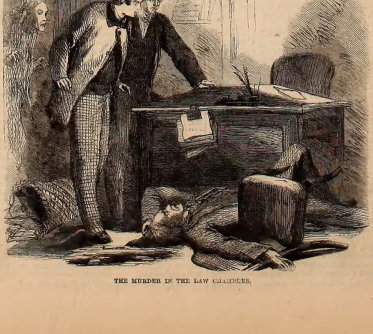
Scarcely the Song's extatic Voice died out
Than Man awoke. Shaking his Locks abroad,
He seemed to woo a fiercer Melody
Than that which crisped along his curling Hair
A few brief Moments since. Lifting his Spear,



MAJOR-GEN. R. COLESBY, OF ILLINOIS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

He smote the Stag, whose twisted Antlers kept
Time to the Memory of the Music. With
The Blow roused all which dreamed.
The Leopard's Spots
Glanced through the Sunshine-dappled Green-wood Shade,
As with a vigorous and a sudden Bound
He sprung upon the Lamb. Scarce were his Teeth
Fleshed in its Nock, than on his spotted Hide
Fell the fierce Lion's Paw—with broken Back,
But Jaws fast clinched, he writhed. Then, swift as light,
The Boa loosened from its scaly Rings,
And shot around the mighty Brute a Coil
More mighty still. While his Bones crunched and crackled,
And crunched again beneath its lapping Strength,
Forth from his riven Mouth a Roar of Pain
Burst, Shrieklike. On the Dove the Eagle stooped,
Rending its pale gray Plumes with iron Beak
And dappling them with Blood. And then the Wind,
Smiting the Trees together, as in Sport,
Wrenched from the Sward their lusty timbered Limbs
And tore them from each other. On its Wings
Came the swart Cloud and Tempest, lapping Earth
In sable Gloom, and overshadowing All
That walked on Earth—Peal upon Peal brake forth
The Thunder, while the arrowy Lightning leapt
Out of its whilom Bondage, as it smote
Him who had slain the Deer.
When Orpheus saw
What chanced, in a white Agony he raised
His face to question God.
Then the Storm ceased.
Beasts sought their Caverns—the undying Sun
Bathed Earth in living Light. In answering Joy,
Earth veiled the uprooted Trees with a green Cloak
Of Grass and Ivy—from the Lightning-slain
The rotting Flesh sank Shricelike, till it grew
A Screen of Wild Flowers round the whitening Bones.

And even as he gazed, he saw that Life
Is twofold. Strife, and Love, and Joy, and Pain,
The new-born Agony and young Delight
Are each Necessities. Without the One,
The Other were not Gladness. On his Lips
All Question died. As the Sun called out Life
From Death, Belief learned that in Error lies



THE MURDER IN THE LAW CHAMBERS.

The appointed Death to Knowledge. Then he struck
His Lyre to a new Prayer, the Prayer of Faith—
Faith in the Eternal Will—a Faith that All
Is as it is, because the Hand of God
Hath made it, Storm and Sunshine, Love and Pain,
Each to draw Life from Each—Each Joy from Each—
Each one small part of the completed Whole.

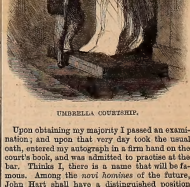
THE BROKEN BOND.

CHAPTER I.

At the time the event transpired with which my story introduces itself I was an "Attorney at Law" of one week's standing and repute. And if any of my readers have ever known by personal experience what it is to occupy such a position at the bar, and in the world, they can adequately appreciate the dignity and consequence of the individual who stood in my patent leathers at that epoch. Vicious of the bench were never secondary to that of the Supreme Court of the United States, with the seal of the Chief Justice in the foreground; while in the quary interim were outlines of scenes in the State Legislature, the Congress, and especially the Senate of the United States, in which my form, matured by years and portly development, constituted an imposing feature, and my eloquence had made eminent my name. That name is not particularly impressive itself. It is simply John Hart. My readers are aware that there has been no Chief-Justice Hart of the United States hitherto; consequently I have not yet achieved that distinction.

I had survived by one week the period of my noviciate as a student in the office of Philip Fledwell, Esq., attorney at law, in a seaport town of one of our Atlantic States. For reasons which will be appreciated in the perusal of this narrative, I decline to be more explicit.

I went to Mr. Fledwell from an humble home. My mother was a widow, and could do little towards setting me up in the world; but she had the acquaintance of several members of the bar, and amongst the members Mr. Fledwell favorably considered her desire that I should "be a lawyer."



UMBRELLA COURTSHIP.

Upon obtaining my majority I passed an examination; and upon that very day took the usual oath, entered my autograph in a firm hand on the court's book, and was admitted to practise at the bar. Thinks I, there is a name that will be famous. Among the *novi homines* of the future, John Hart shall have a distinguished position upon the scroll of fame. True, the prediction has yet to be fulfilled.

Upon the evening of that day Mr. Fledwell astonished me by proposing that I should become at once a member of the firm, to be known hereafter as Fledwell & Hart. Here was proof that I was useful and appreciated; and Mr. Fledwell, who was a bachelor of forty-five, had determined that I should have no time to grow dissatisfied in an inferior position while looking out for myself. True, the partnership was only a small per centage of a fair income for the first five years. But the offer was an exceedingly liberal one, as it extended into the future, "with the contingency, you know," said Mr. Fledwell, "of the whole business, in the ordinary course of nature—what do you say?"

I did not like to throw myself into his arms, because I knew that would be unprofessional; and, therefore, I only accepted the proposition at once, with very sincere thanks, in the expression of which I thought I was sufficiently careful not to be too demonstrative.

"That will do—that will do," said Mr. Fledwell. "You needn't think you get it for nothing. We must both work hard, as usual; but hereafter I shall give you a considerably larger share of the burden than you have had hitherto. I shall work my way as a pioneer for you; perhaps more directly and diligently into the civil courts, and the district and circuit courts of the United States. The criminal business will, in a few years, devolve almost exclusively upon you."

"I am agreed, sir."

"You will prepare to make your *debut* in the case of Charley Weller. You will conduct the preliminary examination for the defence, and follow the attorney-general, with an opening before the jury."

"Thank you, sir."

The interview closed, and I went to my boarding-house that night with an overwhelming sense of my coming greatness. One thought alone sad dened me—it was not in my mother's home. How glad she would have been with such a consummation of her hopes and pride, for consummation it seemed to me. But, alas! she had been two years in her grave.

Something callow, I think my reader esteems my professional condition. True, but there are callow birds which snap their bills at an intruding hand; and I tell you what, I felt ready for and equal to a contest with anybody—sharp as a steel trap. Did not you, Mr. Attorney-General, on your summation day?

A week had passed away. The "shingle" at our office door already bore the names of Hedwell & Hart, and the day was brought to a close in which a crowded court-house, jury, bar and bench had heard my maiden speech in the case of the State vs. Charles Weller. It was a troublesome affair. A man had died in prison, in which a policeman had been killed. It had occurred near election time. Several shots had been fired, one of which passed through the officer's lungs. Death ensued in about three hours. In the deposition, taken in articulo mortis, the officer stated that he identified Weller as the murderer, after he heard he was identified in the deposition. Mr. Pledwell followed with an able argument, relying mainly upon the testimony of the officer, hoping to reduce it from murder in the second degree to manslaughter, or simple riot; and notwithstanding the effort of the attorney-general, who was instigated possibly by some political feeling, to press conviction for the higher offence, the jury, in the absence of direct proof of murder, would find only for riot. It was a compromise verdict, and Weller got eighteen months in jail, with which he expressed himself "satisfied." He escaped the penitentiary; "That," said he, "was the winning move."

CHAPTER II.

THE trial had not closed till six o'clock in the evening. It was on the 29th of November—as I have had reason to remember ever since. The prisoner was at once removed from the court-house to the jail. The crowd had dispersed, and gathering up my law books and papers, Mr. Pledwell and myself were about the last to leave the building. The streets in the immediate vicinity of the court-house were not much frequented after dark, and that in which our office was situated was quite retired. It is desirable that the reader should distinctly understand the locality. From the street there was a "blind court" receding to the depth of about sixty feet. The houses in this court, and at the small street from which it receded, were almost entirely occupied as lawyers', conveyancers' and notaries' offices, assimilating with the legal profession. These houses had been expressly built for offices, and they all had double entries—that is to say, a door right and left at an angle of forty-five degrees with the front, and a flight of stairs between them leading to the apartments above.

As Mr. Pledwell and myself approached the entrance to the court, I first became sensible of the front one of the offices (which must have light from one of the windows in the wall of the court) being reflected from the wall of the court into the street by its sudden extinguishment. Mr. Pledwell, it seems, had not noticed it, and I said nothing about it, for I supposed that it was some member of the profession who was just leaving his office. Upon turning into the court we both heard a door rather quietly but quickly closed, and a man of middle height, clad in a pulled-in, and a sort of double-breasted, shaped large heavy coat and slouched hat, stepped sharply past us in the gloom, whether from our office or from one of the two lower ones, as he could not have descended the stairs after shutting the door. He had something under his arm; but what it was in the very obscure or rather dark state of the locality I could not make out; and indeed scarcely thought about it until afterwards. It had the shape of a large book. He was plunging past us at a pace when Mr. Pledwell called out:

"Hello, my friend, do you want to see anybody about here?"

"Ohno, oh no," was somewhat gruffly answered, and in an instant he turned the corner, in the direction we had come, and we heard his rapid footsteps receding along the street. I thought they were quickening into a run.

"That fellow has been after no good," said Mr. Pledwell. Bookstealing, or pinching any of mine in the offices. Well, he can't have got anything of value from us. But I believe I left my door unfastened as usual, when I returned to court after dinner." And upon trying it we found it only latched and walked in.

I felt out the matchbox on the table and took a match from it at the same time felt it was the only one. Upon pulling it on the sandpaper it gave a partial gleam and flickered out, possibly from the effects of a damp atmosphere, as I extended my hand towards the gasburner, with which it came in contact.

It was but.

"The burner is hot, Mr. Pledwell," I exclaimed.

"Impossible!"

I felt it again.

"It would burn my hand to hold it."

"Then that rascal has been in here."

"There is something slippery under my foot," I said.

"Slippery—why, what can it be? Here, I have a match in my cigar case." And Mr. Pledwell handed it to me. In fingering it between us it fell to the floor. I stooped to recover it, and put my hand at once into a puddle of something—it was warm—I was sure it was blood, and my own curdled at the thought.

"Mr. Pledwell," I exclaimed, "as sure as I live there is blood on the floor."

"Nonsense, boy; your imagination is fooling you."

"See if you have another match."

A heavy groan, or rather a sound which blended a groan and sigh, came from, as if it were the last expiring gush of life, startled us both. It came from the other side of the desk which was in the corner of the room, and was accompanied with a slight movement. I involuntarily stepped towards the door.

"Good God! what can that be?" ejaculated Mr. Pledwell.

I confess that my tongue was silent. I do not think I could by any effort have spoken a word, and there came over me an unpleasant sense of declining greatness.

"Will you strike from the room? Speak!" demanded Mr. Pledwell.

The silence of death was around us.

"It is not another match about me," said Mr. Hart.

"I have—no one and yet a light—I will remain here—you had something with you."

I could have blessed him for the temporary emancipation from that horror, while I bounded in a nerve and sinew way, and succeeded him to sustain that fearful agony of suspense alone. Experience is a wonderful teacher, though. I could tell it easy enough now.

I stepped from the door, and was just about to make a dash at a high rate of speed for some where, when the old, quiet-footed janitor of the court, whose business it was to close shutters and look offices of unlet people, came round the corner with his lantern in his hand. I seized him by the arm and hustled him towards our office.

"Why, what's the matter, sir?" he exclaimed, the frightened old man, hurrying back as from a murderer.

"It is I, Mr. Hart. Mr. Pledwell is in the office—there is something wrong there."

And as I had frightened him too much to get him to go once more, I snatched the lantern from his hand and bade him follow me. Upon entering the office I removed the candle from the lantern, and at once perceived a human form upon the floor, but on lighting the gas a frightful scene of blood and horror discovered itself. Mr. Pledwell was dead—full length, as it proved, entirely dead, the body of a good-sized, middle-aged man, his head and face all but severed from the neck, seemed to be still flowing from some wound which did not immediately appear. There was blood under and all around the body, and from whence the wound, doubtless when first inflicted, over the office table, staining books and papers upon it.

I had frightened the old frightened janitor, who seemed unwilling to come within the door, to go for a physician.

"Doctor Munson is in the next square," he said.

"It is not much use," he added, as the old man left, and after having felt the pulse and heart of Mr. Pledwell, exclaimed, "the man is dead, and he has certainly died since we have been in the room; but that fellow we met had not murdered him. But that fellow we met! I am very glad we came together, Hart, or one of us might have had a troublesome time. Providential evidence! Very providential. It is very strange. Look, what have we here, my friend?" he exclaimed, as I had moved from the table.

It was a knife, after the Bowie pattern, but with a blade only of about five inches. I stooped with a handkerchief.

"Don't touch it, Hart. Let it lie just as it is. Better to let the coroner and jury see it exactly as we found it, and even the body, as the man is dead."

In a few minutes Dr. Munson came in, and at a glance confirmed the fact that life was extinct. He put his finger to the pulse, and remarked that no further examination was necessary, and that the coroner and his jury and a crowd had collected without, and presently Mr. Pledwell's colored servant thrust his way through them, and was instantly turned off for the coroner. That functionary appeared with a jury in a short time, and an investigation proceeded.

The body was laid straight upon the floor and the blood washed from the face. No wound was found on it, and the doctor substituted the deceased, but had scarcely entered the question when he himself exclaimed:

"Why it is Ruffin—John Ruffin!"

Most of the jury recognised him also, and so did I and Mr. Pledwell. Upon the face of the dead body was a sardonic smile.

The affair was settled at once. Mr. Pledwell had, in fact, transacted some business for him at a former period.

John Ruffin had been a carpenter, and was, in his younger days, an active political worker of his party—many a time I coupled his name with party matters in my way; and never having prospered, withal, in his way; and never having had a taste for liquor, he had saved his share of the "spoils of office" as "drippings," while his companions had spent theirs. He was, at the time of his death, perhaps, forty-five years old, and had been, as it turned out, in real and personal property, between seven and eight thousand dollars.

Mr. Pledwell and myself were first examined, and stated what is already known to the reader. Then followed the janitor, who confessed that I had frightened him he thought his hour had come. He had not recognise my voice, and he thought it was a man "as big as two of Mr. Hart."

Dr. Munson had examined the body, found the wound and probed it. It was on the right side of the neck, an inch broad and about four inches deep, severing the carotid artery and jugular vein. The man could scarcely have lived three minutes after such a wound. The coroner then proceeded to search the pockets of the deceased, and found a pocketbook containing sundry papers and about twenty dollars in notes, a purse with some specie in gold and silver, a watch, a pocketknife and other unimportant trifles. No clue here. The man did not seem to have been robbed.

"What's this bit of paper upon your table, Mr. Pledwell?" asked the coroner, taking up a piece of rather dark-shaded foolscap. "Do you know anything of it?"

Mr. Pledwell examined it.

"It is none of mine," he said. "Hart, have you seen it before?"

I looked at it.

"No, sir; I know nothing of it. I put all the stationery there was upon the table into my portfolio, when I went to court this morning."

"Read aloud what you find written upon it," said the coroner.

It was a wretched scrawl, and evidently done by an uneducated person.

"Mr. pledwel we want you to fix some pages (papers supposed) for us about some property such we at present cannot do."

And there it stopped. What could this mean? Who constituted the "we?" What had interested the unfortunate man? Had the man been struck at that moment, or had a quarrel ensued? The paper looked like a note which seemed to contemplate an appointment to meet us at another time, probably in the morning. There was part of a watermark on the paper, and it had a peculiar fine smell. That was the only thing that had the quality of a clue, but how vague! The upshot of the evening's inquiry was, that the body was given up to the family residence, and after eliciting all the testimony possible, the inquest was adjourned to the following day.

Upon the following day it was ascertained that Ruffin left home on the preceding day, after dinner, alone. He was in a store during the afternoon, and he was seen just before dark by an acquaintance, who stopped and spoke with him a minute or two. Nothing was elicited which in the slightest degree seemed to associate him with any particular transaction or person. He had in his hand a piece of paper was his, and the knife lying on the table was also his. These facts were established conclusively. But no trace obtained to any one with whom he was about to exchange property, nor was it known, even by his family, that he had contemplated any such act. And so there remained no clue to the assassin. And the jury rendered a verdict that the deceased came to his death by a wound inflicted by some person unknown. And thus the affair was laid away from the public view, wrapped up in an impenetrable mystery.

CHAPTER III.

I THOUGHT the remark of Mr. Pledwell, that if we had not happened to enter the office and discover the murder together, one of us might have been the victim, in a case of circumstantial evidence, quite unreasonable at the time it was made; but to my unconscious astonishment and mortification, a few months after the murder, I overheard a remark, to the effect that "old Pledwell knew more about Jack Ruffin's death than he let on," in a room between a couple of low fellows standing within the court-house, and I could not deign to notice it. Mr. Pledwell purchased a small piece of property some time after that, and there came an anonymous letter, asking whether that was bought with the poor Jack Ruffin money? I was annoyed as I was by these things, Mr. Pledwell's conduct was pure as the driven snow. He certainly did not well look no notice of them. He certainly did not affect unconcern. I was sure it was genuine. He actually laughed at it, and said he expected it.

"But," said he, "scandal must shut its mouth when I die. My affairs are settled, and the administration establishes the personal and real estate all the intact. Do you know, Hart, a friend told me the other day, that he had actually heard a surmise that Haflin had come to my office with a large amount of money, which might have been secreted by a lawyer now who had worked pretty hard all his life in the defence of scoundrels who couldn't pay?"

"It is not possible," I said.

"It is true, no doubt."

"But you have not did not reach Mr. Pledwell alone. It eventually reached, and, of course, affected me, as it did not him, for I was young and sensitive. One day, in my boarding-house, the affair came up, as it occasionally would, when some general remarks upon lawyers drew forth a remark from the unguarded declaration that there was none of them to be trusted. Two or three students were present there, but none were present; and I am not certain that she saw me when she spoke.

"What is that, Mrs. Hilson?" I asked.

She turned upon me with a flush upon her face, but I could not define it or its cause.

"Oh, nothing," she said.

"But," said I, "if I did not misunderstand you, it is something—something to me. I heard you speak of lawyers, and thought you said none of them was to be trusted."

"And what if I did?"

"If you did, you insulted me without cause."

"If the cap fits, you can wear it."

I could scarcely conceive to know what I owed her, as I paid monthly.

"It will be half a month to-morrow."

She paid the amount and turned from the dining-room to the hall for my hat.

"Mr. Hart, don't be foolish about it."

"I will send for my trunks this evening, Mrs. Hilson."

"And do you mean to say you are going for good?"

"I am."

"Very well. Then you may just give my compliments to Mr. Pledwell and tell him there's people in this house who think that he has had a hand in Haflin's property, if he didn't have one in his killing, too."

I was fearfully exasperated by this taunt, and trembled with passion. Had it come from a man I should have throttled him on the spot. But I was from a foolish and ignorant woman. I summoned, however, that she was influenced by the opinions of others in the house, and that I might have been spoken of as obnoxious to their vulgar suspicions and delicate sensibilities. I would not degrade myself even by a reply. I heard the next day that she had lost all her law-students, one of whom followed me; and the journals of the profession incontinently tabooed her house from that time forth.

CHAPTER IV.

IN my new boarding-house I was very pleasantly situated. It was recommended to me by an experienced friend, who was just going to be had found her widow who conducted it a very kind, motherly sort of person, and one more likely to be imposed upon than to impose upon others. He had the audacity to bid me beware of my heart, as she was still young. Young, forsooth! She was scarcely less than five-and-thirty. Yet I confess that she was still blooming, pretty and attractive. So much for my new landlady. But next to this I find delighted the household in the nicely furnished parlor, with music and song at the piano? What a charming epitome of all that a neat practised novelist gets up of female loveliness and grace!

"Oh! That is a digressive ejaculation. Somebody has been looking over my shoulder and is pinching me cruelly, but I will have my say."

Yes, I repeat it, "loveliness and grace!" There was no pretence, no show, no affectation. She had quietly taken a seat at the instrument in compliance with a common request of several ladies, and her sweet voice was a solace, indeed, to many of us after the heat and burden of the day.

"Who is she?" I inquired of a gentleman seated next to me.

"It is Clara Lyne."

"Mrs. Lyne's mother?"

Mrs. Lyne was the landlady.

"Mrs. Lyne's daughter."

"Where?" A gentle whistled, in thought; "mother and daughter may be rivals some day."

In my second week the time I entered Mrs. Lyne's house I was diplomatically lost. Clara's brown eyes and brown hair, and her pretty, loving ways, had completely won my heart. And I had reason to believe that there were others in the house who were in the same predicament with myself. I determined to take the advance, if possible, and spare no effort to compass an opportunity. I was not without hope. I flattered myself that lovely eyes had occasionally loitered a moment with tenderness under my own. Oh, if I were only loved, my cup of earthly happiness would be complete. The suspense soon became intolerable; but I was constantly baffled in frequent attempts to achieve a tête-à-tête with the fair object. I met her in the street, and at the very moment that a threatening shower was hurrying her homewards. By chance, of course I had brought my umbrella and she had none. My offer of shelter was accepted, and before we got to the house I had told her that I loved her and how dearly. Would she not give me a word of hope? No answer. I had pulled the bell, and she darted up into my face, with her eyes swimming in tears.

"Do not press me for a reply, Mr. Hart; I am very wretched, young as I am."

She escaped, and she passed in from my sight. I proceeded to my office.

Something was accomplished. She knew that I loved her, and her manner towards me was unchanged. Unchanged? Not entirely. There was a tenderness about it, I thought, when we were alone, and I was not at a loss to construe them. Still it was difficult as ever to make an opportunity to be myself alone. One evening, at the piano, I was just able to say:

"May I write to you?"

"Could mamma; she will explain. I cannot tell you," she said.

And again the tears flooded those sweet brown eyes—" sweetest eyes were ever seen."

I lost no time in securing a private interview with Mrs. Lyne. I met her on the stairs as I left the room to seek her.

"Will you oblige me, with a few moments, Mrs. Lyne?"

"Certainly," in her quiet ladylike way, and we passed downstairs into her own little back parlor or sitting-room.

"I must take care that no mistake occurs," she said, as we entered, and I saw that she had thought I; "such things have been known to occur, and become a proposal for her daughter into one for herself."

The reader will see how effectually I guarded against such an accident, quite a possible one, I thought, as I looked steadily into her face and saw there distinctly the mature original of Clara's beauty.

"Mrs. Lyne, I love your daughter."

She did not start nor make any exclamation about it whatsoever. She sighed perceptibly.

"I am sorry for it, Mr. Hart," she said, rather sadly, I thought.

"Sorry, Mrs. Lyne. If you will give her to me I will devote my life to her happiness."

"I believe you, Mr. Hart, but it cannot be. If you love her much, as you do perhaps, I shall make you very sad by telling you that she is engaged."

"Engaged!" I all but shrieked.

"Hush! Not so loud. I prefer that nothing of this should be known in the house."

"But Mrs. Lyne, you surely have made a mistake;" no, her manner when I spoke to her first; I mused abstractedly.

"You have spoken to her then, Mr. Hart?"

"Yes, ma'am, I have. And moreover, I believe that your daughter is not altogether indifferent to my regard."

"Then I am sorry for her also, Mr. Hart."

"But to whom is she engaged, Mrs. Lyne?"

"Well, I cannot mention that at present. I think there would be—no impropriety—"

And Mrs. Lyne seemed to be communing with herself. I noticed also that there was a sort of hesitancy and pre-occupied manner, as if she was not exactly satisfied with something; it was like that of one not satisfied with himself. She stepped to the door, and calling the little colored waiter, sent him to Miss Clara with a message, that her mother wanted her in the little parlor. As soon as the dear girl came in and saw us together, she turned pale, and sank into a chair. Her mother went to her, sat by her side, and drew her fondly towards her.

"My darling, you must not give way to your feelings so."

"Mama, I do not give way to my feelings; I am not very well this evening."

"I sent for you, because I have made up my mind to consult Mr. Hart upon a subject which seems to be more and more distressing to you and me every day."

There was no response but a sigh, almost a sob. I was perplexed. Here was some mystery which I could not comprehend.

"Mr. Hart has told me that he loves you, and he thinks that he is not indifferent to you." The sweet face was turned more earnestly from my gaze, and quite hidden now, while the profusion of brown hair was radiant with lustre under the gleam of the gas. I have told him, my child, that you are engaged—"

Clara drew herself quickly from her mother's embrace, turned towards the door, and as I then believed and afterwards learned to be the fact, left the room in a flood of tears which would not be repressed.

When she was gone I thought Mrs. Lyne was a little overwrought. She also rallied at once.

"Mr. Hart," she said, "to tell you the truth I have suspected that Clara had cherished a regard for you, which, under the circumstances, she ought not to have done. But, of course, feeling a great respect for you myself, I could not blame Clara. And as you are in the legal profession, I made up my mind, if anything came of your partiality for each other, to consult you about the circumstances of the case. I refer, for poor Clara is, I see, the real sufferer in the case. I am sure you will keep my counsel."

"Not professionally, merely, Mrs. Lyne, but upon my sacred honor."

"After the death of Captain Lyne, who sailed several years out of this port, I became very much straightened. Indeed, bad arrangement of the little property he left reduced me to poverty, and although I had succeeded in pretty well completing Clara's education, I found myself with her, at sixteen years of age, almost penniless. At this time Captain Wraxall, of the ship Warlock, was in the city. He had sailed with my husband as mate, and was now one out in a friendly way, seemed very much affected by my condition, and anxious to help me. He called again, and met Clara, to whom he was much struck; and there after, frequently spent an hour or two with us. To make a short story of it, Mr. Hart, he finally proposed to take this house for me, to furnish it, and to place me in it as its mistress, that I might open it as a boarding-house of a superior class. That I might be foreh anded while was absent, he also proposed to place five hundred dollars in bank, subject to my demand. This proposition seemed to me exceedingly kind, if disinterested; and I may confess to you, Mr. Hart, that upon thinking of it myself, I—" and Mrs. Lyne's color heightened—" well, I was a widow, and he, I suppose, a year or two older than myself."

"And I really am unconscious of his choice."

"I did not like the idea of being bought in this way, nor had I any predilection for Captain Wraxall. My husband had spoken of him as an impulsive and sometimes a passionate man, but with many excellent qualities. Nevertheless, I cannot tell what I might have done, pressed with the bitterness of my condition. But that test was not presented to me. Captain Wraxall told me that he loved Clara to desperation, and that his purpose in providing as he proposed to do was, that we both might have a comfortable home while he was away; and that on his return he would, with my consent, marry my daughter. I was very much amazed, but avoided the slightest exhibition of feeling. I told him that I would take time to consider, and consult my child."

"And she—"

"She was young, heart-whole, and, a sort of pet of Captain Wraxall's, who had already loaded her with presents, did not seem to revolt at the proposition, certainly. He is rather a fine-looking man, and by no means unlikely to command the regard of even a young girl. Clara said, frankly, that as she was free, she could honestly accept the proposition, though she did not love him at all then, she might in two years. But it would put poverty away from her mama, she said, and would cost her nothing. Poor child, she had no idea of the bondage she incurred, not from any unkindness on the part of Captain Wraxall, however."

"And the agreement was made?"

"I told Captain Wraxall that Clara consented, and he immediately took the house, furnished it as you see, even with a piano for Clara, and I must admit he was very considerate to her while he remained, saying that he should put off his courting till his return. He boarded with us, of course, the whole time he was in—before his departure, saying that he should see us "under weigh;" and he also brought to the house, his chief mate, Mr. Tom Warren, who lived here until the Warlock went to sea, and a more agreeable, generous, open-hearted man I never knew."

"That's warm praise for Mr. Tom Warren," thinks I, but I was more interested in the bond which Wraxall might have secured. I was anxious to be at it as a lawyer, and tear it all to pieces.

"Captain Wraxall, on the day before he sailed, came into this room and said he was prepared to close the agreement. He took from his pocket a paper of which I could see you a copy."

And Mrs. Lyne ran upstairs, and brought down and handed to me a paper, on which I read the following:

I agree to marry Clara Lyne, as soon after my return from the voyage I am now about to make as she shall appoint.

(Signed) HENRY WRAXALL,
Master of ship Warlock.

November 28, 18—.

I agree that my daughter, Clara Lyne, shall marry Henry Wraxall, Master of the ship Warlock, wherever she chooses, after his return from the voyage he is about to make.

(Signed) HARRIET LYNE.
(Witness) CLARA LYNE.

November 28, 18—.

I agree to marry Henry Wraxall, Master of the ship Warlock, after his return from the voyage he is about to make, and to appoint a day for my wedding with him, within three months after his return aforesaid.

(Signed) CLARA LYNE.
(Witness) HARRIET LYNE.

November 28, 18—.

I scanned this document—or documents rather—with professional scrutiny, determined, if possible, to find a flaw in them, that would set aside entirely they had not been prepared by a lawyer. The only sign of a lawyer's hand was in that word "aforesaid;" but my friend Wraxall was a man would use just awkwardly as it was used here, such a phrase as that. I could find no chance for a case exactly as Mrs. Lyne and Clara's mother, and Clara's to her mother's. There was method in all this, truly.

"Sharp fellow, that Wraxall, Mrs. Lyne."

"I suppose it is all right, Mr. Hart?"

"This copy, you made, did you?"

"No, sir; that is Clara's writing."

"A very beautiful hand of write' it is. The original was in Wraxall's hand, eh?"

"Every word but our signatures."

"And he kept it?"

"He took it away with him that day after dinner, and never came back. His ship was all ready to sail on the next day after the signing. He left that very night. Tom Warren came up from the ship in a carriage, for some clothes, and to bid us good-by, after he had gone on board, and hurried back as fast as possible."

I was now quite clear in thinking about a white period word from Tom to her alone in that very room that memorable night, nor a kiss she did not countenance. Well, I thought, the case was so far away, and so long a time—there could be no harm in that—dear Tom.

"Mrs. Lyne," I said, with much word by word, and was sensible of an unpleasant impression in the person of them for which I could not account. I had almost said that the matter had passed from under my observation at some time before; that I had participated in it, in some prior existence, a delusion and to arise from the duality of the structure of the brain. But such illusions are gone in an instant—this remained. I see! I see! It was that same Tom Warren, Mrs. Lyne's mate. How strangely it affected me. And so discovering the cause, the effect at once passed away.

"Mrs. Lyne," I said, "I told you all this," the widow resumed, "that I might feel free to say something about Tom. Very soon after Captain Wraxall had left I began to find out that Clara had been placed in a peculiarly embarrassing position. Tom engaged constantly at her, and it was very natural that she should take pleasure in their society; but, of course, she was under restraint; and though I had no idea of the cause of conduct which has reduced itself almost to a perfect system, by which we have pretty successfully managed to prevent unnecessarily long night off declarations, until you managed to make yours. But Clara has suffered much privation in some social enjoyment, having steadily refused every invitation to attend places of amusement, or of visiting, on account of her engagement to the particular attention of young men. You know now, all the facts, and how we are situated. I can find out nothing about the young gentleman from us I shall not complain, and the agreement will be fulfilled when Captain Wraxall returns, as I can find out is ought to be."

Is there any young lawyer in the world who would have thrown up such a case? If so it was not Mr. Hart.

"Why, madam," said I, "the thing is as simple as anything. If you will permit me to say the case, I will bring you out in all honor, and with flying colors. But, I have another question or two. In what manner did this Wraxall make the transfer of the property to you?"

"Ah, I forgot to tell you that. After Clara and I had signed the bond—a memorandum, as the captain called it—he asked my daughter to retire a few minutes. As soon as she had left the room he returned to me and said: 'Mrs. Lyne, here are the bills, receipted, for all the property in this house. I place them in your hands, and so fulfil my part of the agreement, in advance. The property is now yours.'"

"And he had sent Clara out of the room, first, eh? The artful dodger! The bills are, of course, made out in his name?"

"All of them."

"I surmised as much. And did you purchase any of the articles yourself?"

"Only in my company. I went at his suggestion to select carpets, and indeed a good portion of the furniture; but the bills were always made out in his name. I dare say people took us for a newly married couple, very often."

"Mrs. Lyne," I said, "this whole matter is a contemptible bit of trickery, to secure your precious treasure of a daughter, as his wife. He has taken care to get all the security on his own side."

"Oh, no, Mr. Hart, I have his bills, and the gift of the property."

"It's not worth that," snapping my fingers. "His gift he took the precaution to make without witnesses. As for the bills, what do they prove but that he paid them?"

But it was clear as dishonorable as to claim the property in the event of Clara's death, or her marriage in defiance of the bond, and in spite of resistance, to some other than Captain Wraxall.

"And he would fall back on the parties from whom he purchased, and prove that the goods were bought by him, paid for by him, and delivered to his order. No, Mrs. Lyne, if the agreement fails from any cause—and I mean that it shall if I can compass it—Wraxall secures this property beyond all doubt."

Mrs. Lyne did not reply. She sat and pondered the state of the case, I fear, that she had compromised her daughter, yet she fully realized the great benefit she had derived from Captain Wraxall. I was prepossessed in favor of herself before this interview with me taken a notion that Wraxall had not been quite up to the square as he affected to be; but she was desirous to save her daughter, and yet wanted to act honorably with the captain.

"When is it expected to return, Mrs. Lyne," I asked; "where did he go to?"

"Probably not for a year yet. I learn from Mr. Warren—and he is very communicative—that when the ship arrived at Singapore, they found orders awaiting them from the owners to take in a cargo for California; then proceed to Australia, whence they expected to go to California again. It seems the ship has got regularly into the Pacific trade."

"Mrs. Lyne, I have a very clear perception of my duty in this matter, and I think it would do Captain Wraxall some good to let him see that I can play his game. I will, however, consult my partner and good friend, Mr. Pledwell, and be guided perhaps by his opinion."

CHAPTER V.

THE next day I laid all the facts before Mr. Pledwell, and asked him what I ought to do.

"What you ought to do, Jack?" he exclaimed, with well-assumed amazement, while the familiar "Jack" which he always used in his hearty and genial moods anticipated his verdict. "Why, what should you ought to do to?"

"Well, sir, I asked your advice this time."

"Then take it. Go to your boarding-house, and tell Mrs. Lyne that you have always been to behave yourself as a good boy ought to do, bid an affectionate farewell to the young lady, and say you have no doubt that you will soon see them again."

Mr. Pledwell was in a state of humor about his eyes and the corners of his mouth as I looked wonderingly in his face, and presently he burst into a hearty laugh, and slid off his stool.

"O Jack, O Jack!" he said, recovering himself, "don't ask my advice, but follow common sense and your own instincts. Marry the girl as soon as you can, and be sure it is before that captain comes home—a fellow old enough to be her father indeed. And if he should have a doubt it, tell him to take the widow. That's my advice."

"I think there is somebody else stands better with the widow than the captain, sir.

"Ah! who's that?"

"No mist ke about that, sir."

"Oh, well, he may take the captain's place some day, sa-lied and aboard," and he enjoyed his joke.

This was enough for me. I told Mrs. Lyne that Mr. Pledwell had advised me to marry Clara if she would accept me, and that he regarded the whole matter as a trick of Wraxall's as a trumpery affair. At most Wraxall could take the property, but that could be easily remedied.

There were many couples to overcome, but Mrs. Lyne was finally led to regard the happiness of her daughter as paramount to all other considerations, and I had the satisfaction to find that Clara was really delighted to escape from the bond, even by violating it. We had been an incubus upon our darling's head and heart for many months.

I shall not explain on that period of mutual congratulation, and how myself enjoyed in the declaration of the love which had drawn our hearts together, in spite of the bonds which had been made to keep us asunder. "Love laughs at locksmiths." After a "regular term" of courtship, and by no means impelled by any prospect of the Warlock's arrival, I was married to Clara. We had quite a "tidy wedding," as Mr. Pledwell said, and he figured very agreeably thoughout that imposing transaction. We made the usual ridiculous wedding tour, and of course under the circumstances we all went to enjoy ourselves at home, there, while longing all the time to be there. We were very happy. It would be folly to prattle about the delights of our honeymoon, and I for one think it has abated since. Clara insists that it has not, and never will, while I live so loving and kind—and that will cost me a new bonnet at least.

CHAPTER VI.

A LETTER from Tom Warren some months after-ward informed us that Captain Wraxall had received papers from —— a few days before, in which he found the record of the marriage of John Hart and Clara Lyne. Tom wanted to know who John Hart was. The captain, he said, had stormed, fumed with uncontrollable rage, and acted like a crazy man. He cursed the widow and daughter, and vowed a terrible revenge. "As for John Hart," said the letter, "poor devil, if he were aboard the Warlock to-day at Singapore, I verily believe that Wraxall would run him up to the yardarm without even a quarter-deck pudge or jury."

The letter sadly troubled my excellent mother-in-law, but Clara, firmly established in my love and nesting in my heart, took it all as coolly as I did. I assured her that we would name him if he fell into the hands of Pledwell and Hart. We have an effectual way of dealing with rascals of that genus, and we succeeded in consoling her mother.

Another letter from Tom Warren, dated a month later. He stated that Wraxall was certainly crazy. He had bought a couple of twelve-pounders, planted them between decks, and had portholes cut in the Warlock's sides. He had also laid in a lot of muskets and boarding-ammunition, when Tom asked him about it, he said he was going to protect himself against pirates as well as at home. "We sail in a week or two at farthest, direct for ——, so that this letter may not be much in advance of us."

It was three weeks before the Warlock came into port, and I had been longing for her arrival every day, for Mrs. Lyne had worked herself into quite a nervous state of alarm and astonishment—notwithstanding my suggestion that she would have about Tom Warren, the brave "sailor boy," as her fast friend.

I remained at the house, as it was fortunately between terms, after the ship was announced, waiting for Captain Wraxall. The boarders knew nothing, and a word of the private history working itself out under their very noses, and it was desirable to keep it as quiet as possible. Pimply Wraxall's police favored ours. He did not come to the house until tea o'clock on the second morning after his arrival, when he might fairly conclude that men would be absent on business, and women accessible to his abuse. There was a ring at the bell, and the little waiter—he always was of his tribe—had been told to show Captain Wraxall up. The gentleman calling gave that nervous into the front parlor. He was presently duly announced, and I went in to meet him. Pimply was the captain and coolly responded. A sturdy, compact, well-built man of middle height, bearded, whiskered and moustached, and fourthly and fourthand was Captain Wraxall. I had almost a thrill of horror at the look of such a lovely, charming creature as Clara being flung into the arms of that frightful animal, to be embraced by him, to be his "dearly and the Rest." Once again, and yet Wraxall was not by any means. He was unexceptionable in such an association of ideas.

I asked to see Mrs. Lyne, he said bluffly.

I had a selfish feeling as he spoke, but could not account for it till a later day in our acquaintance.

"Mrs. Lyne is not at all well, sir, and requested that I should see you."

"Oh, I dare say!" with an undisguised sneer. "I might have known that. And where is she?"

"If you choose to behave yourself properly and decently I'll tell you what I am, and if you don't I won't."

"Will you please to let me know who I have the honor of speaking to?" he said with mock courtesy, and his eyes glistening like a tiger's as he drew forward a chair, made another bitter reference for the man's feelings, but I wanted the affair over.

"My name is John Hart, and I am——"

But I had not time to finish what I was going to say, that I was the husband of Mrs. Lyne's daughter. He reached forward at me, overcome by his passion, and totally unable to control himself. But I was prepared for him, and adroitly made I escaped his onset; he merely caught the lappel of my coat, and I struck his hand from him, carrying a part of the coat with it. I sang out a shout.

"Now, Wraxall, if you dare to approach me you'll find what I am. If a man you have to do with; and if you do not instantly be quiet, I will send for policemen that will make you quiet. I have no time to have to say, and quit this house."

"Mrs. Lyne, I must see you first. I'll quit when I choose."

You'll quit when I choose, and that will be very shortly, if you do not behave yourself."

And quick as lightning, I suppose, "he said taunting—"I'll have every d—— trap out of here before this day is gone."

"Then you'll have to change. And if you were to attempt it and succeed, I would have such damages out of you as would spoil the pay and profits of your voyage."

"You can't!"

"Yes; as Mrs. Lyne's attorney."

"Oh, he's you are a lawyer, are you? Then Mrs. Lyne's got a landshark with a sou-in-law. That accounts for the bill, I suppose."

I did not choose to notice his vulgar allusion to myself.

"This property, my young bantam, belongs to me."

"Then you can take it at a proper time, and in a proper manner."

"I'm not, hey? Well, that's something. You acknowledge my right so far then?"

"I do not acknowledge that it belonged to you; prove that it belongs to you, and you can take it."

"I demand the bills for the property which I left in the care of the widow."

And I am prepared to give them to you," said I, "upon your restoration of the bond signed by Mrs. Lyne and her daughter. Give me that and you shall have the bills."

"I'll see you ——first!"

"Blackguard!" I exclaimed "this interview must end, Wraxall, and leave the house, or I'll have you pitched neck and heels into the street. Will you go peaceably or not?"

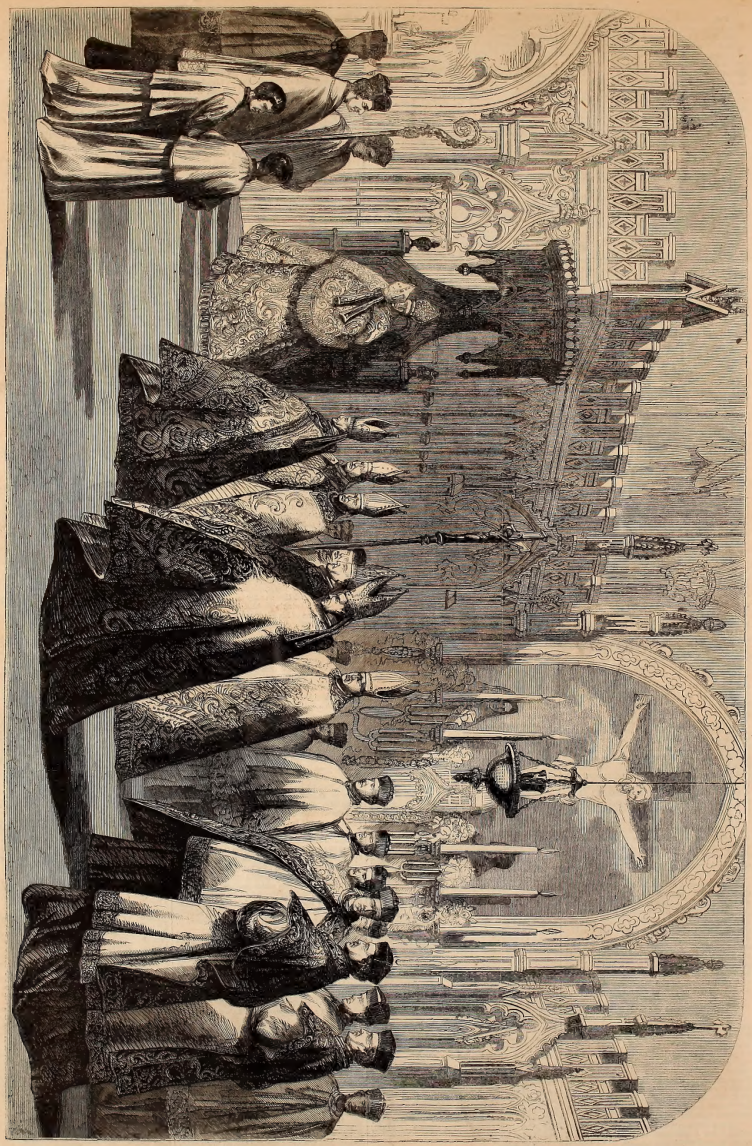
"I will have my property."

"You shall have it in expiration of six days, or I'll pitch that into the street after you. Now leave the house."

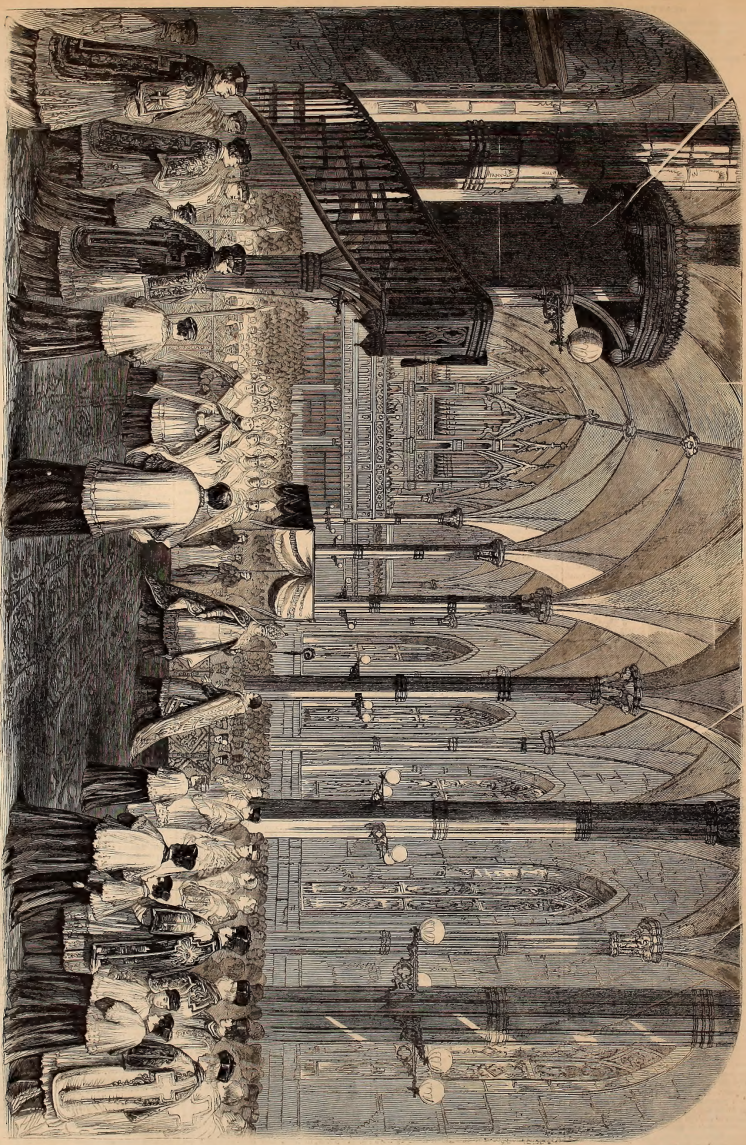
And I opened the parlor door, walked into the hall, opened the front door and waited for him. It was but a moment. He came forth with a bag of clothes slung over his shoulder, and I bade him never to come to the house himself again, or I would have no mercy on him if he did. He looked at me with the most contempt he could throw into side of the hirsute domain of his countenance and walked away.

I returned into the parlor and sat down, vexed that I had suffered myself to be provoked to anger. I should have felt much more sympathy for him had he shown any real concern at the loss of Clara; but he seemed to be only savage, like a brute deprived of its spoil. He had been outwitted. He had appointed a property which he loved and found wanting. His trick of benevolence had been turned upon him.

Tom Warren came up that night. He had been busy getting the ship into dock, and then stored and with other matters. He told us that the captain was storming away on board now, and about "three sheets in the wind." He cautioned Tom against putting up at the Widow Lyne's—a tricky case. Tom bade him to hold his tongue about the Widow Lyne. It wouldn't be safe to abuse her before him. And thereupon they had high words. But Wraxall had to answer to his owners for his strange proceedings, and it would not do to quarrel with the mate. So Tom came off to his boarding-house and his mother, and I must say that she received him "wondrous kind."



THE INSTALLATION OF ARCHBISHOP McCLOSKY.—THE NEW ARCHBISHOP GIVING THE KISS OF PEACE TO THE BISHOPS.



THE INSTALLATION OF ARCHBISHOP MCCLOSKEY AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, AUG. 21.—THE PROCESSION.

HEARTSICK.

Is it the tramp of men to battle,
Breaking sorrow on the silent night;
The ringing roll of the musket's rattle,
The far-off shock of the deadly strife?
Is it the moan of strong men dying,
Coming across the dreary plain?
—"Mother, only the South wind sighing,
And the falling sob of the summer rain."

Listen again! where the hill lies gloaming,
Flinging its shadow across the grass,
Did you not hear the cannon booming,
And the bolt of steel from the rebel pass?
Now drawing nearer, now retreating,
Are there not cries on the village green?
—"Only the wind on the wild shore beating,
And the wail of the South wind dropped between."

Alas and alas! when the heart is fearing,
Every sound knows has life and weight;
Even the wind to the spirit's hearing,
Comes like the call of a darkening fate!
Yea, O child, in your springtime gladness,
Only the breeze in the pinetops see;
I, with a heavy sick, heart-sadness,
What does the South wind say to me?

That some place where its breath is falling;
He is fighting—perhaps is slain—
That some place where its voice is calling,
He is moaning my name in vain;
Somewhere under its gentle sighing,
In tender slumber or deadly sleep,
In camp or field, is the true heart lying,
That calls you "darling," and calls me "wife."

You and I, my little one, resting
Safe by his sanctuaries far away,
What shall we do for our soldier's resting?
What can we do, but wait and pray.
Through all the changes life may ring us,
Waiting and praying with heart and might;
But most of all when the South wind brings us
A message from him, as they do to-night!

NINA MARSH;
OR
THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE QUEEN OF BALMVICK.

BALMVICK is a fine old town in the North of England, much celebrated for its clear air and medicinal waters. It is the favorite resort of antiquated beaux, forlorn spinsters and worldly-minded widows of a certain age. By way of making provision for the wants of each roubdents, every third shop in Balmwick is a wigmaker's, false teeth grin at you from glass cases in all sorts of unexpected corners, and the road is made with as little crust as possible, and very lightly browned.

The inhabitants of Balmwick are mostly gentlepeople of limited income, who find that they can get here more pleasure for their money than is to be found elsewhere. The morning is usually devoted to shopping or a stroll through the marketplace; the afternoon is given up entirely to visiting—that scandal—varied from time to time by a cheap concert at the public rooms; and tea and whist agreeably fill up the evening hours.

No sensation of wealth is tolerated at Balmwick. If you were to give a champagne supper you would be classed amongst the perverse at once. True aristocracy never exceeds a decent competence. The hospitality of the place is not of a reckless kind. The gentlemen may be cheerful, but certainly not inebriated, at these reunions, since tea is the favorite beverage; but, as whist is the serious business of the hour, any more substantial refection would be regarded with suspicion and disfavor, as well as considered a shameful waste of time. You may take a pinch of snuff between deals, but if you were to venture on this indulgence in the middle of a hand, you would not dare show your face in Balmwick for a week, or even a month, should your luxuriousness have incurred the odd trick.

The first two questions asked of you when you arrive in Balmwick are—whether you belong to a genteel family, and play a fair game at whist. If you happen to have a little hair left, and a few teeth, you perceive at once that they are not believed in. Mrs. Miles Mercy Grimaldenne, who have not been indebted to nature for the smallest possible advantage for the last thirty years, assured you that they never saw anything so natural as your coiffure, and mysteriously inquire if the back and front are in one piece or take off separately. It is useless to declare that it is all your own; you are met with a confidential, meaning smile.

"Oh, yes! of course what you've paid for is your own—no one can dispute the fact—but, upon my word and honor it is the most natural of its kind I ever saw!"

You protest, you even get angry, or perhaps you descend to tears, being somewhat tenacious of the few charms spared to you by that swift-footed enemy, *the world versus*; but all to no purpose: these three ancient maidens would not believe the hair to be your own even if they had seen it grow.

But Balmwick has certainly one great recommendation which you cannot find elsewhere. Here youth is looked upon as a terrible disadvantage; fifty is considered rather immature, and girls of forty are pronounced too frivolous to be good company. It is wonderful how soon you may persuade yourself into anything of this sort if you only make the effort. The aches and pains belonging to old age you may easily be brought to believe arise from delicacy of constitution, and the solemn warning of white hair is lost in a place where every one wears a wig.

The Balmwick season had just now commenced, and its sober gaieties had set in in good earnest. The Honorable Mrs. St. George was the acknowledged Queen of Balmwick, and was well fitted for her post of ruler. She was a keen-eyed, quick-witted, hardened little old woman, who loved power better than all things, even than her own son. She had a sharp, decided manner, and a suspicious way of scanning you over the rim of her gold spectacles, as if she were always on the lookout for a reveke, and would be inexorable in claiming the three tricks as a trump if you only ruffed you in the fact.

Mrs. St. George had been a very gay person in her youth, but, being politic and astute, she had always managed to keep out of the way of any open scandal, filling her pockets and lowering her husband's heart in the most decorous manner possible—under the circumstances. Mr. St. George had been a wasteful, grumpy, and somewhat indolent man—very different from his wicked, designing little wife. He loved his home and quiet country pleasures above all things, whilst she was never happy unless plunged up to the very lips in the whirling vortex of London gaieties. For a time he followed her about, considering his own distaste for such scenes; but, at last, the heartache he brought with it became almost more than he could bring himself to endure, and he was heartily decided that she should go her own way without interruption from him, as his arrangement was quite to her taste; but his advantages were scarcely so conspicuous. He could not swan his affections from the woman he loved her all through, with a sort of obtuse tenderness, until that very hour when, after its long, weary strain, the poor heart broke at last.

And it was to spare such a woman that Mr. St. George, in dying, would not, for the sake of her honor and the honor of the noble name his son. He hoped and brought that something in his fate would bring a regret, by the disgrace and stains for the follies to him by her care of their child. He could not fathom the depths of such a hardened sin here. No sooner was the funeral over than she hurried Maurice off to a distant school, distinctly specifying that he was only to come home once a year. She proposed for her new conquests. In a few months the weeds were discarded, and the young widow was fairly launched amongst the old disappointed. It was a notable fact that, although surrounded by admirers, and perfectly willing to be pursued into a change of name, no one seemed to please her. She was fickle without any vehemence or constancy.

For thirteen years had Mr. St. George refused to accept her failure, and then her hopes grew gradually very dim. It was too late in the day to play the saint with any chance of success. Mrs. St. George, whose wits had always been infinitely brighter than her morals, made her bow to the world and gracefully retired from the field. She then settled at Balmwick; and no sooner had the sagacious little woman measured her ground, and fixed her position, than matters began to look rosy. She had found a harbor of refuge, and was heartily glad to be sheltered under a sceptre which united wisdom to firmness.

Mrs. St. George was quite in her element now. The new queen proved a little despotic on nearer acquaintance; but an energetic person had long been needed to regulate the Balmwick pleasures, and give them more consistency, and those who have suffered from a disorganised system are wont to be very tolerant when they see signs of things promising more enjoyment and security. The question as to time does not enter into the matter. It is therefore, as Mrs. St. George possessed qualities eminently fitting her for a post of command, not at all surprising that she should for ten years at Balmwick should have cemented and legitimised her authority rather than have declined from its zenith.

This night Mrs. St. George had gathered round her a select party of friends. She was expecting them to arrive at eight o'clock, and as it was contrary to Balmwick etiquette to have an unoccupied person at these reunions, Mrs. St. George had only invited six couples making, with herself and son, exactly enough for two rubbers.

The present party consisted of the three Misses Grimaldenne, the eldest of whom, Miss Mercy Mervyn. Miss Grimaldenne, the eldest of the three sisters, was seven by nature; Miss Jaquetta, the second, was spoiled; and Miss Amorosa, the third, was languid; but all three were equally and painfully lean, and would, by the laws of symmetry and etiquette, absolutely insist upon advertising this leanness, instead of keeping it modestly in the background. Miss Grimaldenne, upon entering her in bonde, Miss Jaquetta arranged hers in little dancing curls, whilst Amorosa's flabby, listless ringlets were finished off by two large tortoise-shell *cœurs*, which were gummed tightly down on each cheek, and were supposed to add greatly to the effect of her pensive style.

Mrs. Sturt was a direct contrast to the lean sisterhood, being ponderous in person, and heavy in manner. At the same time she played a good rubber, having a certain method of arranging her cards which helped her money, and kept her to one steady system, easy to fathom and easy to be met by her partner.

Little Miss Mervyn—as her friends loved to call her—was one of those gushing sympathetic creatures whose whole life is an unconscious sacrifice to some favorite tyrant. She was a reverent worship of all God's works—a simple, true-hearted woman, who might have had foibles which occasionally excited her ridicule, but at the same time, was noted for many of those qualities which mark the true Christian. It might be truly said of her that she loved her neighbors as herself. She was open to affection from all quarters, as she often declared; but the love of young people was her especial pride and joy; she grew sentimental over them, made up matches for them in her innocent, bungling way, and generally persecuted them into a passion more or less sincere, in order to have the pleasure of laughing or crying with them, according to their necessities.

Her brother was one of those mild despots who, by self-indulgence, bring themselves to a degree of uselessness only possible for those who have such a member in their household to understand. His nerves were always in his own way, and in other people's too. He had as many small conceits as a vain beauty of sixteen, and was so full of his weaknesses, so unpleasant in his idiosyncrasies, that his sister's patient devotion to him day by day must have been a species of martyrdom. Amorosa Mercy labored under one fixed delusion—which, from indulgence, had become now almost monomania—and this was that his legs were too small to support the weight of his body. He would take no exercise on this account, and was, therefore, growing stout, and really creating the evil he dreaded.

Mr. and Miss Mervyn possessed jointly a small estate in Worcestershire, quite near which they lived during the summer, passing the winter at Balmwick in order that Mr. Mervyn might drink the waters, which were considered very beneficial in his peculiar complaint.

Colonel St. George was later in arriving this evening than his mother had been led to expect, and she therefore proposed that they should make up their rubbers without him, as they were waiting. Mrs. St. George, the two eldest Misses Grimaldenne and Mr. Mervyn made up the first table, whilst the three younger ladies had to content themselves with a dummy as a substitute for the gallant colonel.

He looked upon nine o'clock when the expected guest at last arrived. His mother's sole greeting, although they had not met for months, was a business-like nod of command to the vacant place at the next table. The three Misses Grimaldenne rose as he entered, and each curtseyed to him, whispering and giggling together meanwhile like boarding-school girls out for a holiday; Mrs. Sturt gave him a nod, and Miss Mervyn and Miss Mervyn sprang from her seat with a sudden gasping motion of the lips, but dropped back again in speechless confusion, and wrung his hand in silence. Mr. Mervyn did not attempt to rise and greet the young officer, he merely put down his cards, and pointed to them sympathetically at his legs.

"You will excuse me," he said, "but my unfortunate peculiarity renders it impossible for me to walk across the room without the greatest and any sudden movement under the influence of excitement upsets my equilibrium. You see the result, my dear sir, but if the carbuncle were removed you would at once perceive how miserably inadequate my legs are to the support of a powerful frame."

"You've dined of course?" interrupted Mrs. St. George, speaking to her son; "so, without further apology, she turned to Mr. Mervyn, and added quickly, "Come, Mr. Mervyn, it's your lead—spades are trumps."

"Hearts always ought to be," sighed the pensive and tender Amorosa in the background.

Mrs. Sturt regarding an arch glance towards Colonel St. George.

"Amorosa should learn to restrain her feelings," replied Mrs. Miles Grimaldenne, in a tone of unbending virtue and severity. "Being a baby of the family is a great disadvantage," she added, turning to Mrs. Sturt, who was seated next to her, at the adjoining table—"a very great disadvantage. Amorosa has been much petted and spoiled, and is self-control. We have always listened to her prattle, and she forgets that she cannot always be a child. Amorosa must learn that she must learn to restrain those warm emotions which our mistaken partiality has led us to cherish too fondly. Amorosa should make an effort to be more like other girls."

Amorosa sighed demonstratively, and pinched her cards into a fan, whilst she was making the effort at restraint so impressively recommended by her eldest sister; but this little pantomime, although specially designed for Colonel St. George's edification, seemed to make but small impression upon him, even if it attracted his notice at all, which was by no means instead of repulsion towards poor little Miss Mervyn—impossible to understand, considering the gentle, affectionate tenderness of the object—Colonel St. George was busily devising the means of sitting as far from her as could be managed, and succeeded in doing so, that she should be his partner in order that he might sit opposite her rather than at his side. But Mrs. Sturt, whose unmedical mind could never accept any innovation on the established order of things, asserted that it was always customary to cut for partners, as she should really feel seriously uncomfortable if this rule were set aside. Colonel St. George had no alternative to obey, only back curved him, and brought him the very privilege he had meant to appropriate without satisfying the usual forms.

Miss Mervyn sighed, not a huge, obtrusive sigh, such as Amorosa had favored the company with a few minutes before, but a suddenly-drawn breath, betraying some inward perplexity and pain. It was a mercy that Colonel St. George should have sat so patiently through four interminable rubbers, scoring her cards properly, playing with care, and even starting enough sagacity out of her trouble to enable her to return her partner's lead or attend to the technicalities of the game, but she did, only her feeling of relief was openly manifested when the last rubber was brought to a conclusion, and Amorosa left them, and began to attack the refreshments. The other ladies soon joined her, and, after a very light supper, all prepared to depart.

During this time Miss Mervyn, who was much too excited to eat, pursued Colonel St. George about the room, trying, by all the simple means in her power, to bring him to a standstill, and force him to listen to something she had to say; and it was worth while to see how gracefully he managed to extricate himself from all her entanglements, burying himself so earnestly in ministering to the ladies' wants, and cloaking them when these wants were satisfied, that Miss Mervyn could not secure his attention for a minute. Her only hope was that he might take her downstairs at last, and thus give her an opportunity of speaking to him; but he cruelly defeated her purpose, giving one arm to Miss Grimaldenne and the other to her, whilst Jaquetta and Amorosa, unoccupied and watchful, followed close in their rear.

Her chair was at the door, and he handed her in with an excess of courtesy which was but another word for indolence—used to her under the circumstances. Miss Mervyn grew desperate, telling herself so steadily failed. She was within a few paces of the house Misses Grimaldenne, and grown eyes glistened vigilantly out of the shadow. To leave in this state of suspense was impossible, and yet the spectacular must be used to force of such a nature that even the faintest hint of them could not be given before the Misses Grimaldenne. She hesitated a moment. Colonel St. George, with a cold, triumphant smile on his lips, stood on the threshold of the door, attended by his court of lean Graces. The rain and perplexity increased with the difficulties of her situation. At last she could stand the state of things no longer; at any sacrifice she must be assured that it would not endure through the morrow, or be left to chance for mitigation or relief. She bent forward, eager and breathless.

"Colonel St. George, I must see you to-morrow, very early. I must, don't you understand? At nine o'clock—even eight—I will make ready to receive you. Don't disappoint me. You see I am on the edge of anxiety and curiosity."

"I shall certainly do myself the pleasure of waiting upon you," answered the colonel, his lip, in its cynical curl, giving an upward sweep to his huge moustache; "but you mustn't give yourself the trouble of rising so early on my account."

"Oh, I don't care a bit how early it is—only mind you come," screamed the little woman, as at a sign from Colonel St. George her bearers moved off.

Then the conveyance ordered by the Misses Grimaldenne drew up to the door. The colonel saw them seated, wished them good-night, and then went back to the drawing-room to perform a like service for Mrs. Sturt, and give Mr. Mervyn an encouraging word and a helping hand during the perils of his descent.

The colonel laughed to himself as he stood listening a minute and looking down the street as the closed fly drove off. A small boy from the carriage containing the three Misses Grimaldenne pierced the stillness in a manner peculiarly suggestive of a small whoop.

"How very gross!" Miss Grimaldenne was remarking in reference to Miss Mervyn's conduct the latter part of the evening.

"Disgusting!" put in Jaquetta, as she carefully removed her curls, placed them lengthwise in a little paper box, and covered her head first with an old gray hood. "It's enough to make one ashamed of being a girl!"

"Nonsense!" said Amorosa, spitefully. "What's the use of pretending to be girls, and so on, when we are not? I know you are thirty-three next birthday, and if that's a girl, why I suppose Methusaleh was only just getting into the prime of life when he died."

"Amorosa," said Miss Grimaldenne, sternly, "your vulgarity surprises me!"

"And to-night you have taken notice of such remarks," interrupted Jaquetta, loftily; "they may always be attributed to your boisterous animal spirits."

"Jealousy! Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Amorosa. But her laugh was not so disdainful as she wished it to appear.

"Yes, jealousy," resumed Miss Jaquetta, with emphasis. "Mean, paltry jealousy. I might have been married at this moment if I had cared, and you know I might, and that's what you can't forgive me."

"I don't think he would have felt much inclined to press the matter if he had seen you in your present toilette," retorted her youngest sister.

"Amorosa!" exclaimed Miss Grimaldenne, admonitorily, in her deep bass voice. But Amorosa was not to be checked.

"Poor, pitiful dancing-master!" she went on. "And then for any one calling herself a lady to be so pursuing him! Well, I never! I must say that the way you encouraged him, and flirted about in his face, and all that, was shameful. All he would have had to complain of would be, not to pretend was a great deal more than it really is, in order to shoot him into making you an offer of marriage."

But Jaquetta had taken refuge in silence. Perhaps she was sighing and grieving a little in her heart; for the last, last and only time, united in one single individuality, is not to be resigned without some sorrowful regret. Jaquetta had consulted the family honor and refused the dancing-master, but not without a pang; so that Amorosa's cruel, breaking application touched a wound, caused her to shrink yet. With another dreary sigh Jaquetta sank deeper into the recesses of her gray hood, and relieved her feelings by a few natural tears.

Meanwhile, Colonel St. George had returned to his mother's room, and was sitting alone with her. Mrs. St. George rather liked her son now that he was too old to be any longer a boy. They might possibly have quarrelled had they lived much together; but, as they rarely met more than twice a year, they managed to agree remarkably well.

The colonel's feet were on the fender, and he was looking somewhat moodily into the fire.

"I might be tempted to ask," he said, presently, "if I did not know that Balmwick was celebrated for its antiquities, where on earth you got all the old women who were here to-night?"

"Miss Mervyn you know."

"Of course; but the ponderous widow?"

"Is a Mrs. Sturt—a woman of good fortune, and an excellent whist-player."

"And the three girls?"

Mrs. St. George laughed. She saw perfectly the faults and follies of others, and was wise enough to resign herself to old age with good grace. It must have been harder for her to grow old, too, than any of the Misses Grimaldenne, who had never been handsome or attractive. But she was much too keen-witted to fight against a decree she could not reverse. Nothing could make her young again; but there was still some pleasure and profit to be got out of her life if she accepted it as it was. Having succeeded in perfecting herself in this state of feeling, she could afford to laugh at those she saw struggling vainly with their destiny, and darkening it with discontent.

"Isn't one of them called Amorosa?" said the colonel again, when his mother's gaiety had somewhat subsided.

"Yes—Amorosa."

"And we may presume that she catches hearts?"

"Or wishes to do so. The will and the deed are very different things."

"In her case they certainly must be. But, mother, what can be the pleasure of having all these old women about you?"

"My dear Maurice, you don't suppose that young girls would come and play whist with me, do you? The old and the young have naturally different notions of pleasure. I don't want to go to balls, where I should, of course, be neglected and ridiculed. I have had my day, certainly, and I can very well understand that others should like to have theirs; and in the meantime there is no reason why I should not now make myself as comfortable as I can in my own way."

"Well, I suppose you know best. But I have some news to tell you that will rather surprise you."

"Indeed!"

"What do you say to Gillingham being on matrimonial thoughts intent?"

"Impossible! You don't say so! Who is the lady?"

"Nina Marsh."

"Why, the daughter of that Mr. Marsh with whom you have been staying lately?"

"Yes."

"Then I tell you what, Maurice—you must forestal or supplant him, whichever is the needful course. It's no use having a handsome face and a fine figure if you can't do that," concluded Mrs. St. George, with judicious flattery.

"I could manage it directly if I liked."

"Then you must be mad to hesitate one moment."

"Not at all. I am playing a high game, mother. The pool must be mine, eventually, but I would rather not take it until the stakes are doubled. Revenge is sweet."

"Sweeter than love's young dream?"

"Sweeter than anything in life," he answered, beginning to punch the coals.

"I am glad to know that," said his mother, in her sharp, quick way. "I have always been doubtful whether you took after me or your father in that respect."

"I'm as cool as a cucumber, if that's what you mean."

"That's what I did mean, but it has always been a matter of perplexity to me. Miss Mervyn has given me hints occasionally about some attachment you formed for Nina Marsh when she was staying with her here in my absence last year."

The poker fell out of Maurice's hand and dropped on the fender with a hard clang; but, finding the keen gray eyes opposite fixed on him with an expression of curiosity and mischief combined, Colonel St. George stooped slowly to repossess himself of the poker, saying, as he did so:

"I thought you were much too sensible to believe all you heard."

"I don't believe anything I hear, but all I see."

"In this case you could have seen nothing."

"I saw you drop the poker, and heard it, too," answered his mother, going off into one of her little laughs.

"It was so confoundedly hot!"

"No doubt; still, you had held it some time before without inconvenience. Take my advice, Maurice: don't try and deceive an old woman. When our beauty fades our wit brightens. To show you how well I have profited by my opportunities of studying character, shall I tell you what you would have done if you had had no possible leaning towards Nina Marsh?"

"Well?"

"You would have led me to suppose that she was a vast favorite of yours, allowing me also to entertain the notion—more by manner than in words—that she, in her turn, did not regard you with actual disfavor. Now, Maurice, am I right or not?"

"I dare say you are; but the fact is, I hardly know my own feelings. I like Nina Marsh as much as I like any one, but the restraint, etc., of marriage is very repugnant to my feelings."

"And nothing else would be possible in that quarter, I suppose?" said this hardened, wicked old woman.

Maurice shook his head, and took to punching the fire again in his extremity. He could not make up his mind. He said he liked Nina as much as he could like any one; and then, again, his cousin's partiality, and Captain Marsh's strange conduct, which puzzled and stimulated his own feelings without exactly suggesting rivalry—all these conflicting sensations carried Colonel St. George into a maze from which he found it impossible to extricate himself unless by adopting the notion that, by playing his trump card too early, he might endanger the game.

If designing men knew how much less labor there was, both of mind and body, in a simple straightforward course of action, they would avoid the complications of vice, if from policy alone. The gloomy shadow on Colonel St. George's face, as he sat musing over the remnant of fire in his mother's grate, was the mere reflex of an inward feeling of remorse which took the liberty of being aggressive and despotic from time to time. He got up from his seat, shook himself admonishingly, walked to the other end of the room, and then came back to the fire.

"You've nothing particular to say to me?" he inquired of his mother. "I leave by the first train to-morrow."

"Why, I thought you meant to stay a week, at least!"

"I can't stand all these old women!" he answered, impatiently.

"And Miss Mervyn's sympathies are so demonstrative, eh?" and Mrs. St. George laughed a laugh which stabbed her son like a sword. He looked dangerous for a moment, but the cloud passed over before any eyes less watchful than those of his mother could have noticed it at all.

"My tenderest regards to the turtle-dove, mother, and tell her how grieved I am to miss a repetition of her innocent prattle." And as he finished speaking he took his candle and went up to bed.

The next morning, precisely at half-past six, a fly stopped at the door of Miss Mervyn's lodgings, and a gentleman got out and knocked at the door.

"Is Miss Mervyn up?" he inquired, of the slipshod maid who answered his summons.

"Oh, dear me! no, sir," replied the girl, the military air of the stranger alone keeping her from some expression of open disdain.

"I am very sorry," said Colonel St. George, impressively; "she told me I might come as early as I liked. It's the more unfortunate, too, because I am on my way to catch the seven o'clock train for London, and this is the only opportunity of seeing her I could have had. Pray give her my card when she does come down, and tell her how disappointed I was not to have had the interview we both so much desired. You won't forget my message? Good morning." And he got back into the carrige and drove off.

And thus it came to pass that when Miss Mervyn descended to the breakfast-room with a pale, anxious face, after her sleepless night, the first thing that attracted her attention was Colonel St. George's card, with an obtrusive "P. P. C." in the corner.

She did not deserve this at his hands she knew, and for a moment she was visited with a strong sense of his ill-usage and ingratitude. But she soon succeeded in conquering this feeling, and whilst she choked down her tears she tried to feel sure that something had really occurred to necessitate Colonel St. George's abrupt departure. To Miss Mervyn's simple, unsuspicious nature, this solution of the mystery seemed the most probable as well as the most pleasant. But, however strenuously she might endeavor to smother her doubts, she was conscious of an uneasy, dissatisfied feeling, which went hand-in-hand with her disappointment and regret. It was not that she saw through Colonel St. George's subterfuge—for she was by no means penetrating or astute—but she could not rid her mind of the impression that he might have spared her the time she had so earnestly begged had he chosen, and that, if actually compelled to leave Balmwick, it would, at least, have been possible to put off his journey for a couple of hours.

The days at Beechwood passed the more pleasantly that Colonel St. George was gone. The snow was on the ground, the skeleton trees were in shrouds, and the earth had covered the little greenness still left to it in a wide, sparkling mantle of unsullied whiteness. Everything looked cold, and pure, and beautiful, where the winds had hollowed out for themselves soft caves to lie and sob in through the night, or had drifted heaps of snow into miniature mountains, frozen into icicles at their peaks.

The pallor of these winter landscapes brings a chill to our very hearts. Somehow, we should not like to die at such a time. We have pictured our last resting-place a quiet graveyard where the pink-eyed daisy looks up rejoicingly at the sun, and yellow buttercups nod at each other in the breeze. To fade away in the soft hush of a summer Sabbath evening, Nature going to sleep with you, and weary humanity closing a moistened lid after the lengthened Sunday prayer, only this last to wake again, striving, and struggling, and weeping on, whilst you, under the daisies, will taste for the first time the perfectedness of repose—this is what we dream of with strange longing in our sad and silent hours. But what has brought this gloom over our page? The novelist must not dream, nor pick out of the mosaic of life only those dull, sombre pieces which best accord with his own mood at the time; he must work, not for himself, but for others, unravelling the incidents his plot suggests, and placing them before the mind's eye of his readers as vividly as his skill will allow. Above all things he must not lag. Moralising is not his business; let him leave that to wiser heads and colder hearts.

Here, then, we make our humble confession of shortcomings innumerable, in more ways than one, and dash back into our tale, chanting a rapid *mea culpa* on the way.

THE MILITARY COLLEGE,

Marietta, Ga.

OUR readers will find in our paper a sketch of the Southern Military College, at Marietta, Ga., a place deemed, doubtless, remote from all dread of Yankee visitation, but now become one of the milestones in the Southern progress of the Union armies. It is situated about a quarter of a mile from the centre of the town, and before Sherman advanced to the neighborhood contained 130 cadets, who were training in treason and the art of war. They were quartered in the small buildings, each of which contained ten young rebels. They retired five weeks before we entered. The college then became barracks for our troops, and was for a time occupied by the 20th Conn. The small buildings on each side of the avenue were officers' quarters, and the brick building at the left the Adjutant's office. The dining-hall, on the right, was occupied by the Colonel.

THE VIGIL OF ALL SOULS.

TO MY FRIEND ON HIS WEDDING-NIGHT.

To-DAY for thee and to-morrow for me;
  I have said God bless thee, o'er and o'er,
And there is not a joy awaiting thee
  But I wish it double and more.
O friend! I pause on thy bridal-night,
  I pause from my toil to wish thee all,
Fair and pure and honest and bright,
  That to mortal lot can fall,
And upon thy head no touch of sorrow.
To-day for thee; and for me to-morrow.

The sun shone fair, and the moonlight now
  Has crowned the darkness with silver gleams.
God send thy life be as bright, and thou
  As glad as a bridegroom's dreams;
But on me the household lamp lets fall
  A light subdued—and thy hour of pride
Is the vigil of a Festival
  To us on life's other side.
To-day on the living all joy be shed;
But to-morrow is for the Blessed Dead.

To-morrow for me, but to-day for thee;
  Thus are the lots of our living cast,
And the cheerful lamp sheds over me
  A light that shines out of the past.
Thine be thy future, O friend! I greet
  In thee life's promise all bright and brave,
But the sunshine, though fair it smiles, and sweet,
  Falls to me over cross and grave.
Bright be thy path and untouched by sorrow,
To-day for thee; and for me to-morrow.

FRANZ MULLER,

The English Railway Murderer.

FEW cases have attracted more attention than the murder of Mr. Briggs in a first-class railway car, from the mystery that enshrouded it. No suspicion seemed to attach to any one. Mr. Briggs took an evening train at Fenchurch street for Hackney station. Within three minutes ride of the latter point he was seen alive, but gentlemen entering at Hackney found the place stained with blood and unoccupied. Soon after the body of Mr. Briggs, in a dying state, was found on the road, between the tracks.

At last a clue was found. Franz Muller, a young man of good character, a native of Langendernbach, Neustadt, Germany, and a tailor by trade, sold to a jeweller, named Death, a chain, which proved to have belonged to Mr. Briggs. Other circumstances, tending to throw suspicion on Muller, transpired, and it was found that he had sailed in the Victoria for New York. Mr. Tanner, a detective, with Mr. Death and another witness immediately followed in a steamer, and for some weeks have patiently awaited the arrival of the Victoria, which, being loaded with iron, came slowly. On Wednesday evening, the 24th, the vessel was signaled, and the pilot who reached it notified the captain that the murderer of Mr. Briggs was on board. When it reached Quarantine the officers went into the cabin, and Mr. Death having identified Muller among the passengers, the officers at once arrested him. The hat worn by him was identified as that of the murdered man, as that left in the railway car had been identified as Muller's.

The case is one of circumstantial evidence, but very strong. Muller was taken before U. S. Commissioner Newton, and after the examination of witnesses and the production of the testimony taken in England, duly authenticated, a certificate of extradition was granted.

Franz Muller, whose likeness we give, through the politeness of the Superintendent of Police, from a fine photograph by Clarke, 643 Broadway, is of short stature, slightly built. He wears a dark tweed shooting jacket, a dark waistcoat, buttoned high, and a white necktie. His eyes are small and deep set, his hair quite ligh and carefully combed.

SCENE AT TARLETON'S PLANTATION, BAYOU TECHE.

OUR special Artist depicted the actual scene, which to many will seem a mere caricature of Southern negro life. An old negro with a violin, his master's probably, came into the Union camp, and after relating the cause of his coming, walked away. Shortly afterwards, says our Artist, I found him under a tree, with some of his sable brethren around him listening to his performance on the violin, the younger dancing as though such music was too good to be lost, and of too saltatory a nature to be enjoyed in quiet. But the most comical point of the whole was the presence of two mules, seen in the midst, looking on with an air of quiet drollery perfectly irresistible.

GEN. OGLESBY.

MAJOR-GEN. RICHARD J. OGLESBY was born in Kentucky, but removed to Illinois at a very early age, and became a citizen of the latter State. He served during the Mexican war as 1st Lieutenant of Co. C of the 4th regiment of twelve months' volunteers. The regiment was discharged in May, 1847. On the death of Capt. Morris, in February, 1847, the command of the company devolved on Oglesby. The regiment was badly cut up at Cerro Gordo, losing several line officers. At the commencement of the present rebellion the subject of our sketch entered the United States service as Colonel of the 8th regiment of Illinois Volunteers, for three months' service. The regiment was organised in April, 1861, at Springfield, and was stationed at Camp Defiance, at Cairo, where they re-enlisted bodily for the war at the end of their three months' term. On the 12th of June, 1861, Col. Oglesby commanded the expedition that sailed from Cairo in the City of Alton, on a reconnoitreing expedition to Columbus, which trip resulted in the cutting down and bringing away a rebel flag from that point.

After the reorganization of the regiment it was transferred to the command of Gen. McClernand, and was engaged in several little skirmishes in Missouri, in the vicinity of Cairo. On the 1st of February, by general order, Col. Oglesby was appointed acting Brigadier-General, and his brigade formed a part of the reconnoitreing party under Grant, in the rear of Columbus, and also formed part of the land force in the taking of Fort Henry. At the bombardment of Fort Donelson Col. Oglesby acted as Brigadier-General, commanding the 1st brigade of the 1st division, then commanded by Gen. McClernand. For gallant and meritorious services on that occasion he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He took part with the 1st division, Gen. McClernand, in the famous battle of Shiloh, or Pittsburg landing, and was engaged in the siege of Coirnth. Since that time the brigade of Gen. Oglesby has been located in those parts of the South-west where Gen. Grant has been in command, and has been, during the recent reorganization of the army of that department, placed in the *corps d'armée* of Gen. Rosecrans.

He was severely wounded at Corinth, in Oct., 1862, and recovered almost by a miracle. He was then made a Major-General and returned to the field; but he soon found that, though the wound had healed, he was unfit for duty. He was in continual pain, and any considerable exertion caused him to gasp like a dying man. He accordingly, to his own great regret, felt compelled to resign, and he did so on the 6th of July, 1863.

He has since done what lay in his power to support the war, and will soon in all probability be Governor of Illinois.

INSTALLATION OF THE MOST REV. JOHN M'CLOSKY,

Archbishop of New York.

BUT a few years ago the Catholic body in this country was so insignificant in numbers that it scarcely entered into the ordinary view of American life. This has changed yearly. The country is filled with its establishments, its churches, cathedrals, convents, monasteries of every description. Under our free government the rites of the church are performed without interruption, and with all the pomp and splendor that the wealth of the body now enables them to give. There are few more picturesque events of the day than these ceremonies, which seen but a few steps from a busy street of a city in this century, seem to carry the beholder back to the Middle Ages.

One of the grandest Catholic ceremonials ever witnessed in the country was the installation of the Most Rev. John McClosky, as Archbishop of New York, on the 21st of August. He thus fills the seat vacated by the death of that remarkable man, Archbishop Hughes. Dr. McClosky is a native of Brooklyn, and the first American who has sat as Bishop or Archbishop in New York. The other bishops in the province are, with one exception, also all Americans by birth, showing how rapidly the nationalization of the church has been effected. The procession was to have passed through the adjacent streets to the front of St. Patrick's Cathedral, but the weather prevented this.

At eleven o'clock it issued from the sacristy. Acolytes with burning tapers, a cross-bearer and a long line of clergy in copes or in surplices followed. Then came the Bishops of the Province and the Archbishop of Baltimore, following whom came the new Archbishop of New York, beneath a splendid canopy elaborately wrought in satin and gold, supported by four of the trustees of the cathedral. As this procession moved around the cathedral the sight was peculiarly impressive. Our Artist depicted it as it entered the sanctuary again.

After this the Archbishop knelt before the altar for a time in prayer, and was then escorted to the Episcopal throne. When he was seated here, the bishops approached to receive the kiss of peace on the left cheek, or in case of the Archbishop of Baltimore on both. This scene, so apparently unreal in this country, we also present to our readers, the utmost care having been taken to give the dresses and surroundings with photographic accuracy. The clergy then in turn approached the new Archbishop in like manner, and the second Archbishop of New York was duly installed. A Pontifical High Mass followed this ceremony, and after the Gospel, Archbishop McClosky addressed his flock. He was no stranger. Born and brought up almost under the shadow of the cathedral, he had received the first sacraments of the church, having been confirmed by Bishop Connolly, the first bishop who occupied the See, been ordained by Bishop Dubois the next, and consecrated Bishop by Archbishop Hughes, whose coadjutor he was for some years, till his diocese was divided and Albany assigned to him.

SKIRMISH AT CEDAR CREEK,

August 12.

OUR sketch of this skirmish shows in the background the high wooded summit of Strausburg mountain and in the foreground the shallow stream known as Cedar creek, and familiar already from operations near it. On a neighboring hill the rebels have cut away the woods at the summit for a signal station.

As Gen. Sheridan advanced the rebels drew up on the south-west side of this creek to the number of 25,000 or 30,000. They had a strong rear guard protecting the retreat of their trains. When our army reached the point on the afternoon of the 12th of August skirmishing began, ane was kept up briskly till long after sunset, the rattle of small arms and the scream of shell being incessant.

THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

THE spade is again doing brisk work in Virginia. The army advances alternately by trenches and *coups de main*. What in the beginning of the war was shrunk from as degrading is now a work that the soldier takes to readily. He knows and feels too well the importance of the slightest entrenchment, and has seen too often how a breastwork thrown up with cups and bayonets has saved a position, to despise the spade. The party going to the trenches knows its importance, and the engraving shows a scene constantly witnessed in our armies.

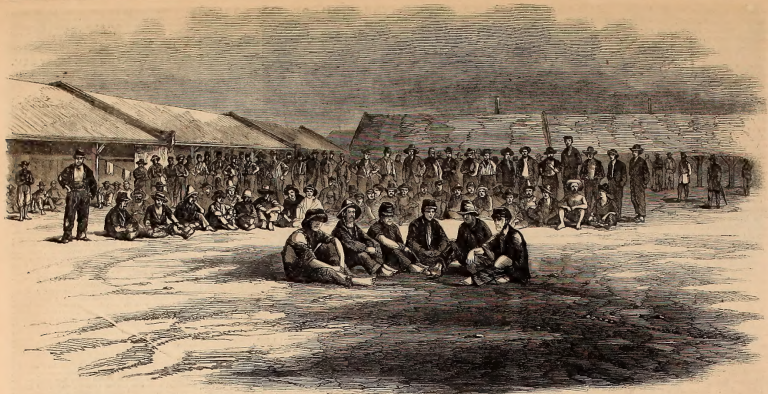
MIDDLETOWN, VA.

AMONG the Virginia villages coming before the public from time to time is Middletown, of which we give a pleasing sketch by our Special Artist on the Upper Potomac. Middletown is a quiet, ordinary Virginia village, lying between Winchester and Strasburg on the turnpike road, presenting no striking features and with none of the busy stirring look of our Northern hamlets. It has been frequently occupied by our troops since the campaigns of Banks and Fremont in the Shenandoah valley.

SCENERY OF THE MOON.

Among the many terribly-sublime scenes with which the moon's surface must abound, none can be grander than that which presents itself to the spectato were he placed inside one of those vast volcanic craters—Tycho, for instance—surrounded on every side by the most terrific evidences of volcanic force in its wildes, features. In such a position he would have before him starting up from the vast plain below, a mighty obelisk-shaped mountain of some 9,000 feet in height, casting its intense black shadow over the plateau; and partly up its slope he would see an amphitheatrical range of mountains beyond, which, in spite of their being about 40 miles distant, would appear almost in its immediate proximity—owing to the absence of that "aerial perspective" which in its terrestrial scenery imparts a softened aspect to the distant object—so near, indeed, as to reveal every cleft and chasm to the naked eye.

This strange commingling of near and distant objects, the inevitable visual consequence of the absence of atmosphere or water, must impart to lunar scenery a terrible aspect—a stern wilderness, which may aptly be termed unearthly. And when we seek to picture to ourselves, in addition to the lineaments and condition of the lunar landscape, the awful effect of an absolutely black firmament, in which every star visible above the horizon would shine with a steady brilliancy (all causes of scintillation or twinkling being absent, and these effects are due to the presence of variously heated strata, or currents, in our atmosphere), or of the vivid and glaring sunshine, with which we have nothing to compare in our subdued solar illumination, made more striking by the contrast of an intensely black sky; if, we say, we would picture to ourselves the wild and unearthly scene that would thus be presented to our gaze, we must search for it in the recollection of some fearful dream.



THE WAR IN TEXAS AND LOUISIANA—THE UNION PRISONERS (19TH IOWA) RECENTLY EXCHANGED.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT NEW ORLEANS BY McPHERSON & OLIVER.

UNION PRISONERS FROM TEXAS.

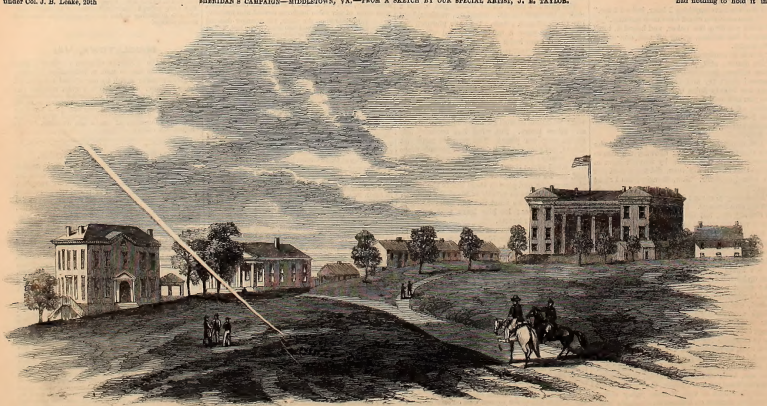
THE sketches of Union prisoners exchanged by the rebels after they were reduced by starvation and ill-treatment to death's door, which we give a few weeks since, were the most appalling that it has ever been our duty to present to the public in our illustrated contemporaneous history of the time. Gladly, for the honor of our common humanity, would we have avoided the task and thrown a veil over the diabolical malignity of the authorities which could conceive and perpetrate such cruelty.

A sketch, which we give to-day, from a photograph by McPherson & Oliver, shows the enfeebled men of the 19th Iowa, taken on their reaching New Orleans, after a long and cruel captivity at Tyler, Texas. This regiment was captured near Morganza, on the 29th September, 1863, having been sent out with the 26th Indiana, a section of the 1st Missouri artillery, and some cavalry and mounted infantry, all under Col. J. B. Leake, 20th Iowa, to divert the rebel Gen. Greene. That officer, however, having been reinforced by Gen. Mouton, crossed the Atchafalaya and cut off Leake from his division. Although attacked on all sides, Leake made a determined fight, and after finding it vain to attempt to cut his way through to his division, surrendered.

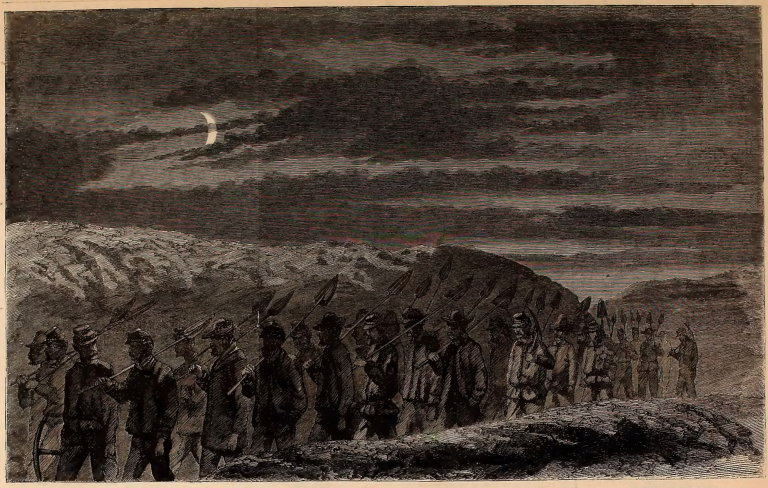
Greene at once fell back, and the prisoners were marched, through a drenching rain, to Greene's camp, and having been stripped of everything but the clothes on their backs, began their novitiate of suffering. On the 1st of October they were sent to Opelousas, and after a few days' confinement, sent to Shreveport, suffering from hunger and cold, having no blankets or protection. From Shreveport they were sent to Tyler, Texas, under a guard of Red river steamboatmen, who abused and rode them down constantly. They reached Camp Ford, four miles east of Tyler, on the 23d, and led to a hillside as their quarters. No shelter was provided; and although they had marched all day, no food was given till the following night. When food was finally given, the Commissary dealt out 10 days' rations in corn meal at once. The prisoners had nothing to hold it in



SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—MIDDLETOWN, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.



THE WAR IN GEORGIA—THE MILITARY COLLEGE, MARIETTA.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. D. R. BROWN, 20TH CONN.

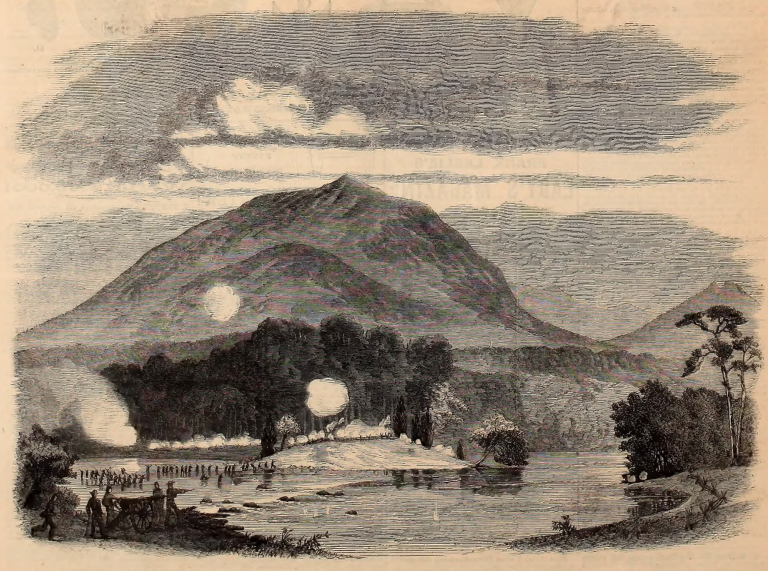


THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—GOING TO THE TRENCHES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, R. F. MULLEN.

and used hats, coats, drawers, sleeve-linings, but it was impossible to keep it. They lost much, and suffered all the pangs of hunger, as at best the rations were insufficient. They had no means of cooking it, except as they could borrow a stray utensil from the militia guard. They began at once to build log-huts, but there were only three axes given them, and no animals allowed to draw a single log. The work was necessarily slow, and in the meantime the prisoners lived in holes dug in the ground and covered with brush.

On the 29th of November they were paralled for exchange, and started for Shreveport almost naked and barefoot, not half having a shirt and still fewer anything like a blanket. They reached the Sabine, tracking the road with their blood. Cattle intended for them were sold by the rebel officers, and the prisoners confined to corn-meal. During the winter they were kept near Shreveport. In March, as all hope of exchange had ended, they were marched back to Tyler. Their treatment on the march was more brutal than ever. Men who failed to keep up from swollen feet were lassoed and dragged by the neck. Many were wounded by blows of swords and muskets. Proper representations of this treatment were made to Gen. Kirby Smith, but without effect.

On the 5th of April they were marched to Marshall, Texas, and kept till May 24, when it proving that the Confederate prisoners were not ready for exchange, they



THE WAR IN VIRGINIA—THE FIGHT AT CEDAR CREEK, FRIDAY, AUG. 12.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

were again marched to Tyler. Here they found the camp enlarged and crowded with prisoners just by Banks. Their sufferings were now increased, deprived of sufficient wood for cooking, stinted in water, and without any hospital or surgeon to care for the sick. Nothing was done to keep the camp clean; and only once, on the 1st of July, was permission given to remove the filth from the camp.

On the 9th of July they finally started forward for exchange. This time they were under the escort of Major G. W. Smith, who will ever be remembered as the first and only instance of chivalry or courtesy met in their experience of Southern men. The march was a procession of congratulations; on the 20th July they were delivered to Col. Dwight, Commissioner of Exchange, at the mouth of Red river.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE DINNER FOR THE BARON.—One of Henry Fox's jokes was that played off on Mrs ——, who had a great fondness for making the acquaintance of foreigners. He forged a letter of recommendation to her in favor of a German nobleman, the Baron von Sotdich Sweden, whose card was left at her door, and for whom a dinner was immediately planned by Mrs. ——, which in anticipation sent in terms of the most considerable gastronomical bacon apparatus. As the dinner was served, just during the first course a noise was brought to the lady of the house, with menace from the baron, who was unexpectedly prevented by the death of his aunt, the Duchess Von Egeom Salls, which she read out to the company without any suspicion of the joke, and to the entertainment of her guests, among whom was the facetious author.

THE following lines are said to have been found on the desk of an indolent though afterwards a much celebrated official in one of our Government departments:

From 10 to 11—eats breakfast for saveh!
From 11 to 1—there's nothing done.
From 1 to 2—there's nothing to do.
From 2 to 3—begins to see
That 3 to 4—is a deuce of a bore.

A YOUNG man in Canada, whose English friends had ceased to correspond with him, woke up their interest by sending letters to business men in his native place, inquiring the price of a tolerable-sized farm. Seven affectionate letters came from his friends by return of post, and two or three a day have come ever since, and one from an old (and cold) sweetheart.

WHEN the French papers do set out wonders in natural history they beat the English out of sight. One of them tells us that a hare was recently surrounded by inundation, and had no means of safety but climbing up a willow-tree and perching, like a bird, on the topmost bough. A countryman discovered it, took a boat and rowed on an expedition against the life of poor puss. He reached the asylum, passed his vessel to the shore, and began to unseal the tree. It was no time for a hare to hesitate; with infinite promptitude, as if about to be seized for high treason, our furry friend bounded into the boat, and, bowing it from the bank, pushed to the middle of the river, and swam off unmolested and exceedingly. Meanwhile the order was compelled to wear the willow, and seek his own preservation by occupying the hare's abandoned seat, till at last he was rescued by his friends!

DRILL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

Fall in—To good ways and habits, which will be conducive to your benefit.

Attention—To your business, and never mind other people's.

Right Face—Carefully do your duty, and don't be glad of a petty excuse for shirking it.

Quick March—From a temptation to do anything which is mean or unmanly.

Halt—When conscience tells you that you are not doing as you would like to be done by.

Right about Face—From dishonesty and falsehood.

Present Arms—Cheerfully when your wife asks you to carry the baby for her.

Break off—Bad habits and everything which is likely to retard your advancement in the world.

THE following paragraph suggests plenty of food for reflection: "A curious plea was set up, but even-quick, this week, in Paris, at the Election of Living Artists. An old soldier demanded admission in for half-price, as he had only one eye. The admission of such soldiers, according to another admission, admits one-half of the world to picture-galleries free; for the majority of people who look at pictures might as well have no eyes, being quite blind to merits and faults alike. And the privilege would be of no advantage to the numerous art-critics, for they have free admission already, perhaps on this very ground.

MONSIEUR DURAND, a visitor in New York, having no faith in the banks, nor the banks, nor the railway, but unlimited confidence in Mr. G., the great merchant, placed in his hands $10,000. Some wags, aware of this transaction, got into said conversation, and on him, in the presence of the Frenchman, and among other things lamented the bankruptcy of Mr. G.

The unhappy depositor rushed to the counting-house of his friend, and overwhelmed him with reproaches for his failure. "What for you tell when you owe me $10,-000? Why you tell me yesterday you fail to-day?"

By this time Mr. G. saw through the trick, and informed Monsieur Durand he would give him a cheque for the amount before, and explained, "Ah! you got him! If you think I don't want him; but if you have not got him, I must have him."

OLD DR. Nichols, a celebrated quack doctor, found the calls and fees did not come fast enough to please him, so he added an apothecary's shop to his business, for the sale of drugs and medicines. He had a great sign painted to attract the wondering eyes of the village people, and took level to stand in front of his shop and explain its beauties to the gaping beholders. One of these was an Irishman, who came up smiling with a comical look, and then exclaimed:

"Och, by the powers, docter, it is isn't fine. But there's something a little bit wanting in it."

"What, pray, is that, my friend?" asks the doctor.

"Why, you see," said Pat, and you've got a beautiful sign, and a fine shop, and not a bit of a bird swimming in it."

"Ay! yes," replied the doctor, "that's a good idea. I'll have a couple of swans painted there; wouldn't they be fine?"

"Faith, and I don't know but they would," said Pat; "but I'm after thinking there's another kind of a bird that would be more appropriate."

"And what is that?" asked the doctor.

"Why, I can't exactly think of his name just now, but he's one of them kind of birds that when he sings he cries. Quack, quack, quack, quack!"

The last seen of Pat and the doctor was Pat running for dear life, and the doctor after him.

"JIM, this damp, unwholesome air has given me a horrid cough."

"Has it, Jack? Well, I'm no better off, for it has given me the asthma."

"Sorry for it, Jim."

"And yet, come to think of it, Jack, perhaps your cough is merely sympathetic—the consequence of mi-asma."

WHY is the figure of your mother's mother like a grain of rye? Because it's grand-form. Don't tell her so, though, or she'll make a wry face at you.

Wonderful! Strange!

Full Instructions by which any person can master the art of Ventriloquism in a few hours and make a world of fun. Sent by mail for 30 cents, or 6 for $1. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

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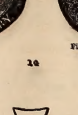


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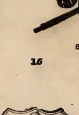


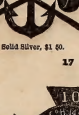
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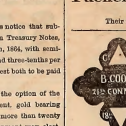
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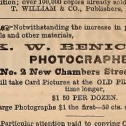
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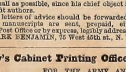
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No. 468—VOL. XVIII.] NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 17, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY, 13 WEEKS $1 00.



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We recently received the following letter:

ROXBURY, Mass.,
Aug. 30, 1864.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—I send you a MS. sketch for publication, which if acceptable, please remit whatever you are in the habit of paying for similar articles, (as regards length, merit, &c.,) to the address below.

I should like one or two copies of the issue it appears in, should you decide to purchase the MS.

Very respectfully, etc.,
EDWARD NEWMAN.

The story sent with this very off-hand communication was called "A Novel Courtship; or, the Lost Wager." By Edward Newman, and proved to be a story by Miss Lucy A. Randall, whose tales our readers well know. It was published in our paper of Nov. 14, 1863, as "Cousin Jack's Courtship; or, the Lost Wager," and was simply copied *verbatim et literatim* by Mr. Edward Newman, whose desire of appearing in print we are happy to gratify. We shall also be happy to assist him in placing his photograph in a fine gallery recently at Broome street, but now in a handsome marble building in Mulberry.

Conclusion of Volume XVIII.

WITH this number we close eighteen volumes of this paper, and thus rapidly approaching the second decade of its existence, we may be pardoned for a feeling of pride at having been the first to establish a successful Illustrated Paper, fully up to the requirements of the time, and consequently possessed of those characteristics which make popularity a result beyond question.

Knowing what the public requires, we spare no effort, no talent, no expense to lay before them, week by week, an illustrated record of all that is exciting, absorbing, curious or interesting in the events of the day.

During the present sad civil war our paper has been a living history. General as well as section attest the fidelity of our sketches; foreign papers recognise in our illustrations that fidelity, truthfulness and artistic merit which leads them almost uniformly to copy ours in preference to any other illustrations.

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It is our pride here, too, that we have called forth a number of writers whose names will hereafter be an honor to American literature.

Those whose subscriptions expire with the volume should renew them at once, to avoid interruption in receiving the paper.

Atlanta Ours — Grant and Sherman as Peace Ambassadors.

GEN. SHERMAN has triumphantly conducted Georgia campaign has at length been crowned with a decisive and comprehensive victory. The capture of Atlanta tells the welcome story. It practically demolishes the rebellion from Georgia to the Mississippi river, and reduces the fighting capacities of Jeff Davis to his armed forces in Virginia.

In tapping the railroad leading South-westwardly, via West Point, to Montgomery, Alabama, after cutting the Augusta road, Gen. Sherman rendered the situation of Hood, within his strong encircling fortifications of Atlanta, exceedingly uncomfortable; but when Sherman's right wing was swung around so as to cover the road leading South to Macon, a stubborn struggle to recover it or a stealthy evacuation of Atlanta, if possible, became the only alternative to Hood. True to the fighting proclivities, right or wrong, he adopted the desperate alternative of risking city and army in an effort to dislodge his powerful adversary at the point of the bayonet from this Macon road; but the forces sent were in turn attacked and routed, and the disastrous consequences which the cautious Jo. Johnston would have foreseen and avoided, the rash and over-confident Hood rushed into and realised. He abandoned the city without a blow, succeeded in defeat, and, what is worse, he has no place of retreat before him, right or left, which promises him anything more than a few days' security against the complete destruction, dispersion or capitulation of his divided and demoralized army.

The only alternative, in our judgment, now remaining to Hood, if still resolved to "die in the last ditch," is to try the experiment of a junction with Gen. Lee, in Virginia. True, the prospect in this direction is equally gloomy. Victorious Yankee army of Atlanta, whatever route he may take, will doubtless follow close upon his trail; but Hood needs assistance, and this can only be secured by a junction with Gen. Lee. In view of some such enterprise, the occupation of the Weldon railroad by Gen. Grant from the River James to Petersburg, which stands *à la* Vicksburg, directly between the army of Lee and the army of Hood, and thus interferes as much with the communications of Lee from the South as with the subsistence of his army in Petersburg and Richmond. In fact, Grant's position on the Weldon railroad is substantially what was the position of Sherman on the Macon road before the late battle, and that a similar result will soon follow we are entirely confident. The investigations of Early's forces in the Shenandoah valley are much the same as the movements of Wheeler, Roddy and other rebel raiders in the rear of Sherman. They are but the flutterings of the old bird in the grass to divert the sportsman from her nest in the bush at his side, fluttering which every one understands and readily comprehend.

We congratulate the army of readers of this journal on the glorious prospect before us. The rebellion in Georgia has collapsed without the cheering intelligence to the country, that instead of the 500,000 men called for by the President in his last order for a draft, 300,000 will suffice for all the purposes of this war; and that "100,000 new troops, promptly furnished, are all that Gen. Grant asks for the capture of Richmond, and to put an end forever to the rebel armies yet in the field." With unquestioning faith in Gen. Grant's carefully considered requisition, we entertain the hope that the 100,000 fresh troops, which he is satisfied will enable him to finish up the dismantled Confederacy and tottering despotism of Jeff Davis, Bob and Wesk, will, by a just and patriotic people, be promptly supplied. Grant and Sherman are the only peace ambassadors, whose overtures and surrender in behalf of the rebels can be made to prevail. Let us support these able ambassadors in their convincing negotiations, and we shall soon have peace.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.—GRANT'S ARMY.

A dispatch from the Army of the Potomac says that the reports of the losses in the 5th corps, in the battles of the 18th, 19th and 21st ult., reaching 5,000, greatly exaggerate the facts. It is believed that the aggregate loss will not exceed 3,200. The loss of the 2d corps in Thursday's fight will not exceed 1,200. The rebels are said to be using the Weldon railroad below Ream's station, and running their supplies thence to Petersburg around our left by wagon. As this requires a large force to guard the trains and defend the road against our cavalry, it cannot be either a very profitable or pleasant means of communication. Arrangements have been made for burying the rebel dead left on the field of Thursday's battle. The fact that the enemy did not do this, and also that they did not carry off their wounded, is palpable evidence that, although they drove back the 2d corps, they did not achieve a complete or creditable victory.

SHERIDAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Merritt's division of Gen. Torbert's cavalry came up to Bradley Johnson on the 28th, and after a sanguinary hand-to-hand fight drove him from the field, completely demolished.

On the 29th the enemy's trench upon infantry, but Sheridan sent up Ricketts's division of Wright's 6th corps, when the enemy withdrew about five minutes. In his retreat up the valley Early was pursued by Sheridan with his whole army, and Averill attacked Vaughan's cavalry south of Martinsburg, capturing 20 wagons, two battle flags, many prisoners and a herd of cattle.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The steamer Crescent was recently sent down under convoy of the Admiral carrying 600 rebel officers to place under fire, but the captain, when off Cape Romain, treacherously attempted to run her ashore. One rebel officer did, in fact, escape. The captain is under trial.

GEORGIA.

Wheeler had been operating on Sherman's communications, and though defeated in one or two slight engagements, Sherman, as if alarmed at this, ostensibly gave up the siege of Atlanta and pushed his army down to East Point on the Macon road, leaving Hood's (rebel corps) on the Chattahoochee. Hood then stationed a part of his army at Jonesboro, and these on the afternoon of the 30th attacked Howard, whose centre was at Couch's, but the Union General drove the rebels back with loss of forty guns to the Macon road, and on the 1st of Sept. made a general attack on the enemy at Jonesboro, Gen. Jeff C. Davis carrying the works, with 10 guns and 1,000 prisoners. In the night the enemy retreated to Lovejoy's station. Hood cut off from the best part of his army, with Sherman on his road, blew up the magazines in Atlanta and fled by night. Slocum then marched in.

Kilpatrick had previously been cutting the road to Macon.

ALABAMA.

On the 23d Gen. Granger and Admiral Farragut opened on Fort Morgan. Gen. Page made no reply, but finally raised the white flag.

Mobile is under military usage, the rebel Gen. Page threw away his sword, and caused the complete destruction of the guns and ammunition in the work. The reason for supposing we believe that this was done after the white flag had been raised. The terms of capitulation were the same as in the case of Fort Gaines. The conduct of Gen. Page contrasts most unfavorably with that of Col. Anderson, the Commander of Fort Gaines, who scrupulously preserved everything from the moment he raised the white flag.

FLORIDA.

Col. Harris, with 1,000 Ohio and some other troops, recently penetrated to Stork, where they destroyed a train. They then advanced to Gainesville, and drove the enemy; but soon after, while resting and eating, were suddenly attacked and thrown into confusion. Col. Harris and a portion of his men managed to escape, but many were taken.

MISSISSIPPI.

The steamer Lancaster was fired into 15 miles below Natchez by a rebel battery, supported by cavalry.

KENTUCKY.

Hardensburg was plundered by guerillas on the 25d of August.

Jake Bennett, with a gang, dashed into Owensboro, killed three citizens, robbed and plundered the town.

TENNESSEE.

On the 23d Gen. Gillsett, in a fight with the rebels, killed 60, and drove the force from the town. His loss was 25 men, among them Col. Carney mortally wounded.

Gen. Rousseau, at Gainesville, dated August 30, says that the rebel Gen. Wheeler, with his entire force, appeared at the head of the Cumberland river, three miles below Gallatin, captured a company of Federal troops, and were raising preparations to cross the same morning for an advance upon Gallatin. A report has reached Cave City, Ky., that the colonel commanding the Federal forces at Calhoun ordered the depot to be burned, as it was without the range of his guns.

A rebel force estimated at 10,000, with 12 pieces of artillery, were within 17 miles of Nashville, on the Murfreesboro' pike, at daylight on Thursday morning. Gen. Rousseau, with a body of cavalry and infantry, met the enemy's advance early in the morning. Severe skirmishing ensued, resulting with varying success. At last accounts Gen. Rousseau had driven the rebels three miles towards Murfreesboro'.

MISSOURI.

On the 28th of August it was announced in St. Louis that a force of 1,000 men, was about 70 miles below Rolleen, on the Iron Mountain railroad.

ARKANSAS.

Shelby and Marmaduke are said to have attacked Pine Bluff.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

The Kansas City *Journal* says it is ascertained by reliable scouts that in less than 20 days a unanimous attack will be made by the combined bands of Cheyennes, Kiowas, Utahs, Snakes, Camanches and Arrapahoes on Fort Kearney, Fort Cottonwood, and all along Platte Valley. Every measure is being taken by the whites to give them a warm reception. All the ranches are deserted, and the proprietors, with their families, are taking refuge in the forts.

The Indians have white leaders, and are better armed than U. S. troops or the militia, as was proved in a recent fight where they inflicted serious damage, while our men were unable to reach them with the guns in their hands.

NAVAL.

The Tallahassee, after plundering and destroying along our coast, ran into Halifax, coaled, and doubtless transacted other business. She then started back to Wilmington, and, in spite of the efforts of our blockaders, ran in, and now lies under the guns of Fort Fisher, giving and receiving a salute as she steamed in. Another privateer entered, and was saluted by the forts.

The Nicholas Biddle, of New York, was burned off the Brazilian coast by the Florida.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ORDERS have been issued in England that no ships-of-war belonging to either of the belligerent powers in North America shall be allowed to enter any of the British ports for the purpose of being dismantled and sold.

The Niagara, according to a Lisbon telegram of August 13, was in the Tagus. Her intention was supposed to be the interception of the Georgia.

The last advices from Frankfort show a loss of faith in United States Bonds, large sales having depressed the prices.

Fresh disturbances have broken out in Algiers.

The Czar has ordered a reduction of the Russian army.

The difficulty between the American Consul and the Egyptian Government has been satisfactorily adjusted.

Cholera has been rendered in Malabar, where there had been no rioting since the 19th of August.

The King of Spain has left Paris for Madrid.

A prospective marriage is announced between Prince Frederick, of Baden, and the Princess Louise, of Sweden—union which, it is expected, will strengthen the bonds between Sweden and Baden.

The Russian army is to be reduced.

The Austrian Government have decided to occupy the Duchy of Holstein.

TOWN COSSIP.

In all communities there are what may be termed stock topics, which last like wonders, not nine days, but their allotted time. The topics for this week have been two; firstly, the nomination of McClellan for the Presidency, and secondly, the hoped-for suspension of the draft. The next 60 days bid fair to be two of the most exciting months in the whole history of the country. New York is an especially excitable city. Every throb of the country is felt here as though it was the very heart of all the nation. We have now to decide in the next sixty days a new President as the field, which bids fair to culminate in that time into something grand. The next two months will decide what policy will rule us for four years more. The friends will be up and doing, and the Democratic party, that can minister to the amusement of passions of mankind will be in the ascendant. We think New York have seen so gay a winter as that now coming, especially as it will have numerous visitors to help gay anyhow. The last three years has almost entirely changed the character of our society. It will require many years of peace and hard labor to bring them back from the state of recklessness and dissipation into which they have been plunged by this war and its attendant circumstances.

We are now in the very midst of the opening of the season. The theatres are throwing wide their doors and offering all their novelties, the churches are recuperating from their summer sleep, and the Rev. Dr. Bellows, having gathered fresh divinity and nursed his bronchitis in the delightful atmosphere of Newport, Saratoga, or the White Mountains, is once more strong in the pulpit of All Souls, ready to be the especial favorite of his pews. The schools, with regenerated pupils and bright-eyed teachers, invite the rising generation to their desks in numbers sufficient to fill the streets, elsewhere, are commencing their busy campaign, and the merchants are beginning to look forward to the fall and winter trade. Next year, Miss McKinney is back in town, and we have daily at all the leading parade establishments a fair gathering together, with laborious effort, smoothing to the fashionable mind the season. Young Madame Frederic Augustus, we mean—is doing pretty much the same. Her business men better be polite within the last week, and has been known by a few of his most intimate friends to have had two consultations with his tailor and one with his bootmaker, and was heard openly to declare that "Saratoga wasn't worth a d——n." Her talents teacher enough to cover his (young Shoddy's) legs to the knee, and to have "gallerly coloring" to it. Vanzed performs his duty and covers the calf we think the most extensive in town.

During the week we have seen and conversed with the agreeable "Count" of the Bowery, Mike Muller, the man who is charged with the murder of Mr. Briggs in the Fifth avenue Hotel, and who is figuring with so instinctive idea of the innocence of the man. We say that his friends have been heard to declare by the statements of the prisoner or won by any argument. Of the latter we have no little, and of the former none. He lacks the grit of the tongue to win any one by either, and just as we had opened our ears to believe by Frank Muller guiltless of the crime of which he is charged, he opened his mouth and proved himself to be the very reverse. Muller is a fine looking man, of about 30 years of age, and was when arrested in the office of the Herald Exchange, to the intense delight of a large improvised audience. The man, it appears, had been in the habit of daily passing himself off for the colonel of the 92d N. Y. volunteers, when some private individual, a commercial traveler without doubt, began looking into the matter, and finally succeeded in spotting the delinquent for true value, and the "colonel" was handed over to the tender mercies of the Provost and stripped. There is something strange to us in that uniform which prompts a man, even though he is at the time, to disguise his uniform in all kinds of guises, at all kinds of times, and to be so anxious to get a pair of shoulder-straps that only cast a suspicion on him that he is skulking from duty while his regiment is fighting or enduring the field. We have not the slightest doubt on that head that Muller has been in the habit of wearing the uniform, but that was only of making a mistake they would be stripped off as was our would-be colonel's.

The case of Mrs. Surratt has been briefly run to a dramatic way. Firstly, it was Mrs. Matilda Heron has been going through the buzzing of asking were of the public in the character of "Camille." The fact simply is that the lady feels herself growing too old and too portly for the character, and that others are doing it so much better than she ever did that policy dictates she should bother herself in some other line. During those six nights the house was crowded, and the stereotyped Heron version of the play, which in French is beautiful and spiritual, but in English simply repulsive, was gone through with the same unevenness as we have always been accustomed to, the actress occasionally rising to scenes of great power and finish, and

as often sinking to an outrage both upon nature and art.

That "provincial actor," as the New York *Herald* drolly calls John E. Owens, has been filling the Broadway theatre, through the week, with an audience that seem appreciative of his provincialism. It will be a long time before New York sees anything better done on the stage than Owens' "Solon Shingle."

The Winter Garden goes steadily on, with Clarke as Major De Boots, in "Everybody's Friend," and "The Rough Diamond," filling the house to that extent that it remains doubtful whether any change will be made this winter.

The Olympic has opened with much of the old company, and a new piece entitled, "Miriam's Crime," of which we shall talk next week.

Niblo's is given up to Forrest three nights a week, with "The Duke's Motto" sandwiched between.

Wallack's will open next week, but no announcement has yet been made of the plan of campaign. We hope that the virtue of paint and putty will be tried on this house before its reopening.

Barnum has made a great success with his whale, and this week gives us the unfailing attraction of Mr. and Mrs. General Tom Thumb, Minnie Warren and Commodore Nutt; yielding to the exigencies of the times, he has advanced five cents on the price of admission, which we hold to be a modest sum.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The building where the Chicago Convention was held was 638 feet circumference—above 200 feet diameter. It accommodated 15,000.

—— A nugget of gold weighing eight pounds, and worth $41,000 in greenbacks, is now at New York.

—— A Victoria Regia, the giant water lily, is in flower near the New York Central Park. The flower is 10 inches across, of a mixed purple and white color, and exhales a rich and rather oppressive perfume. The leaves of the full-grown plant are from six to eight feet in diameter.

—— The Washington *Star* deplores the profane, dissipated character of the present Sunday amusements of that city as follows: "We have now Sunday papers, Sunday streetcars, Sunday dress parades, Sunday gardens, Sunday displays of cyprian equestrianism and barouche exercises, Sunday suburban "free and easys," and latest and fastest of the fast and furious amusements of our modern Sunday carnival we have the Sunday down-river excursion, where the gay and festive—those sufficiently sober to stand upon their feet—can trip it on the light fantastic toe to the music of the Marine Band."

—— The solicitor of the War Department has commenced an action against Surgeon-Gen. Hammond.

—— The Chicago Convention met on the 29th ult., and after organising chose Gov. Horatio Seymour as President of the Convention. The result was the following ticket: For President—Gen. G. B. McClellan; for Vice-President—Hon. G. H. Pendleton. The news was received with great rejoicings by the Democrats in all the towns, New York holding a meeting that very evening, when Oakey Hall, Chauncey Schaffer, Douglass Taylor, Caspar C. Childs and Gen. E. R. V. Wright made spirited addresses denouncing the Administration.

—— The official statement of the public debt on the 30th of August shows the amount outstanding to be $1,878,565,234, and the interest, in both coin and lawful money, $77,447,122, or an increase of the public debt since the 2d August of $53,073,000, and of interest $1,029,000. The debt bearing interest in coin is now $889,899,492; the debt bearing interest in lawful money, $469,197,000; the debt on which the interest has ceased, $357,470; the debt bearing no interest, $519,111,267. The unpaid requisitions are $78,795,000, and the amount in the Treasury, $17,189,518. It further appears that since the 2d of August the six per cent. bonds under the acts of July 17 and August 5, 1861, exchanged for seven-thirties, have increased to the extent of $15,000,000; that the seven-thirty three years notes under the act of July 17, 1861, have been reduced about the same amount, and the six per cent. certificates of indebtedness under the act of March 1, 1862, increased nearly $28,000,000.

—— The Cosmopolitan Club, composed of some of the leading merchants of this city, Boston, Providence, Hartford and of the West, held its first excursion party on the 25th ult., at Providence, the excursion terminating with a grand chowder feast and clam bake at Coles's, on Narragansett bay. By the kindness of the Stonington line, through its agent, Mr. M. R. Simons, the steamer Plymouth Rock and a special train from Groton were placed at the disposal of the club. From Providence the steam yacht Carrie White, Commodore Perry, conveyed the party to the bake. Among the most pleasurable features of the trip the magnificent supper on the Plymouth Rock and the glorious sail up the Sound were not the least memorable. At the bake—one of those old-fashioned Rhode Island affairs respecting the mysteries of which Rhode Islanders are not at all reticent—the arrangements were perfect, and the guests enjoyed it to the uttermost. Wine, wit, sentiment—toasts to all sorts of official dignitaries—bumpers to the President and Directors of the Stonington Line, and a general flow of good spirits prevailed. The club returned to the city in good season, each individual member thereof feeling at least ten years younger from the trip. The "Cosmopolitan," we understand, have leased a building as a "Club House" in 5th avenue, not far from 23d street. The object of the association or club is merely social, and will, in its regulations, resemble the clubs of London. We cannot omit the opportunity of adding a word of praise in regard to the admirable arrangements of the Stonington line for the comfort and gratification of its patrons. Both the boats of this line are in every sense of the word floating first-class hotels. We cordially commend the line to the consideration of the travelling public the year round, as well as to summer tourists. The connections of the line are always sure, and parties by taking this route have ample time for repose without being troubled by the horrors of Point Judith sea-sickness.

Military.—A Union officer writing from Charleston says they are better satisfied with their treatment at Charleston than anywhere they had been in the Confederacy, both in regard to their receiving more to eat and their being more kindly treated. Six hundred officers arrived at Charleston on the 30th of July, and on the 3d of this month they were still there, confined in the jail and the jail yard. The yard is about 300 feet long and 250 feet wide. The building takes up about one-third of the space. The yard is surrounded by a brick wall about 16 feet high, guarded both inside and outside. One hundred wedge (or A) tents had been issued, and they were pitched in the jail yard. As regards their danger from our own shells, I can simply say that the shelling has been going on for over a year, and I believe the jail building has never yet been struck. However, while we were confined there, the building adjoining the jail was struck, and a number of shells passed over and close to the jail. The buildings on each side of the jail have also been struck; but we never felt in any danger.

—— The Rochester *Express*, of the 30th ult., says: "From Mr. Dana, who arrived from Elmira last evening, we learn that an attempt has been made by the rebel prisoners in Elmira to escape from their confinement. They had managed to dig a breach under ground a distance of some 40 feet past the inclosure of the grounds, and under the hospital building. The rebels, when discovered, were briskly engaged at work in the trench, and were aiming for a sutler's tent. The ditch was only about two and a half feet high, and about three feet under ground, and only two men could get in at a time. They had no tools to work with, and how they managed to get so far in hard gravelly soil is a mystery."

Naval.—Many of the sailors captured at Mobile entered at once into our service, and were very much pleased with the change of flag.

—— The English navy can boast of 18 armor-plated ships, the smallest of which is 3,716 tons, and the largest 6,621 tons. The combined tonnage of these ships-of-war amounts to 86,204 tons. Besides these there are several vessels of smaller size, some afloat and some building.

—— The privateer Tallahassee, which has lately employed the best efforts of several of our fastest gunboats, without avail, is reported by the last advices from the blockading fleet of Wilmington to have run through the fleet on the night of the 25th ult., and to be now safely moored under the guns of Fort Fisher. She was discovered by the gunboat Monticello, in the darkness, but after a few discharges of grape and shell her evidently superior speed placed her beyond injury; and she turned up in the morning defiantly riding at anchor under the guns of the fort.

Personal.—Mr. Charles Peters, the well-known comedian, has made a great hit in Boston.

—— John Mitchel, the vitriol thrower of Dublin, is now serving as a private in the Southern army.

—— The daughter of Legrange, the opera singer, has been married to the Russian Prince Ghika; he is said to be very wealthy.

—— Col. T. B. Thorpe, so well-known as the Bee-hunter, and formerly on the editorial staff of this paper, has been nominated for Congress by the free State men of Louisiana. To his admirable sanatory measures the freedom of New Orleans from yellow fever is principally owing.

—— Miss Ada Vrooman, the poetess, is preparing a volume of poems for the press.

—— It is understood that Gov. Seymour will be Secretary of State, should McClellan be elected.

—— The rebel Gen. Hood who commands at Atlanta is described by a person who has recently seen him as a "white-headed, homely, spindle-shanked fellow, about 32 years of age, and over six feet tall; had been pretty well hacked to pieces; one leg gone, an arm useless; a lot of bruised ribs, and a broken collar-bone."

—— The British Government has granted a pension of £100 to Eliza Cook, the poetess.

—— Joseph Howard, jr., the author of the bogus proclamation, has been released from Fort Lafayette.

—— Adah Isaacs Menken is about to make her appearance as "Mazeppa" at Astley's Amphitheatre in London.

—— Miss Braddon is announced to edit a new London magazine, to be called the *St. George's Magazine*.

—— The wife of Gen. Sibley, of the rebel army, has left the Confederacy and come over to the Union. Her husband escorted her to the Federal lines, wished her a good-bye, and returned to rebeldom. A strong attachment to the old flag has led her to desert her husband.

—— President F. A. P. Barnard has written a letter to the New York *Times*, in which he denies the allegations of Mr. Bledsoe, and declares himself to be a true Union man.

—— Mr. Dircks, the Englishman who invented the patent ghost, is about to write the life, times and scientific labors of the celebrated Marquis of Worcester. He is going to reprint that curious book, "The Century of Inventions."

—— Blondin advertises from Vienna that the Blondin of Paris is an impostor; in other words, that he is not himself, but somebody else.

—— G. W. Curtis has been made an LL.D.

—— A monument is to be erected in Paris to Beranger.

Obituary.—Brig.-Gen Daniel Phineas Woodbury, the late commander of Key West and Dry Tortugas, died of yellow fever at Key West on the 15th inst. He was born in 1815, and entered West Point 1832. In 1836 he entered the army as second-lieutenant 3d artillery. He has been actively employed in Oregon, and from 1856 to 1860 was engaged in the construction of Fort Jefferson, Dry Tortugas. In 1862 he was made Brig.-Gen. of Volunteers. He was buried at Key West with military and masonic honors on the 17th ult. He was the aut or of several scientific works, among which were "The Theory of the Arch" and "On Sustaining Walls." These are now standard works.

—— The Providence *Journal* announces the death of William R. Watson of that city, for 40 years one of the most active and prominent politicians of Rhode Island. He was collector of customs at the port of Providence under the administrations of Harrison and Taylor, and held several offices of local trust and profit. He was a zealous political writer of the Whig school, sparing neither friend nor foe in the heat of the contests for which Rhode Island above all other New-England States has been distinguished.

—— William B. White, a widely-known citizen of Saratoga Springs, died on the 30th of July, aged about 50 years. He belonged to the firm of Clark and White, proprietors of the Congress Spring. As long as Congress water has been known Mr. White has been at the head management of the spring. He knew Saratoga when it had no attractions to compare with Ballston. He saw the large hotels at the commencement, and foresaw that there would be a demand for all the room they could afford.

—— Miss Margaret E. Breckinridge, daughter of the Rev. John Breckinridge, of Kentucky, died at Niagara Falls, July 27th, of typhoid fever, contracted while nursing wounded soldiers. She entered the hospital service on the Mississippi in 1862. Possessing a fine musical talent, which had been well cultivated, a comprehensive and tenacious memory, and being familiar from the years of her earliest instruction with the sacred truths and promises of the Bible, she soon became a special favorite with the hopelessly sick, the wounded and dying soldiers. Ministering both to their physical and moral wants, when all hope of restoring the suffering body had perished, she strove to rekindle those better hopes which have their fruition beyond the grave. It was in the lowlands of the Mississippi that she was first attacked with one of those obstinate camp diseases which too often become chronic. Leaving the Department of the Mississippi in order to recruit her wasted strength, she spent several months with friends at the East. In May last she entered again upon hospital duty near Philadelphia, but was soon obliged to leave her post by an attack of erysipelas. On partially recovering from this she came to Niagara, for the two-fold purpose of sharing the sorrow of a relative who had recently been sorely afflicted by the death of an only brother upon the field of battle, and of recruiting her own health and strength so that she might return again to her labors of mercy. She had even then within her system the seeds of that fatal typhoid fever peculiar to swamps, which was soon developed in all its strength, and of which, complicated with other diseases, she died on Wednesday, July 27.

Accidents and Offences.—A man named John Love and his paramour, Ann O'Neil, were arrested on the 31st of August, charged with killing Nancy Love, wife of the former prisoner, by administering poison to her. The evidence showed the most unmistakable brutality on the part of the two prisoners.

—— A fire broke out in Montague's feed store, Washington street, Hoboken, just as the people were going to church. Instead of praying the practical Hobokeners set to work and put out the fire, the fire bell entirely drowing the church bell.

—— As a young man was descending a well near Utica, on the 27th of August, the rope broke about 18 feet from the bottom, and he was precipitated down. In their excitement some of the bystanders loosened the top in their endeavors to save him, and he and another were buried alive. When dug out five hours afterwards their bodies appeared to be perfectly uninjured, but life had been long extinct, the cause of their death being suffocation.

—— A sawmill and 51 houses were burnt last week in Quebec. It was occasioned by a man emptying the ashes of his pipe on the shavings and sawdust.

—— Solon W. Rice, aged 28 years, and residing at No. 811 Washington street, was arrested by officer Maguire, of the Second Precinct, charged with having been guilty of stealing letters from the Post-office, and appropriating the contents to his own use. The accu ed, who is a clerk in the Post-office, was taken before a United States Commissioner and committed. Several letters which he had filched from the mails were found on his person when he was searched at the station-house.

—— On the afternoon of the 31st of August as Mr. James Pirsson and his son were walking near Fordham, they were attacked by a gang of the railway employees, and robbed of their watches, after which they were brutally beaten, as was also an officer who went to their assistance.

Foreign.—The condition of British India was never more prosperous than it is at present. Our own short supply of cotton has given an immense impetus to the cultivation of that staple, and the quality is wonderfully improved since last year.

—— The French papers have lately become so complimentary to England and Lord Palmerston, as to lead to the conclusion that Louis Napoleon is about to propose to perfidious Albion some scheme for their mutual advantage. The alliance been Russia, Prussia and Austria leaves France in a very isolated condition, as she cannot retire from her meddling propensities, as England can, without a loss of prestige.

—— A farmer in Kent, England, lately eat a ripe plum in which was a wasp, which stung him in the throat. So rapid was the progress of the poison that he died before medical assistance could be procured.

—— The Turkish cotton crop is more than fourfold what it was the previous year.

—— The rebel paper published in London, the *Index*, threatens France and England with the combined vengeance of both North and South when the war in America is over. It says this will be only retribution for their selfish policy in wishing each to drain the other of their blood and treasure, till they were both so exhausted as to become an easy prey to the Western Powers.

—— The riots in Belfast had at last been suppressed, but not before much damage to limb and property had been done. Several persons had been shot by the police.

—— There is interesting news from Mexico. Juarez had left the country, and it was rumored had sought refuge in the United States. His family has already arrived at New Orleans. The French and reactionary Mexican forces are said to have advanced from San Luis Potosi, and now occupy Saltillo, 63 miles from Monterey, the provisional seat of the government of Juarez. Maximilian is pursuing a conciliatory course, and, it is said, has again urged Santa Anna to return to Mexico. He has forbidden the newspapers to abuse the Mexicans who still hold out against him.

—— Miss Burdett Coutts has just purchased a copy of the first edition of Shakespeare's folio for £710 sterling, equal to $3,500.

—— The French Government contemplate the abolition of the usury laws and also imprisonment for debt.

—— A great sensation has been caused in Paris by the arrest of a boy for stealing cats, which his father sold to the cheap restaurants.

—— A journal devoted to cookery has been started in Paris. It is called the *Gastrophile*.

—— Mrs. Theresa Yelverton has so many letters of condolence, that she has published a notice, regretting her inability to ackowledge one-half of them, even with the aid of an amanuensis. Nevertheless, she thanks them as much as though she could personally thank them. The family of Major Yelverton gave a grand festival when they heard the verdict of the House of Lords.

—— Among the frivolities of Fontainebleau is the formation of a new club, consisting of females, under the Presi entship of the Princess Anne Murat. It is called the Babe Club, and the members are to wear the costume of canotieres, which is composed of red, blue and green Garibaldis, with short petticoats, and black straw hats, with straw colored lozenges, round which is tied a black ribbon, with the words Babe Club in gold letters on it.

—— The expatriation of almost the entire Circassian population into Turkey by command of their Russian conquerors, will have the good effect of cutting off the supply of girls for the Turkish harems, and thus silently but surely putting an end to that infamous system of polygamy and concubinage which has made the Ottoman Empire a disgrace to the present century.

Chit-Chat.—The London *Athenæum* has a very caustic review of the Pirate Semmes's book. It likens him to Jonathan Wild and Jack Sheppard.

—— The London *Athenæum*, in reviewing Weiss's Life of Theodore Parker, says in all seriousness, that during the excitement of the Fugitive Slave Law in Boston, Theodore Parker was in the habit of writing his sermons with his revolver on his desk before him. It also says that many in Boston believed that his early death was owing to the prayers of those who differed from him in his theological views. In a letter to a lady, Parker half jocularly complained of the bigotry displayed by some of his unknown and volunteer correspondents.

—— A correspondent writes us that there is a modern Arcadia in New York State, called Hunter's Land, Schoharie county, where the last European news is the death Queen Anne; where they all still vote for Gen. Jackson; where the last newspaper seen is the New York *Spectator*, which was discontinued in 1836; and where the post only comes in once a week. It is expected that the news of the present rebellion will reach this happy spot in about ten years.

—— At a festival of lawyers and editors, a lawyer gave as a toast—"The Editor. He always obeys the call of the devil." An editor responded—"The Editor and the Lawyer—the devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter."

—— On account of the number of oil wells in this country the *Budget of Fun* thinks it ought to be called Modern Grease.

—— It is said that the recent scandals against Bourcicault and Bateman are entirely owing to the machinations of Benjamin Webster, the lessee of the Adelphi. Knowing what a very moral people the English were, he thought a woman the best weapon to employ against his rivals. Mr. Bateman's friends deny all criminality between him and the daughter of Webster's box-book-keeper. These friendships, however, between elderly men and young women, without they are of great intellectual endowments, are always open to suspicion.

—— The total expenditure thus far for the Central Park has been near $6,000,000.

—— New Bedford, Mass., has been settled 200 years this fall. A grand festival will celebrate the event.

—— *Punch* and the *London Illustrated News* are to be republished in this country. Carleton has announced his intention of republishing Dickens's "All Round the Year."

—— The Montreal *Herald* reports that the yellow fever is now raging in Bermuda.

—— The trial trip of the new ironplated Italian vesse of war called the King of Portugal was a perfect success

—— Mr. Gladstone, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, has just published a translation of the first book of Homer's "Iliad." It is in the measure of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall."

—— Dr. Livingston has arrived in England, and is busily engaged in writing an account of his African researches.

—— Nearly 3,000 miles of railroad have been built in India by the last report.

—— The *Home Journal* warns silly girls from corresponding with soldiers now in camp or elsewhere, as it perils their reputation. A friend of ours assures us that these letters afford the soldiers considerable amusement, as the recipients of epistles from these fair *incognitas* of course can have no honorable scruples about reading them aloud. We are told that there is no instance of any of these acquaintances ending in marriage or honorable friendship.

Officers, sutlers, gunsmiths and the public generally cannot do better than purchase their swords, pistols, and every description of fancy, naval and military goods of Charles Folsom, 38 Maiden lane.

THE UNION HALL, SARATOGA.

As Saratoga excels all other Watering Places for brilliancy and fashion, so does Union Hall carry off the palm from the Hotels of that far-famed place. It is emphatically the very best of the kind ever opened, and prepared as all were for a triumph worthy of so renowned a *maestro* as W. W. Leland, he has far exceeded the expectations of his most sanguine friends.

The public have already received from our paper of July 9 some idea of the surroundings and structure of this beautiful establishment, but it required the present season to test that exquisite management which has made it *par excellence* the model fashionable hotel of the continent. So admirably are all the departments arranged, that although there were frequently as many as 1,250 guests in the house at one time, the utmost regularity prevailed and the most assiduous attention was paid to every guest.

The *cuisine* is also a model for variety and plenty, and everything *recherché* and solid are always on the table, which is the best ever known in Saratoga.

The public will be glad to learn that Mr. Leland has determined to keep Union Hall open till the 1st of October.

On Friday, August 26, Mr. Leland gave his grand ball, which went off with the greatest *éclat*. The floor managers were W. S. Wyckoff, W. B. Dinsmore, Horatio Perkins, Theodore Meyer, Willie Hoey, John S. Hoey, of New York, and Count Duquesne, of Havana.

The Committee of Arrangements was as follows: Hon. Levi S. Chatfield, Charles Morgan, D. M. Barney, R. Rein, E. C. Kennedy, C. C. Hastings, N. Whiteman, Frank Leslie, S. W. H. Ward, Trumbull Smith, Harry Sanderson, O. D. Munn, Henry H. Leeds, Jacob Vanderpoel, L. J. Phillips, of New York; Henry Keep, of Rochester; Henry Kipp, of Buffalo; George Cortezar, Pedro Roway y Diaz, of Havana; S. Orteaga, of Port Principe; Hon. James W. Symonton, of San Francisco.

The following was the order of dancing: 1. Quadrille, Souvenir; 2. Polka Redowa, Leopoldstadter; 3. Lanciers, Flora; 4. Galop, Champaigne; 5. Lanciers, Union Hall; 6. Redowa Waltz, Sentenzen; 7. Quadrille, Faust; 8. Galop, Ione; 9. Cuban Dance, 4th Noivembre; 10. Lanciers, Season; 11. Polka Redowa, Leonore; 12. Galop, Pride of the Wind; 13. Quadrille, Monte Cristo; 14. Redowa Waltz, Jubilee; 15. Lanciers, German.

At ten o'clock the doors of his grand dining hall were thrown open, and then there streamed into it such a tide of brilliant and intellectual humanity that seldom has such a scene been witnessed. The music was excellent, and until two o'clock in the morning, when the programme was exhausted, all was gaiety and dancing. The refreshments were bounteous and *recherché*, and the decorations of the hall well arranged.

The *Daily Saratogian* says: "Throughout the evening, and until two o'clock in the morning, when the programme had been exhausted, the cheerful votaries of healthful and innocent mirth fairly filled the great room, and even the famous pianist himself found its attractions so great that he too spent much of the evening in 'keeping step to the music of the Union.' In every respect the ball was a success. No undue restraint chilled the company or dulled the current of its enjoyment. Everything passed off easily as among a gathering of old acquaintances, and dance succeeded dance with a promptness that was of itself exhilarating and provocative of highest spirits, thanks in no small degree to the well-directed and assiduous efforts of the gentlemen who kindly discharged the duties of floor-managers.

"What shall we say of the charming array of female fashion and beauty which graced the occasion? That task demands the pen of a poet, and we possess it not. A striking point in the scene was the brilliant fascinations of the dark-eyed daughters of Cuba, so many of whom grace the *salons* of the Union during the present season. One of them we especially remarked, with clear, rich, dark complexion, eyes whose brightness is only equalled by their depth of blackness, hair rivaling the raven's hue, and with a tall, stately and graceful form which Zenobia might have regarded in her mirror with a blush of pardonable and pleasurable pride."

Among the *belle des belles* was Mrs. G——t, of New York, whose classic face and superb form never appeared to greater advantage. She wore a toilette which bore upon it the stamp of Parisian elegance, of blue *gaze de soie*, richly trimmed with blue silk and point lace, with Pompadour corsage, and blush rose buds and point ace in her hair, which was combed back high above her brow, forming a natural coronet which suited well her regal style of beauty.

Next we may notice Miss S——n, of San Francisco, who was tastefully attired in a white puffed tulle dress, trimmed with blue; ornaments of coral completed a very youthful and becoming toilet.

Mrs. M——s, of New York, wore a rich dress of pearl-colored silk, ornamented with flowers which rivalled nature in their delicacy of coloring. Over arms and shoulders, exquisite in their symmetry and whiteness, was thrown a superb point lace shawl. Her brilliant conversational powers and genial manners made Mrs. M——s, as usual, the centre of a large and admiring circle.

Mrs. McV——, of Chicago, wore a superb dress of green silk, tastefully ornamented with point lace. Over her shoulders was a mantle of crimson cashmere, elaborately ornamented with white, which was worn with the grace peculiar to Mrs. McV——, and contrasted with and lighted up the lustrous bands of black hair which form such a glorious frame to her lovely and sympathetic face.

Prominent among the juvenile belles was Miss Mary McV——, in rose-colored silk. We scarcely know whether most to admire this young lady in the *salon*, where her rich voice so full of power and pathos greets our ears, or in the ballroom, as our admiring eyes follow her graceful little form through the mazes of the dance.

Miss M——n, of Hackensack, N. J., was most becomingly dressed in white silk, with low neck and short sleeves; her luxuriant hair tastefully ornamented with natural flowers.

Mrs. S——r, just from Peru, wore a dress of richest white rep silk, which hung in classic folds upon her slight and elegant form. Her hair, which fell in rippling ringlets to her waist, was confined at the back of the head with a barbe of point lace fastened with a diamond star. A parure of diamonds and opals completed a toilet unique in its simplicity and richness. Mrs. S——, as usual, was the nucleus of a large group of foreigners.

The Misses W——d, of New York, were elegantly dressed in white tarletane, trimmed with blue.

Miss R——é, of New York, looked charmingly in white tarletane, the freshness and beauty of which was unspoiled by the admixture of any color.

Prominent among the stately dames who honored the scene by their presence was Mrs. H. T. M——n, of New York, robed in white silk, richly trimmed with black lace, and ruches of white ribbon. A point lace shawl graced her shoulders; her headdress was of point lace, flowers and marabout feathers, and diamonds in elegant profusion flashed from many a setting.

Mrs. J. T. S——h was arrayed in crimson silk, trimmed with point lace flounce, velvet and ribbon, and headdress of marabout feathers, interspersed with flowers.

Mrs. Chancellor W—— was also present, dressed with her usual elegance and good taste.

Mrs. P——n, of New York, was much admired in rich rose-colored moire antique, with white lace waist and point lace headdress.

And here we must peremptorily close our all too brief notice, much as we would like to say something of Mrs. V. D. P——, of New York, and her three charming daughters; of Mrs. M——h, of Albany; Mrs. R——y and daughters, of Troy, and a long additional array of those who contributed so gracefully to a scene of festivity that will be remembered by its participants even when they hie to other scenes.

We regret that our space will not allow us to dwell longer on one of the most charming balls of the season—certainly the most delightful that has ever taken place in Saratoga. We must not omit to say that the courteous and elegant host greatly enhanced the pleasure of the evening by that kindly presence which gave to the vast and brilliant apartment that home look which adds welcome to enjoyment.



Fitzhugh's Battery. Rebel Skirmishers.

BATTLE OF SUMMIT POINT, SUNDAY, AUGUST 21ST, BETWEEN GEN. WILSON'S CAVALRY AND THE REBELS.



Turnpike to Charlestown. Turnpike to Harper's Ferry, Jackson Hill.

VIEW OF THE FRONT FROM THE UNION LINES ON JACKSON HILL, VA.



Judge Hunter's House.

FIGHT OF DUFFIE'S CAVALRY NEAR HUNTER'S HOUSE, CHARLESTOWN, VA, COVERING THE RETREAT OF THE UNION FORCES.

SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

IN VAIN.

LARE closer arms, press closer lips,
In fast and vain caressing!
or never more that pallid cheek
Will crimson 'neath your pressing,
or these vain words and vainer tears
She waited yester even;
he waits you now—but in the far
Resplendent halls of heaven.

ith patient eyes fixed on the door
She waited, hoping ever,
ill death's dark wall rose cold between
Her gaze and you for ever.
he heard your footsteps in the breeze,
And in the wild bee's humming;
he last breath that she shaped to words
Said softly, "Is he coming?"

ow silenced lies the gentlest heart
That ever beat 'neath cover;
afe—never to be rung again
By you, a fickle lover!
our wrongs to her knew never end,
Till earth's last bonds were riven;
our memory rose cold between
Her parting soul and heaven.

ow vain your false and tardy grief,
Vain your remorseful weeping:
or she, whom only you deceived,
Lies hushed in dreamless sleeping.
o—not beside that peaceful form
Should lying words be spoken—
o, pray to God, "Be merciful
As she whose heart I've broken."

HE BROKEN BOND.

CHAPTER VII.

next morning I related to Mr. Pledwell what
ccurred, and told him what I intended to do.
pproved the purpose to let Maxwell take away
rniture, and so to clear him out and get rid
. And then he sat for some time with his
thinking aspect on. At length extending
m and putting his hand in a fatherly way
nine and gently pressing it, he said:
rt, I have been exercised about telling you
me time past, indeed ever since your mar-
and the acquaintance I formed about that
that I am to-day."
r!" I exclaimed. Surely there was the least
on of that twinkle about the eye which
stereotyped juryman in town knew as well
d.
, over head and ears in love."
ith whom, sir?"
e widow Lyne—your mother-in-law,"
r. Pledwell, you are joking."
ell, perhaps I am; you shall be the judge.
now about forty-eight years old, and for a
that is entirely too old to think of mar-
and so I thought of taking your mother as
ughter."
lon't quite understand you, sir."
yet, I suppose; but you will before I can
ge with her, as you must be a party to it. I
red of my hotel life. Perhaps I should
say that, however. I want something
I want a home, Jack, and I have a fancy
could live more happily with you and your
nd mother-in-law than with anybody else.
e no family, no kindred, who know or care
ing about me."
r. Pledwell," I exclaimed, "nothing could
tify us as to have you in our house; and I
re—"
ut, stop a bit, Jack. I don't like the boarding-
. I don't want to be one of a promiscuous
hold of that sort. It would be all very well
were younger. Now, if we can manage to
it pay Mrs. Lyne better to give up the
ing-house, do you think she would do it?"
, it did not appear as a gratuity, I suppose
ould, sir."
ratuity—stuff. If I choose to pay a thou-
dollars a week for my board, what is there
tuity in it? Whatever I may propose I am
oing to encumber it with a bond for another
ter, if she has one, or for herself."
ara is her only child, sir."
nd she is already in possession, without a
tion, I trust."
nd I hope so too," said I. And between his
ess and such a thought of Clara I began to
little moistening of the eye.
ow, Hart, I happen to own a house in ——

THE STEAMER SELMA, CAPTURED IN MOBILE BAY BY THE METACOMET, AUGUST 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY FRANCIS M'CAUSEN.

street, No. 41. You know it. It will be vacant the day after to-morrow."

"What, that handsome, fashionable brown ——"

"Never mind about the handsome and fashionable and all that. I bought the house last week. Now, I have been thinking since that if Mrs. Lyne would be housekeeper there I would make it satisfactory to her, and we'll all live together."

I was delighted, and could not repress the exhibition of my grateful anticipation of so much pleasure.

"But," said I, "Mr. Pledwell, I think it is more than likely that Tom Warren will presently marry the widow."

"Very well, so much the better. Then she will be his housekeeper too—when he is in port. If he is the good fellow you take him to be, I will take him for a son-in-law, willingly."

There was one other thought, but I hesitated to express it. Clara had become so sacred to me now that I was inclined to lean towards him and actually to whisper——

And then he lifted his eyebrows with well-affected wonder, and exclaimed:

"Is it possible?"

I nodded, with an augmenting sense of my importance.

"Wonderful! But upon my honor, Jack, I have heard of such things happening as consequence of matrimony before." And he laughed jovially, I tell you—and so did I.

"But I thought it might not be pleasant for you, sir."

"As I have not been accustomed to domestic squalls, eh? Never you mind about that. We'll make lawyers of him and his unto the third and fourth generation."

"But it might be a girl, you know, sir."

"Ah, so—it—might! Then we'll have to amend the plan and make a lawyer's wife of her. If your mother-in-law likes the proposition, which we will arrange in detail hereafter, tell Clara I shall enter no demurrer in the other case, up to a dozen. And we will have such fun with them, especially at Christmas, Jack, at—Santa Claus, you know, and all that."

I went home with such a happy heart, wondering that this man was a bachelor. I felt confident that there was some hidden cause, some tale of disappointed affection that he could unfold.



PLAINTIFF AND DEFENDANT BECOME FRIENDS.

And they were overjoyed at the house. Mrs. Lyne recovered from her nervous depression with the elasticity of hope expanding into fruition. And the next day there was as nice a little party going a-shopping as ever you saw, in a neat, low carriage bought for the occasion and future uses, as a fit appendage of the new house. There was dear Clara, of course, of the first importance—and we were all very careful of dear Clara, I can tell you, and Mr. Pledwell not the least so; but he escorted mama Lyne, and there was no end of the things we bought. Clara whispered to me that the storekeepers would think some prince had come to town and was furnishing his palace. Yet it was all good, never gaudy; substantial, and blending use with ornament. I was astonished at the exquisite taste which Mr. Pledwell displayed in his quiet suggestions.

"I used to think rather hard of lawyers, John," Clara whispered to me, "but if there were only plenty more such men as Mr. Pledwell, what a world this might be, as one of my songs says."

"And plenty more such darlings as you," I said; and her dear little hand pressed my arm. "He is a noble man, though."

The boarders were dismissed in the course of a few days, after a special festive occasion; and we made a truly pleasant evening of it. The house was surrendered, and at the expiration of a week Captain Wraxall was notified that the five hundred dollars in bank had been transferred to his account, and that he could remove his furniture. It was sold at auction, and I concluded that we had done with Captain Wraxall. But it was not so.

CHAPTER VIII.

TOM WARREN, who, with a due regard to the proprieties, had not expected and did not seek to go with us, had taken a new boarding-house. He came to the office one day and told me that Wraxall was up to something. He had mittered to him that we thought we were clear of him, but he would swamp us yet. And sure enough one morning we received a declaration from Muddle & Fogg—who had at one time aspired to be considered the rivals of Pledwell & Hart—of a suit they had entered for breach of promise of marriage, on the part of Henry Wraxall vs. Clara Hart, *née* Lyne, Harriet Lyne and John Hart.

"Breach of promise!" exclaimed Mr. Pledwell; "that's the form in which we are to wind up with eh?"

"So it appears. But I should think we might effect a compromise."

"How?"

"By paying him a reasonable amount."

"Not one cent—for tribute. Compromise, forsooth! Look here—damages laid at twenty thousand dollars!"

"Why, the man is a fool!"

"Is he? He claims 'mental distress and aber-



SEEKING FOR A FLAW.

ration; inability to perform the duties of his station; acts inconsistent with necessity'—that means the twelve-pounders and muskets—'loss of confidence with the owners of the Warlock; their disesteem; and finally, general ruin of reputation.' That looks serious, don't it? Talk of a compromise! Yes. He has laid his damages at twenty thousand dollars. He will compromise with you for thirty thousand!"

"He certainly could not have suffered in mind to that degree, Mr. Pledwell. Do you think it is possible that he cut those capers at Singapore, with a view of using them in this way, for a breach of promise of marriage?"

"Indeed, I can't conceive. He was pretty shrewd if he did. The ship and owners have received no real damage, I judge. I know one of the owners very well, and will ascertain something on that point. No doubt Muddle & Fogg have made up the case from Wraxall's facts, such as they are, 'pretty adroitly. And you see, by including the widow in the declaration, they have excluded her evidence about the bills and the gift of the property. The odious feature of a bargain for the daughter—odious as it is in its relation to the sharp practice of Wraxall—can't be brought out. You are concluded in the declaration, as a matter of course, as a party to the violation of the contract."

"But, Mr. Pledwell, would it not be better to make an effort to prevent the issue coming to trial?"

"Wherefore?"

"The publicity of the thing."

"Pooh, pooh—notoriety—a good advertisement—notoriety, if it is not dishonorable, and then—popularity. I wouldn't miss the case upon any consideration. We'll have it recorded among the causes celebres."

What good humor and undagging spirits! What a support to a young man in the world is such a noble specimen of human nature as Philip Pledwell.

Clara received the intelligence of the breach of promise with the utmost equanimity; and even Mrs. Lyne, in her new home and with such pleasant experiences, said she would not trouble herself about it, as long as Mr. Pledwell would be in the case.

"And Hart, mama," I added.

"And only think," said Clara, archly, "you had no idea when I married you, John, that I was worth twenty thousand dollars, had you?"

And then we laughed heartily at that.

"Twenty thousand dollars!" I exclaimed.

"Why, darling, I thought you were worth twenty millions, and I have found you worth to me more than a thousand mines—you are a wealth of happiness, Clara, and there is no measure or standard for that."

CHAPTER IX.

THE trial could not come on till the ensuing term. The Warlock was in dock for repairs, and so the captain was at no inconvenience in waiting. We had determined to press the case and have an end of it as speedily as possible; so that upon the "result" it was called at the next term we were ready. Luddle & Fogg and their client were evidently as eager as we were determined. Upon the call of the case, therefore, we went to trial.

The plaintiff produced the "bond," which, of course, we did not contest. We knew that we should have to rely mainly upon the jury, their common sense and the equity of the case. It is a professional adage, that "a man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client;" but, in spite of the adage, I had resolved to be engaged for the defence. I was really no party to the original bond, and was only concluded in the declaration as one with my wife, and pecuniarily responsible for whatever damages might be awarded by the verdict. The signatures to the "bond" were admitted, but we could not bring out the fact that they were made as part of a contract. In fact we could not put out only witness, Captain Wraxall, upon the stand.

The bond admitted, then followed the admission of the marriage; and then Tom Warren was called by the plaintiff, and he took the stand.

By the witness plaintiff's lawyers proved the strange and erratic conduct of Captain Wraxall on learning of the marriage. His great anger and threats of vengeance. His arming the ship and other vagaries.

"And what was your opinion of all this?" demanded Fogg.

"Well, I thought it was queer," said Tom.

"Did you not think that Captain Wraxall was crazy."

"I thought he was acting very strangely."

"Did you express the opinion to any one, to your companions on board, to any of the crew, or to any one on shore, that he was crazy?"

"I did not."

"Reflect, sir; for though you are our witness, we have reason to believe you are an unwilling one."

"I shall speak the truth, sir."

"No doubt of that, sir—no doubt of that. You know the consequences of not speaking the truth; too well to do otherwise, Mr. Warren."

"I don't see a d—dly hazard about the consequences. I will speak the truth, whatever the consequences may be."

There was a general smile at Tom's narrow escape.

"Did you write to anybody, Mr. Warren—the owners of the Warlock, for instance—about the captain's conduct?"

In an instant I saw that the letters to the widow came into Tom's mind. He colored hugely—should say he painted. The bronzed face was wonderfully modified by the red.

"I did write and express an opinion."

"Ah, I thought we should get at it. And to whom was this opinion expressed?"

"To Mrs. Lyne."

And the upshot of it was that Tom's letters to the widow were brought into court by subpœna. Tom looked appallingly at me. I addressed the court, and demanded that, as they were private letters, their honors should examine them and suffer the reading only of such points as related to the case. The counsel on the other side consented, and, accordingly, Tom's sensitiveness was relieved with regard to certain love passages contained therein. He furtively observed the old gentlemen on the bench, as one of them, in an undertone, ran over Tom's plain calligraphy, and perhaps saw, as I did, an occasional plantation of a smile upon their venerable faces. One of them copied from two letters certain passages, which were read. It was enough that they expressed their belief that the captain was "crazy," and that the loss of Chris had driven him crazy. This was crushing to Tom, and he felt it ten times more than I did. He thought he had very inconsiderately told us all. We put him on the stand.

"What did you actually mean when you used that word 'crazy' with respect to the captain?" I asked.

"I meant that he was acting like a crazy man."

"Did you think he was actually crazy?"

"No, sir."

"Had you thought he was crazy, would you not have taken such measures——"

Mr. Fogg was on his feet.

"I object to that question, your honor. It is a leading question beyond doubt."

Their honors bowed, as I knew they would, but I had got Tom where I wanted him.

"Well, then, Mr. Warren, I ask you what you would have done if you had believed Captain Wraxall to be crazy?"

"I should have informed the consignees in Singapore and had him removed. I should have written home to the owners; and, if necessary, I would have taken command myself."

"You certainly would not have gone to sea with a mad captain," I remarked, with a look to the jury.

"Of course not."

"Another suggestion," said Mr. Fogg.

"I have done, sir—I have done. The witness can go down."

It was three o'clock, and the court was adjourned.

CHAPTER X.

THE case looked rather bad; it might be troublesome. Mr. Fledwell did not like it, but we were determined on a stiff battle before the jury. We were consulting together in the evening at home over some means by which to bring out the secret conditions of the bond, when the bell rung and Tom Warren was ushered in. He came partly to learn how the widow bore the *exposé* of the letters, but he had a little business with us first.

"I suppose I have done all the mischief I can," he said, rather solemnly; "and so I concluded to see if I could do any good."

"I think that is rather beyond you, Tom," said Mr. Fledwell, "unless you can help us in a legal difficulty."

"Well, I can try, Mr. Fledwell. I noticed that the bond which was read in court bears date dated the 28th of November. Now I don't know that it amounts to anything, but the fact is that the logbook of the Warlock proves that we left port at nine P.M. on the 27th, and that we were then towed down the river by the tug Hercules forty miles, where we anchored at five A.M. of the 28th. We laid there all that day, according to the log, and Captain Wraxall never quitted the vessel after we left Manhattan."

"Are you sure of this, Tom?" we both asked, in almost the same breath and the same words.

"I am sure of it."

"How came you to remember it?"

"Because I discovered the mistake one day when we had been about a month at sea, and told Captain Wraxall about it, and asked if I should correct it. He answered, angrily and surly, that it was no mistake; he had made the entry himself and knew what he was about. Did I think he was a fool, and could not count? I had better mind my own business, and more of the same sort. And the fact is," Tom added, "I thought he was drunk when he came on board that night, and I know he drank a good deal for two or three days afterwards. And I concluded that, having made a mistake while drunk he did right not to make the correction, because it would be a sort of admission, you know."

"Where is the logbook, Warren?"

"I guess it's aboard."

"Well, have it up to-morrow and see what we can make of it. Can you get a sight of it before we issue a subpœna for it?"

"If it's aboard I can."

Early in the morning Tom went aboard, and at breakfast time called at the house with the information that he had the log, and it was unaltered; the dates were exactly as he had stated.

Upon the opening of the court I demanded a subpœna for the logbook of the Warlock issued against the owners. I was determined to keep the captain's hands off.

"If it please the court, Mr. Warren, plaintiff's witness, will accompany the deputy-sheriff; he knows where the book can be found," said Fogg.

And they went off.

I noticed Captain Wraxall in immediate and apparently uneasy conversation with his counsel. They evidently wanted to know the meaning of this demand for the logbook, which was not explaining. It is a point of honor with the profession not to listen to consultations between opposing attorneys and client, but one cannot help hearing, and I distinctly heard Wraxall say:

"I was about half drunk."

The testimony of the logbook was anticipated then.

"Gentlemen," from the bench, "proceed with the case. Have you any more witnesses?"

"Oh, a dozen, your honors. We have the owners of the Warlock, if it is necessary, as to the appearance of the ship when she came into port; but we have the whole crew as to the conduct of our client, enough to justify any jury in awarding double the damages we have asked, positive damages to any amount."

"Mr. Fogg," I cried out, "you are not before the jury yet. Call your witnesses."

And a long string of them was called, and most of them answered and were examined, and they proved pretty much everything that Fogg wanted. The facts of the twelve-pounders, the portholes, the muskets, the ammunition, were proved to and over again, *ad nauseam*, and until I began to suspect that Wraxall had contemplated piracy, and that there only was the fear that effect. And thereafter they "hauled off on that tack," as Tom said, and believed, "under the captain's orders."

Well, that was all the plaintiff, with the exception of rebutting testimony, and I called Warren to the stand.

"Mr. Warren, open that book and state to the court and jury what is the date at which the Warlock left port on her last voyage."

"It is the 27th of November, at nine P.M."

"Was the captain on board?"

"He was, sir."

"When did he leave the ship after that date?"

"Not till we got to Ho, sir."

"You are quite sure of that?"

"Quite, sir."

"And what of all that?" asked Fogg.

"Why, sir, that Captain Wraxall was not on board the Warlock, miles down the river, making entries in the ship's log, and at the Lyne place, too — at one and the same time. Either Captain Wraxall's log proves him negligent, incapable, unworthy of his position, [Fogg: if you please, sir, before the breach of promise; or his is not the signature on the bond. You cannot prove his signature on the bond, for you cannot call Mrs. Lyne or Mrs. Hart to the stand, and certainly not Captain Wraxall, for if we could get him there we would prove him to be a most shameless——"

"May it please the court, the gentleman is transcending his privilege," exclaimed Fogg in a flurry of wrath.

"May it please your honors," I continued, taking the logbook from the table, and proceeding to throw it open for the page of entry; but I had no sooner put my eyes upon a blank page than the color of the paper, a distinct watermark and that never-to-be-forgotten smell almost overpowered me. What I was going to say had passed out of my mind, and I was as completely out of court as if I had been in the sky.

"Mr. Fledwell, say something," I whispered, "and go on with the case till I examine this book."

And at that moment I was confident that I held a clue direct—a handful of them, they were connexive, painfully so, in less than a minute—to the mystery of Hadin, and was ten minutes later when it was beyond doubt. In turning to the end of the book, and I did so carefully, there was actually a torn page, the torn page the very shape of the fracture.

Mr. Fledwell, don't let this book go out of your sight, whatever you do, till I return. I will be back in five minutes," I whispered.

I would have been back in what I had discovered, but I had already experienced the embarrassing effect of the discovery on me in proceeding with the case in hand.

"May it please your honors," said Fogg, before Mr. Fledwell was on his feet, "the other side have already admitted the bond——"

"That was before we had the slightest idea of such testimony as this," said Mr. Fledwell; "and done by my colleague in all honor, and with the sole view of expediting the issue of the case."

"Very well, very well," interposed Fogg. "Now let me ask Mr. Warren a question. Mr. Warren, do you not know that this is an error of date, an error in the entry of the log, in point of fact, the ship left port on the night of the 28th of November, and not on the night of the 27th?"

"It is an error of entry, and the ship certainly did not leave port till the night of the 28th. I discovered the error ——"

"I don't want for anything more, sir. You can sit down."

"But I do," ejaculated Mr. Fledwell. "You discovered the error, you say, Mr. Warren?"

"I did, sir, when we were about a month at sea. I informed Captain Wraxall that it was an error, and suggested its correction."

"Well, sir?"

"But the captain denied that it was an error; insisted that it was all right; told me I had better attend to my own business—it was my business, in fact, as mate, to see that the log was right—and ordered me to let the book remain as it was."

During this last proceeding I had returned into court, and with the logbook in my lap, concealed by the table, had adjusted that piece of paper which bore Tom's pencilled communication to Fledwell & Hart to the torn page. It fitted exactly. How strange that it should have been left there to tell the tale! I then rose with the book still in my hand, and advancing towards Warren, held it open at about the middle towards his face.

"Witness, I request you to look good enough to tell the court what is the cause of the peculiar edge which I show to you, Mr. Warren."

The words emphasized, and a look at Mr. Fledwell enlisted his attention.

"The mate tore it out, sir, is simply this. The book was on a former voyage stowed with some other things in a locker, amongst a quantity of sandal wood, and the water during the voyage got into the locker, from the bilge pumps. It is a mixed smell of bilge water and sandal wood."

I then received my place, told Mr. Fledwell what I had discovered, consulted with him, and we arranged our plan. He went to the sheriff, informed him that his services were required to arrest and secure Wraxall against flight, or any act of desperation, as we were about to charge him in open court with murder. Flight by the door was impossible, the area beyond the railing being densely crowded. But the windows at the side were open, and he might make a rush that way. Cautioning the sheriff against any exhibition of astonishment, Mr. Fledwell advised him to move carelessly round within the bar, and as the accusation was made to step close up to Wraxall, so as to secure him completely in his grasp should it be necessary. These preliminaries being concluded, I rose.

"May I beg the court to suspend this case for a moment?"

"For what purpose, sir?"

"I have to ask your honors to issue a bench warrant immediately."

"Against whom, Mr. Hart?"

"Against Henry Wraxall, master of the ship Warlock."

Wraxall started to his feet, and made a step or two towards me. His counsel were also up in an instant.

"Against me!" exclaimed Wraxall, furiously, thinking, as he afterwards confessed, that it was on account of his conduct on board ship, and that we had actually pounded necessarily to the owners.

"Against me—what for?"

"For the wilful murder of John Haddin!" I exclaimed, in clear and deliberate tones, which were heard by every one in court.

Had a shell burst with violence or desperation, turned sadly pale, livid, so utterly and rapidly did the blood recede upon his heart. His jaw dropped, he stood in actual terror, and presently shook from head to foot as with an ague; but before the heart could react and send back its natural vitality he reeled and would have fallen prostrate, had not the sheriff caught him in his arms.

I shall not attempt to describe the scene in the court-room, within or without the bar. It may be readily conceived, as far surpassing that of any dramatic fiction. The crowd without most rushed from the railing pressed fearfully upon those in the interior, and until the officers of the court could exert their authority and influence there was great cause for apprehension that some would be crushed to death. Within the bar, the sheriff had succeeded in removing Wraxall to a small retiring apartment in one corner of the court-room, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his counsel, who had the audacity to declare the proceeding "a trick of the defence, in its desperation." Order having been restored, the court demanded upon what information I made the charge and asked for the arrest; and ordered me to be sworn.

I gave a succinct account of the facts known to the reader, as they transpired at the office of Fledwell and Hart three years preceding, and exhibited the bit of paper on which Hadin had commenced his note to us. I asked the court to test the edge of that bit of paper, and then that of the book, and to follow it up by comparing the irregular edge of the former with the torn page of the latter. The color of the paper would be found to be same, and the water-mark, which had been severed nearly in the middle, corresponded. There was not room for a doubt that the piece of paper was torn from the book, and that the change of date in the log and other circumstances, I felt free to take the oath, that I had good and reasonable ground to believe that Henry Wraxall was the man whom I saw leaving the court in which our office was situated, with something under his arm, which I believed to be a large book, on the night of the 28th November. 18—, and that he had then and there committed the homicide in question.

The court, without a dissenting voice, approved the demand, remarking that the sufficiency of the *prima facie* evidence, and issued the warrant which was immediately served. Means, Muddle and Fogg then asked permission to consult with their client, which was granted, but, on approaching the door they were refused admittance. The sheriff stated that the prisoner was too much agitated to see any one, and had positively declined to see his counsel at present.

The court suggested that something must be done with the case on trial. Muddle asked the court to adjourn, but this was refused. He then demanded that the case proceed. The court thought the position of the plaintiff ought not to delay progress. We asserted our purpose to go into proof with respect to infamous, that Wraxall's conduct from the time the homicide was committed, and the date in the logbook had been falsified, was the effect, solely, of a restless conscience, and not of the breach of promise. Finally, we agreed upon the suggestion of the court that a nominal verdict should be taken for the plaintiff, and each party to bear his or her own costs, with one cent damages, without prejudice, and should there appear to have been a mistake in the matter otherwise pending against the plaintiff, he could move for a new trial, and it would certainly be awarded. The jury were instructed so to render their verdict, and they did, with a written statement that it was under the direction of the court; otherwise they would have found for the plaintiff to a thousand dollars (they would not hold any lady nominally responsible for "breach of promise," with respect to any man charged with the crime of murder). Then was enacted a farce, after a fashion entirely unexpected by any of us, and under circumstances which really threatened to exalt it to the calendar of causes célèbres.

CHAPTER XI.

THE news had reached home before us, for Tom Warren was there and dined with us. After dinner, as we sat over a glass of wine puffing our cigars, and discussing the next phase of the Wraxall affair, which was now preparing for the criminal court and the custody of the attorney-general, there came a ring at the door. A servant entered the room. A man, named Sutton, wished to see Mr. Hart. I proceeded to the hall, and found, as I expected, Sutton, a deputy-warden of the jail.

"Ah, Sutton, how are you? What's the matter? Some client of yours got into your hands this evening?"

"Not exactly, sir. It is a client of Muddle and Fogg's, and the captain wants to see you, sir, afore he goes to bed to-night. He's in an awful way, sir."

"The captain," I ejaculated; "what captain?"

For I thought he meant the warden of the jail, whom the subordinates sometimes designated in that way.

"Captain Wraxall, you know. He sa was sent over to-day."

"Wants to see me?"

"Wants to see you, sir."

"You have come to the wrong party, Sutton. It must be Muddle or Fogg he wants to see."

"No, sir! It is you, and he gave me a dollar to come over after you, and two dollars to pay for a hack, and here it is at the door."

I returned to my friends and stated this strange bit of information. Mr. Fledwell was anxious I should that Wraxall meditated some revenge, and objected to my going; but I could not think that.

"At all events, take Warren with you."

And Warren insisted upon my consent, and off we went, Sutton mounting to a place by the driver.

At the jail I learned that the warden and doctor were both with Wraxall, who was passing his evil and his good hours in solitary darkness. They were apprehensive he might do himself some injury, and were about to put officers on guard. Wraxall was notified that I had arrived and would see him, with Warren.

He was much gratified that I had come," the warden said, who came to me from his cell, "but he wants to see your alone. He objects to Mr. Warren."

"Do you know what he wants, Mr. Warden?" I asked.

"I have not the remotest idea."

"Do you think he means mischief?" demanded Warren.

"Not a bit of it. One glance at him will satisfy you that the mischief is out of him. But you can put this little revolver in your pocket, and I will

tell Sutton to put the handcuffs on him before we leave the cell. You will be perfectly safe."

And I proceeded with the warden to his cell. He was then seated with his head in his hands, reclining upon the table, which his face must have touched. He looked up as we entered, and so changed in his aspect that I could scarcely recognise him; the shape of his face and unchanged beard were the remains of resemblance.

"Oh, Mr. Hart, I thank you for this—I thank you for this. I didn't know whether you would come. Won't you give me your hand? I am not guilty as you think I am."

I took his hand frankly, and pressed it assuringly.

"Captain, I am really sorry to see you in this predicament, but I cannot accuse myself at all."

"No, no, Mr. Hart. You have done right. But I don't want to say anything more till I have had a talk with you alone."

Sutton advanced, in compliance with the warden's whispered orders, to put on the handcuffs; but I would not allow it. In fact, I returned the revolver to the warden privately. There was no need of that. And they retired from the cell, and we two, who had began that day as bitter enemies, were locked up together. An hour later I tapped at the little shutter which closed over the grating without, and asked the guard who had been within call in the corridor to release me. He opened the door, and looked into the cell.

"Where's the captain?" he exclaimed, as if he thought I had spirited him away.

"There in his bed, and fast asleep, and quiet in mind and comfortable as a child."

The guard entered, listened to his breathing to satisfy himself that he was there, and alive, and retiring, locked up his prisoner for the night. And I left the jail, assured that Captain Wraxall was innocent of the charge of murder, and having also assured him that I would effect his acquittal in a few days.

CHAPTER XII.

ON the next day I had an interview with the attorney-general, and related all the facts in the case with the evidence to him. He would, had I suggested it, have entered a *nolle prosequi*, I am confident. But I concurred with his opinion, that for the sake of all parties, and for the satisfaction of the public mind, the case had better come to trial before a jury.

Accordingly, three days afterwards, the captain was arraigned, pleaded "not guilty," and I appeared for the defence. We responded to the demand of the attorney-general, that we were ready for trial. A jury was sworn, when the testimony was taken given before the coroner. I then asked permission of the court to read the prisoner's statement, to which the attorney-general offering no objection, their honors consented, first informing the jury that they must determine the credibility to which it was entitled. I had prepared the document as briefly as possible. It was as follows:

"I, Henry Wraxall, confess an unintentional agency in the death of John Haflin. I owned a house and lot in ——— street, and Haflin owned a lot adjoining, upon which was a carpenter's shop. We had met once on the property, and I had proposed an exchange of his lot and carpenter's shop for a small house I also owned in another part of the city. There was a difference between us of fifty dollars, he offering three hundred and I demanding three hundred and fifty on the exchange. Finally, I understood him to consent to my terms, and on the afternoon of the 28th of November, 18—, he met me in the street, and we went together to a lawyer's office—I know not whose—to conclude the agreement and have the papers drawn up. It turned out to be the office of Messrs. Pledwell & Hart, who, he said, had done some business for him before. We waited about half an hour, when no one coming in, and it appearing unlikely that any one would be there again during the evening, he proposed to write a note, making an appointment for the next morning at ten o'clock. He then lighted the gas, and I walked out of the door to the front, and down to the court for the purpose of looking into the street. I shortly returned, but during my absence, it now appears that Haflin, failing to find paper upon the table, must have torn a piece from my logbook, which I was then carrying to the ship, and had laid down a moment before. Of this I knew nothing, or I should of course have torn out the rest of the leaf, or most probably have sunk the book itself in the sea. Indeed, had I known that he was only capable of such a scrawl as that which the occasion has proved, I should certainly have written the note myself; but in fact I did not know that he had written anything, otherwise I should have destroyed or taken it away with me. What followed was so unexpected and rapid in its occurrence, that I had no time for more than a moment's deliberation at its close. Upon again entering the office, Haflin renewed his exception to the payment of three hundred and fifty dollars, and I then said I would have nothing more to do with him, and called him a trifler. I caught up my book to leave, and he seized my hand. I was excited and threw his hand violently from me, when he snatched the logbook from my grasp, and struck me with it flatly on the side of the head. I returned the blow with my fist severely, when with an oath he sprang at me, and I caught sight of a knife in the air above my head. I seized his arm just as it was coming down violently, and thrusting it aside from me, the blade was buried in his own throat. He sunk in a moment at my feet, and the blood spouted from the wound as he drew away his hand with the knife clutched in it, and struck at me. It fell from his hand. I then lifted him to him to his feet and asked if he was hurt seriously. He seemed to make an effort to speak, while the blood still came in jets from the wound, he writhing as it were to escape from me, and, as I thought, to recover his knife, until he reeled and fell heavily beyond the table on the floor. There was a horrible gurgling in the throat, a deep groan and all was still. Confident that he was dead, I was overwhelmed with horror and alarm. I took up my book, and as I paused a moment to reflect, lest I should leave any witness behind me, I heard voices apparently at a short distance, extinguished the gas, left the room, quietly pulled to the door, and hurried down the court, meeting two persons, one of whom spoke to me as I passed.

"On passing through the streets to the ship, I entered two or three public-houses, most remote from the scene of the homicide, and drank pretty freely at each, actuated by the purpose, to prove, if it should ever be necessary, that I was in and about a distant locality at or about the time at which Haflin was killed, should the deed be early discovered. In one of these houses I found the master of the tug Hercules, and engaged him to take the ship down the river that night, having previously designed to wait until the next day at noon, for the purpose of closing the business with Haflin. On going aboard I was somewhat under the effects of liquor, and I remember to have refused Mr. Warren an hour's liberty for the purpose of going to his boarding-house. It seems, however, that the Hercules could not be ready for an hour, and learning this, Warren took a carriage and proceeded to Mrs. Lyne's. On the next day I made the false entry in the logbook, again with a view to an *alibi*, and recording the ship at anchor all day on the 28th, and making sail on the 29th, whereas, in point of fact, the ship lost no time in the river. After getting to sea, I had time to reflect upon the folly of my flight; and I was overwhelmed with the conviction that, if by any possibility the homicide should be traced to me, I should never be believed in any statement of the facts which I might make. This preyed upon my mind to such a degree that I was almost incapable of duty, and I frequently sought relief in brandy when none on board knew that I did so.

"Upon arriving at Singapore, I found orders for future employment of the ship in the Pacific; and when again at Singapore found intelligence of the marriage of Miss Clara Lyne, my attachment to whom had proved, under the subsequent events, a temporary infatuation and mere gratification of my pride. I had ceased to think of her almost entirely, but the fact of her marriage, in view of her binding engagement to me, startled me with the conviction that she certainly would not have consented to it, and as I had no reason to doubt with her mother's approval, but that I was suspected or known in the death of Haflin, and that they both regarded me as a doomed, lost man. Imagination ran riot with horror, but at the same time I was perfectly sane, though I affected an unreal apprehension of the pirates of the China seas, at that time pretty busy amid the confusion of the war with England. In arming the ship I was actuated solely by a determination to resist, with the help of such of my crew as I might be able to bribe to my purposes, any attempt to arrest me, should it be made before I reached home. All this may seem like folly, madness, and it is in fact the absurdity of an affrighted conscience and a distempered brain.

"Upon arriving at home, I was relieved to find that no suspicion had attached to me with respect to Haflin's death; but still my mind wanted something to engage itself upon, and I fancied that it would conduce to my greater safety to act in vindication of my rights, as I chose to regard the violation of them by Mrs. and Miss Lyne, and to appear very indignant and energetic in the affair. It is needless for me to enlarge upon this point, for I cannot explain the torture I endured, nor the motives and springs of action by which I was moved from time to time. I was, in fact, no longer a man. I was always a coward. And in the attempt to bully Mr. Hart, I felt the crushing power of a good man's pure love for a good wife in her defence against the insolence which my passion dictated. I was baffled by his indignation and manly spirit, and was glad to escape from a contest with it.

[I apologised for this language in a document which I had written, and stated that Wraxall had insisted upon its use.]

"After the exposure which occurred in open court, and I was confronted with my crime, upon subsequent reflection I determined to make a clean breast of it; and inasmuch as the homicide had taken place in the office of Messrs. Pledwell and Hart, I concluded that it would be best to approach them, honest as I believed them to be, with the absolute truth. Hence the interview I sought with Mr. Hart. And under his kind communication and consolation I have found relief and comfort, and now throw myself upon the justice and consideration of the court and jury, assured that justice will relieve me of all taint of crime.

"Signed, HENRY WRAXALL."

Upon this declaration the Attorney-General waved argument, and merely informed the jury that Mr. Hart would make a few remarks, to which, if he had no exception to offer, he should not reply.

I then rapidly collated the facts, and showed the consistency of the relation. Proved by the discovered paper that the parties must have come to the office free from any purpose or thought of strife. That they came for a peaceable purpose, and that the homicide could not have been premeditated, and that if committed by the prisoner, even with design at the moment, it must have been in the heat of passion, and so far excusable under the law. I referred to the fact that the gas was certainly burning up to the moment of our approach, and to the very moment of the flight of the prisoner, and that the wounded man was not at that moment actually dead. I also stated that there was no curtain to the window, thus no precaution whatever could have been taken against observation from without. Everything thus going to prove the total absence of premeditation, I pursued the analysis under the application of reason to all points of the case, and submitted it to the jury. And the foreman, after only sufficient time to gather the sentiment of the panel, without leaving the box, rendered a verdict of "Not Guilty."

Wraxall was deeply affected, and came up to me, clasping my hands and those of Mr. Pledwell with the most grateful emotion. The attorney-general very kindly came towards him, and remarked that he fully concurred with the verdict. And in fact, Wraxall received sympathy and congratulation from all.

After two or three weeks spent at the house of a friend in the country, he returned to the city a new man. He had determined to relinquish the sea and settle in California. Before his departure, however, he visited us several times, and quite delighted Clara by the interest he took in "that young lawyer." And he also attended a wedding between Captain Thomas Warren, of the good ship Warlock, minus the twelve-pounders, and Mrs. Harriet Lyne. And soon afterwards they all set sail together for San Francisco, where Captain Warren now resides when ashore, and from which port he is occasionally accompanied by his wife on a pleasure trip to Singapore and Sydney, and who proves to be a capital sailor.

SHERIDAN'S OPERATIONS IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

We give a page of sketches illustrative of the recent retrograde movement of Gen. Sheridan from Winchester to Harper's Ferry.

Gen. Wilson, who left Washington on the 13th ult. with his cavalry, joined Sheridan on the 17th at Winchester. The next day they fell back before the rebel advance, galled, as they passed through the town, by a fusillade kept up from the houses by the citizens. He made a stand at a small town called Summit Point, seven miles from Charlestown and 15 from Harper's Ferry, where he formed in line of battle.

On the 21st skirmishing began and the rebels attacked the left held by the 3d Jersey, which, after a gallant fight, fell back, disputing every inch. Gen. Wilson managed with the utmost skill and though attacked in force on three sides, sent back his train to Charlestown, kept the road clear and protected his rear.

We give a sketch of this affair, with Fitzhugh's battery in the foreground and the rebel skirmish line advancing behind the line of houses.

Other sketches represent the action of Duffie's cavalry with the enemy at Charlestown protecting the retreat of the main army, as well as a fine view of Charlestown itself, taken from the yard of Judge Hunter's house.

The ruined house so conspicuous in the picture is the residence of Judge Hunter, the destruction of which by his cousin, Gen. Hunter, was made the pretext for the destruction of Chambersburg.

The fourth sketch is a view of the front as seen by the Union lines near Harper's Ferry, on what is now called Jackson Hill, being the position from which Stonewall Jackson shelled Col. Miles.

The turnpike to Harper's Ferry runs along the foot of the hill on the right, that to Charlestown may be seen in the distance towards the left. The Union skirmish line runs along the front of the view.

The rebels soon retired from before Sheridan's front, and he is now again advancing.

OPERATIONS BEFORE MOBILE.

THE passage of Fort Morgan and Fort Gaines on August 5 by Admiral Farragut, a feat of arms so boldly undertaken and so happily accomplished, seems to have been a perfect surprise. The rebels had made no preparations as yet for a naval engagement in the bay. Their vessels were not protected by cotton bales, nor had they turned for the nonce their blockade-runners into gunboats.

The Tennessee made a desperate though brief fight before she struck. The Selma, of which we give an illustration to-day, endeavored to escape up the bay, but the Metacomet, Capt. Jarrett, who had delayed to rescue the survivors of the ill-fated Tecumseh, soon gave chase. In forty minutes, so hot was the fire that she struck, and the victors, on boarding her, found her commander, Lieut. Comstock, lying dead across the breech of a gun and the decks covered with dead and dying, most of them cut down by a single 100-pound Parrott shell, while the Metacomet lost only one killed and two wounded. She soon under the national flag joined the Union fleet.

The Selma is a fine vessel of light draught, and carried four heavy guns, one a 100-pounder Brooks's rifle.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION AND THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.

AFTER a delay without a parallel in the history of our Presidential contests, and when the day of election was fast approaching, the Convention of Democratic delegates from the various States met at Chicago, in an immense structure, erected for the purpose on Michigan avenue, near the Lake shore. For many days the leaders of the party had been wending their way from all parts to Chicago, with rebel agents and Republican lookers-on. The Convention was finally called to order on the 29th of August, at noon, by Auguste Belmont, Chairman of the National Democratic Committee. Ex-Gov. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, was then nominated temporary President, and Secretaries having been appointed, the Convention organized. The list of delegates was then called by States, all the States in rebellion and Western Virginia being excluded. The next day Horatio Seymour was chosen President of the Convention.

A platform was then adopted, condemning the Administration, but expressing no opinion as to the right or wrong of the South in its course, demanding a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of States, or other peaceable means, that peace may be restored on the basis of the Federal Union of the States. No plan of action was proposed for the contingency that peace could not be restored on that basis.

On the 31st the voting for a candidate began. Gen. McClellan received 202½ votes and Thomas H. Seymour, of Connecticut, 23½.

The vote was then made unanimous for McClellan. There was more diversity in the nomination for Vice-President: James Guthrie received 65½ votes, Geo. H. Pendleton 54½, and Gov. Powell 32½; on the second ballot all the candidates except Pendleton were withdrawn and he was unanimously elected.

The two nominees thus stand before the people. Gen. McClellan, with what is unmistakably immense popularity, a General of great ability, once Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Union, the hero of well-fought battles, and George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, whose sympathies have always been freely and boldly expressed for the men against whom McClellan fought.

A LARGE and beautiful series of caves has been opened by the silver miners in the Patagonia and Mowry mine, in Arizona, as they were boring for water. One of the caves is fully 50 feet wide, 40 feet high and 150 feet long, the interior being covered with beautiful formations of stalactites of various colors.

THE ICEBERG.

AN iceberg drifting in the polar seas,
Braces its cold, and bold, and glistening front
Against the sharpness of the Arctic blasts:
But when it idly floats by southern shores,
Where the mild sunshine wakes the pulse of Spring,
Warm airs embrace the rugged stranger round,
And melt away its angles with their breath.
The tepid waves caress it, and the light
Nestles among its many crevices,
Till it relents, and in a veil of mist
Withdrawing, sinks, and sweeps itself away
Upon the bosom of the summer sea.
And so, when argument, reproach and force
Are spent in vain, the hard hearts yields to love.

EIGHT TO SIXTEEN.

THE experience of Lord Shaftesbury, as quoted in the following paragraph, would find full confirmation in the history of American crime. If young men can be kept under good religious or moral influence till they reach their majority, they are comparatively safe:

"Lord Shaftesbury recently stated, in a public meeting in London, that, from personal observation, he had ascertained that of adult male criminals of that city, nearly all had fallen into a course of crime between the ages of eight and 16 years; and that, if a young man lived an honest life up to 20 years of age, there were 49 chances in favor, and only one against him, as to an honorable life thereafter.

"This is a fact of singular importance to fathers and mothers, and shows a fearful responsibility. Certainly, a parent should secure and exercise absolute control over the child under 16. It cannot be a difficult matter to do this, except in very rare cases; and if that control is not very wisely and efficiently exercised, it must be the parents' fault; it is owing to the parental neglect or remissness. Hence the real source of 98 per cent. of the real crime in a country such as England or the United States lies at the door of the parents. It is a fearful reflection! We throw it before the minds of the fathers and mothers of our land, and there leave it to be thought of in wisdom, remarking only as to the early seeds of bodily disease that they are, in nearly every case, sown between sundown and bedtime, in absence from the family circle; in the supply of spending money never earned by the spender—opening the doors of confectionaries and soda fountains, of beer and tobacco and wine shops, of the circus, the negro minstrel, the restaurant and dance; then follows the Sunday excursion, the Sunday drive, with the easy transition to the company of those whose ways lead to the gates of social, physical and moral ruin. From eight to 16—in these few years—are the destinies of children fixed in 49 cases out of 50—fixed by the parents! Let every father and mother solemnly vow, 'By God's help I'll fix my darling's destiny for good, by making home more attractive than the streets.'"

MANY public men consider themselves the pillars of the State, who are more properly the caterpillars of the State, reaching their high positions only by crawling.

A PAPER substance to be used for bookbinding has just been invented in England. It appears to receive gilt impressions with the distinctness of morocco, and, as it can be washed with soap and water when dirty, it may be surmised that hereafter the phrase "musty literature" will fall into disuse. It is said that its cost will be something like one-half of the present price of embossed cloth.

A MANDARIN AMONG US.—The Springfield *Republican* states that Yung Wing, a young Chinese, who graduated some 10 years since at Yale, has recently returned to this country with the rank of mandarin, and a commission from the imperial government, empowering him to inspect and purchase machinery of various kinds, with the view of introducing into China the modern improvements in science and arts made by the western nations, and especially our own. The mandarin is at present the guest of Dr. McLean, of Springfield, and is spoken of in high terms as a man remarkably adapted to execute a commission so interesting and important, and which evidently marks an era in Chinese history.

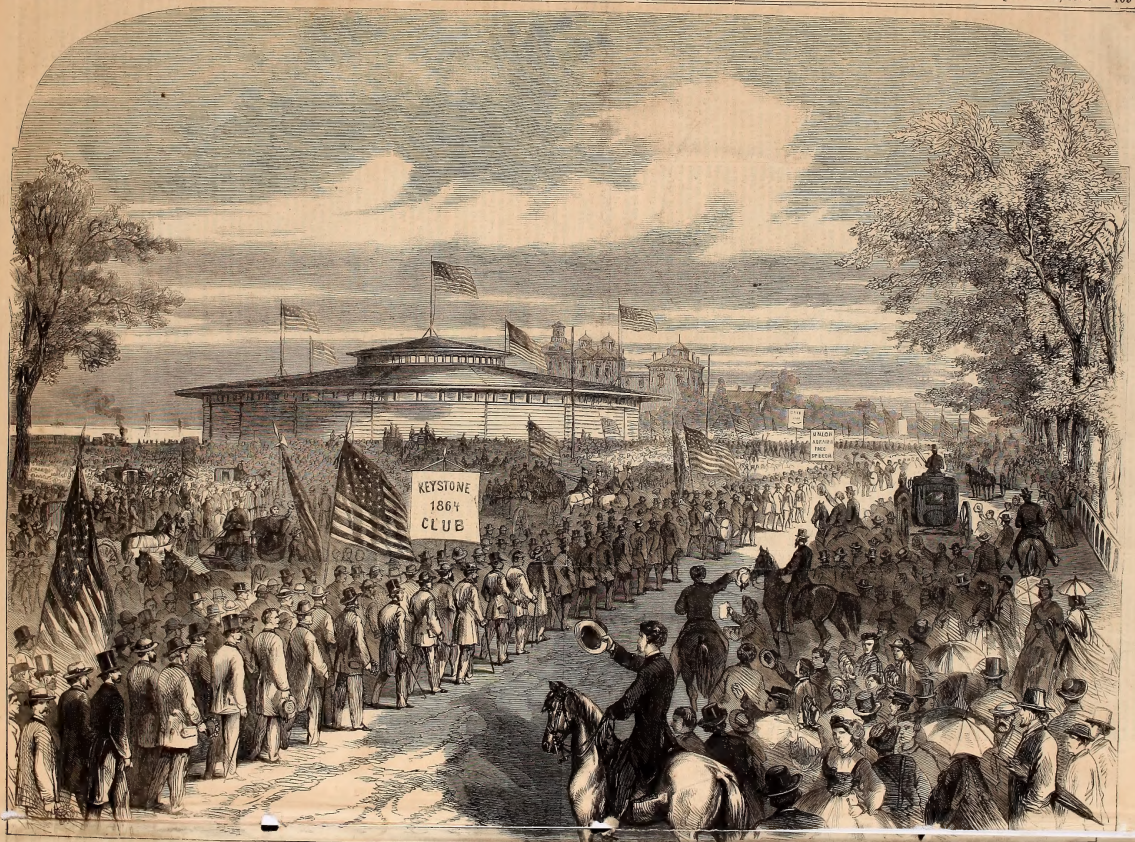
THE EFFECT OF MARRIAGE.—A late number of Fraser's *Magazine* has the following: "Doubtless you have remarked with satisfaction how the little oddities of men who marry rather late in life are pruned away speedily after their marriage. You have found a man who used to be shabbily dressed, with a huge shirt collar frayed at the edges, and a glaring yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, broken of these things, and become a pattern of neatness. You have seen a man whose hair and whiskers were ridiculously cut speedily become like other human beings. You have seen a clergyman who wore a long beard in a little while appear without one. You have seen a man who used to sing ridiculous sentimental songs leave them off. You have seen a man who took snuff copiously, and who generally had his breast covered with snuff, abandon the vile habit. A wife is the grand wielder of the moral pruning-knife. If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding up of bits of orange-peel; no touching all the posts in walking along the street; no eating and drinking with a disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he would never have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you find a man whom you know little about oddly dressed, or talking ridiculously, or exhibiting any eccentricity of manner, you may be tolerably sure that he is not a married man. For the little corners are rounded off, the little shoots are pruned away, in married men. Wives generally have much more sense than their husbands, especially when the husbands are clever men. The wife's advices are like the ballast that keeps the ship steady. They are like the wholesome, though painful, shears snipping off little growths of self-conceit and folly."

A ROMAN ALMANAC.—*Galignani* has an account of a recent discovery in Europe. It is as follows: A Roman almanac has just been found in an excavation, near the Gate of Isis, at Pompeii. It is a square block of white marble, on each side of which are inscriptions relative to three months of the year, arranged in perpendicular columns. At the head of each is represented the sign of the Zodiac, to which the month responds. The almanac contains some curious information on the agriculture and religion of the Romans. At the top of each column, and under the sign of the Zodiac, is the name of the month and the number of days; next comes the nones, which during eight months of the year fall on the fifth day, and are consequently called *quintainæ*; for the remainder of the year they commence on the seventh day, and are called *septimanæ*. The ides are not indicated, because there is always seven days between them and the nones. The number of hours of the day and night is also marked, the whole numbers being represented by the ordinary Roman figure, the fractions by an *s* for semi, and by small horizontal lines for the quarters. Lastly, the sign of the Zodiac in which the sun appears is also named; the days of the Equinoxes and of the Summer solstice are also given. For the Winter solstice there are the words *hiemis initium* (beginning of the winter). Next comes the chapter of agriculture, in which farmers are reminded of the principal operations that ought to be carried on during the month. The almanac terminates by the religious part; it points out the god who presides over each month; gives a list of of the religious *fêtes* which fall during the lapse of time, and warns the farmer not to neglect the worship of those protecting divinities of his labors if he wishes to have them prosper. On the upper part of the block of marble is Apollo driving the chariot of the Sun, and on the under part Ceres reaping corn in the field, which shows that this almanac was more particularly intended for farmers. It has been sent to Naples.



THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1864.—EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE WIGWAM AT THE OPENING.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, W. T. Crane.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO IN SESSION, AUGUST, 1864.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, W. T. Crane.



THE DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTION AT CHICAGO, AUGUST, 1864—EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE WIGWAM AT THE OPENING.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, W. T. Crane.

THE UNRETURNING BRAVES.

The swallows build beneath the eaves,
As in the days agone!
The wheaten fields are all ablaze
And in and out the west wind plays
Amid the tasseled corn.

The sunshine falls as warm and bright,
The clover fields are red;
The wild bird wakes his simple song,
As joyfully its whole day long
As if he were not dead!

The thoughtful skies, with mother's care,
Their rain and sunshine send;
And, standing in the farmhouse door,
I see—dotting the landscape o'er—
The flocks he used to tend.

The wild rose and jessamine blow
Beside the window-sill;
The tender moss is in the air,
For the dear hands that placed them there,
Are lying crossed and still.

About the hills the summer folds
Her wealth of golden light;
And, past the willow's silvery gleam,
I catch the glimmer of the stream,
And flecks of cool white.

But oh! a shadow darkens all
The sunshine and the bloom;
The voice whose kind and loving words
Were sweeter than the song of birds
Is silent in the tomb.

How can the summer fall so gay
About our farmhouse door,
When all the quiet ways he trod—
Through leafy wood or bloomy sod—
Shall know him nevermore!

NINA MARSH:

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER IX.—DAME OLDUM SPEAKS HER MIND.

CAPTAIN MARSH still lingered on at Beechwood Manor. Mr. Marsh had taken a strange fancy to his nephew, and did not like to part with him. Cyril had no home in England, and could, therefore, still refuse his uncle's cordial invitation to make a home at Beechwood Manor. The whole household—even of those who could not well speak out—found excessive, if mute, fashion of backing the master's request.

Mrs. Marsh, who had lain under an authority which, if subtle and unconscientious, had never been a little too stringent for perfect happiness, recognised the mediation of Cyril's influence over her husband, and blessed his presence by her smiles, if not by her words. Madeleine was cold and indifferent by nature, and so unaccustomed to let any one interfere with her comfort or convenience, that it was a matter of small moment, so far as she was concerned, who went or came; but Katie almost worshipped Cyril, as the child of a household often does a good, strong, kind elder brother.

Katie had been a source of anxiety to all of late. She seemed to be growing beyond her strength, and had long beetle spots of color on both her thin cheeks. She never complained, but there was a hollow look in her large blue eyes which pained Cyril greatly, the more so that he often detected a cause for it in an involuntary motion of her hand to her side when she fancied herself unobserved. It seemed to him that a great trouble was coming on them all. The others saw no danger; they only wondered that Katie should have grown so thin and listless, and feared—at least Mrs. Marsh did—that some malady she had escaped in her childhood was threatening her now.

But the child herself was not deceived. Cyril wondered often if she could be, and soon had his doubts solved. The day was bright and clear, and Katherine Crane, tempted out by the sunshine, had walked through the snow to spend a long day at the Manor house. Cyril had noticed the absorption between Gabrielle and Nina, and, during the great need the latter had for some true-hearted woman friend about her at this time, he wished beyond all things that the reserve generally between the two should be broken through. He fancied that, if once left alone together, the habit of confidence would force Gabrielle into explaining the motive of her coldness. Nina could never have wronged her in whatever her fancied wrong have been in other ways; and this explanation must, therefore, result in a renewal of their old relations.

Mrs. Marsh and Madeleine were out of the room when Gabrielle arrived, and Cyril gave the young French girl a kind and pleasant greeting; then carried off Katie, as he said, to sun herself a little on the terrace.

Katie always obeyed her cousin, but he was pained to see how listlessly she rose, and how feebly her hot fingers straggled into his open palm.

"Don't come if you're tired," he whispered, softly.

"I am always tired now, cousin Cyril," she answered, "but I should like to come for a little while."

He went to fetch her hat, wrapped a large woolen shawl about her—for it was wonderful how very tender Cyril could be with those he loved—then he led her out on the terrace. Katie was busy with her thoughts for a time, and did not speak; but presently she looked up into Captain Marsh's face with solemn, wistful eyes.

"Cousin Cyril," she said, "if you had a little sister, and you loved her very much, should you be sorry for her to die young?"

Captain Marsh did not answer at once. He had never felt less sure of being able to master his emotion; but, after a time, he spoke, finding it difficult even then to keep his voice as steady as he wished.

"No, Katie, I think not—that is to say, if she were good, and that I could feel sure that she was going to a happier home than mine. I could not help grieving for her, Katie, under any circumstances, but it would not be such grief as people have who are without hope."

Katie had grown silent and thoughtful again; but, after a few minutes, she drew closer to his side, shuddering.

"It's the snow I don't like—all that cold snow. If I might only wait until the fields were getting green, and the martins had come to their nests again under my roof—I don't mind dying much mind about dying; but it seems, cousin Cyril, as if I did so long to smell the violets again once more before I go!"

"But what makes you think you are going at all?" inquired Cyril, very softly.

"I don't know; something tells me so. I had such a strange dream last night," she added, after a pause. "I thought an angel came down to take me away, and I said to him: 'I am only a little girl, good angel, and mamma and Nina want me badly—can't you wait?' The angel shook his head and smiled. 'We want you most, and love you best,' he said. 'God is very tender of His little ones: He will take care of you.' 'And will He take care of Nina, too?' I asked. The angel's face grew so pale, and sad, and mournful at this that I was frightened for him, and woke wet with tears. Cousin Cyril, why won't the angel take care of Nina?"

She stopped in her walk, and again the blue, wistful eyes interrogated him earnestly. Captain Marsh wondered, and felt troubled. Katie's dream was dear to him—dearer than life—and yet, for very truth's sake, he could not give this child any answer which should stifle her vague fears. So he remained silent, hoping and praying that she would not press a reply.

"Cousin Cyril, don't you like to say? Has Nina done anything wrong?"

"I am not her keeper," answered Captain Marsh, briefly.

"No, but you are her cousin," returned Katie, with unusual acuteness.

"But that does not give me any right to pry into her secrets, Katie."

"No—and yet—"

The child's expression was so full of painful perplexity that Cyril put his own feelings aside, and promised himself that he should question him as she liked, if it only brought ease to her mind or lightness to her heart.

"And yet, Katie," he repeated after her, with a gentle, encouraging smile, "I know you see I have a duty—can't you make it clear to me?"

"I'm only a little girl, and perhaps it's my love makes me think differently from you; but—"

And here Katie paused again.

"Well?"

"You won't be angry with me, cousin Cyril?"

"Not for the world; you may trust me perfectly there."

"Then I may ask—aren't you hard and unkind to poor Nina, sometimes?"

"I am afraid I must often appear so to you," he answered, gravely—"even to others. But I cannot make sure to myself that I am unkind or hard upon me, sadly against my will. It would not be any feeling that I should like to own to myself, or would care to confess to others, that could make me tender with Nina. I must be one thing or the other—very affectionate or very hard; there is no safety for one of these children but in that course. But this is a subject on which you and I must not talk, Katie. Nina's sake, Katie. Only rest fully assured that, although I am compelled to appear harsh, there is no service I would not render her—no sacrifice I would not make, to secure her any real happiness. You trust me, Katie, I know, and will make yourself satisfied with this conditional promise."

"But there is one question I should like to ask."

"Then ask it, Katie."

"Will you take care of Nina when I am gone?"

"You are not going from us, at any rate, yet, for a long while, I hope; but, if you must, Katie, if it is so decreed, and so ordained, and you know your doom, then I promise you, child, that I will watch over Nina against everybody—even against myself."

Katie seemed satisfied, and they took another turn along the terrace before going in. It seemed strange to Captain Marsh that this child should speak of herself as if she were Nina's safeguard and protector. And perhaps it was; for the old persuasion that to each was given a guardian angel, to keep him from harm, and to ward off the blows of unkind malice, is one which will not make a parent if it be not so. To you this guardian angel has been made manifest, dear reader, how often those pure lips and innocent eyes have brought them meekly to virtue's side, and rebuked you in thought unperceived of all but God! I remember gratefully that our Saviour himself sanctified their superstition when He said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

The silence that had fallen on Captain Marsh and his little cousin was suddenly broken by the appearance of Nina and Gabrielle de Crane. The two girls were walking arm-in-arm, as in past days, and Gabrielle's face was flushed, whilst her eyes showed that tears had only just been wiped away. Still her red lips were parted with smiles, as she turned round every second to look lovingly up into the grave, beautiful face of her friend.

"We are come to fetch Katie," said Gabrielle, speaking to Captain Marsh. "We are going into the lower gardens for some snowdrops. If you mean to be very civil we will allow you to escort us; and if not—why, you may come all the same; a boor is better than a bore, at any rate."

"I hope I may be able to steer clear of both extremes.

"You are perfectly aware of your own advantages, I perceive," retorted the lively French girl.

"From what sign or signs do you gather that information, mademoiselle? I only allowed myself to entertain a humble hope that I might not prove so disagreeable as you seemed to anticipate."

"How refreshingly modest and innocent! Do you know, Captain Marsh, you remind me of a little anecdote I saw yesterday in mama's *Monde Illustré*. A French soldier went to ask his colonel for leave of absence to attend his sister's wedding.

"'Why, I thought you were an only child?' said the colonel, regarding the petitioner with some suspicion. 'Oh, *non, colonel*,' answered the soldier, 'I *ai* a sister, *mais elle est deux—un pour on et une fille; et c'est moi qui suis le garçon.*'"

"And a very sensible soldier too, mademoiselle; I don't at all resent the comparison. He probably knew that his colonel was not imaginative, and was in the habit of looking upon him as a soldier who ought to be bullied through a certain amount of drill, rather than a lad who had human feelings and human hearts, and he took the liberty of reminding the suspicious martinet that '*c'est moi qui suis le garçon.*'"

"Brilliant piece of interpretation, isn't it, Nina? On the strength of its ingenuity you shall be exempted, Captain Marsh, from any further efforts to do the amiable all the rest of our walk. I see that it is quite impossible to class you in either of the categories stigmatised, and, therefore, I will not be insulted or wounded by epithets which would vehemently every future remark you may condescend to make. Whereupon let us go and make love to one another like turtle-doves. Katie."

Captain Marsh noted, all through their walk, that Gabrielle de Crane showed more affection for, rather than cheered her friend. He could not wonder at this, for it had the same effect upon himself. Nina was enough, too, at the moss, when his brother officers were in outrageous spirits, Cyril had felt quieted by the very excess of their mirth, and had found a greater effort to look gay than to look grave. Nina evidently shared his peculiarity, for Gabrielle's lively sallies only met with a forced smile, at length, piqued and astonished at the gravity of both, Gabrielle began to reproach them, and in no measured terms.

"You're what mamma would call 'gloms,' both of you. I never in my life saw two such long, dismal faces at a funeral procession. Captain Marsh, I have occasionally heard you throw away a few good things on a lady audience, with a good deal of appreciation by your sex. If you could only hunt up the remnant of a witticism, or the ghost of a bon-mot, really I should be grateful. As for you, Nina, I wonder how you can shagging to one of pitious earnestness, "your gravity is very unbecoming indeed. Katie, I'll be kind. Here am I so happy because everything is made right between us, whilst you—"

But Nina interrupted her by an expressive gesture.

Katie, fancying herself unnoticed, had sunk down on a garden seat, and was gnawing at her hand tightly against her side. Her lips were blue and her breathing was heavy. She seem to be nearly fainting with pain. But one other was watching her too—one who was strong as tenderness and power to be leaning over her and speaking in his gentlest tone.

"Katie, darling, you are very tired."

She looked up at Cyril with her soft, wistful eyes.

"I shall carry you home—you will let me?" he whispered again.

She bowed her head, and the soft, sweet, loving smile he had learned to think so very beautiful stole over her pale face. Very carefully he lifted her up in his arms and bore her towards the house. Gabrielle, sobered now and half-frightened, clung to Nina's arm, and, more and more, but perfectly calm, walked behind Captain Marsh, never moving her eyes from the child.

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As they neared the stables, by which they had to pass in order to reach the house, they heard Dame Oldum's shrill voice, in high, querulous if angry dispute with the coachman, who was heard to say, in reply to some remark from her:

"Now, look here, missus, you don't want Miss Nina. She's out a walking, and you don't suppose we're going to fetch her home for such as you."

"I'll let you know if she 'wowed I was standing here in the cold, waiting for her, she'll alnast you pay for it."

"I tell you what, dame, there's some hereabouts who are a bit afraid of you, because your tongue's seasoned with pepper and vinegar and doesn't give any stint of ill words; but I'm not one of that sort. You don't scare me easy. What I've got to say I say to people's faces, and don't encourage no backbiting; and so I'd rather tell you than tell anybody else that I don't like your 'lining our servants' hall with complaints of what you've got out of 'em. Mrs. Treat may do as she likes about her maids—she's got a right to have 'em, and plenty given him to keep his hands busy all the evening neat time you send him down an invite."

"If you'd mind about yourself you'd have been more civiller," said Dame Oldum, loftily.

"I'd scorn to go to your little pottering place, I would!" answered the coachman. "I've lived in good families all my time, and known how to hold up my head as I should do, and I ain't going to society where I'm expected to bow and cringe on. I know what's due to myself and my master better than that."

"I wish I had got the paying of your dues," replied the old woman, sharply; "I wouldn't keep you running. I've got a mind I can work when I'm want of money."

Nina had grown paler and paler as this conversation proceeded. When it came to a pause she dropped Gabrielle's arm and stepped towards the yard, telling her to follow Captain Marsh into the house. But Gabrielle, who was like an April day, alternate tears and smiles, would not leave the child, return gradually into Katie's wan little face, was ready to be gay again, and hastily rushed the idea of an encounter with Dame Oldum. So she followed Nina's steps instead of taking the path to the house.

The old woman was standing close to the stables, her face was inflamed, her whole air insolent and defiant. She made the prettiest curtsey to Nina when she caught sight of the ladies and opened her grievances at once.

"There! he talks about manners," she said, pointing to the coachman, who stood grinning in the background, "and he hasn't no manners himself, and so on, and he hasn't no more hides of christian behavior than a pig. Here's a poor body, who'll have the seventies next Michaelmas, pleases the Lord, left to stand in the cold just as if she'd been a beggar-maid to keep her warm like a wild animal, instead of only being 'allowed to be waiting to an old tattered shawl. That isn't manners, Miss Nina, nor nothing, as I can see, and I haven't took to spectaples yet for the want of eyesight. But that's always the way with them hereabouts. You get a civil word of the master, but the devil of anything but kicks do you get out of his man. It's just as if they was afraid all their wages 'id be given away to Dame. I do believe they'd drink the poor soup on a full stomach rather than they should get a sup of it on an empty one. I wish gentlefolk sat in the kitchen instead of the parlor, and then they'd know where things was wanted most, and they'd have a bit of good more and the sweetheartest less. Now be there—"

But Nina interrupted her impatiently.

"Dame Oldum, what can you mean for now? You have had soup every week, I know, besides coals and blankets at Christmas."

"When you don't really want any of them," put in Gabrielle. "You are better off than any one in the village, I'm certain, knowledge. Ben has steady work and good wages."

"You see, miss, with no disrespect, you're a furriner. You don't know nothing about the substantials English folks is accustomed to. I've heard say as French people live upon nothing, and that's what they're fond to look at for beauty. But I was brought up different. As to Ben, he isn't much of a help now: most of his wages goes in the public-house, I'm sorry for his sweetheart."

"I don't believe it," said Gabrielle, decidedly.

"Mademoiselle!" whispered Nina in French. "Don't make an enemy of the old woman; she can be dangerous if she likes."

"What shall you do, then?"

"She might injure your reputation."

"And that wouldn't signify much. I shall never be able to marry, mama says, because I have got no dot."

"Oh, but in any case, for your own comfort's sake, don't you see you must keep your good will?"

Nina spoke feelingly, but Gabrielle only responded by a slight shrug of her graceful shoulders. Meanwhile, Dame Oldum, who had been watching this brief dialogue with suspicion, because it was carried on in a language she did not understand, broke in again:

"Rags and tatters isn't comfortable wear in cold weather, Miss Nina. Folks was pretty fond of 'em, I want a warm shawl and a merriner frock, and I mean to have 'em somehow."

"I shall ask you for nothing," said Gabrielle, dauntlessly, "you don't want anything; and if I were Nina I wouldn't give you anything."

"Mademoiselle!" said Nina, distressed, and so did Dame Oldum, sneering; "I don't go to empty cupboards and expect good cheer."

"Yes, they are poor," said Gabrielle, with a prouder carriage of her head, "and we are not ashamed of it. Our cupboard may not be very well furnished, perhaps, but we have always manage to find something in it for those who are hungry. Is not that so, Nina?"

"Indeed I do; but, Gabrielle, why argue with Dame Oldum? You do not understand each other. Dame Oldum, mind, I cannot have you rude to my friend. Come up to-morrow morning and I will see you, and if you are really in want of what you ask for I will give it."

Nina turned away as she had finished speaking, and Gabrielle followed her. Nina's step was firmer than usual, her head was erect, and Gabrielle's remonstrances were stayed on her lips. She would not imperil the recent good understanding by any provocation, and she had had a hard struggle not to reproach Nina for her inconsistency, and remind her of the estimate they had mutually formed of Dame Oldum's character. But the words remained prudently unspoken, and, in answer to some questions which taught her Nina would desire that their interview with Dame Oldum should be ignored before the household, Gabrielle made a scrupulous silence on the subject. Fortunately, she had suffered too much by her former suspicions to allow them to be easily renewed, and, therefore, if she had her doubts momentarily restored by Nina's conduct that day, she soon dismissed them, and managed to replace the old love and trust in her friend; only this time, it must be owned, they were compound of somewhat patched-up materials, and did not promise to bear any very severe strain upon their force and endurance.

CHAPTER X.—A BIT OF A RADICAL.

IT being a fine morning, and no occupation likely to prove more agreeable suggesting itself, Lord Gillingham had bobbled over to Beechwood to have an interview with Mr. Marsh, meaning to speak frankly as to his views regarding Nina.

The earl had a grand notion of the advantages as a British peer, and considered himself irresis

ble from other and independent causes as well. A vague distrust of Nina's sentiments in his behalf had occasionally visited him, but Lord Gillingham had attributed her coldness principally to modesty, and owned to a settled conviction that, should he come forward with serious proposals, both she and her father, if not Mrs. Marsh, would gratefully fall in with his views.

The earl had specially sought this interview with his neighbor, thinking that the business part of his proposal would be better settled between themselves, with an after reference to Nina's wishes on the point. Perhaps, too, in his secret soul, he did not relish seeking his answer from those lips which, although so beautiful, he had never known in their softness and grace.

But there was something in the confidence displayed by Lord Gillingham which somewhat galled Mr. Marsh. He felt that, with his beautiful daughter to give away, he was the equal of the highest for the nonce. Mr. Marsh could always keep his temper under control, but those who knew him well understood that when he spoke with studied care he was by no manner of means in his best mood.

But Lord Gillingham did not know him very well; and when, therefore, Mr. Marsh, after patiently listening to all he had to say, began to speak himself in a perfectly calm, measured tone, his lordship augured therefrom a speedy success to his suit.

"Your lordship is doing me an honor," said Mr. Marsh, "which, as a simple country squire, I have, I dare say, no right to expect; but I always determined that, when the time came that my daughters should be asked in marriage, I would entirely put aside my authority, to afford them complete freedom of choice. I think very seriously of such a step, and could not tolerate that either of them should look at it in a less grave light than myself."

"Then you authorise me to speak to Miss Nina herself?"

"You may if you like, of course; but I give you notice that I cannot in any way support your wishes. As from man to man, I consider it right to tell you candidly that your mode of life for some time past does not appear to me to offer a very good guarantee for the happiness of any woman who might become your wife."

"A few youthful indiscretions," muttered the earl, having the grace to look confused.

"Pardon me, my lord; I am a man of the world, and therefore too apt, perhaps, to make allowances for the follies and indiscretions of youth; but I cannot exactly place yours in that category, considering that they have been persevered in from that time to this. I have no right to inquire too minutely into any man's past, but his present is my affair when he wishes my daughter for his wife."

"I don't pretend to be a saint," replied the earl, fumbling with his watch-chain. "No one can accuse me of playing the hypocrite; but, of course, when I ask a young lady of Miss Marsh's birth and breeding to enter my home it is with the intention of purging it for her reception, and making her position in every way respectable and pleasant."

"I am an old man, my lord, and have seen a great many reformations of this sort in my time, but few that lasted a year."

The earl bit his lip. It was evidently with great effort that he kept his rage within bounds.

"Then I suppose you expect a second St. Anthony, at least, for Miss Marsh?" he said, roughly.

"I am not so difficult to please as you imagine," replied Mr. Marsh, with unabated calmness; "I could dispense with a good deal in some respects to have what I wanted in others. Certainly I should far rather my daughter married a gentleman—one who had a good claim to the title—but, at the same time, if she should chance to pick upon a man who had no birth, but was well-educated, and comported himself in a manner which would insure his retaining her affection and respect, I would not refuse my consent. We are very apt in England to forget *virtus optima nobilitas*. For my p-rt, I do not of necessity respect a good coat: I must know first of all what it covers; and I firmly believe that if my principle were more in vogue—if plain efficiency, instead of titled self-sufficiency, were the condition of preferment—we should have none of those grave errors which occasionally mar the workings of Church and State."

"Ah, you're a bit of a Radical, I see!"

"No, I am wholly a Conservative," answered Mr. Marsh, with one of his quiet smiles; "but my special motto is, 'The right man in the right place.'"

"And you mean me to infer that I should not be the right man in the right place as Miss Marsh's husband?"

"I leave that to my daughter to decide; that is to say, if you still persist in your suit."

"Certainly I do."

"Very well; then the matter is beyond my jurisdiction," said Mr. Marsh.

"All right!" exclaimed his lordship, rising and offering his hand, which Mr. Marsh pressed as lightly as he could. "The matter is so far settled, then. I wish you good-morning."

But, instead of joining the ladies in the drawing-room, as might have been expected under the circumstances, he mounted his horse, which a groom had been ordered to bring round to Beechwood in half-an-hour, and rode straight home.

After his visitor was gone Mr. Marsh gave his entire attention to some accounts, until his nephew came in to remind him that they had settled to walk over to one of his farms before luncheon. Mr. Marsh pushed aside his papers and got up at once, but Cyril noticed that his manner was not so free and pleasant as usual. Presently the cause of his trouble came out:

"Lord Gillingham has been here to-day," he said.

"Indeed!" answered Cyril, without showing much curiosity to learn his errand.

"He came about Nina."

Cyril was all attention now.

"About Nina?" he repeated.

"Yes; he made a proposal for her hand."

"He? Lord Gillingham?" almost gasped Cyril.

"You can hardly be more surprised than I was," said Mr. Marsh, mistaking his nephew's trouble for astonishment. "There seemed no reason to expect such an offer."

"But my cousin did not accept him?"

"I don't know what she may do; she has not been consulted yet."

"No? How was that?"

"I gave him permission to use his influence with her," answered Mr. Marsh, cheerily, "because I felt sure that Nina had too much good sense to be dazzled by a coronet when worn by such a man. I have had hopes, too, for some time past, that other arrangements were likely to be made. Indeed, I may as well speak frankly at once: There is no one in the world to whom I would rather give a daughter of mine than to Cyril Marsh, although I should not say this much were I not sure that Cyril Marsh wanted a daughter of mine."

"I'm afraid, then, I must wait for Katie, for Nina will have none of me," replied Cyril, with a faint attempt at a smile.

Mr. Marsh paused in his walk, and his face clouded over.

"She has refused you?" he inquired, in a tone of disappointment, which was the best kind of flattery.

"No," said Cyril, "she will not let me come near enough to be denied."

"I thought she had more sense. I am very sorry for her, that is all," said Mr. Marsh, and he walked on again more sharply than before. "Ah, well," he added, presently, "if one is to grieve over all a woman's fancies one will have enough to do. Come along and look at the bullocks!"

And here the conversation dropped; but Mr. Marsh was colder and graver to Nina that evening than he had been since her attack of brain fever.

Strange to say, Mr. Marsh mentioned nothing of Lord Gillingham's visit or its motive either to his wife or Nina. The duty of enlightening Nina as to the honor intended her therefore fell upon Captain Marsh. But, somehow, this evening, he could not tell her; he had got into the habit of keeping every happy hour he could get free of disagreeables, and, consequently, he put this question aside for future discussion.

He had secured the place he best loved—namely, by Nina's side—for there were no strangers this evening, only Gabrielle de Pène, who had been induced to stay the night, and was in her wildest spirits from the novelty of the event.

Even Mr. Marsh, who, like a true John Bull, disliked foreigners, and besides, considered lively women unfeminine and vulgar, found himself laughing with Gabrielle in the very face of a grave didactic leader in the *Times*. She was giving a ludicrous description of her interview with a little village protégé of hers:

"I had been giving him some good moral lessons—really good, you know—and, fancying they must take deep root, I ventured to inquire what his notion of perfect happiness would be, expecting, of course, an answer of equal piety and sagacity. Just imagine his reply—'Two jolly good meals a day, and plenty of nuts to crack between times.' Ah! you may laugh at his answer, Captain Marsh, but I can assure you it has had a serious effect upon me. It has destroyed all my faith in human nature—that and the schoolmaster's privately begging me to abstain from visiting the school, because the children's parents were afraid I should teach them to worship idols. You see the effect of prejudice. Here am I, a Protestant, and, although the child of French parents, reared and educated on English soil, yet I am not allowed to enter a village schoolroom for fear I should corrupt the young idea! You know Tommy Bills, don't you? that incorrigible little sinner who has lamed all the ducks and chickens for four miles around. I caught him one day with his sister's doll elevated on a huge stick, and he was carrying it round the village in triumph, assuring every one whom he chanced to meet that it was the Virgin Mary as the French madam and her daughter worshipped in their own country. You'd better take care of Tommy, he's such a genius! If he doesn't ignite the Thames with some new discovery of his, he'll turn chartist and iconoclast, and destroy our pump-handles because they are fashioned after the similitude of the tail of a calf that eateth hay. You can do as you like, of course, but I shall leave the village directly Tommy grows up."

"But, my dear Gabrielle," said Mrs. Marsh, who always took everything *au sérieux*, "they must know that you are of the same religion as themselves from your going to church every Sunday."

"Dear Mrs. Marsh, we don't expect logic from laborers; to draw an inference of that complicated nature would put such a strain upon their brain machinery that it would be out of repair a whole week afterwards."

"I don't know about that; I should think Mrs. Oldum's brain could draw a great many inferences without over-fatigue," said Captain Marsh.

"Ah, but Dame Oldum's a wonder. She'd be the greatest scholar of the age if cunning took the place of cultivation."

"But as it does not, she is, meanwhile, nothing but a dangerous, designing old woman, whom, I am sorry to see, you and my cousin patronise."

"I don't!" said Gabrielle, sharply. Then she suddenly paused, and turned round to Nina with an anxious look of self-vindication.

"She is old and desolate," murmured Nina, with a glance of appeal at Captain Marsh.

"That is a plea I rarely deny," he answered with increased gravity, "but I doubt its applicability to Dame Oldum. Her son lives with her, they tell me that she has saved money, and I know her to be the most inveterate scandalmonger in all Beechwood."

Nina bent low over her work, and said no more; but her silence did not look much like conviction. Cyril divined that Dame Oldum was preying on his cousin's allowance, and saw in this fact an explanation of her simple mourning attire. But why? What possible hold could she have upon Nina? He determined to know, if merely for her protection. He formed the resolve of visiting Dame Oldum, and giving her to understand that Nina had a powerful ally, who would not permit her to be trifled with for any sordid ends she—Dame Oldum—might have in view. He suspected that Nina would not thank him for his interference, but he would tell her of his intention before he put it into execution, and then if she objected she must be treated as a child who was incapable of understanding her own interests, and be served in spite of herself. Some day she would thank him, if not now, and he would patiently wait for that day, fully rewarded beforehand by seeing her happy and free once more.

SIEGE OF PETERSBURG.

The Actions on the Weldon Railroad, Aug. 20 and 25.

Early on the morning of the 18th of August the 5th corps moved out in the direction of the Weldon railroad and struck it about noon, at a point about five or possibly six miles from Petersburg. The several divisions of the corps followed each other on the march, the 1st division (Gen. Griffin's) having the advance. This division, on reaching the railroad, immediately commenced work by destroying it, and the 2d division (Gen. Ayres's) pushing on, crossed it and advanced from two to three miles beyond. Of the engagement which ensued on the afternoon of that day, the details and list of casualties have already been forwarded. The result, briefly stated, was that after being driven back first, then rallying and driving the enemy, we occupied at night the position (or nearly the same) assumed in the early part of the afternoon.

The earlier part of Friday (the 19th) was employed in better establishing our position and fortifying. Gen. Crawford, commanding 3d division, finding that in the attempt to connect his right with our works, near the Jerusalem plankroad, he had too much extended and weakened his line, sent to Gen. Warren that he needed more troops on his right, and accordingly Bragg's brigade, of the 4th division (Gen. Cutler's), was sent up. This had got into position, and the troops of the 9th corps were on their way towards that part of the line, when, at about four P.M., the enemy commenced a furious attack with, it is believed, Hill's and Breckinridge's corps. On the right of Gen. Crawford's line Bragg's brigade, of the 4th division, was quickly swept back by the impetuous charge, and a portion of the 3d division, which was now attacked on the right flank, also were driven back with considerable loss. Gen. Wilcox's division of the 9th corps had by this time arrived on the ground, and hastening to get into position, soon became warmly engaged, holding the enemy in check with great difficulty, until the arrival of Gen. White with the 1st division of the 9th corps, which turned the scale in our favor.

On the left and in the centre the engagement was also very sharp, the enemy attacking with a heavy force and fighting with great determination. Here, as on the right, we were temporarily forced back. Gen. Hay's brigade, of Ayres's division, which was armed with the Spencer repeating rifles, resolutely stood their ground, depending on the superiority of their arms to repulse the enemy up to the last moment. But the rest of the line having fallen back, they were left exposed on both flanks, and soon nearly surrounded.

Gen. Hays himself and a portion of his command, probably to the number of 400 or 500, unfortunately were made prisoners. As on the previous day, our men finally rallied and drove the enemy back from the ground he had taken from them, regaining the position they had lost.

Our line was formed about the same time as it was on that day, the 1st division being on the extreme left, connecting with the cavalry, which covered the railroad towards Ream's station. The 2d division was next Cutler's, the 4th division was across the railroad, and the 3d division (Crawford's) was on the right, joining with the 9th corps, which connected the right of the new line with the left of the old one, near the Jerusalem plankroad.

During Saturday our men had strengthened the breastworks which they had temporarily erected, besides throwing up others *en echelon*.

Early this morning very heavy cannonading was opened by the enemy from their works further down, towards Petersburg, and our guns replied very briskly, neither party, however, doing the other any particular damage.

About seven A.M. a small force of the enemy were seen moving as if to make an attack on the 9th corps, but a few well-directed shells sent them out of sight rather quicker than they advanced.

Shortly after a strong column of the rebels emerged from the woods on the left of the railroad, and, forming in line, charged on what they believed to be our left flank, but which proved to be the left of Gen. Ayres's front line.

The rebels advanced in fine style and with the utmost confidence, evidently thinking the work before them was an easy piece of business, but what was their surprise on discovering a second line behind, and extending to the left of the first, from which a row of bayonets glistened, with a battery on the left and another on the right, pouring a cross fire into their ranks, almost every discharge causing large vacancies in their line.

As soon as they discovered the critical position in which they were placed, the entire command made signs to indicate their willingness to surrender, and the order to cease firing passed along the breastworks. But as soon as they discovered this a large portion of them broke and started for the woods, the remainder coming in and surrendering themselves.

Our batteries sent several messengers after the retreating party, many of whom embraced mother earth instead of reaching their lines, and still remain where they fell, our guns recovering the entire field and preventing the bodies from being carried away.

The troops who made this charge consisted of the rebel divisions of Hoke and Bushrod Johnson, of Gen. Hill's corps, and were principally South Carolinians and Mississippians.

Among the prisoners are one Colonel, three Lieut.-Colonels and 37 Captains and Lieutenants.

The 2d corps had but just returned from the extreme right on the James river, when, on Monday, the 22d, the 1st and 2d divisions of it were started off on a long, wet, muddy march to the extreme left, on the Weldon railroad. From that time up to yesterday they had been hard at work tearing up the railroad, burning the ties, twisting the rails, levelling embankments, destroying bridges and culverts, and as thoroughly as possible demolishing everything that could be of any service to the enemy in facilitating the repair of the road, in case it should again fall into their hands.

This work had been completely accomplished to a point between three and four miles south of Ream's station, making in all 10 miles of a road, or a little over that distance, effectually destroyed. The 1st division, under Gen. Miles, which had been at work south of Ream's station, returned to the entrenchments at that place on Wednesday evening. These intrenchments were the same thrown up by the 6th corps when sent out there to meet Wilson's cavalry, near the end of June.

On Thursday morning Gen. Gibbons's division was to have moved southward from Ream's station, to continue the destruction of the road still further towards Stony creek.

Starting along the road running to the left or east of the railroad, they turned to the right and crossed the latter about half a mile below Ream's, and had not proceeded half a mile further before the cavalry was checked by meeting a line of rebel skirmishers. Col. Smith then deployed as skirmishers the 1st Delaware regiment, supported by the 12th New Jersey regiment in the rear, and the 10th New York on the right flank.

Advancing this skirmish line parallel with that on the right of the railroad, its left flank resting near the same, Col. Smith pushed back the enemy's skirmishers until, on arriving in sight of a narrow swampy range extending from the railroad obliquely to the right, and with its acute angle on the side next to us, he found their troops in line-of-battle beyond it and protected by small breastworks.

Between two and three skirmishing commenced in front of the 1st division, which occupied the works at Ream's station.

The pickets of the division were driven in, and a charge was then made on the entrenchments, which, however, was quickly repulsed.

The form of this line of entrenchments is that of a semi-circle, a segment of which includes a section of the railroad, the works crossing the latter a short distance north of Ream's station, and curving back so as to cross it again south of that place. Along this curved line the 1st division was posted by Gen. Miles, as follows: On the left was the 4th heavy artillery, Col. Alcock; next to this the 4th brigade of the division, under Lieut.-Col. Brodie, of the 61st New York; then the 3d brigade, under Major Byron, of the 88th New York; and on the right the 1st brigade, under Col. Lynch, of the 183d Pennsylvania. The 2d brigade does not appear by name, but was nevertheless in the engagement, being consolidated with the 3d.

As soon as it became evident by the attack on Gen. Miles's position that the enemy were in considerable force, Gen. Gibson was ordered to fall back from his advanced position on the left, and connecting his right with the left of the 1st division, to form a line for the protection of the left flank and rear. The junction of his right with Miles's left was near the point where our breastworks crossed the railroad, and thence his line extended in such a curve as to bring his left nearly opposite Miles's right, the line of the latter fronting towards the west, while that of Gibson's faced to the east and southeast. On his right, Gen. Gibson placed his second brigade, Col. Murphy, and on his left the 3d brigade, Col. Smith, with the 19th Massachussetts and the 19th Maine, of the 1st brigade, in the centre.

The remainder of the 1st brigade, comprising five regiments, supported the centre of the 1st division, and were under command of Gen. Miles. Having thus disposed his line, Gen. Gibson at once commenced the construction of breastworks along its entire extent.

The enemy having been repulsed, our skirmishers followed, advancing nearly to the position they had formerly held, and capturing a number of prisoners. Shortly after the enemy again advanced, and were again driven back with heavy loss; and their third assault, made about 4 P. M., was attended with a like satisfactory result.

In the first three charges the enemy used no artillery, but about 5 P. M. they opened a heavy, concentrated fire from a number of batteries, pouring a storm of shell and other missiles over the entire amphitheatre included within our lines. At some points our entrenchments were partially enfiladed by their fire, while nearly the whole of Gen. Gibbon's division was subjected to an extremely troublesome fire, especially the rear, its line being within range of shot and shell that passed harmlessly over the entrenchments held by the 1st division. To escape this they were obliged to get outside their own entrenchments into a position of nearly equal danger from the fire of skirmishers thrown out towards our left flank.

After about twenty minutes of this artillery fire, the enemy again made their appearance in front of Gen. Miles's division, their assault being directed mainly against his centre. Along nearly the entire line, and especially in front of the 5th brigade, the woods are very close to our entrenchments, which circumstance was favorable to the enemy in that it enabled them to form comparatively near our works without being discovered.

Emerging from the woods, they advanced in two lines of battle, with a force thought to have comprised Wilcox's entire division of Hill's corps and two brigades of Heth's. Our artillery and musketry greeted them as before with a rapid fire, but without checking their progress. On they came, with bayonets fixed and without firing a shot.

They approached our lines, gained the outside of our entrenchments, and at some points a hand to hand conflict ensued over the top of the breastworks, our men beating back the rebels with their bayonets, as they attempted to climb over. But soon it was found that our line was broken near the centre, and the gap once made rapidly grew wider, until nearly the entire line was swept back, leaving our breastworks and artillery in the hands of the enemy, from the left of the 1st division to a point considerably to the right of the centre. The 7th New York infantry is said to have been the first to give way.

The batteries left behind were batteries B, 1st Rhode Island, Lieut. Perrine; Capt. Sleeper's battery, the 12th Massachusetts, and McKnight's battery, the 12th New York Independent. Their horses had all been shot early in the action, and the suddenness with which our men fell back rendered it impossible to get off the guns. Capt. Sleeper, of the 12th Massachusetts, had been wounded during the afternoon, and was not in command when his battery was lost. It is said that the 4th New York Heavy Artillery, or a considerable portion of them, stood their ground on the left when our line gave way, and rushing to the guns of the battery nearest to them, worked it till the enemy came on and surrounded them, capturing a considerable portion of them along with the battery.

Gen. Miles and other officers of his division, with great coolness and intrepidity, set to work to rally the men, who were pouring down from the left and hurrying to the rear, and in a short time succeeded in forming a line with its right resting against our breastworks near the right of our former line, at the point up to which that line had been held. At the same time Gen. Hancock ordered the 2d division to be faced about, and cheering and urging the men forward, led them in person in a charge at double quick across the space between their line and that of Gen. Miles, which, at the widest part was probably three-fourths of a mile in breadth.

This charge, which was made under a heavy fire both of musketry and artillery, was gallantly executed, and in conjunction with the line rallied by Gen. Miles instantly checked the enemy and regained our entrenchments for some distance further towards the left. The 12th New Jersey regiment and portions of the 10th New York and 14th Connecticut, which voluntarily acted with the 12th artillery, are highly praised for their gallantry in driving the enemy from a position near the centre of our line opposite the station, where, after crossing our breastworks, they had established themselves behind an embankment on the railroad, which afforded them excellent protection, and to dislodge from which was a task of no slight difficulty and danger. Lieut.-Col. K. S. Thompson, of the 12th New Jersey, was severely wounded in making this charge.

On this charge of Gibbon's division the loss in killed and wounded was very severe, especially among the officers. Col. Smyth, commanding the 3d brigade, had his horse shot under him, and of 26 officers and nearly 200 men of his brigade lost during the day the majority were killed and wounded in this charge.

After the enemy had been checked in the centre and along that portion of the line against which they had chiefly directed their attack, the greater part of the 2d division had returned to their own entrenchments, and the combat seemed to have nearly died out, when suddenly the enemy, working their way round towards our left, struck the right flank and rear of Col. Murphy's brigade, which was driven towards the left.

By this time it was dark, and the fighting ended.

About 8 P. M. we commenced retiring, which was accomplished without molestation. Nothing lost in abandoning our position, not a shot being fired by the enemy. We sacrificed nothing in abandoning the position at Ream's station, except, perhaps, the destruction of a few miles more of the railroad, and when our detached situation and the force the enemy brought against us are considered, it is by no means surprising that we should have been for a time overpowered. The numbers opposed to us is estimated at from 15,000 to 17,000, and comprising Heath's and Wilcox's divisions of Hill's corps, and Field's division, with two other brigades of Anderson's, formerly Longstreet's corps.

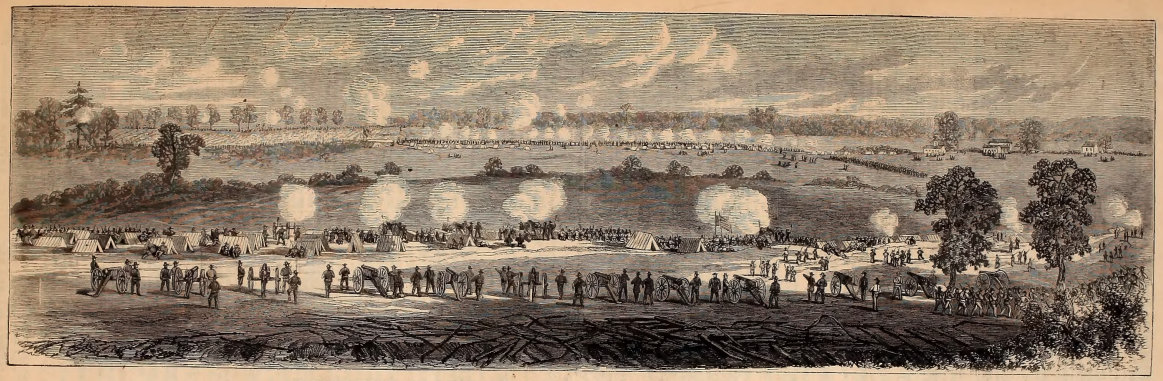
Our sketch shows our repulse of the last rebel assault.

A little girl walking in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, Paris, and reading one after another the praises upon the tombs of those who slept beneath, exclaimed:

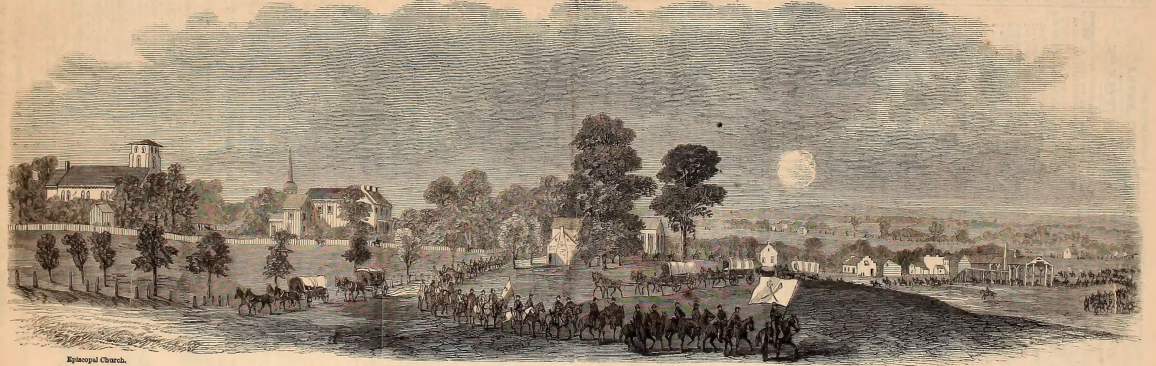
"I wonder where all the bad people are buried!"



THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—BATTLE OF REAM'S STATION—THE ATTEMPT OF THE ENEMY TO REGAIN THE WELDON RAILROAD, ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 25TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. BECKER.



SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—REBEL ATTEMPT, SATURDAY, AUG. 20, TO REGAIN THE WELDON RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.



SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE UNION FORCES FALLING BACK THROUGH CHARLESTOWN, AUG. 21, 8 A. M.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR, FROM JUDGE HUNTER'S YARD.

THE THREE CALLERS.

Mona called frodly to a fair boy straying
Mid golden meadows, rich with clover bow;
She calls—but still he thinks of naught save playing;
And ere she smiles and waves him an adieu!
While he, still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that Morn, sweet Morn, returns no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time; he sees but one sweet form,
One young fair face, from bower of jessamine glowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.
So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the Western shore,
And sees that Noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin firelight, flickering faint and low,
By which a prince's man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone—as all life's pleasures go;
Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark—and he returns no more!

ANECDOTES OF ALLIGATORS.

A FRIEND of mine was lately riding in company with three others, in single file, along the narrow strip of land which connects the peninsula of Jaffna with the island of Ceylon, when suddenly his horse sprang to one side in a manner so unexpected as nearly to unseat him. He supposed that an alligator which had been lying by the side of the lagoon had made a spring at the horse's legs as he passed. One of the gentlemen who was riding behind my friend, and who had seen the whole proceeding, was so strongly impressed with the idea that the horse had been touched by the alligator, that he was not satisfied until he had dismounted and examined the horse's legs.

This is unquestionably one of the coolest pieces of impertinence I ever ever heard of on the part of a land alligator; and having heard of it I shall certainly be more cautious about going into tanks where alligators are, up to my waist, for half an hour at a time.

I remember once watching the proceedings of alligators in a tank in this neighborhood. I could see the opposite side of a tank two black curlew, birds of most delicate flavor, were very shy. My object was to get a good way in the rear, and as the curlew were moving quietly along, I rode into the tank to watch them. There were several alligators about me, and the way they went to work was this: A fellow would rise to the surface and look at my pony and me to see where I was. Then he would sink and come up again a little nearer and go down again, and come up once more another look to see where we were. At last my gun was brought and I had my shot at the curlew, and saw no more of the alligators, who always take alarm at the sound of a gun.

I omitted to mention that on his return a day or two after, my friend kept a lookout for his enemy, and discovered him once more on the bank—he grew to a two-ounce rifle ball, which made a long scar along his back; however a wound like that does not usually prove fatal at once, and the alligator succeeded in getting away.

The magistrate at Mullitivoe one morning found that an alligator had sought the hospitable shelter of the courthouse during the night, and a gentleman at Batticaloa found another in his stable.

An old sportsman in Jaffna, who had an endless stock of tales, used to tell how he had once shot several alligators with grains of rice instead of ball! After he had tested the excellence of the hoaxers to a moderate degree, he would add that the alligators were about nine inches long. They were young ones which he killed as specimens.

However loathesome-looking an animal an old alligator may be, the young alligators are not so very disagreeable. In fact, the bright yellow bars which alternate with the black ones are rather pretty than otherwise. I had one in a vivarium, and the vicious little beast used to nip my fingers when I tried to feed it. It got out one night, and I don't know what became of it.

A snorman caught a young alligator in his fishing kraal in the Mutwa river, and I went to see it. It was alive, and to all appearances there was no reason why, if left alone, it should not grow up to alligator's estate; its length was about three and a half feet. Thinking that this would be a good opportunity for testing the correctness of what I had heard in the north of the island about the remarkable effect of lime upon the alligator, I made a bet with a friend that a snake, which he procured from a neighboring house a lump of the chunam, or lime obtained from shells, which the natives are in the habit of chewing along with the nut of the areca palm and the leaves of the betel creeper. The lime had probably been moistened with water, as during supper the jaws of our unfortunate victim—an operation to which it submitted with extraordinary resignation when it found it could not prevent it—we inserted, as far back as the opening into the throat, a lump of chunam about as large as a pigeon's egg, after which we put the animal into the water. Immediately it turned over on its back and then on its back, and appeared to be dying; soon its eyes closed, and I thought it was dead. After about five minutes it revived a little. It did not remain longer to watch it, but in the evening I rode to where it had been apparently carried on, when I found that it was dead, and learnt that it had died with two hours of the application of lime; and it still seems to me that the lime had not been swallowed, but was still in the throat, just where it had been placed. I do not remember to have read in any work on animals of this antipathy of the alligator to lime; and it still seems to me explained how it is that a substance of that nature, especially prepared for the use of man, and by him only chewed, should have so powerful and instantaneous an effect upon an animal otherwise so powerful as that which merely placed in the mouth, without being swallowed. The experiment may appear to have been a cruel one, and yet, perhaps, it was the speediest and easiest mode of killing the alligator. I have just returned to state that the Lascals have an idea that if a bullet be filled with lime before firing at an alligator, it will, wherever it penetrates, cause a wound which will prove fatal. I have not had an opportunity of testing the truthful story, but find it is not uncommon for the Singhalese to fill the stomach of a bullock with lime, and to place near an alligator's haunt, thinking that if he swallows the lime death will ensue.

Musketry, mentioned just now in an isolated station, where the magistrate is the only European, and administers justice in a patriarchal way. Close to the court is a tank full of alligators, and as the magistrate sat on his bench he could see them crawl out and bask in the sunshine. So he used to take his rifle with him to court, and keep it ready loaded beside him. In the middle of the examination of a witness the clerk of the court would turn round and say, "Sir, sir, there's an alligator." Down would go the pen, up would go the rule, bang! and out would run the clerk and interpreter to see what damage had been done. After a few minutes the court would come again to report, and then business would proceed as before.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

QUIPP, ladylike society—Dumb-belles.

"THERE notes enliven me," as the man said on receiving a remittance.

If a woman were to change her sex, what would she become? A he-thn.

WHAT harvest precedes our railway and steam excursions? Cuke.

WHICH city is made of the lightest materials? Cork.

FRANKLIN describes a bachelor as half of a pair of scissors, unfit for aught but to scrape a trencher.

"I'll be shot if I stay," as the partridge said to the double-barrelled gun.

IT is a popular delusion to believe that powder on a lady's face is the same affect as that on a musket, namely, to cause her to go off.

A TAILOR who, in skating, fell through the ice, declared that he would never again leave his hot goose for a cold duck.

"WHY do you use so much tobacco?" said an Englishman to an American.

"Because I chew," was the reply.

My first is the love of little ladies, my second the limb of a tieb, my whole a strange monster of the deep. Dolphin.

SYDNEY SMITH speaks of a man so dry, that if you were to bore holes in him with a gimlet sawdust would come out.

A COACHMAN, extolling the sagacity of one of his horses, observed that "if anybody was to go for to tell him ill, he would know it as well as Christian."

A STRANGER to law courts, hearing a judge call a subject "learned," expressed his surprise that "Oh," said one present, "they are brothers-in-law."

SOON after Sir Henry Rivers took orders, he was told by a friend that he would undoubtedly become a bishop.

"Indeed!" said Sir Henry; "why so?"

"Because you are always in the best sees."

A LADY performed, in the presence of Dr. Johnson, a sonata on the pianoforte, and after it was finished asked the learned doctor what he thought of it.

"Madam," said he, "of all noises I think music is the least disagreeable."

IN a small party, the subject turning on monkeys, a lady said that

"I wonder why people never made a match; I think you would the intermediate link between the monkey and the brimstone; only the spelling."

MALESHERBE having dined with the bishop of Rouen, who was a dull preacher, was asked by him to deliver his opinion of the day's sermon, where he was then going to preach.

"Pardon me," said Malesherbe, "but I can sleep very well where I am."

A GENTLEMAN who had attended several consecutive sons, was at length recognized by the bishop.

"Sir," said he, "I am sure I have seen you before, lordship."

"Yes," replied the woman: "I get me confirmed as often as I can. They tell me it is good for the complexion."

SHERIDAN made his appearance one day in a pair of new boots. There occurring the notice of some of his friends, which tended to produce the same by them.

Several unsuccessful conjectures were offered.

"No," said Sheridan, "you're none of you right. I bought them and paid for them."

THE following dialogue is said to have taken place recently between a fashionable couple at their travels.

"My dear, are you comfortable in that corner?"

"Quite, thank you, dear."

"Are there plenty of room for your feet?"

"Quite sure, love."

"And no cold air from the window by your ear?"

"Quite certain, darling."

"And all things places with you."

IT is told of a well-known American map seller, on a recent visit to Liverpool by highway robbers, who demanded his money. Being more prudent than to carry money in his waistcoat, they failed in making a boat. "But," said our Yankee, "I have got splendid maps of your country, and you can have them if you'll take to sheer you;" and in a twinkling he was down on his knees, had a map stuck up on a pole, and explained it so effectually, that he sold each of the bandits a map, pocketed the money, and resumed his journey.

WHICH of our dogs does the dog-star most resemble? A sky terrier.

WHEN is a block dog not a block dog? When it's a greyhound.

WHY is a game at cards like a timber yard? Because there are a great many trumps in it.

WHEN is an umbrella not an umbrella? When it is dripping.

"I FEEL rather dull to-day," as the razor said after it had been used by quakers.

"THAT'S a moving sight," as the stage-coachman said of the railway train.

AN ADVOCATE, pleading for a situation, says she "is perfect mistress of her own tongue."

WHEN is a schoolboy like a farm-servant in July? When he is making hay.

DR. BARTON, of Morton College, Oxford, said the fellows of his college wished to have an organ, but he would not have it.

In a hotel here, says the *Trinidad News*, a man named Irvine is the barkeeper. His friends call him "a spry-stirring drink-mixer."

WHY is an Irish row like railway travelling? Because it is a very common species of low commotion.

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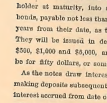
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